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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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Coliseum Commentaries

by Gene Day

Evaluated according to external appearance, the Coral Gables Coliseum was well along the way toward going to seed when the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation acquired the property and saved it from the doldrums.

That shift in proprietorship engendered an amazing biological transformation in a surprisingly brief interval. The commodious building, which had long been dubbed a white elephant, metamorphosed in close to record time into a bustling beehive.

As a training center of the Army Air Corps, it has since daily, including Sunday, been busier than busy.

At present it reverberates as only the Coliseum can reverberate from six o'clock in the morning until twelve at night to the tramp of feet, the hum of voices, the ring and clank of metallic tools, and the dissimilar melodies of classroom and shop sheltered under one and the same vaulted roof.

Around the Clock

Soon now, this hub of soldier schooling will know no period of rest. Three shifts of students under three corps of instructors will keep going as long as the clock.

Today, tomorrow, and until the fade-away of the war emergency which has shunted "business as usual" from these United States, the stately and rather stupendous Coliseum will stick to its latest past.

And this last strangely enough rates as probably one of the outstanding "firsts" ever racked up by the imposing edifice.

Now it is engaged in its greatest and most glorious assignment. And one which will not be interrupted by the ingress and egress of the money lenders.

Previously the most perplexing "plaint which habitually held the owners of the Coliseum in a lather of worry and a dither of doubt was whether money for the next interest payment would be forthcoming.

Now-a-days, freed of financial embarrassment, the solid and substantial structure which has thumbed its nose at hurricane winds and has withstood torrential rains and blistering sunshine is fully seasoned and ripe for realization of its intended destiny.

Embry-Riddle's Coliseum is distinctly a post-Florida-boom building which first opened its door to John Q. Public et al in 1927. It was built and promoted by private capital. Bonds were sold to investors in all parts of the United States.

The sales talk of the glib salesmen who sold those bonds never found vindication in fact. The Coliseum never gained firm financial footing. Its possibilities and potentialities never, so to say, hit the permanent jack pot.

From its genesis, the structure staggered along under a heavy financial handicap; one whose tentacles constantly cramped its style.

Serenity to Madness

Inimitable Mary Garden in the very heyday of her singing glory appeared as a signal attraction at the Coliseum before the building in its entirety was completed.

Before that performance came to a conclusion, the handsome, sweet-voiced Mary, who arrived at the stage-door as serene and happy as an outstanding operatic star possibly could be, had changed into a furious Mary just about as mad as any madcap.

Failure . . .

She raged at the acoustics—or rather the lack of acoustics—of the Coliseum. And the audience which warily applauded the great Mary, even if it failed to hear her voice except in spots throughout the building, realized after the first song that something was wrong with Florida's then largest auditorium.

Came Harry Lauder to the Coliseum in one of Southeastern Florida's ace entertainments. Anywhere else under the sun, Harry, given half a chance, could convert an undertaker's national convention into a conclave of mirth and merriment.

But Harry was the one who had to do the laughing at the Coliseum. The audience failed to hear his wisest banter, although it did enjoy his acrobatic antics and dance.
Letters to the Editor

Arcadia, Florida
November 25, 1942

Dear Editor:

I am a disabled Veteran of the first World War of 1918. The Post Office clerk here at Arcadia said that no Fly Paper came for me for the week of November 19th. I did not receive two other issues—May 22, and June 25.

There is nothing more I miss than the Fly Papers when I do not receive them. If there is any cost required let me know.

Many thanks, am enclosing greetings for a swell, grand and excellent Thanksgiving to you and yours with lots of good health.

Very truly yours,
H. E. Ley

Editor’s Note: The three missing Fly Papers are now in the mail, and we are certainly sorry that Mr. Ley failed to receive them on time. However, we were glad to hear from him and wish to thank him for his kind greetings and to assure him that at no time is there ever a charge for the Fly Paper.

Union City, Tenn.
October 27, 1943

Dear Editor,

I was very glad to receive your letter in which you enclosed a letter from Eugene Brown, with whom I took Secondary Civilian Pilot Training at the old Municipal Base quite some time ago.

You are doing a grand job on the Fly Paper, and I can assure you that everyone here at Embry-Riddle Field enjoys reading it every week.

When you have the opportunity, please give Bud Belland our very best regards and wish him all the luck possible.

We will be looking forward to seeing you when you visit Union City and will do all in our power to show you a grand time.

Thank you again for your letter; and if at any time I can do anything to help advance the Fly Paper in any way, please call upon me.

Sincerely,
S. M. Lightholder, Jr.

Editor’s Note: The above letter is typical of the cooperation we receive from the Embry-Riddle family. However, Sum, we want bigger and better cooperation—we understand you’re mighty clever at cartooning. (Walden, take note.)

Letters from Former Students

This is an excerpt from a letter from Pvt. Orrie E. Davis of class 6-43-A who was graduated August 22, 1942, to Mr. Brewer:

This is just a note to let you know that our class, 6-12-A, has only 25 men left here at Brokeley Field. Everyone is working in the hangars. "Lloyd Mattix, who made second highest grade, is instructing in Allison at the school here. Tell all the boys hello for me, and tell the soldiers to keep their nose to the grindstone because it pays in the long run.

"If they hit Brokeley Field, they will get a chance to use what they learn at Embry-Riddle."

The following is an excerpt from a letter by Pvt. Frank Whalen of class 5-43-D who was graduated November 7, 1942, to Mr. Albary:

"Arrived at McClellan Field, Sacramento, Calif., Friday 1:20 a.m. After convincing two sergeants we were really destined to be their charges, we were assigned cots in 'huts.' Some change from good old Coral Gables.

"It is a tremendous place here, and we do not know what is in store for us. However, you tell those gripper down there to be sure and really appreciate all the courtesy and favors that they have bestowed upon them by you and Lt. Walker and everyone at Coral Gables, because we definitely know we start basic training in a big way very soon. "Fox holes, camouflage, pistol and rifle drill and the works. Regards to everyone."

Notation on a postcard addressed to Mr. Albary from Corp. Walter Patterson who was graduated September 26 with class 2-43-D—Electrical:

"I was sent to Hill Field. Ogden, Utah. There six weeks, 5 weeks of general duty, 1 week on the line. Sent to turret school here in Indianapolis. Made Corporal. Feel fine.

"I'd much rather be in Coral Gables. The Embry-Riddle boys have been well liked. Regards to all."

The Embry-Riddle Dance

As yet we don't know where the Embry-Riddle Dance will be held. But if you will call the Fly Paper office on Friday, we shall be able to give you the information.
Heard any of the rumors brought to Carlsstrom by Class 43-E, God bless 'em? All our PTs, the upper class at Maxwell told them, are equipped with loaded Forty-fives—as protection against rattlesnakes and crocodiles. (Not a bad idea, Rocky.)

Their Maxwell buddies also kidded them into believing that it is highly necessary to lock the brakes immediately after take-off, and that cadets are required to make at least one parachute jump before completing Primary.

Prizewinner, though, was the rumor once reported by Mike Mikell. The cadet, eager and anxious, wanted to know if what he had been told at Maxwell was true.

"I hear," he stammered, "that if we don't get something the first time we are told, or if we can't do a maneuver after it has been demonstrated just once, it's just too bad, we're washed...oops, I mean re-assigned." Mike didn't know whether to answer that one or not. The only remark he cared to make on the subject was, "Is he kiddin'?

Random Thoughts

No cameras allowed on Carlsstrom—not even for pictures of the flights for publication in the Fly Paper.

The one great difficulty connected with the new arrangement of trading morning and afternoon shifts each week. The entire week you're on the morning shift, it's all you can do to wake up at 6:30—then by the time you complete the week and go on the afternoon shift, you're used to it, and you wake up religiously each morning before dawn.

Weir Williams back again, newly married, a dent in his fender and wanting to buy a new horse for his "ranch"... Jimmy (Commandant of Cadets) Beville, calmly and coolly saying "I do" with Carol Carlton last Saturday evening. Congratulations from all Carlsstrom, Carol and Jimmy.

Gestures Advice

"Grass is always greener on the other side of the fence." We might even coin a phrase and say, "You never appreciate your own house until you go outside and somebody locks the door.

If you think your job's such a bad one, get on the other side of the fence and look back—let somebody lock the door on you. All of which is our own manner of emphasizing something Roseoe Brinton said: "Your job is here, fellows. This is where you can do the most towards helping to win the war."

Let's quit grouing and complaining. Let's not put ourselves in the position of having to look back across the fence and discover that the grass was greener on this side after all!

"DAVE" ANDRE
Cadet-of-the-Year

Embry-Riddle might well boast of its primary and secondary training. It has been announced that one of our former students has been chosen the outstanding Naval Aviation Cadet of the year.

Second Lieutenant David C. Andre, U.S.M.R., winner of this coveted prize, received his primary flight training in the first Embry-Riddle C.P.T. Class at the Seaplane Base in 1939. When he took his secondary under Peter Brooks at the Municipal Base in 1940 he was "top" man. Opa Locka and Pensacola, where he received his advanced training, are also proud of Lt. Andre.

"Dave," as he was known to fellow students, is a local boy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Andre of Coral Gables.

He went to Ponce de Leon High School, where he received a four year scholarship to the University of Miami. Excelling in sports, he was also a brilliant student and was graduated from the University with honors.

"Dave" applied for acceptance into the Marine Corps Reserve upon the completion of his flight training and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant and designated a Naval Aviator on October 13, 1941.

"Dave's" name will be inscribed on the trophy which is mounted in the Cadet Recreational and Athletic Club at Pensacola, and he will be awarded a pair of gold wings, emblematic of the receipt of the award.

Lt. Andre is flying "somewhere out there"—the world and Embry-Riddle salute him and wish him "happy landings."

Carlstrom Field, R A I
N E W S

by Tom Watson, Jr.

Carlstrom Flight Line
by Tom Watson, Jr.

Speaking authoritatively for Carlsstrom Field hunters and assorted other men of the great out of doors, it is strongly urged that a quiet, unobtrusive little gent by the name of Ken Beegle be kept very thoroughly and completely out of the hunting grounds for something akin to a forty-seven mile radius.

Mr. Beegle and his, QUOTE, "She never argues with me," UNQUOTE (and we do not, even for an instant, blame her) wife appeared last Monday afternoon on the room doors of Carlsstrom Field and blamed their way through a full hour of the most perfectly trained gunpowder ever seen by these astonished old eyes.

Beginning with a few preliminary and strictly amateur tricks, such as belting an under-sized marble on the wing with an every-day 22 caliber rifle, Beegle Inc. went on to slightly more difficult feats, which included exploding potatoes, cabbage, and grapefruit in mid air with high-powered, hollow-nosed ammunition; hitting crossing targets with a revolver, and riddling ejected shells as they left his twelve guage shotgun.

Mrs. Beegle, a woman of considerable courage and a shrived self-preservation instinct, did not confine herself to prettying up the scenery and smiling at her husband's accomplishments.

Besides passing the ammunition while the assembled onlookers praised the Lord, she spent the afternoon tossing up targets—always standing in a singularly unhealthy position next to the muzzle of her husband's gun—and holding such things as chalk and cardboard strips to be blasted from her hands by the honorable Mr. Beegle, who often forgot himself and hurled lead in her direction with mirrored or blacked-out sights. (Editor's note: she survived.)

Artist as well as sharpshooter, Mr. Beegle served as the highlight of his show a little free-hand item which reminded us of the wild and woody West, with its tales of bold hooligans who stenciled their initials on barn doors with blazing and unerring sixshooters.

Mr. Beegle, however, went them one better. In fact, he went them several better. With precisely 149 shots, he drew on a piece of cardboard a feathered Indian—what act brought the longest round of applause of the evening. Most quotable observation of the afternoon was that of "Slick" Stanley, who moaned, "Wish I could have had him along as anchor man on my deer hunt.

"Those two critters I missed would have been meat on the table now instead of running away like they did."

Fools' names, like their capers. Always make the hometown papers. And their deeds are long remembered—Though their bodies be dismembered.

"TOJO THANKS YOU
VERY MUCH!"

GATSON
Dear Guys and Gals:

After snooping around a very fine Department on the Field, we come to you with a few news notes concerning an organization that is really worth while and one we're proud to write about.

We refer to the Department of Buildings and Grounds with its Superintendent, Frank Haynes, who is also the Photographer for this little weekly gossip sheet.

Mr. Haynes spent his early life in Manistee, Mich., which he calls "Home," and where he attended High School. He worked as an architect and in Building Construction in Florida several years after the completion of his education.

He remained there for several months before his promotion to Superintendent of that Department here at Embry-Riddle Field in Union City.

Mr. Haynes was a member of the 61st Infantry Division in World War I. For quite some time his hobby has been photography, having done all the picture work for both the University of Chicago and Overland College.

In spite of the fact that he now works and resides in Sunny Tennessee, he says very definitely that he leans toward Florida.

This organization is one of the largest on the Field in the extent of its work.

It was while he was in St. Petersburg, Fla., that Mr. Haynes was married, and to this couple, a baby girl was born.

Their stay in St. Petersburg covered a span of eight years, after which time they could be seen travelling towards Chicago.

Then to Overland, Ohio, where our friend became the Operator of Maintenance in the Department of Buildings and Grounds at the University of Chicago. Later he was associated with Overland College.

Join's Embry-Riddle

Leaving Overland, Mr. Haynes, with his wife and daughter, made his way to the Sunny South, landing in Florida with the good intentions of remaining there indefinitely.

Then fate stepped in and our subject accepted a position with the Embry-Riddle Company as Superintendent of the Buildings and Grounds Department at Riddle Field in Clewiston.

The new office space is nearly completed and along with its beginning came Miss Ernestine Mathis, secretary to Mr. Haynes.

Miss Mathis is a local girl and was connected with the Lovelace Farmer Wholesale and also with the Tayloe Paint Company before coming to Embry-Riddle Field.

A Big Job

The average person at the Field does not realize the extent of operations of this Department with its four definite units. It is responsible for the comfort and security of all who work and all who live here; for the beauty of the Grounds; maintenance of the mechanical equipment; and also the trucking service.

Truly its job is a big one. Among the employees of this department, we find James Whelan in charge of Utilities, Frank Wheeler in charge of Trucking and Grounds and a large staff of day and night men.

Mr. Frank Haynes, Superintendent of the Department of Building and Grounds

Each of us owes a deep expression of gratitude to Mr. Haynes and to his staff for their efficiency in getting the job done. We're enclosing several pictures of various personalities in this group to show you what we've been talking about.

Hail and Farewell

This week has found quite a few changes taking place in the Army Personnel here at the Field. At this writing, Major Weldon M. James, who has been Commanding Officer here since the opening of the Field, and a very good one, is just before leaving for the Army Basic Flying School, Greenwood, Miss., where he will be Director of Flying. Best of luck to you, Major James! He is to be succeeded by Captain Charles Breeding.

We welcome Lt. J. W. Church, a Flying Officer, who has been transferred here from 10th AAF Glider Training Detachment at Janesville, Wis.

Lt. Church is succeeding Lt. Stanley Komine, who recently left to report for duty at Tuskegee, Ala.

Donald A. Matteson, now a Second Lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, has just returned from Officers Training School at Miami Beach.

Lt. Charles A. Maroney, who relieved him here as Athletic Director, expects to leave for Lafayette, La., very soon.

Thanks to the efficiency in the plans of Lt. John N. Tolar and the cooperation of all concerned, the Test Blackout at the Field staged one night last week was a 100% success in every way.

News Notes

In the way of brief news notes, we might say that it was beautiful in more ways than one to see a number of those pretty little planes come zooming in with as many beautiful belles at the controls. And that goes double.

A formal dance was held at the Pilots' Club on Thanksgiving Night, and the club membership was well represented.

Speaking of clubs reminds us that work

Miss Ernestine Mathis, Secretary to Frank Haynes

Ground Men hard at work stopping soil erosion
has started on the Cadet Club in Union City. It should not be very long until the Cadets will have a nice lounging place to visit during Open Posts.

Cadet Chatter

Among our new underclass is a Cadet with "Wings." He is A/C Egan and was formerly a Radio Operator and Aerial Gunner on one of those big ones, 3200 hours in the air.

Due to very much criticism on a recent article—this column retracts the said article—"Nuff said—"

It's great fun to watch A/C Frank Stapleton at athletics—Hard work—eh! Boy! "Wings" Hoffman, or should we say "Roger the Codger," finally passed his 20-hour check.

"Chet" Harding is known around the barracks as "the minute man." Confidentially, though, he really gets dressed and shaved in a flat thirty seconds.

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Cadet Howard E. Johnson, now in Flight Training here, was, up to June of 1941, under General MacArthur in the Philippines. He is from Manhattan, Kan., and joined the Army in 1935 as a Cavalryman.

After six months at Fort Clark, Tex., he was transferred from the Cavalry to the Medical Corps and was sent to the Sternberg General Hospital at Manila, Phillippine Islands.

While there, he was employed as a dental technician and worked on the teeth of General MacArthur three times. In his opinion, there is not a better man than General MacArthur nor a soldier living who can ever compare with him.

Cadet Johnson has visited Yokohama on furlough and has many pictures and tales from all over the islands. He has known many Japs and is well acquainted with their back-stABBing traits.

Given his honorable discharge in 1941, he immediately returned to the States and promptly enlisted in November, 1941. He was appointed an Aviation Cadet in February, 1942.

His main desire is to get back in action under the command of General MacArthur and promptly take the Philippines away from the Japs.

---WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42---

MATERIEL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry

This past week I was reminded of Thanksgiving a year ago—you know, turkey and all the trimmings and the whole family around.

But this year our minds were not on food for our bodies but on food for our tanks and guns for our boys.

I didn't really mind working on Thanksgiving Day, for I knew that I was not alone. By doing without this year, we can hope that next year will tell a different story.

Puttin' on the Dog

However, our department did have a little celebration all of its own. We had our lunch brought in to us—fried chicken!

'Everyone seemed to enjoy it very much—for as you know, when you eat chicken, you can't help but get it all over your face. Is that what makes it so good?'

We missed Mr. Koehler very, very much and were so sorry that he wasn't in on our little party.

It seems that everyone is afraid to say very much around me. So what is a girl going to do to get some dirt? I still can't say too much about our new home. Each day a little more is added and it is really quite snazzy.

Shame . . . .

I had an answer from Abbie Mercer at Carlstrom. She reassured me that she hadn't forgotten us and that she would write to me.

I can't resist teasing you, Abbie, but you said in your note that you'd write if you could remember my last name. Shame on you. It's in the Fly Paper every week.

Look right under the Materiel Control heading and you'll see my full name. Ha! Ha! Shame on you.

All I can say for the Inventory Crew is that I am strictly off them. I asked them to give me a ring, and have I heard the phone ring? No.

We all remember Patricia Irving. Well, it seems that she has really been having a difficult time in reaching her destination.

Heart Murmur

But Mary Gamble, her very close friend, has told me that she was being well entertained on her various stops. You see, Mary has a heart interest, a flyer who brings her the news. Nice huh!

I'm wondering if these cold days we have been having have given you as much pep as they have me. Between my teeth chattering and my knees knocking for the lack of hospitality, no wonder I feel stimulated.

Chain Letters?

The postman plays a big part in the lives of the girls in our office, Evelyn Auslanden, Jean Deringer, and Nell Wade get into huddles and give each other the gossip they get from their boy friends and husband, respectively.

Sometimes though, they just bemoan the fact that Uncle Sam has not brought them any mail at all. But when one hears, they all hear. Maybe they're chain letters.

Well, I have to draw the line somewhere, so I guess this is as good a time as any.

I still remain,

Your Girl Friday

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

LAFF OF THE WEEK

MOORE FIELD, Texas—Little by little, Pvt. J. Little and Pvt. J. Tittle of this post are causing no end of confusion. At roll call Little answers for Tittle and Tittle for Little. At mail call Tittle gets Little's mail and Little Tittle's. The mixup even reached the G. I. laundry. Pvt. Tittle was last seen wearing a uniform two sizes too large. It later developed that Little's clothes had been issued to Tittle who happens to be a little littler than Little.

—from Camp Newspaper Service

PARTING THOUGHT

Just a little thought before we go
We feel that others might like to know
It was wonderful here, all the way
We don't even regret a single day.

The way is easy and not so tough
If you only study your books enough;
A bit of attention to instructors' remarks
Things will be brighter, not half so dark.

Just remember as you go along
Cheer up, be brighter, sing a song;
We would like to say for Embry-Riddle
You will gain a lot if you study a little.

—by Jesse D. Anderson—Class 44-3E
We've been keeping very busy at Riddle Field the past week or so, and of course, when you're busy, you're making news, so here we go with the reports.

From the Primary Flight Line

Because the bus for Miami leaves at 4:30 o'clock instead of at 6:00 o'clock, the news from Primary was omitted last week—we'll be modest, and say that it probably wasn't missed anyhow.

There is a bond fund in effect here at Riddle Field which was inaugurated among the Primary Instructors quite some time ago by Flight Commander Bob Johnston.

This particular fund has never, so far as we know, received any much-deserved publicity, and we herewith present Commander Johnston's brain-child to the public.

Each instructor contributes to the fund at the rate of 25¢ per form one error, cross tee landing, or forgotten daily sheet, and when the sum of $18.75 has been reached, a bond is purchased and presented when, after reporting to the Link Building at 7:00 a.m. for a 7:00 o'clock Link period, he was informed that he was due at 7:00 p.m., but that, if he cared to, he could make himself comfortable and wait—We hereby christen Ken 'Early-bird' Chaffin.

Pat McGehee blames the Gremlins (probably the old and grumpy type) for pulling the rip-cord of his parachute last week, releasing its yards and yards of glistening silk.

He doesn't see how that much material can be folded into such a small package, and he is going to watch the 'chute being packed—seeing is believing.


And by the way, a Flight Instructor, we can't recall just who, suggested that since this is the Riddle-McKay Aero COLLEGE, all instructors should be called PROFESSORS. With that, we duck before we get clipped by a book or worse and start looking for a subject about which to write next week.

Cadet Chatter

First let us tell you about some of the pictures in our column this week. The shot of the gang in the stands is part of Squadrions 1, 2, and 3 witnessing their first American football game in the Orange Bowl at Miami several weeks ago.

That good looking fellow in the bathing costume and wearing sun glasses is our good friend, Sergeant Platt.

The shot of those two humans, yes they are too, on the motor bike, is of Flight Lieutenant Nickerson giving his secretary, Catherine Mingus, "a ride."

Cadet Haslam of Squadron 1 now knows the difference between exercises 28 (forced landing) and 35 (aerobatics), but only after a tough week-end.

Sergeant Tom Chappell has returned from Canada, where he took a special course in Aircraft Recognition.

We want to welcome Milton Steuer to our Staff of Associate Editors, as a Squadron 4 reporter. Milton is going to need some help to keep this BIG Squadron in the news, so how about it boys, can we have another Associate Editor, or two, or three, to help? Milton by the way, is a U. S. Air Corps Cadet from New York.

From the Athletic Department

A very interesting Sports Meeting was held with Clewiston High School on Sunday, November 22.

The Clewiston athletes, with M. H. Sharpe acting as their Coach in the absence of their regular Coach, R. W. Turk, participated in a track meet and softball game against the local station.

Track

The track meet was closely contested, with No. 5 B.F.T.S., finally coming out on top 17½ to 12½. The Clewiston lads took the 100 yard dash and tied for the standing broad jump, but couldn't catch the locals in the 220 yard run—the mile relay, and the running broad jump. The complete results:

- 220 yards—Cheesborough (Sq. 3) first; Easy (Sq. 2) second; McLeod, Clewiston, third. Time—20 seconds.
- Running broad jump—Gaskel (Sq. 3) first; Vaughn, Clewiston, second; Rothwell (Sq. 1) third. Distance—18 feet, 5 inches.
- 100 yards—Waldron, Clewiston, first; J. Martinez, Clewiston, second; Whittle (Sq. 1) third. Time—12 seconds.
- Standing broad jump—Vaughn, Clewiston, and Richardson (Sq. 3) tied for first; Steuer (Sq. 4) third. Distance—9 feet, 5 inches.
- Mile relay—No. 5 B.F.T.S., first (Adley, Sq. 1, Canaway, Sq. 2, Clendenon and Cox, Sq. 3); Clewiston, second (Bussell, Waldron, Hall and Vaughn). Time—4 minutes, 7 seconds.

Softball

The softball game was also "nip and tuck," with the R.AF managing to hold on to an early lead, and then rallying four runs across in the eighth to come off with a 9 to 3 decision.

The game was scheduled for nine innings, and consequently a lot of substituting was done on both teams. The score by innings:

C.H.S. 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 3
R.A.F. 0 0 3 0 2 0 0 4 x 9

Playing for Clewiston High were Jr. Martinez, Beardsley, Waldron, Bussell, McLeod, Pape, Torberl, O. Martinez, Kemper, Vaughn, J. Martinez, and Hall.

In the R.AF. lineup were Townsend, Crook, Clendenon, Higgins, Charlesworth, Kennedy, Clay, Hatchwell, Potter, Kelly, Cox, Weir, Davies, and Bloomfield.

Rugby

The rugby tournament, among Squad-

Earliest Bird

We hear that Primary Flight Instructor Kenneth Chaffin was slightly embarrassed to the instructor with the lowest number of errors.

We think Commander Johnston deserves much credit for an idea which, while assisting in the war effort, also aids the time-keeping department by decreasing the number of form one errors.

Since every error reduces the hopeful instructor's chances of winning a bond, you can just imagine his chagrin at finding himself listed on the bulletin board as having an error, with Commander Johnston's favorite expression printed beneath—quote, "Wake up and pay up," unquote.

The first British Cadet to solo in course 12 was Cadet J. L. Horne—W. E. Arnold is his instructor. The first American to solo a Stearman was A/C O. O. Skubal, whose instructor is H. B. "Hank" Cushman.

EMORY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER \"Stick To It!\"
rons, will have been played by the time this is printed, all the games having taken place under the floodlights at the Moore Haven Athletic Field.

Last Monday, Squadron 2 clashed with Squadron 4, and Squadron 1 met Squadron 3, with the winners meeting to determine the Post Champion on Tuesday evening.

On Wednesday evening, this station played the Moore Haven High School softball team a doubleheader on the same field. In the next issue we will have the complete results of these contests for you.

Swimming

Everything is all set for the swimming meet this Wednesday afternoon, December 9, at 2:30 p.m. In addition to the events listed last week, a special water polo game will conclude the afternoon’s festivities.

In addition to the Riddle-McKay swimming cup which will go to the winning Squadron, individual prizes, provided by P.S.I., will be awarded.

It is hoped that basketball instructions can be started soon. Everything is ready except the court.

Personal Prattle

Thanksgiving Day could have been called Harley Hook’s Day here at Riddle Field, for Head Chef Hook certainly did himself proud with the sumptuous dinner served on that occasion.

Mr. Hook and his assistants came forth with roast turkey with dressing, mashed potatoes, green peas, cranberry and apple sauce, hearts of celery and olives, and apple pie, plus the usual assortments of breads and drinks.

Mr. Hook is to be complimented on the tasty meal, and Mr. Walters, the Mess Hall Steward, is to be congratulated upon being able to furnish us with this kind of food when food stuffs are getting scarce.

The bird you see sitting on top of the “20 Mile Speed Limit” sign, is none other than the wise old owl—he too knows that 20 miles per hour is the safest speed on the roads at Riddle Field (could be taken for a crack—hm?)

Letter from Tommy Teate

We received a very fine letter from Tommy Teate, former Advanced Flight Instructor, and we are publishing it here in full:

Dear Jack:

Just a few lines to ask you to do me a big favor. I want you to put a few lines in your next Fly Paper story and say hello to all the friends I have at No. 3 B.F.T.S.

I have written to some of the fellows, but just can’t seem to find time to write to many of the fellows I would like to and promised to.

Things have moved so fast for me since leaving the school that I haven’t had time to do anything much.

I still get my Fly Paper and surely do enjoy reading of the happenings at Riddle-McKay, and of the Instructors’ Club, etc.

I have high hopes of getting down there one of these days. I have passed over the Field several times on my way south, but could not stop.

We are only 130 miles from Union City, and I fly over the Riddle School quite often and have seen several of my friends from up there. Tell any of the gang if they ever come up this way to be sure and look me up.

I understand that Charlie Miller and some of the fellows went to Union City not long ago. By the way, tell Charlie I’m glad he didn’t get hurt in the Cub.

Well I’ll close now, so if you will be sure and get my message over to everybody I surely will appreciate it. Good luck and here’s hoping to see all before too long.

Sincerely, Tommy.

Very glad to hear from you, Tommy. The best of luck, and write again when you get the time. Incidentally, for those of you who care and can write Mr. Teate, and we know he’ll appreciate a letter, his address is 1401 Carr Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Tyson’s Article

Mr. Tyson, our General Manager, has been out of the office several days this week, and as a result, has not had time to do his special article. However, it will be in the next issue.

Neal Dwyer, brother of Advance Instructor Dick Dwyer, is taking the Link Refresher course.

And speaking about the Link Department, that cigarette holder instructor Bill Read uses almost makes him on a par with President Roosevelt—or does it?

New instructors at the Ground School, are Clarence W. Auringer, Meteorology and Theory of Flight, and C. L. McKendree, Navigation Instructor.

Squadron Commander Johnny Cockrill and Advanced Flight Commander Charlie Miller are bragging about an 8-point buck deer they shot last Saturday—about 2 hours after Cockrill bought his FIRST hunting license—believe it or not!

We’ve given our “Men of the Week” rest enough, so here we go again with some of the outstanding personalities at Riddle Field.

Man of the Week

First Lieutenant Charles J. Bivona of the United States Army Air Corps, now serving as Post Surgeon and Medical Officer, is our candidate for Man of the Week this issue.

Lieutenant Bivona was born in New York City on October 18, 1912. He was graduated from Newburgh High School,

Continued on Page 14
**Chapman Chatter**

by Cara Lee Cook

We all wore black Thanksgiving in memory of the dead turkey home on the dining-room table, for it was an all-out effort at Chapman Thursday to Keep ’em Flying, and, with the usual display of good humor, everyone stuck to his post.

Insignificant laments were soon forgotten when we stopped to consider the fact that we as a free people in a democratic nation can still give sincere thanks for the privileges given to us.

To do the day up in style, Mrs. Jones, a wizard at culinary art, prepared a Turkey dinner fit for the gods, of which there were aplenty.

**Laff of The Week**

Martha Brosnan and student, John Hill, were practicing their series of low maneuvers. Martha asked for pylons eights and student correspondingly picked his landmark and proceeded with said maneuver.

Things went smoothly until said landmark started moving merrily down the winding road. It was then a question of who was doing pylons eights around whom.

Martha was exasperated, and Hill, with eyes wide and mouth open, stared unbelievingly. Moral: Don’t do pylons eights around a furniture van.

**Visitors**

Delightfully surprised subtly defined our reactions when Tom White (he’s the guy somebody got all mixed up with Christmas) and Tom Manning of July Sessions Frames stopped by to say Hello. The boys spoke of Glider School, of Texas, of beautiful scenery, and of never ending runways, sigh.

They told of the other Embry-Riddle C.P.T.’s, Windy Wells, Wolf Tackett, H. H. Hess, and Nick Elliott, who, altho they say Glider School is “all-right,” look wistfully back on the days at Chapman Field where K. P. drilling, scrubbing, polishing, and dead stick landings were just so many two syllable words in the dictionary.

“The army’ll sure make a man outa you,” said Tom White as he climbed back into his wheelchair. Honest tho, the boys look fine and we all hope that their next furlough will be post-war and not spent looking up a flying jeep buggy on which to get back to camp.

**Illustrations**

Somewhere in this issue we bring to you and to our general public (optimistic aren’t we?) more views of what constitutes a “prize Instructor Personnel.”

These pictures are not to be used to scare little children, to advertise Roach Powder, or to paste on iodine bottles. They are dedicated to the C.P.T.’s who can’t read but who get a big kick out of looking at the pictures.

Please note that Jungle Jim Pollard is no longer the serious looking being as shown by the photo, for he secretly took the final “for better or for worse” steps last Saturday.

We can see him beaming “clar” down to Operations. Who knows, maybe we can use him for night flying. Congratulations, Jim, and the very best of luck to both of you.

In the picture captioned “The Door is Open,” we see Proud Papa Wilbur Shefield. In one of the other pictures, we attempted to show in detail the beauties of our new Crash Truck; but due to Military Restrictions, this was impossible, which accounts for the long distance shot. That man in the foreground is Tom Moxley, Flight Instructor.

**Spender**

By using the fifth column method, one of my spies, whose initials are Irving Bernstein, dug up a few items of interest from the midst of the present C.P.T. Program.

He tells us that Cadet Carroll Bright was seen paying the sum total of 30¢ to see the side show at the Circus. Why, I’ll never know. He’s been in C.P.T. for five months; and if he hasn’t seen everything by now, he never will. Another month and people will pay to see him.

Irving suggested that maybe Instructor Dave DaBoll would release for print the poem two of his students wrote for him. Why hide their talents, Dave? ? ? ?

That cute blonde addition in operations is Betty Jo Stubblebine, new dispatcher. That cute brunette on Flight Personnel is Freddie Howe, in case you didn’t know.

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**Wing Flutter**

by Catherine W. Kerr

This is getting to be some family around here. In the Finishing Department instead of dope, spraying, etc., it sounds more like a fish store when you hear words such as Trout, Pyke, Carp and the Foreman usually adding the Snapper. And do they really snap things up.

**Visiting**

Pete Prince and his final assembly crew have moved temporarily from P.A.A. over to Chapman Field. Pete’s crew says he is quite a character when you really get to know him.

Looks like Pete has been holding out on us around here. Maybe he likes the wide open spaces

Speaking of rationing, well one gal here says they can have all the dim-outs and sugar rationing they want but there will be no coffee rationing at her house. Her best bean’s name is Coffee.

The Stockroom knows no rationing either as far as we can find out. Pepper beans every time he is sent to Chapman field, and we wonder what attraction is there for him, because we know that he does like it up around Tallahassee.

**Happy Birthday**

Everything is work around here and there doesn’t seem to be anything to write about in this issue but hard work. So, before we say so long for this issue, we might add that, if Saturday night hasn’t been a big night in the past it will be this week, as our Own Boss is having a birthday on December 5th.

Aircraft Overhaul all join in wishing Mr. Mac many happy returns of the day.
Last week we had soloes, but this week we have private and commercial licenses.

The Seaplane Base watched with delighted ahhs as H. L. Brundage pulled an excellent exhibition of what a commercial pilot should do, as Lt. J. M. Flack, Lt. W. M. Miller, W. R. “Dick” Brown, and the Base’s wonder-boy Al McKesson demonstrated their ability as private pilots.

All were awarded their licenses. Congratulations from everyone, fellows.

Big Doin’s

There is a new sport invented every day, but there is none that is enjoyed more by the public and by the members of the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base than “Jumble-de-Peg.”

With the use of Larry De “Wolf” Marco’s knife, Al McKesson, Andy Anderson, Billy Waters, and yours truly had a rousing game. The climax of the game is for the loser to dig out a peg, which has been driven into the ground with the handle of the knife, with his teeth.

Billy Waters surely looked funny with sand all over his nose. He still claims we cheated.

Speaking of Billy Waters, he is now convalescing in the hospital from a tonsillectomy. We all hope for a rapid recovery, because we miss that slap-happy face around here.

Charlie Rexrode has gone back into the service with a rating of First Lt. in the Air Ferries. We hope he can come back to the base for a little longer visit the next time. Charlie’s place at the base has not remained vacant for long.

The base has a new instructor, Malcom L. Hathaway, whose flying ability has been proven by his past record. He owned the Tred-Avon Flying Service, Inc. at Easton, Md., held a flight examiner’s certificate, and has been an instructor ever since the rating was established by the C.A.A.

His number of hours in the air would astonish even the oldest pilot, and Mr. Hathaway is by no means ancient!

Flash!!

Lt. Harry W. Chesley, Jr. made the most unique solo ever accomplished at the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base. Harry and Larry DeMarco went up for some last minute practice.

Unknown to the anxious crowd awaiting their return to see Harry solo, De decided to let Harry solo in North Bay.

Harry landed at an island, let De off, and away he went on a perfect solo flight. But on his return, he landed on an island and waited for De to come to his ship. No De.

It was the wrong island, so Harry took off and hunted for him. Finally he found him. There was De with his pants rolled up to his knees running up and down the island waving his shoes. They got together and came back to the Base.

We all thought that Harry hadn’t and wouldn’t solo; but when we saw De throw his shoes out of the cub and walk out with his pants rolled up to his knees, we knew the truth.

Harry was walking unsuspectingly to the waiting crowd, receiving well based congratulations, when Floyd Siefferman, Al McKesson, Bailey Bokken, and Lt. Estes grabbed Harry and heaved him into the bay. What a sight!

I hope I can have a picture for you in next week’s Fly Paper. And by the way, the cokes were on Harry. Congratulations again, Harry.

We see Ad Thompson around here once in a while. I guess he’s kinda home-sick for Embry-Riddle. It’s good to see that lanky body and happy face around here.

Ad and Larry both did themselves very proud last Monday; they soloed two students at the same time.

Ad soloed Bill Bard of Pan Am., and Larry soloed Ensign Burke. Congratulations, fellows. I saw both of you, and you were tops.

Santa Claus Norton

We, the gang, were all surprised to find that our own Ruth Norton, whom you all know by now after reading the swell write-up she received in the Fly Paper, and which she definitely deserved and—well, let’s get back to the subject—has purchased an airplane.

What kind?? Well, it’s an American Eagle. It’s quite a small airplane if I do say so. It’s built like a Cub, but has a nine cylinder radial engine, a Salperton, 45 hp.

Ruth bought it with one ultimate aim, to donate it to the ground school classes at the base for clarity and understanding in Aircraft and Engines. Mighty swell, is the opinion of everyone.

Speaking of Aircraft and Engines, Floyd Siefferman has been instructing a few engine classes, and he really is on the ball. Floyd took his commercial exams a few days ago and received his grades.

He’s too modest to let me tell you what they were, but I can tell you they were next to perfect. It’s a swell example for future commercial pilots to shoot for. (Mr. too.)

Winnie Wood, our Gawga gal, and Carol Losch, are training to instruct in Link trainers for Embry-Riddle.

That might sound easy to some, but you’d be surprised how very difficult it really is. It will be no chore to be instructed by these gals.

Pat Caccavella, a new member of the Caterpillar Club, brought Lois Cutler’s Cub Coupe to the Seaplane Base for a check-up by our new mechanic, Herman Garrigus.

Notes around the Seaplane Base:

Arabelle’s note from B. B. Eyes.

Charlie Stahler’s how tie.

Ruth Norton hoarding drinking straws.

Bunks for tired pilots.

Gus Snipes’ son, Harmon, piloting the crush boat.

Well, dear readers, that’s all immediate news at the base—so your lowly columnist will see you next week.
Dorr Doings

by Jack Whitnall

The Short Snorters Log

Still more new faces down here. Several fellows taking their refresher course, Messrs. Goodsell, Kelly, Humphreys, Johnson, Lipscomb, Krell, and Sandquist.

Mr. Fink claims to have gained only 20 pounds between classes—just wasting away to skin and bones.

The other night one of the guards swears he found Gerald Bailey on his hands and knees looking for a .22 cartridge that Mr. Beegle had dropped after the shooting exhibition.

Could it be that some of these instructors from the frozen north feel that cold down here in Florida! Someone was seen bringing a hot water bottle to the flight line!

Flight Four had a rib-rocket this past week at Max Scheuer’s grove, where “Honest Abe” Thorne, Commander of Flight Four, presided. The eats were bought with Form One error money and a good time had by all.

We asked “Art” Mertens if he had anything to tell us and what do you think he said? “I’m just as ignorant and happy as a pig in the sunshine.” Min-min.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Read, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Tex Kuykendall, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Doyle composed one party having a “swelllegant” time.

Miss Ruth Campbell and Wayne Martin had a big turkey and all the fixin’s at the J. L. Scotts. From what we hear the table groaned under the load of good things to eat, and after the table was cleared all the eaters groaned for the same reason.

What’s this we hear about Gene Turner and some zippers?

Ground School

Thanks to Sam Clawson for all the cartoons he’s sent us. Keep ‘em coming. You should see Ed Morey’s new propeller stand that shows the proper operation of propellers. We understand he made it himself.

Dorr Field has been threatened by the Auxiliary Field. They said they could and would beat us abowling—Ha-ha-ha! Shucks; those fellows from Carlstrom can’t even whip cream.

We’re willing to spot them 20 points.

Note to Ground School Instructors: That is what you all told me to put in this column about the bowling. It’s up to you now. I wash my hands of the entire affair.

Canteen News

It will no doubt be a surprise to many of Miss Scribbner’s friends that she is now Mrs. McMammon, having been married two weeks ago in Bainbridge, Ga. We are wishing her many years of continued success and happiness.

Thursday we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Miss Kay Sandmeyer, the new Supervisor of Canteens.

While we are sorry to lose Miss Scribbner, we are sure that Miss Sandmeyer will be a welcome addition to our group.

The Circle

Two or three points to be noticed while driving around the circle: The signs that say 15 miles per hour. We all know how hard it is to hold the old crate down to the prescribed limit, but first, last and always, safety first for all concerned.

Then the signs that say please don’t park on the shoulders. We’re trying to encourage some grass and with all the dry weather we have been having it’s hard to get anything to grow. So, give the grass a chance.

Who’s Which

There are so many new faces at the Field that we hardly know who’s which. There’s Miss Virginia Lee Jones, new Accounting clerk—right cute, too, Mrs. Mary Garrett, receptionist in Mr. Hocker’s office, can be found in the Ad. Building.

Mrs. Sam Veeman, wife of our Chef, and boy, does she beat up a mean batch of cookies.

Max Scheuer at the Post Supply. He’s an Arcadia Man.

The Army Side

Sort of feels like old home week seeing Captain Pinkerton walking around. Have you seen the “Snazzy”?—another civil war relic like our Model “A” Ford?

It’s the property of Corp. Martin and the last we heard he was hunting for a seat. Anybody having an extra seat, please contact said party. However, we did notice a new top on it and we understand that Martin has contracted with Britt to give it a paint job, pale pink trimmed with violet.

“Peaches” Prevette begs to report, Sir, that she finally broke 50 in bowling. Jest imagine that. Well, she owes us a coke.

Lt. Frank going around muttering to himself “Two for one—two for one—two for one just think of that!”

Sgt. Lambeth looking all goggled eyed over a very large chocolate goodie Sunday and finally getting up enough nerve to order one.

Wanted for Christmas:

Capt. Bentley—a slow flying duck.

Capt. Philip—a whole litter of Great Dane puppies. We wonder what Mrs. Philip has to say about that.

Corp. Martin—well, a seat for his Ford, of course.

Lt. Frank—another Camel Caravan.

Lt. Revere—a rabbit on a circular track and a BB gun—said rabbit not to travel too fast.

Lt. Palmer—a lady patient.

Dear Unkie:

We sure have had fun this past week. To begin with, our upper-classmen’s bi-weekly dance was held in the recreation hall on Wednesday evening.

Confidently, I know where they’ve been hiding, but we sure had some swell hostesses out from Arcadia. (I think they call going to a dance “Juking.”) Personally, Unkie, I’m for more “Juking.”

Thanksgiving at Dorr Field was something to write home about. Man alive, what I mean is, that we had the swellest dinner possible. The only thing missing was our families.

We had sliced turkey, dressing, candied sweet potatoes, three vegetables, celery, radishes, and pumpkin pie.

Hats off to a swell chef and to Mr. Nicodemus, who really made each and everyone of us enjoy our dinner almost as much as if we were home.

The bell for taps just rang, so that’s all for now.

Your loving nephew,

Baldie

P.S. I passed my twenty hour check on Thanksgiving Day, so I’ll keep writing you from Dorr Field for a while longer. Baldie

Were In It—Let’s Win It!

Morr Dorr

Dorr Field enjoyed a bull market in special services activities this past week. A great Camel Caravan show, set the pace.

Four Blue Circuit entertainers performed Friday and Saturday, doing their best to prevent being outclassed; free turkey dinners Sunday afforded a welcome gustatorial pastime; and a hair raising sharp-shooting
exhibition on Tuesday rounded out the morale building activities of amusement crowded days.

Ken Beegle of Remington Rifles was the marksman in question. His wife served as a faithful accomplice, allowing herself to be shot at by her husband from almost every angle.

Besides affording extreme entertainment, the performance must have left the cadets with the uplifting thought that some wives have implicit faith in their husbands.

There seemed to be no letdown for the special services activities, since the citizens of the City of Arcadia sponsored an all-out festival in honor of the military personnel of the surrounding fields last Saturday night, with a formal dance following.

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**WERE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!**

**PITTER PATTER**

by A/C Frank H. Pizza

Another week has come and gone. More activities and happenings for the cadets here at Dorr Field. First of all, we started out by having a dance Wednesday evening in the Canteen.

And by the way, the boys have been talking about it ever since, so they must have had a swell time. And why not?? Did you see the arrival of the bus, full of Arcadia's nicest femmes? If you didn't, you should have. If you did—you enjoyed the dance.

Thursday evening the Mess Hall was the place to congregate, the reason being—“A Turkey Dinner.” Can you blame the boys (and officers) for coming en masse? I don’t believe there was one man who didn’t leave his plate “spic and span.”

The meal was cooked to a “T.” It’s too bad we don’t have more holidays so we could have more turkey dinners. How about it, fellows, don’t you agree??

Friday night was another night for bustling around the Mess Hall. Only this time we were having our pictures taken. It seems as tho’ the Army and Navy have granted permission to publish a “Year Book.”

We think this is a good idea. In years to come we can open this book and look back upon our past life and recall the exciting times we have experienced as cadets. We think it’s a very good idea.

Saturday night was and always is a nite for excitement—It’s “OPEN POST.”—Need any more be said!!!

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**EMPLOYEE' BENEFIT INSURANCE**

Glen H. Kuhl, head of our Insurance Department, is afraid that there are many employees who do not understand their Group Insurance Contract. It’s no fun to have to inform these persons that they have not complied with the requirements and so are not eligible for benefits.

In order to assist those to whom the setup is not clear the following rules will explain how full benefits can be collected under the plan of insurance:

1. Be sure you sign an insurance card while you are eligible.

**ELIGIBILITY FOR INSURANCE.**
Each employee is eligible upon the completion of one month of service if he is then actively at work; otherwise upon his return to active service. No evidence of insurability is necessary during the first 30-days following the date you become eligible. If you do not subscribe before the end of thirty (30) days you will be required to furnish proof that you are insurable.

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2. Read your Insurance Booklet and keep it for future reference. When you are ill or injured in any way notify your Department Head, at once.

3. If your Doctor advises X-rays as part of his diagnosis, these X-rays MUST BE MADE IN A HOSPITAL to qualify under the hospitalization portion of your insurance plan. X-rays made in a clinic or doctor’s office CANNOT BE PAID. X-rays and Hospitalization Benefits are payable if you are confined 18 hours or longer. Stay in the hospital until you have completed this 18-hour minimum requirement. You will be re-imburged for your X-rays up to $25.00, and in addition your hospital room benefit of $5.00 per day.

4. Weekly benefits from illness start with the fourth day. If your illness is properly reported we can send you a draft for your benefits WHILE you are laid-up, when you need the money most.

*Continued on Page 15*
GRAFFLIN AND HIS GANG

After presenting the proper credentials, we finally managed to storm the portals of that sanctum of sanctuums—that rigidly restricted area—that Engine Overhaul Department of the Miami Division.

High up in his “gilded cage,” where he can survey his show in its entirety, we found Charles Grafflin, General Manager of one of the most important branches of the Embry-Riddle Company.

He and his secretary, Gladys Goff, seemed extremely busy, and we were loath to disturb them.

When he had pushed aside a mountainous stack of papers, our interviewee settled down to the business of telling us about himself and his department. He rambled on at great length about his “boss,” his workers, and his engines, but said very little about himself.

“Charlie” seems to think that “Joe” Horton should receive full credit for the functioning of the Engine Overhaul Department.

“Joe” is General Manager of the Aircraft and Engines Divisions (also Superintendent of Maintenance of all Fields), and it was from his ideas and his original plan that “Grafflin and his gang” built, organized, and put into operation that hangar that houses the complete overhaul of airplane engines.

To “Bill” Ehne, Superintendent, should go laurels for the important part he has played. He not only designed but supervised the building of almost all the equipment used.

Chief Inspector Jack Hale must be congratulated on the setting up and organizing of the highly efficient inspection department; and Dick Hourihan, Chief Draftsman, must be recognized for the original floor plan and the supervision of the construction of the whole shop.

And “Charlie” insists that not only the above mentioned but many others deserve recognition for their splendid work in building up and operating this edifice where the stupendous job of tearing ‘em down and building ‘em up in order to keep ‘em flying is carried on.

We want to say, “Nice going” to: Charles Pelton, Assistant Superintendent; Herman R. Pullard, Production Control; Richard Donovan, Receiving and Shipping; Julius Bayard, Disassembly; John T. Brady, Cleaning and Sandblast; Russell Earl Battersby, Propellor; Lawrence Bely, Machine Shop and Rework.

Carlos Clayton, Cylinder and Valve; Maxwell DuBois, Painting; Walter Barry, Subassembly; Len G. Gallant, Crankshaft; Samuel J. Costance, Supervisor of Magnetos and Starters; Chester Kunkel, Magneto; Harry G. Woolworth, Spark Plug; Asa Brindley, Carburetor; James Nordin, Final Assembly; Lester Dunn, Test Stands; William S. Crickfield, Final Inspection; Oswald T. Austin, Stockroom; and Harold C. Malcolm, Timekeeper’s Office.

To return to Mr. Grafflin—from his perch he witnesses the arrival of an engine to be overhauled. He sees it pushed through a certain door and started on its circuit around the hangar for complete disassembly and assembly.

He sees it go through each department onto final assembly, test, and final inspection. Then out it goes, through the same door, rejuvenated, and ready to do its part in axing the Axis.

Charles Frederick Grafflin, to be more formal, first saw the light of day in Baltimore, and it was that city that saw him through the usual grammar school and high school phases of education.

He claims to have been graduated from the College of Hard Knocks and boasts of a post graduate course at the College of Even Harder Knocks.

A miniature Marine Corps sword reproving on his desk disclosed the fact that “Charlie” once was a “Leatherneck.” Back in World War I, he spent three years at the Great Lakes Station in Marine Aviation, specializing in Mechanics and Instruments.

In spite of our friend’s delightful sense of humor, it was difficult to draw him out. After a little prodding and a little persuasion and the aid of Gladys Goff, his enterprising secretary, we obtained the following in explanation: (Gladys didn’t want the glamorous side of his life neglected.)

After he was mustered out of the Marine Corps, “Charlie” became interested in the automobile business in Baltimore. Later, at Richmond, Va., he became actively engaged in Aviation, even to parachute jumping on Sundays and holidays to help drum up business.

Department of Commerce tests resulted in his being given Airplane and Engine Mechanics license No. 2042 in 1929. At that time he took a position in the experimental department, and later he became final assembly foreman of the American Aeronautical Corporation of Whitestone and Port Washington, L. I.

In 1931 he went with the Horace E. Dodge Boat and Plane Corporation at Newport News, Va., as Mechanical Superintendent. There he was in charge of final assembly and tests of the world’s first mass production of speed boats, produced at the rate of forty per day.

As a sideline he was in charge of experimental aircraft work and did a lot of design and development work on high output aircraft and racing engines.

William “Bill” Horn, General Manager of Dodge Plant, and “Charlie” teamed up as a race team for Gold Cup racing under the Dodge banner. They raced for five years and during that time held all world’s records for speed and reliability in Gold Cup class.

He severed connections with the Dodge plant in 1935 and spent a year with Lt. Commander Jack Rutherford, internationally known flier and boat racer, and later he became General Manager of the Beach Boat Slips of Miami Beach.

He is an Associate Member of the Society of Automotive Engineers and an honorary member of the Miami Beach Rotary Club.

Genial, kindly, and witty Grafflin ended this interview by saying, “I talked Mr. Horton into giving me a job in May of this year, and here I am.”

Incidentally, he is married, has a twelve year old son, and disclaims belonging to the “Coral Gables set” since his home is in the Northeast section.

Left to Right: William F. Ehne, Superintendent; Charles A. Pelton, Assistant Superintendent; Charles F. Grafflin, General Manager; Jack W. Hale, Chief Inspector; and Richard P. Hourihan, Chief Draftsman.
TECH TALK

ALIAS

GABLES GAB

by Melvin Klein

Where’s the hell-jar? Where’s my desk? Where’s my tools? These and many more questions were flying around the instrument shop in the Granada Building out Coral Gables way on the morning of November 23.

‘Twas when the students and personnel of the aforementioned department sought out the various and sundry pieces of equipment and belongings after our over-the-week-end move from the Tech building to the Arcade building.

And, you can believe it or not, the regular schedule was maintained in spite of the tremendous job of moving all of our equipment.

The move alone was a real performance, much akin to the moving of a circus from one stand to another. However, we hope that our moves will not be as regular as the circus.

This move has led me to wander back in thought to the days long ago when the instrument department more or less got under way.

Under the capable direction of Sebie Smith, the department rolled into action in a small part of the space of the south wing on the fourth floor of the Tech building. The first three graduates to be turned out were Hoy D. Utz, W. A. Barnes, and the writer.

A Far Cry

The present day instrument department is a far cry from those days of the Three Musketeers. It was not lacking in quality of equipment, but rather the size is the comparison in mind. We were in a space about the size of a small classroom, as we now know a classroom.

Under the watchful eye of Mr. Smith, we delved into the mysteries of the airspeed, altimeter, etc., and proudly reached forth our good right hand to clutch the diploma presented upon the completion of the course.

Mr. Utz is now at Columbus, Miss., and Mr. Barnes went to an air base in Macon, Ga.

I have lost contact with the latter in the interim but feel sure that he is still doing his bit in this tremendous job that is at hand for all of us to dig into with all our vigor.

No Let-Down

At hand is a period of great importance, because the papers are bringing us some of the best news that has come our way since we were drawn into the war.

The tendency of the populace of our fair country is to let down somewhat when the news is good. THIS MUST NOT BE.

We are only now beginning to reap a very small return for all the work that has been done since preparation got under way.

The job ahead of our Army, Navy, and Marine Corps is enormous.

Keep in mind that the amount of work that we must do for the successful completion is also just beginning. Industry is now pretty well mobilized.

Work, Invest, Volunteer

The full weight of that mobilization must now be impressed upon the enemies until such time that they yell, "Uncle". Then, we can turn to building for the future that has been sidetracked for the past number of months. Our task now is clear cut. Work hard, invest in war bonds, and volunteer for any defense work that needs our help.

Much could be written about war bonds alone, but I ask you to remember this fact: THE MORE YOU INVEST IN WAR BONDS, THE MORE SECURE YOUR INVESTMENT BECOMES.

Gunner (looking through glass): "Here, take a look. See that fly on the target five miles away?"

Gunner’s Mate: "Ay, ay, sir."

Gunner: "Well, give him a twelve-inch shell right in the eye."

Gunner’s Mate: "Which eye, sir?"

TWO GENERATIONS OF THE EMBRY-RIDDLE FAMILY

"Start 'em young" is the conviction of Art Ruhnke and Mrs. Ruhnke. And they lived up to it the other day when Virginia brought Baby Ruhnke out to the Tech School and promptly turned her over to Marty Warren, Aviation Advisor. In the above picture, Judy wonders whether radio is the course, while Marty anxiously awaits the results of her salesmanship.

ENGINE NOISES

by Gladys C. Goff

Charlie Ebbets and Art Ruhnke have been in our department for two days giving out new passes. Most of the employees, myself especially, have such a frightening-looking picture on our passes that we're ashamed to wear 'em.

Mr. Graffin says the guards won't let anyone in who has a picture that looks like him anyway, so who cares?!?

Our touch-and-pass team is getting very complacent—they say they'll challenge anyone in the Company—with the exception of the soldiers—to a game with them. What a golden opportunity for someone! Maybe the girls will take them on. Bet we could beat 'em, too.

What's in Georgia?

Welcome back, Katherine Bruce, from your vacation. We are so glad to see your cheerful smile again and to hear your voice say, "Well, commence!" over the phone. Slightly unorthodox, but pleasant. Katherine visited in Georgia during her vacation and saw the Georgia-Auburn game.

Helen Steffani and Loui Allison have returned from a leave of absence during which they too journeyed to Georgia. Helen visited the family of Corporal Ed Lynch—now Sergeant Ed Lynch—who has many friends here at Embry-Riddle.

Everyone's going to Georgia. What's in Georgia anyway?

There is a charming new secretary in the A. & E. Division Headquarters now. Her name is Beatrice Monroe, and she's to be the willing slave of Mr. Foote and Mr. Nelson.

Don't eat too many turkey sandwiches!
COLISEUM COMENTARIES
Continued From Page 1
ing. Harry Lauder after the show told a friend that the Coliseum missed its calling; it should have been a car barn.
Later, where Lauder had failed, popular and humorous Will Rogers came, saw, and was conquered even as had been the impecable Scotchman in kits before him.
Meditative and reflective, Will, after his Coliseum show, wondered why his best jokes and stand-out witticisms had failed to register in the citadel of Coral Gables and Miami. His welcome when he first appeared on the stage had been thunderous. Subsequent applause however was sporadic instead of spontaneous. Which, as you might well imagine, made the fun-oozing Rogers as serious for the time being as a murder-trial judge. Money Refunded
When eventually he heard that the folks out front had not clapped and cheered because they failed to hear the majority of what the unrivalled Will had to say, he tagged the show a complete washout in so far as he was concerned and refused to accept a single penny of his contract money.
In fact, he demanded that the ticket-holders be reimbursed. The Coliseum was on the spot as the scene of one of the first Will Rogers personal appearances in history which did not “jell” and overflow with jocularity.
All of which led to the expenditure of several thousand dollars to equip the double-roofed Coliseum with ceiling curtains designed to improve the acoustical drawbacks of the auditorium.
That expedient failed of practical results. Others which followed merely tracked a similar trail to non-achievement. The Coliseum still stands; and within its roomy spaciousness, we have even today with us the acoustical handicaps.
The Coliseum, designed as a center of culture, has also served during its variegated existence as a “cluster of clown” and a “rookery” of roller derbies.

Boxing Greats
Its walls have echoed the fanfare of boxing fans who have watched champions and near-champions of the squared circle display their prowess and punches.
Once Gene Tunney gave an exhibition under its roof-tree. Jack Dempsey has appeared there at various shows. Jack Britton, a former welterweight champion of the world, has seconded his son, Bobby, against several Coliseum foes.
Crowds gathered there nightly to shout encouragement to their favorite skaters and teams of skaters who sped around a special track on wooden rollers. Skating records were set which, up to the present, have not been surpassed.
After the roller racing came ice skating. Artificial ice and modern air-conditioning teamed together to outfit the Coliseum as a popular ice palace where impromptu hockey players from Canada and New England staged keenly contested games.
A league was formed; enthusiasm ran high for awhile; then began to ficker, and finally ice hockey was laid away to rest among the various other innovation sports which have been tested for a time in Florida and then found wanting.

New Unit of War Effort
Currently, the rehabilitated Coliseum is engaged in the most productive and historic work of its spectacular career. It is now an effectively organized unit of the war effort, one which is schooling mechanics who ultimately will be engaged in servicing and maintaining military aircraft for active duty on the air-battle fronts around the world.
Here is a task commensurate in vital importance with the development of pilots, hawks of the heavens, who brook no opposition, daredevils of the airways who flaunt defiance to any and all adversaries.
For best results, the ground force must outnumber the flying force in the approximate ratio of nine to one, so that the slogan, “Keep ‘em Flying and Fighting” may be fully effectuated.
Suffice to say at this time that the Coliseum daily accommodates as large a crowd as previously attended some of the sporting or cultural entertainments held in its auditorium.

Both Young and Old
This modern crowd is a hand-picked group of American youth and middle-aged men serious in its resolution to accept its destiny and to make the most of its opportunity.
Some months hence these same men will be scattered wherever the American flag is flown as mechanics in field squadrons, air depots, and at central air bases putting into practice what they have learned in the classroom and shop.
And there will come hundreds more like them. The procession if necessary will be unending until the task of subduing the enemy is completed.
And when the voices of peace have finally succeeded the dogs of war as the guardians of universal progress and well-being, these former soldiers of the Army Air Corps and ex-students of the Coliseum will return to their homes throughout the United States and our insular possessions.
Possibly they will remember the Coliseum which once was their school-room and shop combined. And possibly they will tell their relatives and friends about Coral Gables’ biggest building, the one with the double roof, the astonishingly lofty ceiling, the largest structure of its kind in Florida, one which houses some 3,000,000 cubic feet of interior capacity.

Far Cry from Namesake
We are sure that these soldiers returned to private life will wish for the Coliseum a long life of effective attainment. Without doubt they will hope that it will never be reduced to condition of ruin and impending collapse as was its Roman namesake.
For this is a consummation devoutly to be wished for—wishful thinking which, praise be, may eventually be soldered into actuality.

—WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42—

RIDGE ROUND-UP
Continued from Page 7
New York, and received his Bachelor of Science degree at Fordham University in New York City.
He then obtained his Medical Degree at the New York Medical College and the Flower Fifth Avenue Hospital.
He served an internship period at St. Mary’s Hospital in Hoboken, N. J. The Lieutenant enlisted in the Air Corps Reserve in May, 1941, and he was called into active service on July 1, 1942 and was commissioned as a First Lieutenant.
He was stationed in Miami Beach, in charge of a Dispensary and other Medical duties until October 23, when he was assigned to be Medical Officer at No. 5 B.F.T.S.

Lt. Charles J. Bivona

The "Doc," as he is known in preference to Lieutenant, is 6 feet 1 inch in height and weighs 195 pounds. He has black, curly hair, with a few gray ones beginning to pop out about the temples.
Throw in with this a pair of brown eyes, and you have a very handsome gentleman, who by the way, is quite happily married to the former Miss Pauline C. Wince of Newburgh, N. Y., and has been since January 31, 1942.
And confidentially, (Walter Winchell will hate us for this) he is expecting to become a papa before long.

Lieutenant Bivona was quite an athlete in his school days, participating in football, basketball, baseball, and track. In fact, he still holds a couple of records in the discus throw back at Fordham University. He was also on the Fordham Rams varsity football squad.

One Man of the Week has made himself very popular and has proven to be very capable by his very thorough interest in your particular troubles. We hope you will be with us for some time, "Doc."
BROADMOOR BYE-BYES

by Lucille Valliere

Well... Folks, we’re off again, or rather we should say “out” again, for our little party spot, the Broadmoor, is no longer ours.

That cozy little hostelry is off the map as far as we’re concerned, because Uncle Sam again had first call.

Competing Circus

By way of accounting for the small attendance of last Saturday, it would seem that good old Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey, still put on the greatest show on earth... even better than an Embry-Riddle dance.

Now Wain knows what to do when dance attendance begins to slacken... so don’t be surprised when you arrive at the party some night to discover that the dinner menu will include pan roasted peanuts, golden crusted crackerjack, fluffy white popcorn, grilled hot dogs a la Kitty Foyle, and rare vintage coca cola.

Also, if we can find some talented elephants who are not too chubby, we might even have a floor show.

Surprise, Surprise

In the small gathering of Saturday, we had more surprise guests than usual—Joe and Mrs. Horton, Mr. and Mrs. Nate Reese, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Foote.

Toward the end of the evening, who should drop in but Connie Young and Pat McNamara with R. W. Diff, Jr. and R. E. Howarth.

We’re sorry they didn’t come earlier and spend more time, and we hope they’ll show up more often in the future.

Fairest and Carroll Brown came with Norma Phillips and W. M. Miller. Also present were LeRoy and Maxine Bare.

The Fly Paper girls were all decked out in fall costumes... Vadah Thomas sporting a lovely cross-fox jacket and black frock, and Wain Fletcher looking sharp as a tack in a silk print and black velvet ensemble.

Brazilian Guests

The Brazilians were well represented again by students Vinuncius Vargas, “Walking Delegate” Adriano Pons, and several of the Brazilian Naval Officers who, we are pleased to note, have become regular guests.


There’s not much else to report except to say that everyone seemed to like the Broadmoor while it lasted, and we hope we’ll be fortunate enough to find some equally pleasant spot for future parties.

See Page Two

But, of this you can be sure, lads and lassies, wherever we hold our parties, they’re sure to be lots of fun, so let’s turn out in full force each Saturday and forget our cares of the week.

INTER-AMERICAN CADETS VISIT MIAMI UNIVERSITY

Back Row: William Tartakovsky, Chile; Fernando Naranjo, Ecuador; Sam Badden, Nicaragua; and Aquilino Machado, Uruguay. Front row: Gonzalo López y Gorzón, Argentina; Pedro G. Flores, Ecuador; Florentino Sequeira, Cuba; and Sertario Arruda, Brazil, all Latin-American students at the Tech School.

INSURANCE
Continued from Page 11

5. Be sure you see a good Doctor at once. He is a very busy man these days, but will see to it that you are returned to your place in our production effort with the least possible loss of time for you, and, after all, production revenue is of more value to each of us than insurance benefits.

6. Do not rely on what others might say. Read your book yourself. Notify your Department Head of any injury, or illness at once. Go to a good Doctor and if necessary to the hospital, and you will receive the full benefits provided in the Embry-Riddle Employee’ Benefit Insurance. If you are ever in doubt, write or call the Insurance Department.

The instructor in Electrical Class was examining one of the class. Instructor: “What is an armature?” Soldier Student: “Oh, that’s a guy who sings for Major Bowes.”

PROGRAM

The Riddle

“Family Theatre”

Feature Picture

“RIDING ON AIR”
with Joe E. Brown and Guy Kibbee
Monday, December 7th
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, December 8th
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, December 9th
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, December 10th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

Feature Picture

“BREAKING THE ICE”
with Bobby Brown, Charles Ruggles and Delores Costello
Thursday, December 10th
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, December 11th
DORR FIELD

Monday, December 14th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents
"THE WEBSTER FAMILY"

by Earl Robinson

Hi-ya-everybody. Well, here I am again with more news about the busiest family in town.

You know, there are quite a few things happening within the company that some of us do not know about, and much of this happens in the Transportation Department.

For instance, did you know that there are three Air Fields between Miami and Arcadia, Fla. and that the Embry-Riddle Co. has many men and women employed at these fields?

In order to keep these fields in contact with each other and with the Miami Division, the company has a regular bus schedule between these points for just that purpose.

On Monday morning at 6:30 you will notice that Howard Holl is a very busy man, to say nothing of Mr. Watson, and 'c'ine gun Woof McElroy Pete, the latter playing a very important part in getting the bus off.

In the meantime, Mr. Holl is busy getting the mail ready to go and the passengers' baggage carefully placed so they can be off by 7:00.

Well, at exactly 9:45 every morning, this bus arrives at Riddle Field, Clewiston. After a cordial good morning and leaving the mail, or whatever is scheduled to be left there, it continues on to Dorr Field.

There, after a greeting to Mr. McGee, the biggest little man on the Field, and depositing the mail, the bus continues on to Carlstrom.

Then it turns around and starts its homeward trip. Of course, most of the time, there is someone going to Miami on business, and there is always the company mail and correspondence, a very important factor in "keeping the ball rolling."

After 13½ hours, or 360 miles per day, this bus is given a careful check by the transportation department's mechanic and helper, which gets right back to things some of us do not know.

Well, this is about all I have time for this week, but I'll be back next week with more pictures and news about the man behind the girl behind the wheel.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

by Jesse D. Anderson

Out across the wide blue span
Men are fighting in another land;
We are hoping and praying each day
That we will have some news to say;
The war is over and the fighting is through
I'll be coming home soon, darling, just to you.

—Class 4-43-E