Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-01-29

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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Our RAF dictionary gives us another word this week, and this time it is flanneling.

This word is a little difficult to explain, but it means to do something for a person or to please a person, usually someone in authority, in order to gain a personal benefit. It could also be taken to mean a method of "smoothing something over" by making excuses.

An example of flanneling is when a Cadet says to his Flight Instructor, "I certainly wish I could get my coordination as well as you, sir." The Cadet may make this statement hoping to play on his Instructor's ego and thus gain personal favor for himself; therefore, he is flanneling.

A number of promotions and changes in the Flight Personnel have been made recently; so in order to get all these changes correctly, we are printing the entire Flight Personnel as released from the General Manager's office January 16, 1943:

Director of Flying—F. E. Hunziker.
Squadron Commanders—Cockrill, Miller, Smith, Johnston, and Cousins.
Flight Commanders—Lehman, Davis, Woodward, Ellis, Schneider, Brink, Perry, Middleton, Racener, King, and Mason.
Assistant Flight Commanders—Reahard, Westmoreland, Lanhuorne, Bing, Day, McCravey, Walker, Place, Garcia, Leftwich (acting), and Mangold (acting).


Primary Instructors—Hardin, Thompson, Curtis, Wirick, Keine, Raynor, Archibald, Chidder, Bell, Dugger, Mancuso, Duncan, Kurzman, Glasco, Peters, Fair, Brittain, Blume, Guay, Gol, Presbrey, Pardee, Howe, Lambros, Sampson, and De Marco.

Hither, Thither and You
Pat Smythe, Derrick Button, and several others of Squadron 1 are making preparations for their Flight's Listening Out which will make its appearance soon.

We were pleased to receive a letter from Pilot Officer Gordon Smith, recently graduated with Course 9.

Thought for today—As is the telephone operator who giveth wrong numbers, so is he who exalotheth his deeds in the air; for he shall enlarge upon the danger of his adventure, but in my sleeve shall be heard the tinkling of silver laughter.

Crack of the week—This prize remark came from one of the palefaces in Squadron 4 who asked, "What is a ground loop?" As you all know, everything comes to him who waits.

Complaint Department—"Why don't you have more in the Fly Paper about Flight Instructors," said a certain Advanced Flight Instructor to us last week. "Why don't you give us some news to print?" was our question-answer. And there we have it.

If you don't like the way your department or your Flight is being represented in the Fly Paper, don't yelp about it, do something about it. Give us the little incidents that happen in your department, on your Flight, etc., and we'll gladly edit it and type it for you. How's about it?

MAN OF THE WEEK

Capt. Thomas E. Persinger, Commanding Officer of the Army Air Corps Cadets training here at No. 5 B.F.T.S., is our Man of the Week this issue.

Capt. Persinger was born on January 15, 1917, in Seymour, Ind., where he was graduated from High School. He then went to Purdue University where he studied Aeronautical Engineering.

As a result of his R.O.T.C. work at the University, Persinger was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Field Artillery. In June, 1940, he mustered as a Flying Cadet and won his wings in February, 1941, at Maxwell Field, Ala.

He stayed on at Maxwell as an Advanced Instructor for an additional six months before going to a Primary School at Douglas, Ga., as Assistant Supervisor of the training. A promotion to the rank of First Lieutenant was made at this post, Lakeide, Fla., was the next stop, and here

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Letters to the Editor

Roanoke, Virginia
January 22, 1943

Dear Editor:

Prior to May, 1941, my son Gordon wanted to enroll in some aviation school as an A and E mechanic; so I wrote several aircraft schools. He had just about decided to go to California; signed an application and had put up a deposit.

After this, a friend of mine asked me if I knew anything about Embry-Riddle School of Aviation in Miami. I wrote to Embry-Riddle and received a satisfactory reply.

I hopped into my son's car with him and we landed in Miami the first of May, 1941. Gordon enrolled in the Embry-Riddle School, completed his course of A and E twelve months later, and is now employed by the school as an instructor in the Aircraft Overhaul Department.

Gordon's mother and I have just returned from Miami after spending three weeks with Gordon and his wife.

I was just reading in the Fly Paper about Mr. McShane and his duck. I had the opportunity of going with Gordon about five miles out and securing this duck for Mr. Mac. I had to feed the duck two or three days before Christmas for Gordon seemed to be afraid the duck would bite him.

Now I understand Mr. McShane has bought some little ducks and is going into the duck business. I helped tie that beautiful red ribbon on the duck's neck.

My wife and I had noticed the name Jack Holt in the Fly Paper several times and we were very anxious to find out who this Jack Holt was. On our visit to Miami we found that our son's name had been changed from Gordon to Jack and now we feel that we are very well acquainted with Jack Holt.

I am indeed very proud of Embry-Riddle School of Aviation and appreciate the interest they seem to take in all students. I have visited Miami six times since Jack enrolled in school, three times in my car, twice by rail and once by air. I have become acquainted with several of the personnel of the school and I think they are all very fine chaps.

I think I should tell this joke on Mr. McShane. He, Gordon, and two other men called me one evening after five o'clock to bowl with them. I had not bowled for twenty-five years, but when the game was over I had defeated every one. Now I shall whet up on my bowling a little and when I come back I will really show them how it is done.

I want you to know that I really do appreciate your sending me the Fly Paper, which I have been receiving continuously and to which I look forward as much as I do a letter from Jack Holt.

Very truly yours,
J. G. Holt, Sr.
DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

People wondering where all the rocks came from that Mr. English and his crew have been placing around the circle. Well, folks, they were all part of old Dorr Field. Some came from the hangar area, some from the bake shop, some from the Post hospital. Anyway, wherever they came from, they certainly look neat all painted white and in line.

We want to remind you again that the sidewalks adjacent to the barracks are not to be used by the civilian personnel. Cadets, the Army personnel, and the cleaning crew are the only people allowed in that area.

We're justly proud that the local paper is going to run Dorr Doings in their weekly edition. Somewhere else you will find a squibb about our auxiliary Field, the one that's not on a main highway.

We wonder where Hubert Drake got the name "Pink Lady" and John Rigby "Old Cud." Airplane Maintenance

Wallace Hope the proud father of a 7½ lb. girl. Mother and daughter are getting along well. Wallace is doing as well as can be expected. Maybe in a week or two he'll be back on his feet again.

Jimmy Davis, better known this week as "Downwind," heard complaining that the doggone wind sock ought to stay in one place at least long enough for him to come in for at least one landing.

Glad to see that Vance is up and about again after a siege in the local hospital. Looks as if he has gained about 20 lbs.

Well, well, we're one up on the cigarette vending machine. We put in our 15¢ and got our cigarettes and 10¢ back besides. Ever since we told Mr. Nicodemus about it, he's been trying to get 15¢ back besides his cigarettes. He just hasn't that certain touch.

Did You Know?

That on clear mornings you can hear the 6 a.m. whistle at the Novatee crate mill. That's a fun piece. And that either Field can hear the early morning pre-flight of the other. That Harry "Bunk" Johnson, another "among the married"—Henry Schwartz this past week. We all wish him a long and happy married life. Billy Purser spending his vacation with his parents in "Gawga." Tommy Permanter sick abed with a child's ailment, the big sissy. Jane Whidden spending her vacation in Miami.

Snopping around this past week, we overheard the following comment from Gene Welles: quote, "Surely I'll get two letters from Dickie tomorrow since I didn't get any today," Annie Laurie Clark: "I received two letters today, so I'm saving one till tomorrow so that I won't be disappointed tomorrow in case I don't get one." Ruth Campbell, "Well I didn't get a letter today, so I'll just read the letter I got yesterday." What do I say? "Gosh, these scheming females!"

Tol'ably yours,

Jack

P.S.—Please collect two-bits for me from George Mackie. This applies to anybody.

SECRETARY'S LAMENT

by A. Nonimus

The boss comes in at twelve or so,
And then elsewhere he goes,
You wait and wait and aggravate,
It does no good you know.

At one o'clock you're all cleaned up
And might as well go home.
But, no, you have to sit there
While the boss is on the roam!

But wait, at last it's five o'clock
Oh that's a welcome sight
But, nuts, here's bossy fresh as dawn
All set to work all night.
I know a special place is made
Somewhere up in the Heaven,
For gals whose bosses start at five
And work on till eleven.

ARMY vs. RIDDLE

'Twould be hard indeed to tell who has the better taste in lovely ladies if one had to judge from these two groups. Representing the Army, at the right, are Virginia Smith, Glenna McKay, Marjorie Pierce, Rosie Spence, and Hilda Provette. At the left are Riddle girls Grace Clayton, Virginia Jones, Hazel Dishong, in back, Katherine Sundusky, and Lois Ingram.
A trembling undercurrent of patriotism along the Carlstrom Flight Line seems to have forced itself upon the supporters of a once upon a-time popular American custom, slightly undermining—if not completely crumbling—same. We refer, specifically, to the soon-to-be-lost art of shaving one's paws.

It's all a part of the recently organized "Conserve for Victory" program, the precise past history of which is somewhat vague. One of the driving spirits of the movement is rumored to be the inscrutable Herb Woolf, but it is evident on the face of things, to put it literally, that "Georgia win-lose-or-draw" Birdsong and the Right Honorable J. Gorton of the American population would do nothing less than to be reckoned with. Buster's contribution is nothing less than a beard of the good old plutocratic Van Dyke type.

Leaders of the movement explain it this way: the suspension of shaving by the male American population would conserve practically all of the essential goods on the lists of the OPA. Steel, of course, would be the major saving. Then there would be the saving in fats and greases which would be realized with the laying aside of shaving soaps and creams.

To refute the testimony offered at this point by backers of the electric razor, let us point out the saving in electricity effected by the suspended use of that instrument—and of course, electricity is a consideration, along with kerosene and fuel oil, in the heating of water for the common variety of wet shaver.

ELIMINATED?

by A/C Melvin A. Prottas

It's a ticklish subject, but it needn't be. In most cases, through no fault of our own, we have been found unsuitable for further flight training. This may have been because of ineptitude, or an inability to progress rapidly enough for a speeded-up Army Training Program.

There were many reasons for our coming here for pilot training. The most important of these was an actual love of flying, of being way up there near the face of God; others of us are here because of the glamour which we associated with flying, unaware of the hard work that goes with it.

Still more of us became Aviation Cadets not because of the glamour, or because of any love of flying, but because we knew of the shortage of air crew trainees and felt we could serve our Country in such a capacity. Whatever our reason, we came here; we did our best—and it wasn't good enough. But we are good enough for further training in some other field.

Now one would think that here the argument would cease for sheer lack of further material—but not so. Alcohol, and even gasoline and tires, are things to be considered. Of course, a man of even ordinary intelligence could understand, with a little thought, that shaving lotion contains a goodly proportion of alcohol—which makes conservation along that line obvious—but gasoline and tires! Food, we must admit, for thought.

Let us look at it, for a moment, in this light: a man with an unretarded half-acre of fuzz on his cheek is not likely to be smiled upon too favorably by the fairer sex. In a word, he stands a better than fair chance of being looked upon as something to be avoided—like a grizzly bear, etc.

The situation now becomes clearer. No sex appeal: no date. No date: no chance for joy riding. Much needed gasoline and tires are conserved for use by the armed forces.

We are informed by reliable sources that there has arisen a question, considering the above circumstances, as to the ultimate worth of the campaign—and then, too, there's the question of the uncertainty of company approval. Be it as it may, however, there are those selfless characters who have thrown themselves heart and soul into the movement.

Only available comment at this moment from leading Field authorities is the statement by jumping George Eckhart, "I think it takes a lot of cheek!"

THE CREMATION OF HERB McGEE

(Apologies to Robert W. Service)

Oh there's much has been said of the Yukon that's bald
With the bad blood of good men and thieves;
When the night's bright and clear, there's a song you can hear
That is whispered, like wind through the leaves.

It's the song of a man who was wind burned and tan,
But who died in a blizzard's bleak cold,
And whose mortal remains were sent up in red flames
By a friend, just to warm up his soul.

So that memorable pyre—that cremation fire—
Goes down in our literature
As one of the sights, like the great Northern Lights,
That could make a man's worst blood run pure.

Now I don't like to brag (here's a light for that jag)
And your cigarette brings it to mind,
But I've witnessed a sight—and I'm telling you right—
That would sicken the best man you'll find.

I've been weak ever since, and by coincidence
It involves a young man named McGee.
He was handsome and tall—no relation at all
To the trapper who fried by the sea.

Now he sat at the time in a ship on the line,
And he called to a man standing near
To "heave to" on the crank, while he sat long and lank
With the throttle all set in the rear.

So the man moseyed o'er to this ship forty-four
With a cigar held tight in his teeth,
And it glowed bright and hot as he stood on the spot
That we covered last week with a wreath.

It was all very clear from the screams we could hear
That the blast had enveloped the ship.
It cremated McGee, and I swear I could see
That he died with an oath on his lip.

It was Herb's dying curse on the man who is worse
Than a murderer caught at his crime;
On the man who would take—when a life is at stake—
Such a chance by a ship on the line.

Now it may seem far-fetched, or a slight trifle stretched,
But I saw the whole thing, and it's true,
That this blamed careless smoking—and, my friend, I ain't joking—
Will bring McGee's curse down on you!

T. W., Jr.
CARLSTROM CAPERS

by Norma Tucker

Buzz—Buzz—“wasn’t he cute,” “whatta dancer,” “didn’t everyone and everything look nice,” “I wish I had gone,” and folks you should have.

Oh, pardon me, I was just listening to the members of the fairer sex (they have long ago ceased to be called the weaker sex) discuss the Graduation Dance of Class 43-E. Those of you who were not in attendance missed a grand time.

The hall was gaily decorated in red, white, and blue, and half-way through the dance it reminded one of New Year’s dances. All the streamers came floating down, tying themselves around the dancers’ feet and mussing up the girls’ new hairdos.

Just Like Broadway

One would have thought it was Broadway with General MacArthur or some other notable driving by. Hep cats, jitterbugs, jumpin’ jives and ruggertettes were on hand when the band began to play.

Our thanks go to Benjamin Ade for the success of this “ball.” He was chairman and worked hard to make it a success. T. C. Anderson made an excellent Master of Ceremonies. We understand he had quite a lot of radio announcing experience. That accounts for his splendid job of Emcee.

Let’s take a look at some of the dancers. There’s Capt. Clonts and his attractive wife leading La Conga. Look who we have here—Roberta Dudley, escorted by Johnny Bolon. Roberta looks mighty cute in her black taffeta dress with rhinestone studded bodice, and those silver slippers and rhinestone accessories make her look like she just stepped from the pages of Vogue.

Pretty, Pretty

Jackie Livingstone just danced by with Ted Bell. They are certainly a “rugcutting” twosome. Jackie is wearing a fuschia taffeta with black velvet trim and a corsage of white glads, Carmen Mizell, all dressed in a lovely flowered gown, was there and we heard someone say, “My, she is pretty.”

No dance is complete without Lydia Sammon. She was seen wearing a white chiffon with black and white bodice, a gathered skirt with yards and yards of material. Pat Magill, her escort, was having a wonderful time too. Freddie Lewis and Bill Smith were, on hand, and Freddie looked stunning in her yellow chiffon.

Cyril Allen was one of the much discussed Cadets, and we heard that he “dances divinely.” Bob (Texas) Schmitz was also seen and heard, and Jimmie Fields was given the title of glamour boy. I think Harvey Fry danced with everyone present, he was always cutting-in.

There were many many more at the

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CARLSTROM CAPTION

by James F. Downdend

According to the papers, Alexander Woolcott died of a heart attack early in the week. Had seen him several times in New York and when he appeared in “The Man Who Came To Dinner,” a play which was woven around his amazing personality. Many have seen Monty Wolley in the screen version of that wonderful play.

The last of Alexander Woolcott’s work with which I have had contact was a serial, “Money In The Bank,” which he published just after his release from a German Concentration camp in Poland.

“Money In The Bank”

The wit, humor, and gay mystery with which “Money In The Bank” dealt proved that his spirit could not be suppressed in the Nazi-born horrors of a concentration camp. He was a two year veteran of World War I, and the final heart attack came while he was at the working end of a radio microphone.

Another veteran of the last War, Major J. S. Hunt, was at the Field January twenty-first for a short visit. He is also a veteran of Carlstrom, having served here as General Manager until a few months ago. He is now stationed at Fort Worth, Tex.

Lt. Lauro of Class 43-A, now stationed at Hendricks Field, Sebring, Fla., as a Student Officer in B-17 school, gave his Primary School the pleasure of a visit.

Lt. E. Morris, former stunt pilot and member of the Royal Canadian Air Force, now stationed at Fort Myers with Army Air Forces, was at the Field to visit our Lt. Guest, who was recently transferred to Carlstrom from Fort Myers.

Ensignment Gordon “Stick” Clement, a local boy now stationed with the Navy in Jacksonville, Fla., came to the Field during an overnight visit at his home.

Silver Bars

1st. Lt. McCormick has been passing around cigars—a silver bar. Very good, Sir. Sgt. Lane is promoted to Staff.

Lt. John Strauch is new Commandant of Cadets at the Field and is kept busy filling Lt. James E. Beville’s position. The latter left for Maxwell Field, Ala. The 43-E (Eagles) celebrated their graduation from Carlstrom Field with the most successful dance in years at the Arcadia Tourist Camp.

43-F is taking over with entirely new and better systems. There will be insignia of rank for Cadet Officers, an honor not placed in use until this class. There will be a Board of Honor made up of Cadets and Cadet Officers to handle all Cadet rulings.

The Soldier’s Wealth is His Honor

1. THE HONOR SYSTEM of the Air Corps Aviation Cadet is based on the CODE OF HONOR of officers of the Army of the United States. It applies to all phases of the life of an Aviation Cadet and will guide the destiny of each individual both as a Cadet and later as an officer in the honorable profession of arms.

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Dear Pale and Palette,

Today's another day for us Fly Paper news getter-uppers, so here's the proceeds from our rounds this week. Not much but sure'n.

In line of Field gossip there seems to be more going on down at the Flight line than anywhere else we could think of in that newsy way; so let's snoop a little there.

I'm wondering if Virginia Hunt, secretary to Ast. Director of Flying Charlie Sullivan, really carried out her threat to wear a sarong at the "tacky" party held at the Pilot's Club. And the name "Virginia" makes us sigh as we think of the beautiful romance between Dispatcher Virginia Roper and the silk man, Melvin Carlton, Parachute Department head.

We say beautiful because they fuss one day and make up the next. Ah, beautiful thought! And oh, Miss McVay! How beautiful must be your thoughts as you, with a heart vibrating with the hammer of a thousand tiny workmen, gazed heavenward at the buzz of a tiny Culver Cadet. These little Peep-40's give her a thrill er—no, it couldn't be that. She likes the airplane. "Oh, George."

Could be possible that the report is true that Larry Walden got off the beam on his cross-country the other day? Whether it is or not, we do know that he will make a longer cross-country sooner back down into the country where the geese go barefoot and fly backwards. We wish Larry a very happy vacation at his home in Arcadia, Fla.

Day after day we shrink with a terrible fear of the toughness of the, should I say "Lady Dispatchers"? They absolutely have no pity on the Cadets, but we must say they get the flight time in. Oh terrible women, our lips speak of pity for the poor slaves of thine. Gettin' plumb poetic, ain't it?

The Serious Side

On the serious side, we heard from Sid Bennet, former Flight Instructor here, who went to the Ferry Command. Sid is now in Los Angeles where he is at the home of the parents of "Chuck" Waldron, Flight Instructor. We wish Sidney all kinds of good luck in his new undertaking.

Here's news! Lt. John W. Church, Flight Officer, will have the honor of flying the first of the Canadian trainers off this Field. Lt. Church was formerly with the RCAF, and we know that he will feel at home in ships built for this service.

It was a great surprise to all of us and a pleasant one too when none other than our former commanding officer dropped in on us to "set a spell" last week. It was even a greater surprise when we saw that he had even changed his title. Now it's Lt. Col. Waldon M. James instead of the Major James who left us to go to a basic school.

Lt. Col. James was succeeded as Commanding Officer here by Capt. Charles A. Breeding. His promotions have come in rapid succession, having come to Embry-Riddle Field as a Captain in June of 1942.

It is not known whether or not Mrs. Sullivan is going with her husband to his new assignment and it also is not known whether or not the former Adjutant of Cadets is going to his assignment. As of this writing, however, it is known that Capt. Sullivan is not going with her husband and that Col. Waldon M. James is not going to his assignment.

Gremlinitis

We're adding something new in the line of crazy notes this week with a new Associate news hound, an Anonymous Gremlin. The following gab is from his diary, and we feel that after this a little Gremlin exterminator which keeps exterminated Gremlins exterminated would be worth getting an oversize patent for.

It seems to me that most ground loops could be avoided if one of us Gremlins could rig up a comfortable seat between the rudder peddles. My idea would be the air cushion from an old parachute. Not that we want to loll in luxury at all, there is no colder spot on earth than a wing tip on a cold winter morning. If all us boys who have scampered around the edges of a plane were laid end to end, we would reach three times around the earth.

To get back to the business at hand, taking for granted that the seat is installed, we would take along a good sharp stick. Taking our seat and stretching out comfortably, we could, when the ship comes in to land, more or less control the path of the plane.

If she needed a little right rudder, just poke the pilot's right ankle with the stick and the convulsive jerk he will give, in spite of himself, is bound to give sufficient rudder to hold the plane straight. Of course, if we didn't have a stick handy we would scream, "Shoot the rudder to me Brudder," which would cause him to wake up anyhow. However, there is no telling which rudder he would kick. But anything would be better than just sitting there and letting the thing pile up on him.

The only thing that we haven't been able to figure out is how are we going to tell when the thing is going to go off on a tangent. There is practically no visibility on the floorboards of an airplane.

Then too, there are the guys who seem to get a fiendish delight in harassing the Cadets instead of helping them. In some respects we are much like men. Some of us try to do the right thing and others just can't behave themselves.

Bob and John

There's Bob Gremlin for instance. He belongs most of the time to Bob Swennes. Every time Bob Swennes gets in an airplane, Bob Gremlin manages to gum up the works. Nearly every time the plane will not start and Swennes has to climb laboriously out of the ship. All the way back to Operations his guns are beating furious—

Continued on next page
CLASS 43-E
BIDS ADIEU

Well, the end is fast drawing near; the end of nine weeks of work, strain and fun. We came here, some experienced, others laymen, all ready and eager to learn. From the day we arrived until the present time we've been continually crammed with knowledge in the art and science of flying. The impossible has been done. We can fly!

For the past two months we've learned to call Embry-Riddle Field home. It has been home in practically every sense. Everyone has been swell to us and has done everything possible to make it for us here.

Yes, it's all over but the shouting. Our stay was short but pleasant. We came to learn and leave learned (I hope), Where we shall go next, where we shall end up, no one knows; but some day, perhaps, we can come back to Embry-Riddle and say hello to all again.

Thanks
To everyone who put up with us (can't see how they did it) we say thanks a million. To our Flight and Ground School Instructors and to the Officers, whose job it was to make us flyers and soldiers, we say thanks. To the Linemen who walked us off the ramp so often, to the Waitresses who put up with our likes and dislikes, and maybe a wise crack or two, to the Switchboard Operator, despite the fact that she woke us up too early in the morning, we say thanks.

To all of the fine people of Union City who have been so hospitable and who have made our stay here more enjoyable, we say thanks.

To all, we of Class 43-E say "thanks for everything!" We shall never forget.

Herky

EXTROIDINARY

Mr. Humphries,
Superintendent of Utilities, Inc.

These measurements are as near accurate as possible, chum. You will have to figure out the distance from the top of the drawers to the top of the desk, etc.

Just make the drawers three inches deep and a foot and a half wide and as long as the desk will permit.

If anything is not clear for your two-bit brain to figure out just give me a buzz.

Kenneth A. Stiverson
Superintendent of Nothing
Artist Extroidinary.

Is that spelled right?
P.S.—You might varnish these too, two.
P.S.S.—Put knobs on drawers too.

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER
Continued from preceding page

ly, uttering, no telling how many, sultry words about the cold weather, Stearmans, etc.

Of course there is John Gremlin, who hangs around John Brannon. The other day Brannon lugged out an old moth eaten, faded, gabardine flying suit to the Field, with a faint idea of selling it, as it had grown, or I should say shrunk, too small for him.

Brannon's Gremlin went over to one of the Refresher School Instructors (I'm not saying which one) and pinched him until he offered Brannon fourteen fish for the relic. John Gremlin was putting out everything he had to further his master's interest.

If Bob Gremlin ever got around a Cadet's pedal extremities while said Cadet was struggling to bring the ship down in one piece, it would just be too bad. Bob would go nuts with the excitement and surely break the Cadet's leg trying to get him to ground loop. However, guys like these are in the minority.

There is no way of getting around it. All of this doesn't alter the fact that it is impossible to see through the fuselage of an airplane; so I guess the whole idea is wrong. Anyhow, I've got work to do, so, "so-long."

"JANGLES"
by Geebee

"If you don't love me, I will die", Said Henry Ham to Mary Fry.
"Oh, do not die", the maiden said,
"For if you do, you will be dead".

A painter by the name of Rutter Once painted on his house a shutter. 'Twas not a real one he designed—He painted it just as a "blind".

Teeny Bickets has the rickets
From eating chinky laundry tickets,
The chinky said, "No tickie—no shirtee".
So she "hiccupped" one. Now ain't that pretty?

Editor's Note: Send in a "jangle", folks— the sillier, the better!

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Pre-Flight

Waiting For the Dawn
TECH TALK

by Betty Bruce

The evil of the sixth floor... the Fly Paper Office! Every three or four weeks a Female gently taps your unsuspecting shoulder, and Bingo! Tech Talk! Well, anyway, here goes.

The orchid of the week goes to Jean Bryan. Jean finally succumbed to the urgings of the two other feminine members of the seventh floor and went out and got herself a new fluff cut. It looks lovely, Jean.

The most serious complaint registered regarding the Saturday night dances being called off came from none other than that seventy-six year old youngster, Mrs. G. T. Richards, mother of our Editor. (How bout that Warm?)

All For You

We would like to state, Mrs. Richards, that solely in your behalf, we are frantically trying to find a substitute for the dances which will keep you from being restless on Saturday nights.

If you happen to see Texas Newbould walking along, and then suddenly grab her shoulder and start to groan, don’t be alarmed. She merely did her exercises last week and they are beginning to tell on her. Too bad, Texas. Old age, no doubt.

We hear that Mrs. Flint, former secretary to K. C. Smith, is now working with Mr. Criddlebaugh, head of Civil Aircraft. Another change is that of Robert Messer.

Mr. Messer (alias Dr. Carson, Jr.) went from the Sheet Metal Department at Tech to the Coliseum to take Walter Bergh’s place, and now he is back at Tech as Dr. Carson’s Supervisor.

Speaking of Walter Bergh, he is now the proud father of a baby girl. If you happen to see this Walter, congratulations from all of us.

Admiral Hendrick

We of the sixth floor are feeling mighty proud of one of our inmates. We have with us a future Admiral, namely Dave Hendrick, who is to be commissioned as an Ensign, Murray for you, Dave, but we’re really gonna miss you when you go.

The trim looking WAVE you noticed lunching here Wednesday was Joan Bryan Weaver, cousin of Jean Bryan, Miss Weaver is an Ensign and is stationed at the duPont building.

Attention Kitty Foyle. Stand by for an important announcement regarding the club, which will be made by President Jo Skinner very soon.

Joseph R. Horton, General Manager of the Aircraft and Engine Division, took a flying trip to Trinidad last week. We in-
nocently inquired as to how he liked the place, and really, if anyone wants his impressions of Trinidad, they can ask him for them, because I’ll be darned if I’ll print ’em!

College Bound

Adele Heiden, our demure little runner, will be leaving Saturday for Stetson University. Good luck, Adele, and we surely will miss you.

Many of you will remember cute little Patsy McGuirt, the runner who used to be here. Well, she is to be the bride of Merle Lang, one of our Instructors. It’ll be nice to have you back in the “Family” again, Patsy.

A newcomer this week is Miss Catherine Church of Davion, Ohio. Miss Church will be in Mr. Blakeley’s office with Mary Mitchell.

Odds and Ends... Mr. Lennox, formerly of Aircraft Overhaul, moved into the Purchasing Department Monday. Margaret Howell of Purchasing is now on a well earned vacation.

Well, Did You?

Emily Conlon and Edna Callahan of same department went on a fishing trip Saturday. They report they had lots of fun, but if you mention catching fish, they change the subject. Well, did you catch any?

Getting back to Tech School, Arnold Mims of the Priority Department arrived home at long last from Washington, New York, and parts unknown. Welcome home.

Anybody driving down Ponce de Leon and Alhambra Circle way toward the Tech School, around 8:15 a.m., might give us a wave, it was the only way Miss Van der Linn of the Research Department would appreciate the opportunity of making a deal with that person.

Our Friend Flossie

After a brief and victorious minor engagement with “Flossie the Fly Bug,” Ted Treff is back on the job once more. We s’pose this very wonderful and most unusual January weather caused “Flossie” to tuck up her skirts and make tracks for more receptive parts.

The above, dear readers, is apologetically submitted with a pledge that I will do better next time.

It was many years ago. A motorist in cap and goggles was standing under a tree, peering up through the branches.

“What’s the matter?” someone inquired.

“I was just cranking my Ford,” was the reply, “and the darn thing flew off the handle.”

INSTRUMENTALISMS

by Peggy Harrod

Move over, folks—here comes the Instrument Department. We’ve kept still as long as we could and now we want a teeny-weeny space in the Fly Paper so we can let our cousins of the Embry-Riddle family know what makes us tick. There’s nothing like tooting your own horn, is there? Except that we’re adding wedding bells to our horns with our first addition. The bells will ring out on St. Valentine’s Day for Merle Lang, our senior Instructor from Iowa, who is boss man on the “graveyard shift” along with his other duties (don’t you just love that title).

The lovely lady in question is none other than our own Mary Patricia McGuirt. Although Pat is no longer with us in the capacity of co-worker, she is going one better by marrying into the family.

The beautiful woman started in the spacious corridors of our great school.

It was Love at first sight That the Love-bug did bite Right out in open day light.

We didn’t know that Embry-Riddle school gave lessons in matrimony. Could it be that Merle got his technique from Dr. Carson’s lessons in the Three F’s—Fair-Firm-Friendly?

Rumor has it that Merle’s room-mate and co-worker, John (Buck) Setzer, who will be best man at the wedding, acted as romantic advisor and “Voice of Experience” (even if he is a bachelor) to our prospective bridegroom.

Gather around, boys, and lend an ear to Professor Buck’s Love-bug lessons. We extend our congratulations to both of you. Pat—beware.

E.R. MECHANIC

by Harry H. Farr, Coliseum

When I came into this world I was earmarked for a soldier. As the years crept upon me Daily I grew bolder.

Hitler thought he’d start a rumpus And forced a world War; Soon found out he couldn’t bump us, The paper hangar was sore.

I was told that I must learn All about a plane. They sent me to Embry-Riddle Where I nearly went insane.

It was there I soon found out I didn’t know a tinker’s dam. They taught me how and all about A plane and then said scam.

With my knowledge I arrived Right out on the front And saw the boys in a P-38 Doing their daily stunt.

They weren’t afraid of any old plane For theirs were fit as a fiddle. Why not? They were repaired By mechanics from Embry-Riddle.
THREE CENTS
For three pennies a day, with a minimum of ten cents for the first three days, you can get your favorite fiction books at the new Tech School Rental Library.

The library is located at the South end of the third floor, and the hours are 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 midnight, Monday through Saturday.

If you can't visit the library in person, just pick up your telephone, make your selections, and the books will be sent to you.

There is a wide range of subjects from the ever popular mystery to the confessions of a minister's son in "Get Thee Behind Me"; from the grim escape of a German out of Nazi land in "The Seventh Cross" to the sparkling wit of Cornelia Otis Skinner's "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

NEW BOOKS AT TECH
Flight Lesson Texts—Nos. 1 to 40, by American Technical Society.
Aircraft Electricity, by Clark & Corbitt.
Aircraft Instruments, by Patton.
Aeroplane Hydraulic Equipment, by Molloy.
Carbureters, by Molloy.
Aeroplane Starters and Generators, by Molloy.
Engines, by Molloy.
Airplane Engine Trouble Shooting Chart, by Wallace.
Aircraft Inspection Methods, by Bartholomew.
This Flying Game, by Arnold & Eaker.
Introduction to Astronomy, by Baker.
Aircraft Engine Maintenance, by Suddeth.
Outline of Air Travel Practice, by Blomquist.
Aircraft Assembly, by Marschner.
The Aircraft Apprentice, by MacGregor.
Amazon Throne, by Harding.
The Pageant of South American History, by Peck.
Electric Welding, by Potter.
Oxycetylene Welding, by Potter.
Aircraft Torch Welding, by Borchers & Cifrin.
Seven Keys to Brazil, by Kelsey.
Handbook of Mechanical Design, by Nordenholt-Kerr-Sasso.
Practical Calculus for Home Study, by Palmer.
Elementary Electricity, by Slack.
Elementary Industrial Electrical, by Smith.
Fundamental Principles of Electric and Magnetic Circuits, by Fish.

LIBRARY BITS
by Margaret E. Walker

With only two exceptions, the bulletin board in the Library is decorated this week entirely with covers from our new technical and scientific and recreational books instead of the usual pictures and articles from various magazines pertaining to aviation.

One of the exceptions is the following table of popular names for American Aircraft, which was published in "Keep 'Em Flying," a newspaper published by the Miami Herald in the interest of the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command in Miami Beach.

With a few exceptions where manufacturers have not yet submitted suggested names, the following will be applied to American aircraft (Army and Navy Technical designations are also given):

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Latin-American Newspapermen Visit the United States of America

Urguay and Bolivia newspapermen who are touring the United States as guests of the National Press Club visited the Embassy-Riddle School of Aviation, where Latin-American youths are being trained as airplane maintenance specialists, before leaving Miami for Columbus, Ga., New Orleans and the Pacific Coast. Front row, left to right: James E. Blakley, General Manager of the Embassy-Riddle Technical Division, who welcomed the visitors last week; Ricardo Vareano, editor of El Tiempo, Montevideo, Uruguay; Nelson Serrato of LaRazon and author of the official White Paper on fifth column activities in Uruguay; Dr. Carlos Manini Kios, co-director of La Manana and former secretary of state in Uruguay, Silveira Anthony, Uruguyan student at the school; Astoro Otero, publisher of Ultima Hora de LaPaz, Bolivia, who returned home this week after a three-month visit in the United States. Rear, left to right: Eric Sandstrom, Latin-American Co-ordinator at the school; Dr. Tomas G. Breno, director of El Bien Publico and former government deputy who was president of the first committee to investigate anti-Uruguay activities; Jore Feyyerza Gonzalez, new editor of El Dito, Montevideo.
Chapman Chatter
by Cara Lee Cook, Inc.

As fate would have it, dear readers, I was forced to accompany this column with that gruesome pug-ugly you see starring out at you. I must admit that Wain gave me at least a sporting chance.

Said she, “Either send me a photo or I’ll use the one on your identification pass,” and remembering that when the guard first saw it he screamed, “Give me a mop and I’ll kill it.” I decided in my usual benevolent way (?) that in the interest of humanity and public welfare, I would save you that fright. So gaze upon my countenance and think of what might have happened.

Steak Fry a la Hot Dog

The Cross Country Boys threw a Hot Dog Social Friday for “those mighty Instructors” of theirs, i.e. Gerry Cook, Coach Jim Pollard, Tom Moxley and Jimmy Gilmore.

Guest of honor was Editor-in-chief Wain Fletcher*. Bill Cary did a swell job of coordinating the whole thing from building the fire to roasting the corn, and all in all we had a swellest time.

The scene of all this hilarity was the Boathouse, and on a clear day you can still see the remains. The X-C gang will finish up soon and we want to wish all of them, Dave Platt, Rean Seiler, Red Friant, John BAILY, Everett Link, and Bill Cary a lot of good luck.

The conclusion of this program sees the immediate opening of another with five of the six assignees already reported in, namely, Chuck Helm, Walter Price, Garrett Putnam, Henry Gardner, and Daniel Dawson.

Starting also with the new year is a new Elementary War Training Service Program which will carry on the old tradition under the careful scrutiny of Instructors Tiny Davis and Leland McDaniels.

Striking a Welcoming Note

Chapman Field extends a warm welcome to the balance of the Camden family, Mrs. Camden, William D., Sterling III., and the lil’ fellow, Jimmy B., who was a pretty sick baby but is recuperating nicely now.

With sincere regrets we said hello and goodbye to Betty Schulie, Mr. Hadley’s secretary, and Fred Bull, Chief Storekeeper.

Miss Bobby Moon takes Betty’s place and Dave Vanderbeck now officiates as Top Kick in the Stockroom.

The Instrument Department has added another Flight Instructor to its Personnel in the person of Bob Royce who will assist Jinkie Eastman until such time as he is called by the Army Air Corps.

The P.A.A. Link-Instrument Trainees

Whitecaps
by Johnny Carruthers, II

Hi, folks, I’m back again. It’s been a good week, and I think you would be interested to know what goes on around the Base.

First on the docket is bowling. I didn’t know anything about it, and it was a surprise to me when my old stand-by, Billy Waters, told me about it.

Tops as far as bowling is concerned is Andy Anderson. He carries a handicap of only 18, and he bowls an average of about 200. That’s big talk as far as I’m concerned.

The rest of the bowlers are Billy Waters, Floyd Seifferman, Jim Clarke, and Al McKeerson. They’re a pretty sharp bunch and should go places.

The Base has a new Ground School Instructor, or rather an Instructress. She is none other than Pauline Powell, the beautiful wife of R. G. Powell, Pan American co-pilot.

Pauline is really a down-to-earth, hard-working gal. From eight in the morning until all hours of the evening you can find her in the Ground School classroom grinding it out with some of her students.

She’s going to need some help soon, though, because there are just too many students for her to take care of. Keep it up, Pauline. You’re doing swell. I know because I sneaked in on a session, and—Man—he’s the answer to a student pilot’s prayer!

Laff of the Week

You all know “Heim the Goim” Garrigus, our really hot mech. Well, here is a little scene that occurred the other day:

Time: Morn.
Place: Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base.
Scene: Billy Water’s Desk.
Characters: Billy and a Stranger.

Stranger: Good morning. Do you have an instructor here by the name of Herman something-or-other?

Billy: No, I’m sorry. The mechanic at the shop is named Herman, Herman Garrigus.

Stranger: That sounds like his name, but this guy is an instructor here and he used to fly B-17’s to Africa.

Embry-Riddle FLY PAPER “Stick To It!” January 20, 1943

who have received their gadget ratings to date are: Ad Thompson, B. S. Fullewider, Jr., John W. Kenahan, Jr., Ralph Hughes, Dick Roberson, and Bill Rich.

If you want proof as to what a dandy Maintenance Force we have here, just come down and be enlightened. Mr. Hadley and crew are doing a splendid job of keeping ‘em flying and not without due respect to that large sign, another F. J. Rollins contribution, conspicuously hung in the center of the hangar, “A concealed mistake may cost a brave man’s life.”

Lazy Gus

Having completed on schedule the required training of four of the Secondary-Instructor Course Trainees and having bid them off to Atlanta for their final Flight Checks, Instructor Dave DaBoll is recuperating from acrobatic fever contracted from hanging by his heels during the better part of Stage B or approximately 40 hours. Gee, seven days with nothing to do but get fat and lazy and he’s begging Mr. Camden to let him work on Sunday.

This column is wearing on into mid-afternoon and consequently I’ll have to be here for the Shea’s Tostada ‘Gremblin’!”

Thanks, Cookie, and you Cross Country Boys, for a swell party. P.S. What’s all this about a romance cooking a la da boll?

Billy: Never heard of him.

Stranger: Listen, hub, I know he’s here. He has two dogs, Tinky and Seaplane Susie. Susie is your mascot. Billy: Ye gods, that’s “Heim the Goim.”

Sure, he’s here. Go down on the shop and you’ll find him.

The End

What we all would like to know is when did Herrn ferry B-17’s to Africa. Oh, well, that’s incidental. Any of you hot pilots like Rog Carley and Speed Snyder who would like to be checked out on a B-17, just come around and ask for Herrn.

Steve Grant and Herrn really know how it is to be lost on the water without food and water. They were ferrying the crash boat to the boat slips to be overhauled, and half way the motor stopped.

There they were, tossed by the waves, thirst claving their throats, lost! It was awful. But “Bitch,” that’s Floyd Seifferman, took his trusty and chugged after them. He almost ran out of gas trying to find them. They, Steve and Herrn, were hanging over the side when Bitch found them, but they were all right. They claimed they were looking at fish, but that smells kinda fishy.

That’s all. There ain’t no mo’. See you next week!
WING FLUTTER

by Catherine Kerr, Aircraft Overhaul

What happened to Slippery Sam (Don Martin)? Well, the Gremlins got him and to be sure that they don't lose sight of him for the next couple of weeks one has perched himself right on poor Sam's desk. Anything can happen to Sam now.

Those Gremlins are really bad and we might have to call in a Worry Bird to get rid of them. You all remember Jim McShane's bowling team and what ashell ing they took from the Airscrews. Well, the Airscrews weren't really so much better than the Aircraft boys but those Gremlins got in the way so that tossing the ball down the alley was out of the question. However, the boys have captured the Gremlins and expect to stage a comeback in the League.

It's no use telling you who the Ball Boy is because you all have his number. But for the benefit of those who would like to know more about him, just stand back and listen to a noise. It's something like this:

Wow, who is it, where did you get it? She has speed, grace, and what lines—and he didn't mean in her face nor was it curvature of the spine. What lines! They would make a P.T. boat look like a mud scow.

After all of that, I guess it is almost unnecessary to tell you that one of the coordinators is speaking.

Aircraft Overhaul has adopted the song 'Rosie the Riveter' as its theme song, for we now have about a dozen riveters of the fair sex. Pete Prince, that great big burly cowboy from Arcadia, can handle them and how. It's not clack clack with Pete, he knows his stuff.

Everyone is asking about Harold Malcolm's bicycle and the handle bar seat. Poor Harold had so many bids for the seat that he decided that little Lui Allison should have first bid. She works mighty hard all day punching keys, and Wally Tyler says she needs the bike ride home.

Next week we want to tell you of the man with the pedometer. The first day he had it he found that he had walked 6½ miles just doing his daily chores.

So long for this week, and Keep 'em Flying.

FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

January 2, 1943

Dear Mike:

Your letter checked in a couple of days ago. Would have answered sooner, but have been a pretty busy boy. This trying to do something without anything to do it with is a pretty big job. But we manage to get the job done anyway.

In school we couldn't use a crescent wrench and pliers much, but they sure come in handy here. I think, though, that we are going to be fixed up as far as tools are concerned before long—sure hope so anyway.

Mike, everything we learned in school was of benefit to us, and some of the boys are wishing they hadn't fooled around so much. So far, the two weeks we spent in engine change were the most important. It won't be long 'til all the rest we learned will be important.

I can't tell you what we are doing. The censor might read it, and he might be a spy. You will have to guess what we are doing.

Sure am glad you are turning out lots of boys, but they had better hurry or the fun will be over—at least I hope it will be over soon.

I didn't work today. I have a cold and am taking a couple of days off; but we will be back on the beam Monday. They wanted to send me to a hospital, but this country boy wouldn't stand for that. They would keep me too long I knew.

I haven't been to the Holy Land yet. Haven't even been to Cairo or Alexandria, but plan to go sometime in the near future.

I surely did laugh this morning. A first lieutenant was talking. He said the English would slip over at night and bomb towns and it would pound those Germans off. Then when the Americans went over in the day time, they would sure throw that ack-ack at them.

He was kinda nervous. I asked him if he ever got scared. He said, "Why H—yes." They all are. Mike, I must close and write to the Mrs.

Tell Mr. Smith and all hello for me. Excuse this paper, but paper is scarce here.

As ever your friend,

Lee Roy Russell

Editor's Note: The above is a letter written to Michael Lofinger by Cpl. Lee Roy Russell who was graduated with Class 1-42-A, one of the first classes at the Coliseum.

Diogenes was looking for an honest man.

"What luck?" someone asked him.

"Oh, not so bad," he replied. "I still have my lamp."
COLONNADE

by Helen Dillard

Before this column gets too far under way, we wish to apologize to Rae Lane and June McGill... they are rather perturbed over my having told on them for going off to all the fortune tellers they could find and not mention- ing that the third member of these little ventures was this correspondent. Well, here it is in print... I have confessed all.

Besides Mr. Varney's many other duties, he has now been appointed a member of the Dade County Rationing Board.

Rationing

And speaking of Rationing... did you know that Embry-Riddle has its own board? It is under the supervision of Duard Jackson who is always ready to help any member of the Embry-Riddle family who is distressed over the lack of gasoline and tires.

If you are having any such problems, come down to the Colonnade building and Mr. Jackson will aid you as much as he possibly can after he is assured that you are entitled to your request.

Betty Pogue, formerly with the Rationing Board, is now upstairs in the Accounting Department. Betty tells us that she now knows what the saying "There is a time and place for everything" means. She says that everything is run on perfect schedule.

Always Smiling

Replacing Betty is Katherine "Kitty" Goff, one of those rare individuals who never seems to have "got up on the wrong side of the bed" (as most of us do at one time or another). She always has a bright smile and a cheery word for everyone... we are certainly glad to have someone like Kitty working just a desk away from us.

We went to Tech School on Sunday to see sister Marty, and we were completely fascinated by the beautiful flowers which decorated the Sales Department. Mr. Evans is the gentleman responsible... we are told that he keeps them well supplied all of the time... we feel slighted, Mr. Evans.

At First Sight

Gertrude Bohres spent the week-end with her "chum," Margaret de Pamphilis, and she tells us that she met one Hagen Powell with whom she fell in love on sight. Well, this worried us until Margaret revealed that he was her two months old nephew.

Our latest discovery is that one of our "co-workers," Margaret "Adagio" de Pamphilis, not only is an accomplished dancer but has been known to give startling renditions on the piano... goodness, what next?

Lois Johnson of the Accounting Department went to Fort Pierce for the week-end and got there just in time for the arrival of a new nephew... she is thrilled over becoming and aunt for the first time.

Miriam Hoskins, our messenger, is feeling sooo unhappy over the departure of her Lieutenant... move over Miriam and make room for Minnie Cassel and yours truly. We all belong in the same boat.

Magic Wand

We wonder if John Young is the possessor of a magic wand. Desks are moved in and out... partitions are put up... carpeting is laid... and all of these things he accomplishes in less time than it takes to write about them.

Syd "Rhumba" Burrows has a new mustache. We think it looks fine but wonder what Cousin Tibby thinks about it... we will know in a few days if he comes around here clean shaven.

Morgue Mug

Next week this drivel is expected to improve with the advent of a guest columnist, none other than our lovely June McGill. And remember, June, you'd better scare up a decent picture of yourself, 'cause if you don't, that Fly Paper office will publish your morgue mug.

MATERIEL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry

Have you ever yearned for things—maybe had a yearning to see some of the important things in Miami? Since I've been here, I must confess there are many places of interest I have missed. But the other day one of my desires was fulfilled.

My work called me to Chapman Field, and I was overjoyed. After finishing my business, I had a few minutes to look around. Yes, I was quite amazed to see so many planes and the expert fashion in which they were handled.

While saying a few words for Chapman Field, let's mosey to the Stockroom where we have Fred Bull resigning as Chief Storekeeper and Dave Vanderback taking his place.

As Carl Clerk we have Anna Porsey, a small, shy blonde and very nice. We're expecting big things from you, Anna.

Now let's travel back to the Warehouse. That is one place where you'll always find plenty of activity. Poor Joe Simpson does have his hands full.

He had a forlorn look on his face the other day when he said, "There is something wrong around here. It is so darned quiet. Oh, where has my harem gone?"

She Can Do It

Yes, Thelma Wells was ill that day and Violet Ganz has been away for several days. Holding down the fort has been Harriette Weiss, and believe me she can do it. I must say we do like your new hair do. It has really been the talk.

Sometimes we forget to mention our new partners. We have three new ones at the Warehouse—Leroy Williams, George Oliver, and John Oats.

I am beginning to believe that Mr. Kockler is the topic of discussion not once in a while but all the time. When his duties called him to Chapman Field the other day, he was greatly missed by all the girls in Purchasing. How does he do it?

He's always saying to me, "Now, Joan, you'd better not put anything in the Fly Paper about me." But I'm afraid I won't be able to oblige, for I fear his name will appear very often—and with some scandal if I can get it. You see, I have a scout working on my behalf, and with help I'm sure I'll be able to ring the gong.

Remember Marjorie Meyers? Yes, she is Mr. Buxton's daughter and is in the WAACS. She has been stationed in Miami, and I hear she has been made a Bomber Commander, which is a very high rank. I really can't say more about her new duties—military secret, you know.

Mary Gamble returned to work on Monday. We missed you, Mary, and we're glad to have you back.

I guess this brings us to the close until next time.

I still remain,
Your Girl Friday

EMBRY-RIDDLE COVERS

Not a part of one page, not one whole page, not one cover, but both covers! That is where Embry-Riddle found itself when the January issue of National Ad-Views, advertising trade magazine, came off the press.

A picture of Peter Ordway, our Advertising Manager, and his editorial, "Keep the Name in the Public's Mind," made up an effective front cover, while the Embry-Riddle catalogue, compiled under the direction of Mr. Ordway, copped the back cover as the 5 star hit of the month.

Deemed by National Ad-Views "one of the finest of its kind that we've seen," the new Embry-Riddle catalogue has boosted our Company to a leading position in the nation's advertising circles.

According to Mr. Ordway's article, Embry-Riddle's plan of advertising, which corresponds with that of many of other leading companies, is to combine information concerning "after-the-War" products with the Company's present job in the War effort.
Mother and Daughter Form Victory Team

Mother and daughter dance teams were typical of the pre-War jazz era, but the new year of 1943 finds a modern version in a mother and daughter riveter team grimly working for victory, the screech of their own instruments in their ears instead of the music of a dance orchestra.

Such a victory pair are Mrs. Gertrude Dressing of 2444 N. W., 53rd St. and her daughter, Mary Frances Dressing, who have voluntarily given up a comfortable, leisurely way of life to do their share of the hard, manual labor they feel women must do to release men for battle.

Students at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, they have just finished the sheet metal class preparatory to training as instructors of Army flight line.

Outdoor Girl

Mary Frances, who has spent her life in sports, study, and travel, and who never worked before the War, is an athletic, outdoor girl who can take it. When she first started her course at Embry-Riddle, she was employed on a full-time night shift at Intercontinental Aircraft Corp. But, to catch up with her class already underway, she attended day school, still working at night, sacrificing all her leisure time to her studies.

Valuable as her work was on the assembly line, to broaden her experience with aviation engines, she later got a job with Eastern Airlines in the engine overhaul department, still studying as much as possible at Embry-Riddle.

It was at Intercontinental that she first caught a glimpse of the gigantic part women can play in War work and determined to secure more knowledge and further training. So today she has given up her swimming and tennis, horse-back riding and bowling, and has plunged into War work with all the vigor she formerly devoted to outdoor life. Some time ago she gave up her job to complete the course at Embry-Riddle, going to school with her mother, who is just as enthusiastic as she about what women can do to help lick the Japs.

Better Qualified

Now, they find that they are qualified by what they have learned, to take their place in even more direct contact with the War effort than before, and they have begun training as Instructors preparatory to teaching Army youths at Embry-Riddle.

"Women who cannot go out on the battlefield themselves can feel they are actually doing a job just as important by training men who can take part in combat," they believe.

Mrs. Dressing made her home in Harrisson, N. Y., where her husband was a prominent automobile distributor there and in Port Chester, until 1928, when he retired and the family moved to Tavernier, Fla., in the Keys. In 1938, because Mr. Dressing who had been an invalid for ten years was in need of special medical attention, they moved to Miami to make their home.

Mary Frances attended Mars Hill Junior College, the University of North Carolina Women's College, at Greensboro, and final-

\[START\]

\[END\]
dance and everyone was having a “swell” time, but let’s not forget to mention Charlie Bowles, that handsome gent from Texas, and Lt. Guest who really strutted his stuff leading the Grand March. He is now known as “Goose-Step” Guest.

Let’s leave the dance for a while and see if we can’t “pick on” some of the folks at headquarters . . . here goes for some choicy bits of gossip: Margaret Kent had three marriage certificates the other day, all made out to different parties; and on closer observance, we found that they were certificates belonging to Cadets. You had us worried there for a minute, Margaret.

Wonder why the newly married Cadets are soooooo bashful, but they are. We have a number of Mommans on the Field and they are getting tired of being asked how many wives they have.

Still Sergeant To Us

How do you like Warrant Officer Burrows’ new uniform? We are glad he got his promotion, but we still like to call him Sergeant. Wilda is sporting a new pair of shoes and, as one Lieutenant described them, they are “sharp” and should be. They certainly tore a big hole in her pay check.

Miss Dozier was seen walking in Arcadia on the arm of “Ferriner,” a Dorr Field Cadet. Stay in your own back yard, Statia! We saw Lt. Hatcher having a chocolate sundae in Walgreen’s the other night. He doesn’t have to watch his weight like we poor girls do.

Speaking of payrolls, we are not much of a poem-maker-upper, but here’s a little short one that we give the title, “Pay Day in the Air Corps”:

Little bankroll, ere we part,
Let me press you to my heart,
All this month I worked for you,
I was faithful, you’ve been true.

Little bankroll, in a day,
You and I will go Arcadia way
To find a gay and festive spot;
I’ll return, but you will not.

Lt. Varner, that is a “spiffy looking” watch you are wearing. Let’s see the inscription on the underneath side . . . do we hear wedding bells? Glad we don’t have to take athletics at Arcadia. It seems to me that every day a new officer or man is limping . . . rough play . . . we calls it!

Our Version

We saw in the Fly Paper a few weeks ago where Yehoodi had quit turning out lights in refrigerators and had decided to join the Gremlins, but we know different. He’s the little fellow who pushes up the next pick of Klemex.

We always like to have Kay Bramlitt come into our office. She is chief announcer of dances, parties, roasts, etc. We heard she and her roommate cooked dinner Saturday night for a couple of “friends.” We are going to check the sick book Sunday morning.

Speaking of eating, we hope we are never served horse meat for supper. It might give us nightmares. Around 12:15 everyday the old familiar cry comes from Cpl. Jones, “Let’s go to chow, let’s go to chow.” We believe he must be an old chow-hand. Cadet George Palmer of Chicago was heard to remark that he was sure of one thing and one thing only and that was that he was born young.

Candy and Cigars

Our Director of Physical Education, now 1st Lt. Wilson M. McCormick, passed out candy and cigars this week. Congratulations on your promotion, Lieutenant. Wilson has been at Carlstrom since May 11, 1942, and is doing a splendid job.

We extend a hearty welcome to Lt. John Stranach, our new Commandant of Cadets. Stranach hails from Lincoln, Neb., and both he and his wife like Arcadia very much—especially Carlstrom Field.

“Many happy returns of the day” were extended to Edna Poston on her birthday this week. The girls at headquarters presented her with a gift, and she wants to tell all of you that it was “Super-Swell.” Quite a few of the Cadets and their wives spent their three day pass in Sarasota. Among them were Cadet John Dreisbach and his wife.

Well, my friends, and anyone who has read this far must be my friend, so long till next week.

CARLSTROM CAPTION

Continued from Page 5

2. HONOR is that natural and inherent standard of distinction of proper conduct in dealing with one’s fellowman, and is that quality which is so essential to him who is, or intends to be, a leader of men in the profession of arms.

3. THE HONOR SYSTEM DOES NOT TOLERATE—

(a) CHEATING IN ANY FORM—The giving or receiving of any information that will give one Aviation Cadet an unfair advantage over another.

(b) FALSE OFFICIAL STATEMENTS—Any statement, oral or written, made by an individual with the intent to deceive, or otherwise to convey or alter an untrue fact. This includes falsifying records or reports or taking undue advantage of an absence card entry.

(c) QUIBBLING—Any attempt to impart a false impression or to conceal a fact by using a technicality which, in itself, may be a true statement.

(d) ACQUIESCENCE IN A BREACH OF HONOR—Any Aviation Cadet who is cognizant of a breach of honor and fails to report such a fact is equally as responsible as the guilty party.

THE AVIATION CADET’S WORD WHETHER WRITTEN OR SPOKEN IS HIS BOND

Ignorance is No Excuse

THE HONOR COMMITTEE

We look forward to a very bright future. Under cover: should not be known generally, but 43-F says the “F” is for Focus. They are going to bring this great big old War down to two fine points, namely, Berlin and Tokyo.

Chasing the Axis

In keeping up with the War from this side, a great geography and travel book. The Mediterranean, A Saga Of A Sea, by Emil Ludwig, will give you the picture of countries in which our fighting men are chasing the Axis.

Spent an evening of this week inspecting a local fruit packing house. Washing, marking, waxing, and sorting of oranges proved a most interesting venture.

The establishment offered to send a basket of oranges to my home, but the man told me, “The oranges will be over-ripe by the time they reach New York State. You had better wait for the new orange crop coming in from Dorr Field.” (Now we know how they keep that pasture running.)

“Oh, no!” I say, “Any fruit from that Field is sure to be old fruit.”

SPORTS

by Lt. George Hoffmeyer

This sports column will look rather stunted today. Graduation is at hand and many of the Cadets in “E” are out on pass.

The lower class has been flying Saturday and Sunday, so we’ve had no intra-squadron games.

True, some of the boys either saving money or having an “excuse” in town have stayed at the Field. They have been spending some of their time playing impromptu games.

Dorr Field Meet

On Tuesday, January 26, after this newsletter is headed for the presses, we plan to do battle for that cup with Dorr Field. The last two times we were unfortunate. We lost out both times in one event and the trophy reverted to Dorr. This time we hope that the tale will be different when we report it to you next week.

These contests have been running off in good shape. It is a well organized annual meeting of the two schools before the boys leave for further adventure and training at basic. Competition is keen and a great deal of fun is had by all.

We at Carlstrom look forward to this event. The men at Dorr have always been good sportsmen when they have visited us. We have been shown the keys to Dorr when we’ve been there. They can expect the same when they visit us.

The Incomparable Don

The other day while gleaning in a Miami “Blatt,” I noticed that Don Budge will soon be with “us” in the Service. His ambition, so it seems, is to go to Officer Candidate’s School at Miami. Later, on being commissioned, he wants to enter the Physical Training Program of the Air Corps.
We who have had the pleasure of having known Don hope he realizes his ambition. The officers and men who have seen him in action feel that he has the necessary equipment to make him a fine officer and instructor in Physical Training.

Don has been missed hereabouts. When he was here giving his demonstrations of tennis artistry, we sat gaping and wishing that we could do a tenth as well. Tennis was popular then—we had to wait for courts. Now we only wait for Cecil the groundkeeper, proving that a thing well advertised is a popular thing.

On Saturday the Cadets have their choice. They may elect the activity in which they wish to participate in Physical Training. We extend an invitation to Don Budge and his brother Lloyd (Lloyd is now Physical Director for the Embry-Riddle Schools) to visit us at Carlstrom Field. So, Don, borrow that cabin-job, put on something flimsy and "come up and see us." Bye-bye, now.

**PERSINGER**

*Continued from Page 1*

another promotion awaited our Man of the Week—a Captaincy.

Capt. Persinger came to Riddle Field on November 11, 1942, and has continued as C. O. for the Air Corps Cadets since that time.

The Captain is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, and weighs 145 lbs., has gray eyes and brown hair. He has done a lot of model airplane work and still gets a kick out of assembling a miniature plane. Other hobbies are almost any kind of sports.

Capt. Persinger is not married, but he intimates that it was entirely possible in the future. Saith him:—"I’ve been talking, am still talking, but not fast enough—yet."

**NOT “GREEN” AT SOCCER**

Squadron 4 may be the green flight here as far as time on the station is concerned, but they certainly weren’t green at soccer last week. The boys of the new Squadron thoroughly trounced Number 3 Squadron by a 6-1 count to enter the finals of the Soccer tournament. They will meet Squadron 1 in the Championship game in the near future.

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**RIDDLE H’Q WHO’S WHO**

Ah, me! There’s been a veritable “fruit basket turn over” at Headquarters this month:

Joy Roberts, formerly of Post Supply (pardon me, Stockroom), is now Accounts Payable Clerk in Accounting. Jane Blake assumed the role of Bookkeeper when Beth Ohlinger left to accept her former position as Dispatcher and Stenographer in Operations.

The new Personnel Department under Mr. Jenkins is steadily preparing History sheets, and other forms too, too numerous to mention. Mary Lenard has taken over as Payroll Clerk upon the resignation of Nita Brown and is assisted by Ruth Chaffin (Instructor Kenneth Chaffin’s wife).

By the way, Ruth came to this country from England and it is hoped we may be able to interview her soon and perhaps she will have something interesting to tell us about her trip.

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**Riddle Basketeers Win First Game**

Riddle Field’s Basketeers opened their belated season with an easy 51 to 17 win over Moore Haven High School at the Moore Haven gym last Friday night.

The Riddlers jumped off to a 11-2 lead at the first period, were held to a 17-7 score at the half and then exploded to a 34-13 lead at the third stop.

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**In Memory of**

RAF CADETS

D. R. CLANDILLON

and

J. A. CLAY

"In the Service of Their Country"

January 19, 1943

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On the Skeet Range with Sergeant Pullen

---

**Flight Lieutenant William Reinhert, or “Popeye the Sailor”**

The summary:

**RIDDLES (51)** $jg$ $jt$ $pj$

| Place, f. | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| Blount, f. | 5 | 1 | 2 |
| Leapline, c. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Hopkins, g. | 9 | 1 | 0 |
| Taylor, g. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Day, f. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Von Mach, g. | 3 | 0 | 2 |

Totals | 24 | 3 | 4 |

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**MOORE HAVEN (17)** $jg$ $jt$ $pj$

| Adkins, f. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Close, f. | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Mizelle, g. | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Hendrix, g. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Farnam, g. | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Lundy, f. | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Totals | 8 | 1 | 4 |

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Official, Gordon Grooms of Moore Haven

Our apologies pulleeze—the picture of our Instructor last week was not Ken Woodward; it was Bob Westmoreland. Sorry, fellas.
FORMER STUDENTS WRITE EXPERIENCES

32nd Fighter Squadron
A.P.O. 248
Postmaster, New York

"I could tell you about our trip down here, but that would be against regulations. Since I am an Intelligence Officer in addition to my other duties, you know that I certainly would not break regulations."

"I can tell you that we did have a few hundred English cadets along with us on the trip, who were accompanied by a handful of officers of the Royal Navy, Fleet Air Arm."

"Among them was an American chap I knew from Long Island. Needless to say, I was quite surprised to see him in an English Navy uniform. He told me plenty about what was going on over there, among them an account of the Dieppe raid."

"I could also tell you about the place where I am now stationed, but since I censor all the mail that leaves here and don't allow anyone to give the slightest inkling of where we are, I don't think it would be fair to the rest of the men for me to violate a regulation that I am trying to enforce."

"I can tell you that we have a fine bunch of men. They are eager and always ready. Of course you can see my return address carries a fighter group designation, so you can use your imagination as to the type of aircraft that we have here."

"Incidentally, my principle duty is Engineering Officer (I guess that Embry-Riddle gets a thanks for that) and I am really enjoying my work. We have a fine staff of crew chiefs and darn good mechanics. They all think I know a little more about aircraft than most of the guys that they have worked with in the past, thanks again to Brewer, Lojinger, Smith, and the rest of the gang."

"You tell them to keep those mechanics coming right along. We can use them, all of them. I wish that you could take them up for a ride before you give them their diplomas. It would impress upon them the importance of the man on the ground. All our aircraft here isn't worth a darn without those men—they really keep us flying."

"I miss Miami a great deal, although I can't complain about anything that we have down here. The food is good, the quarters are quite nice, and the weather, must not mention anything about it except that it is nice."

"The most important thing right now is getting mail. That is about the only thing that we can get around here."

"Keep on turning out those mechanics; we can use every one of them."

The above are excerpts from a letter to James E. Blakeley, General Manager of the Technical Division, Miami, from Lt. David A. Silverman, who was a student at Embry-Riddle last Spring and Summer. Since that time he has "moved out", and we believe his letter will be of extreme interest to our readers.

"Well, how is everything going down at Embry-Riddle? We have been working rather hard lately. We're working mostly on C-47's, giving them inspection and getting them ready for combat duty."

The above is an excerpt from a letter written by Pvt. Myron E. Now, who was graduated from Embry-Riddle, Engine Course, September 12, 1942.

"There are a few of us here from class 43-E. We are all doing fine. I'm specializing in Hydraulics. Corporal Williams is now our first Sergeant. I'm in an Air Depot Group. We specialize in major repair, so we really dig into the heart of the planes."

The above is an excerpt from a letter written to Mr. Blakeley from Pvt. John Shweitz, a graduate of the Aircraft Department.

Someplace Over The Rainbow...

That's right—at the end of the rainbow of sound training you'll find success. And that isn't just a theory—it's being proved every day in the field of Aviation. In every branch of Aviation there are far above average jobs waiting for qualified men. And the demand is growing every day.

Do you want to build 'em? Fly 'em? Keep 'em flying? Do you want to become an instructor? No matter which, Embry-Riddle, with 41 different courses, can give you the training you need. Why not get all the facts now and plan to enroll soon? The sooner you start, the sooner you'll be at the end of the rainbow and into a successful career.

Embry Riddle
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