Commanding Officer At The Tech School Attains Majority

"I want every soldier, officer and civilian connected with the Embry-Riddle Company to know that my recent promotion was made possible not entirely through my own endeavor, but also through the efforts and full cooperation of my associates."

This was part of a statement made by Major Oliver H. Clayton (AUS), Commanding Officer of the Army Air Force Technical Training Command Headquarters Detachment at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, as he removed his Captain's bars and pinned on the gold leaf of a Major.

Major Clayton continued, "The type of work that we are doing here, training soldiers in highly specialized work, is not a one man job. The combined efforts of my staff, the non-commissioned officers and the enlisted men are responsible for the smooth running, efficient command at Embry-Riddle."

Oldtimer

It was back in 1928 that Major Clayton first joined the Army. For eight years he served as an enlisted man, three of which he was in Ordnance and five in the Air Corps.

He left the Army for Pan American Airways, where he remained for four years. Following that episode in his career he went to the Baltimore Division of Bendix Aviation, where he was chief inspector of the Oxygen Regulator department for 12 months.

When Pan American Air Ferries, Inc., was organized on December 26, 1941, he left Bendix and rejoined PAA as Director of Mechanical Engineering and Ground School Training. That organization was dissolved by the Army Air Transport Command on November 1, 1942. At that time he accepted a commission as Captain and immediately was transferred to the Technical Training Command to take up duties as Technical Director of the Headquarters Detachment at Embry-Riddle. He assumed command on February 24, 1943, and on August 3 he was promoted to the rank of Major.

Embry-Riddle's C.O. admits that his middle initial stands for Homer, which caused no end of ribbing during his childhood in Mt. Pleasant City, Fla., where he was born, and his school days in Okeechobee City.

Major Clayton married Emmie Williams of Montgomery, Ala., and has a four-year-old daughter, Linda Iva, who is the idol of her father. They make their home at 3033 S. W. 19th Terrace. His leisure hours are taken up whenever possible with fishing, hunting, playing softball or tennis.

The entire Embry-Riddle Company wishes to extend congratulations to Major Clayton on his promotion.

ARTHUR E. CARPENTER ASSUMES NEW DUTIES

Effective August 1, 1943, Arthur E. Carpenter is delegated the duties formerly managed by Robert Habig, namely, Transportation, Police and Protection, Utility, Maintenance of Grounds and Roadways, Mimeographing, Service (PBX and Teletype), Mail Room and Messengers, and Reclamation department.

Mr. Carpenter will perform these duties in addition to his duties as Purchasing Agent. He will have an office on the sixth floor of the Tech building and will also continue his office at the Purchasing department, 43 N. E. 19th Street.

Mr. Carpenter will report directly to George Wheeler, Jr., Vice-President.

Miami Is Predicted The City of Tomorrow As Aviation Develops

"Wing Flutter," "Engine Noises," etc., which are just column heads in the Fly Paper to some, should be on the lips of every Embry-Riddleite and every Miamian.

It is going to be these, through the airplanes which they represent, which are going to put Miami up into its place in the sun. The day of "Miami the resort city" is past. True, the fair skies and the even temperature will still make Miami the Winter Playground of America, but that will amount to but a small part of the activity of the Miami of tomorrow.

Fortunate indeed are we here at Embry-Riddle because we are intimately associated with all phases of the aircraft business, and that will be the genius that will bring Miami to the fore as a solid industrial city.

Miami had its phenomenal growth from a feeble infant toward the climax of the last century to full manhood today in a far shorter time than most cities. It is no wonder that it bears the appellation "Magic City."

Perfect Days

Geographically, its location is most strategic. The climate is ideal and gives more perfect days per year for flying than any other section. It would therefore lend itself to manufacture and subsequent testing of aircraft as well as ordinary aircraft operations such as we have here today.

Then we have the topography of the country. Nowhere is there as much level land at this altitude. Here the largest planes can take off fully loaded, assured of adequate length of runway and full power output of their engines at sea level.

A quick glance at a globe or world map shows Florida pointing like an arrow at South America, and from here it is but a jump to Africa, India and Australia. Eastward we also find Southern Europe within call.

Embry-Riddle is connected with other factors in this future growth—the training of an adequate supply of skilled labor and the furnishing of repair and overhaul facilities for the maintenance of all the

Continued on Page 5
Letters to the Editor

EMBRY-RIDDLE
FLY PAPER
“STICK TO IT”
Published Weekly by
THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

EMBRY-RIDDLE
FLY PAPER
“STICK TO IT”
August 6, 1943

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CHARLES C. EBBETTS, Staff Photographer
ARTHUR RUMKE
Assistant Staff Photographer

Dear Sir:
The reason for my not writing you is that we have been very busy. You see, I am somewhere in North Africa and have been ever since the first of the year. The work I am doing is that which I took up at Embry-Riddle and the training I got there surely helped a lot. I cannot give too much information on what I do, but it isn’t all electrical. We do plenty of mechanical work.

If you wish, you have my permission to read this letter to any of the classes there. You may tell them that whatever they learn at Embry-Riddle is not a lot of bunk nor is it a waste of time, because each and every one of them will use his training sometime, somewhere, and his attention to the Instructor now will benefit him later.

My classmate, Cpl. Wolfgang, who is with me, and myself have spent many an evening in North Africa talking over the good old days at Embry-Riddle. There are countless times we have wished we were back there again.

I want to thank you for sending my diploma and your very nice letter. Both Wolf- gang and I send our regards to you and the Embry-Riddle staff.

Sincerely yours,
Cpl. George A. Yeaton

Editor’s Note: The above letter was written to Mr. Riddle. We thank him for permitting us to pass on the message of Cpl. Yeaton through the medium of the Fly Paper.

LAC Reinhart, M.E.
R 191605 RACF
No. 2 Wireless School
Calgary, Alberta

Dear Editor:
When I first joined the service approximately a year ago, my brother, F/Lt. W. L. Reinhart, who was then stationed at Riddle Field, began to have all the Fly Papers sent to me here in Calgary.

I am now finished my wireless course and am going on to the next course at Mossbank, Saskatchewan. I would be very glad if you would mail them there until further notice.

I enjoy every issue of the paper and always look forward to it. All the pictures and writings are always very good, and I never miss reading any of them.

Yours truly,
LAC Reinhart, M.E.

Editor’s Note: Thanks for the nice letter, which was forwarded to us by Jack Hopkins. LAC Reinhart. We shall see that your Fly Papers continue to reach you.

Via V-Mail
North Africa
June 22, 1943

Dear Editor:
Two or three months ago my step-daughter, Rosemary Younis, an employee of Embry-Riddle, told me in a letter that she was sending me your house organ, the “Fly Paper.” I kept looking forward to receiving the first copy of it. It arrived just the other day and was greatly enjoyed by myself and several of the other members of my squadron.

Any news from the States, paper, letter or otherwise is more than welcome over here and I hope that I continue to remain on your mailing list. This country might be all right for a native born person, but for a person from the good old U.S.A. it just won’t do. It does not have any of the attractions that the States have and many, many discomforts that it does not have.

We have only one big advantage here where we are stationed and that is that we are able to take a dip in the Mediterranean Sea, which is just about like the water in and around Crystal Springs, Fla., it is so clean.

I hope that I will continue to receive the Fly Paper, for it proves most interesting and brings good old Miami just that much closer to me. When I get back to the good old U.S.A. I will make it a point to come and thank you personally for the favor.

Yours truly,
M/Sgt. K. H. McDougall, 6446429
324th Service Squadron,
A.P.O. 528, c/o Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.

Editor’s Note: We hope that M/Sgt. McDougall’s visit to us will be soon. Rosemary, a former runner at Tech and now a PBX operator, was very pleased to hear that her step-father receives the Fly Paper in Africa.

LAC Reinhart, M.E.
R 191605 RACF
No. 2 Wireless School
Calgary, Alberta
Canada

Dear Editor:
In a recent issue of the Fly Paper there appeared an article on this department giving credit for the work accomplished here. Thank you for the very fine comments. I wish you would add that the results are made possible only by the fine spirit of cooperation shown by each and every man on the job.

Our mascot, “Buddy,” does his part by keeping high the morale of the men, and we think he is the best mascot any department could have.

Sincerely,
E. B. HOLDEN
Maintenance Dept.

Editor’s Note: We are glad that Mr. Holden liked the article about the splendid work done in his department, and we hope that “Buddy” appreciates the honor of his position as mascot.
GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH OUR GREAT NEIGHBOR

The process of getting acquainted with our great neighbor, Brazil, quite properly begins with an examination of its past. Even a casual study establishes one factor which should be remembered. Above all else, Brazil is different.

Prediction
First, in the accepted sense of the term, Brazil was not discovered at all. Pope Alexander VI, in his famous "Line of Demarcation," which divided all New World territories between Spain and Portugal, predicted its existence and gave it to Portugal. Second, the man credited with the discovery, Pedro Alvarez Cabral, was actually the third European to touch Brazilian shores. He reached Brazil because he was blown off his course seeking the Portuguese Indies.

Turbulence
In Brazil's turbulent colonial years, the activities of the Jesuits, the piratical frontiersmen called the bandeirantes, and Napoleon were dominant. The hinterland penetrations of the selfless and courageous Jesuits and the marauding expeditions of adventurous bands of the incredibly tough bandeirantes in search of diamonds, gold and slaves, established Brazil's claims to the inland regions.

In a hack-handed fashion, Napoleon was responsible for Brazil's independence and for giving the nation a liberal and stable government. The sweep of the Napoleonic armies down the Iberian peninsula in 1808 convinced Regent Dom Joao that the house of Braganza would weather the storm better in Brazil than in Portugal.

Significance
In one of history's most fantastic odysseys, the entire Court of Portugal, some 15,000 people, embarked on a flotilla of ships and, to the tune of mad Queen Maria's shrieks of "Al Jesus," set out for Rio. Still more surprising, they got there. The incident is significant since through it Brazil acquired a central and sovereign government. The first and only dynasty to be established on American soil spared her the internal turmoil and confusion that filled so many bloody and bitter pages of her neighbor's histories.

Dom Joao resumed the throne of Portugal after the treaty of Vienna and left his son, Pedro, in the New World as regent. A year later, Pedro informed his father of Brazil's independence and was crowned Emperor of Brazil. Joao VI was by no means pleased but could do little about it and the nation won independence almost by mail!

Abdication
Although a colorful and intriguing personality, Pedro I fell far short of meeting Brazilian standards for an emperor. His loss of a war with Argentina, and his role as the principal in a series of flamboyant amours that were the talk of two continents, forced his abdication in favor of his five-year-old son. After a 10-year regency, Pedro II, the republican emperor, assumed the throne in 1840.

Monarchs of the stamp of Pedro II of Brazil are rare in the record of history. He was moderate, progressive, intelligent, sympathetic to republican sentiments and devoted to the welfare of Brazil. His involvement in sporadic wars provoked by Rosas, the Argentine dictator, and the belligerent Lope—father and son—of Paraguay, did not prevent him from initiating an era of internal development aimed at freeing Brazil from the shackles of inherited feudalism.

Progression
A tripartite alliance of a puffed-up army group offended by Pedro's refusal to allow them political activity, the large landholders enraged by his decree ending slavery, and the republicans whom the emperor had clandestinely encouraged brought pressure to bear for his abdication. In 1889, Pedro acceded without show of reluctance, "for the good of Brazil."

The habit of orderly government contracted under Pedro remained. Science, education and public health made progress. The Baron of Rio Branco, negotiator and compromiser par excellence, settled questions of boundaries—traditionally a source of conflict in the Americas—over the conference table.
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL
by Eva Mae Lee

Ye poor editors! Fancy having to do this every week. First and foremost, of course, is the fact that we graduated Class 43-K in spite of all the weather man could do—and he could and did plenty. The clouds won sailing along looking for a likely spot to drop their loads and they invariably chose Carlstrom. But, since necessity is the mother of invention, our Flight Personnel put their heads together and came up with enough brilliant ideas to keep 'em flying.

Carl Dunn now has the job of 44-A on his hands. They're having tough luck, too. But is C.N.D. down and out? No! He builds himself an entirely new airport. Cadet Tigner of Squadron 5 was the first to solo from this new auxiliary field.

K-Det Dance

The following report of the Graduation Dance was guest written for the guest writer: Tuesday morning dawned fair and lovely, but Tuesday night was mighty damp—the weather, that is, not the spirits of those who attended the Graduation Dance of Carlstrom's 43-K-dets. This was the first time in many months that a graduation dance was held at the Field.

Cadets and their lovely ladies and the officers and their lovely ladies danced in the Mess Hall to the music of Chi Desidero. During intermission, there was entertainment of a U.S.O. Blue Unit which added a great deal to the evening. "A good time was had by all," thanks to the Class of 43-K. We wish them the best of luck and happy landings always.

Senator Claude Pepper paid us a visit last Thursday, and Friday brought Mr. Riddle whom we are always glad to see. Another recent visitor was Joe Horton who came up to announce the birth of a son.

Oh Yeah

If any of you wondered why Carl Dunn got to work at 4:00 one day last week, here's the story: He and a party of friends went out in his boat one night and ran out of gas—or maybe it was because the motor refused to work—there's some doubt as to what actually did happen. But anyway, they were without extra gas and without a tool kit. So they were stranded until noon of the next day when they were rescued by someone with a little ol' kicker.

Now, of course, that's only Mr. Dunn's story. Personally, we think there's more to the story than shows. After all, Mr. Dunn is supposed to be an experienced boatman. At least that's what we've been lead to believe. What do you think?

Summer Fashions

Don't ever think men aren't vain! "What nice materials!" "Yours has a better finish than mine." "How do you like the fit across the shoulders?" It was really amusing to watch the Instructors modeling their new uniforms in the Tower last week. Just wait until they get their caps and insignia—they'll really "wow 'em!"

Ray Farwell, Chief Parachute Rigger, was just in the office beaming proudly over his new parachute dispensary, which, according to officials here, will step up flying 20 percent. So we think Ray can be justly proud, don't you? Squadrons 5 and 6 will use the dispensary in the west Dispatch Tower; Squadrons 3 and 4 the central dispensary in Hangar 4; Squadrons 1 and 2 at the thought of taking the fatal step on or about August 2? Cheer up, Lieutenant, the first hundred years are the hardest.

Mary Frances, Mrs. Burroughs to you, formerly of Army Engineering and Operations, has been in Tampa for some time attending her mother who is ill. We all miss you, Mary Frances.

The officers have finally lost their place in the annals of repeated victories. The 43-K-dets beat them 12-10 in "touch" football before they departed. Your writer thought "touch" football must be pretty sissified. But one look at limping Lt. Greenwood convinced her otherwise. Those K-dets must have been terrific.

Frame-up

Lt. Connelly says it was a frame-up. It seems he was unexpectedly called upon to make a speech at the Cadets and Officers' banquet the other night. From all reports, he really sweated it out. You have our sympathy, Lieutenant.

Freddie Lewis, formerly of the Post Supply, spent a few days in Miami prior to taking on her new duties in Army Engineering and Operations.

S/Sgt. Livangood has been seen cavorting around town with a local belle.

Many of you, I am sure, will remember Major James Curnutt, former Assistant Supervisor of bod. Carlstrom—Don, who, it has been received that the Curnutts have a baby girl.

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Qlf'T... \n
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the dispensary in the east Dispatch Tower. Give the black, notice or there may be tours ahead! Don’t say we didn’t warn you.

Squadron Commanders Dudley and Eckart of Squadrons 1 and 6 were awarded the prizes for efficiency for Class 43-J. Congratulations! The instructors in these squadrons also were commended.

We should like to take this opportunity to welcome the class of 44-B who had their first glimpse of the Flight Line last Saturday. Good luck to all of you. Just one word of warning—watch out for the malicious Gremlins! If you give them an inch, they’ll take a mile every time.

We welcome back all the instructors of Class 44-B too, many of whom have had the pleasure of “going back home”—points north and west. We’ll expect you all to be on your toes now. Hear?

New Personnel

Clem Whittenbeck has really been putting instructors through the Refreshers School. Those who have taken on Cadets since we last reported, John Tudor, Clay Helton, Everett Hubbard, Charles Riddling, Willis Bishop, Clarence Wunder, Gordon McMillan, Joseph Rossi, Bill Dunn, unto Herman, Glen Lancaster, David Platt, William Cesary and Albert Draughon. The latter has the distinction of being the only pilot on the field who flew in the last war.

CARLSTROM ATHLETICS

by Lt. Roy J. Weiner

Copping four out of five events, Carlstrom’s greats registered a lop-sided victory over the Dorl Field hopefuls to regain the championship trophy, a cup which Dorr hadn’t relinquished since 193-F.

Basketball

Paced by Adams we tallied six points. Carlstrom’s cagers repulsed the invaders 19-13 in an exciting but spotty game. The locals lead throughout and weren’t threatened until the closing minutes when Dorr scored six points in quick succession and appeared to be staging a do-or-die rally. Their drive, however, fell short as Carlstrom held possession of the ball to prevent further scoring. Outstanding for the victors were Adams, Reinhardt, Kelly, Bartholomew and Barrett.

Swimming

With Frost and Dinmore paving the way, Carlstrom swept the swimming events with a 23-12 score. Each race, however, was very close, and a second or two in the right places would have spelled defeat for the McCormick menmen.

Volleyball

Bagging two out of three volleyball games, Carlstrom registered a third victory to put the meet on ice. The excitement rose to new heights in the third and final encounter with each team having tucked away a win and with the score tied at 14. Carlstrom rallied to tally two consecutive points to quell the anxiety.

Football

Carlstrom’s passing attack clicked at the outset, making possible a 6-0 lead. Later in the tussel, the victors crossed pay-dirt for the second time to brighten the prospects even further. Dorr, however, not to be outdone, surprised the Carlstrom defense with a quarterback sneak which resulted in a 50-yard gallop for a touchdown, making the score 12-6 in the locals’ favor as it stood at the final whistle.

So-long for now. Don’t think it ain’t being charmin’.

IMAGINE MY EMBARRASSMENT!

There once was a gal named Peggy
Who’s luck always ran away.
She mistook one rather for Billy
Which resulted in a tremendous cry!

It seemed she gave a gentle kick
To the extremities of one, Billy Welles (she thought),
So imagine her embarrassment quick
When a Cadet had her thoroughly caught.

For further details, consult Peggy Brown of Operations.

So-long for now. Don’t think it ain’t being charmin’.

CITY OF TOMORROW

Continued from Page 1

tricate components of tomorrow’s aircraft.

Through Miami will come a flow of air borne freight and traffic such as has not been dreamed of in the past. The weeks of ship time to the Argentine has been cut to hours. Rip in 24 hours, Honduran, 5 hours. These are the realities of today, not the idle thoughts of the dreamer. Tomorrow even these will no doubt seem slow.

Let us keep in mind then that we are here on the ground floor of opportunity. We are part of an organization founded on and developed in aviation. Staying with it, we will rise with it and will be part of Miami as it rises as a new city, not like the phoenix from its ashes but like the pyramids from a firm foundation reaching to the skies.

Let us then take advantage of this opportunity within our grasp and devote ourselves to bringing the war to an end with the thought of being a part of the city of tomorrow.

Back From Panama

Mrs. Daniels, our Covering Room major-domo, is a very happy person these days. Her husband has returned from Panama at last after working there for more than a year.

We have some new wing racks in the paint department on which to place wings for finishing. It is now possible to finish both sides of a wing at the same time without waiting for the first side to dry. There is a noticeable increase in wing output even at this early date.

A passing thought: Remind us to tell you the saga of one blue paint tank sometime.

Must learn that new language some of the members of the Disassembly department are speaking these days. They hit themselves with a hammer or break their fingernails or something like that and then talk to themselves in this strange language. We never have heard before and don’t understand.

Gold Mine

We have a new gold mine here in the form of a soft drink machine. We have believed it to be a fake because with all the nickles we put in there still is no jack-pot. Rumor has it, though, that the fund which is building from the profits is reaching the point where it will pay a dividend to those who made it grow.

We welcome a long list of new workers to our midst today: Rachael Campbell, J. A. Litten, Franklin Ors, Aker Litten, Mary Carter, Ethel Stivers, Mary Wright, Willa Mae Block and Alma Bernstein in the Paint and Dope department; Virginia Gal­loway, Vida Holland and Pauline Griffin in the Covering department; Charles Greenwald and Arthur Schneck in Final Assembly; Denneth Hoffman in Sheet Metal; Robert Fond in Inspection; Parker Cook in Wood Wings; Samuel Ingram, Fred Johnson, William Moore, Nathan Moseley and Theodore Hudson, Porters; and Ear­line Colster, Maid.

So with the morrow close at hand, goodnight and to bed.

—by Otto H. Hemple, Jr.
Dorr Doings
by Jack Whitnall

Sir Walter Raleigh was the guy what token his cape off so that Queen Elizabeth wouldn't get her dogs wet. Well, he spread his'n cape down in a mud puddle and the Queen walked on his cape from the sidewalk to her horseless carriage. Huh — Dorr Field can go ole W. R. one better. Seems that during one of the rare California days that we have been having lately the area around the hangars became somewhat damp. The Arcadia Bus was waiting and a certain young lady wanted to get to the bus and ole Tempus fugit just a fugited.

No Cape

Well, none other than "Doc" Rude came to the rescue. This time he used an engine cover ("Doc" ain't got a cape) and all you could see were two pair of feet walking along. Of course anybody could tell whose feet belonged to who, "Doc's" size 2½ (two cow hides and a ½ bushel of nails). The young lady under the cover had the good judgment to remove her shoes and stockings—Chivalry ain't dead yet.

Mullet Menu

Airplane Maintenance is having a mullet supper this coming Thursday night on the banks of Peace River, with Bill Ellard as master of ceremonies. We'll tell you more about it next week.

Congratulations to Ira Tomlinson who was married the latter part of the week.

All Dorr wish him and Mrs. Tomlinson all the good luck possible.

Another feather in Dorr Field's cap: Tom "Halo" Davis has to come all the way out here to get some flowers—huh—we wonder what he's been up to now?

The Army Side

We made a horrible blunder in the last issue; it's Lt. Rubertus who tickles the ivories, not Lt. Anderson. What Lt. Anderson's talent is well—er—you go talk to the Lieutenant.

And have you noticed that Lt. Anderson has changed the color of his insignia? Congratulations.

We wish to point out to Lt. Generales that in the game of table tennis the idea is to keep the ball on the table as much as possible. Of course, some people may have their own ideas on how to play the game, but we never saw it played so much on the floor.

Huh, did we have Lt. McLaughlin all tied up in knots last Sunday morning during a course of instruction in ju-da-ju-so—

huh. I'll say we did. Fact is we had a heck of a job getting untied ourselves.

Welcome to Lt. Greene, new check pilot—we have already heard some Cadets refer to him as the "Gremlin."

The only complaint that we heard Sunday was that there was no peanut butter. Mess Hall Steward please note.

Short Snorter's Log

Jim Burt has parted company with Susie-Q. Bill Janey is the proud owner, or we should say was. Seems that Bill sold her to someone else and they are raffling her off again. Sure would be a joke if she were to come back to Jim Burt.

We have seen the uniforms, and very nice too. We heard Sharkey growl something about "What, no gold braid?"


New Assistant Dispatcher, Mrs. Annie Denham. Tol'ably yours,

Jack

ON GETTING LOST

The current musical hit "Let's Get Lost" may suggest unlimited possibilities to the romantically inclined, but to the pilot it offers little future.

It takes more than a "classified want ad" to locate a pilot who has strayed from his course. The wise pilot knows that the best thing to do about getting lost is to keep from getting lost in the first place.

This safe advice is a little late for the novice hunting a familiar landmark or groping his way through a weather front. But late or not, it should be considered by the pilot right now before he leaves the ground.

Careful and meticulous planning of each flight is the best preventative for getting lost.

If despite careful planning you still get lost, the first rule is to "Keep Your head." Piece together all you know about the weather, terrain and path of your flight. Make the best plan of action based on this logic and then stick to it.

There are three simple rules with regard to getting lost. They are:

1. Plan, plan, plan.
2. Keep your head.
3. Plan some more.

Safety Education Division
Flight Control Command

YOU LIKE TO RACE, NO!

Somehow over Italy
MIAIII GIRLS VISIT DORB

by Suzanne Bryan

I am not going to pretend I know anything about writing a column, but one can always try.

Since I had never been to any of our Fields, the dance at Dorr was quite an experience. Now I can join in conversations with some degree of sense when people begin to talk about Dorr, Carlstrom and Riddle.

We, Betty Ordway, Jeannette Mickel, Helen Pennoyer, Rae Lane, "Lil" Clayton, Dottie Wells and Connie Henshaw started off in a station wagon in high spirits, not dimmed by the pouring rain along the way. Singing lustily most of the time, 'twas a wonder any of us could even mumble.

Handsome Cadets

When we arrived at Dorr Field we were met by three handsome Cadets who took us to the Canteen where we consumed a quantity of cokes—ah people may well be jealous. After a time five more Cadets braved the storm and escorted eight very, very famished damsels to dinner.

Eating in the Mess Hall would be any girl's dream. By that I mean we were surrounded by hundreds of—men, I promptly lost all appetite. After dinner we piled into our wagon and headed for our hotel, where after a rather mad scramble as to who would get Helen's iron, if and when, we headed back for Dorr.

The dance couldn't have been anything but fun and that is just what it was. Rae, Helen and I held lucky numbers and drew lovely silver wings to adorn our ears, no less. There were about 50 girls from Fort Murphy and we had some competition. The Mess Hall was decorated with red, white and blue streamers, and the Camp Murphy orchestra complimented the many dancing feet.

I hope our hosts at Dorr Field didn't expect to get rid of us after the dance, 'cause bright and early next morning we arrived for breakfast at the Canteen. Lt. Pinion was nice enough to suggest that we take a tour of the Field, so off we went—Dottie, Jeannette and I. Poor Lt. Pinion probably never had to answer so many questions.

To me this was the most interesting part of the trip. We inspected barracks, looked longingly at the swimming pool, and Dottie and Jeannette got themselves in some dangerous looking spins in the Link trainer.

We each looked for a certain Cadet, but they were hard at work over an Army exam. The Army picks the darnest times to give exams. Nice of the Lientenants to look out for our interests, though.

And So to Sleep

Time went all too quickly and we really did have to depart. On our way home we stopped at Clewiston, where Helen saw Sgt. Ldr. Hill. At that point I was kept busy looking out for Marty's interests. After lunch we trooped back to the station wagon and instead of gay laughing and singing, No. 9 had eight sleepy Riddle-ites who didn't move until Dottie started us all over again.

OFFICIAL FLY PAPER "DOG HOUSE"

We have a feeling that something other than those promised Portuguese lessons have been occupying Adriano Pompa's time lately. Our books are showing the ravages of time, and our brains are no longer cluttered with one atom of Brazil's official language.
George Renvoize
Is Outstanding

The latest combination class of RAF and American Cadets was graduated from Riddle Field Friday, July 30.

Diplomas were presented by John Paul Riddle. Wing Commander George Greaves presented wings and addressed the Cadets. He congratulated them on their excellent teamwork, which he said is the key to success as it was in the Battle of Britain.

Outstanding Cadet of the Course was George Renvoize, London. Outstanding Pilot was American Cadet William Cushner, 393 Rutter Ave., Kingston, Penn. Outstanding Ground School Student was RAF Cadet Sidney Shaw from Penbridge, England.

Mr. Riddle presented Renvoize with a wrist watch and the other two outstanding Cadets with identification bracelets. Following graduation exercises an exhibition of formation flying was given.

A dinner in honor of the graduates was held in the evening at the Sugarland auditorium.

Royal Air Force Delegation
(British Air Commission)
Washington, D.C.

The R.A.F. Officer Commanding, No. 5 British Flying Training School, Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida.

“WINGS” EXAMINATION
JULY 43 OUTPUT

Once again it is my pleasure on behalf of the Royal Air Force Delegation to send No. 5 British Flying Training School congratulations on securing premier place in the July 43 Output Final Examinations.

Clewiston’s overall average is 3% higher than that of any other School, and there were only six subject failures against thirteen in the next highest School.

These consistently good results are only achieved by hard work and co-operation in the Ground School. Such labours, though, perhaps not so spectacular, are every bit as vital in our war effort as the actual flying; and we want all concerned to know that their efforts are appreciated.

H. A. V. Hogan, Group Captain,
Director of Flying Training

Editor’s Note: S/L Bill is in charge of the Ground School work, with Clif Bjorson the Chief Instructor. Others on the Ground School staff are F/L Treuen, F/L Smith, F/Sgt. Woodward, F/Sgt. Kendall, Sgt. Chappell, Bob Fowler, Roger Sherman, Harold Coulthube, Clarence Auringer and Ralph Twy. Virginia Horanick is Secretary.

RIDDLE SPORTS

Morrison Field defeated Riddle Field’s swimming team 25 to 16 last Thursday. Following the meet, our water polo team defeated the visitors 4-0 in an exhibition game. In a tennis match, the Morrison Field netters defeated the locals 5 matches to 4.

Swimming for the Morrison Field team were Greyneklo, Rodenbeck, Brown, Savar, Harrison, Merritt, Chojowski, Fred, Burgin and Gaxburg.

On the Riddle Field team were Murdock, Gwatkin, Finch, Renvoize, Spinks, Hardware, Fisher, Hughes, Koff and Jordan.

Tennis

The tennis tournaments are now down to the semi-final stage. In the singles competition, Cadet Cox is pitted against Cadet Edwards, while F/L Smith meets Cadet Payne.

RIDDLE FIELD
IN MOURNING

Flight Lieutenant G. W. Nickerson, Adjutant of No. 5 BFTS for the past 19 months, died on Saturday, July 31 at the Calloway General Hospital in Atlanta as a result of a lung complication. He was 44 years of age.

Funeral services were held Tuesday, August 3, with interment being made at the Oakwood Cemetery in Montgomery, Ala.

“Nick,” as he was much better known, had an amazing personality and was chock full of wit and humor. He was very popular with all “the boys,” as well as with his fellow officers and a host of friends in Florida. His passing will be a distinct shock to all the former pupils of this school who were here while “Nick” was Adjutant.

Flight Lieutenant Nickerson was a veteran of the last war, having served as a Sergeant in the famous Liecesthershire Regiment. At the outbreak of the present conflict, he joined the RAF and was sent to Clewiston in January, 1942.

Surviving “Nick” are his wife and one son, who is now taking his pilot training with the Royal Air Force. To them, the sympathies of No. 5 BFTS, Riddle Field, and the entire Embry-Riddle organization is extended.

IN MEMORY OF

Flight Lieutenant
G. W. NICKERSON, RAF

July 31, 1943
Clewiston, Florida, U.S.A.

“In the Service of His Country”
Riddle Round-Up

by Pat McGee

We have been "resting" at the Deauville the past week, so we know very little about the goings-on at Riddle Field. But we've lost our last dollar (only have one so what can we lose) that those A.T.s, P.T.s, and Mosquitoes were still a-roaring over the Everglades like the proverbial Bat out of you know where.

Sunday we visited the Seaplane Base where we ran across Riddle Field Instructors DeMarco, Ahern and A/F/C Joe Garcia down from Clewiston for the week-end. This was our first visit to the Seaplane Base in months and we were amazed at the changes that have been made.

A Looksee

We walked around and looked the place over, inspected the airplanes; examined a pair of pontoons, wondering how those little things could float an airplane; threw a rock at a fish; missed; threw another rock; missed again; threw another rock; gave up in disgust.

Sucked hands with a mechanic; spent the next half hour wiping grease from our hands; idly kicked at a rock to see if it was loose; it wasn't; hobbled over to the cockpit to see if they were cold; they were not but squandered a dime anyhow.

Sat on the lawn, a beautiful lawn, and let our minds wander back to the time, more than three years ago, when we were charged two bucks by Bob Johnston, now a Squadron Commander at Riddle Field, to see Miami from the air. Just an airplane, a dock and a shack there then; yes sir, time certainly sees some changes. This was the lunch hour and things were very quiet; except, of course, DeMarco, who is never quiet.

Returning to the Deauville for a swim before dinner we bumped into our old friend Dave Narrow, who was our Instructor when we were going to school out at old Municipal Base. Dave introduced us to Leonard Spence, national aquatic star and speed swimmer deluxe, who is Instructor of swimming at the Deauville. We learned that Dave and Lennie were on the same swimming team at one time.

After watching them both swim we came to the conclusion that Dave must have stood on the bank and cheered while Lennie did the swimming. We were also introduced to Betty—someone ducked us just at this time and we failed to hear her last name but from the fishes' eye view we got it certainly would be worth knowing.

Such Nerve!

Upon leaving, Dave warned us to be careful of the sun. Now being a genuine Florida Cracker we scoffed at the idea and bragged that, though we were a little pale, the sun never burned us; just imagine, if you can, a Yankee warning a Floridian to be careful of the sun—pooh! So the next morning we arose to a beautiful cloudless day, had breakfast, donned trunks and set out to prove our immunity to the sun. We were successful due to an overcast about mid-morning which lasted most of the day.

But wait!

Visiting the Seaplane Base around six o'clock, we walked into operations and were met with, "Mr. McGeeh, I believe," which emanated from a woman in blue slacks. We said, "Yep, that's us; heh heh"; (the snicker at being called Mister). "I'm Ruth Norton," she says. "How do you do," I says, offering her my hand. She turned to someone and said, sarcastically, "Look, he doesn't remember me."

Then memory struck us like a bolt from the blue—why, Ruth Norton, manager of the Seaplane Base, is the same Ruth Norton who sat beside us almost two years ago in Wilbur Sheffield's class at Municipal, where we sweated together over Aircraft, Engines, CAR, Meteorology, Navigation, etc. "Fond memory, why dost thou desert me at times like that."

That Memory!

We were embarrassed and turned red, but our apologies were graciously accepted and we were introduced to Henri Chang, Ensign Florene Slayton W-V(S), U.S.N.R., and others too numerous to remember. We do remember Lt. Rodtinger who asked us a question on CAR which we refused to answer. (Guess we'll have to study a little and refresh our memory.)

Later in the evening we had dinner with Ensign Slayton at the Miami Naval Officer's Club. We had a session of hangar flying and met Lt. Commander—Heck! There goes our memory again. Anyhow the food and company were excellent and we enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

We merrily swam and loafed in the bright sun all the next day, Yep, you may have guessed it—we were through. Looked and spent a hectic night trying to find a

Continued on Page 14

HONOR STUDENTS RECEIVE CONGRATULATIONS

Honor men of Course 13 chatting with the "powers that be" at Riddle Field are, from left to right, RAF Cadet Sidney Shaw, outstanding Ground School Cadet; RAF Cadet George Renvoise, outstanding Cadet; and AAF Cadet William Cushner, outstanding Flying Cadet. Next are: John Paul Riddle; Wing Commander George Greaves, Commanding Officer of No. 5 BTF; and G. Willis Tyson, General Manager of Riddle Field. The next picture shows Mr. Riddle congratulating William Cushner on achieving top honors in his class. Over Cushner's shoulder is Sq./Ldr. Frederick Hill.
Well, little Dan Cupid snatched another good member of the Bachelor's Society Tuesday evening when 2nd Lt. Donald C. Schumacher (Personnel Officer) and Miss Anne Warner were united in holy matrimony at the Immaculate Conception Church in Union City, Tenn. An impressive double-ring ceremony, performed by Father Edward Doland, was followed by a reception at the Pilot's Club.

Misogynist

Lt. Schumacher arrived here in Union City on January 25th of this year, a profound and devout misogynist, but the arrival of Miss Warner in Union City made him change his tune. Miss Warner is the sister of Mrs. Mary C. Palmer, wife of our Physical Training Director, Lt. Robert T. Palmer.

After a 10-day wedding trip to the home of the bride's parents in Mt. Sterling, Ky., Lt. and Mrs. Schumacher will make their home in Union City.

Now, for the big surprise of the week. These vacations seem to get everyone in the mood.

Jesse G. Tate, Squadron Commander of Squadron 5, and June Dowland, Squadron 5 Dispatcher, are engaged. June is sporting a ring as big as the Washington monument.

Not to be outdone, Anne McCord, Dispatcher of Squadron 6, became engaged to Lt. Milton M. Reid, Harding Field, La. Lt. Reid is flying A-36's, a dive bombing version of the North American Mustang. Miss McCord tells us that no definite date has been set as yet.

Brother, it's a shock to ye olde editor. Just think. A guy loses two good looking Dis dispatched all in one day. They are not only good looking but they are good Dispatchers, too.

Jesse is kinda bashful about the whole thing, I never saw two people blush so much in my life. Aw love, long may it wave.

Promotions on the Post

Three officers received their orders the other day promoting them from 2nd Lieutenants to 1st Lieutenants. They were: Lt. Ford F. Anderson, Engineering Officer; Lt. Frank D. Harrison, Assistant Adjutant; and Lt. Robert T. Palmer, Director of Physical Training.

There were also some promotions for the enlisted men. Cpl. John D. Hughy, Cpl. John G. Baker and Cpl. Harvey W. Bissey were promoted to Sergeants, and Pets. Russell Chestley and Donald E. Cummings were promoted to Corporals.

Flight Line

John Brannon, that man of many moods, has very definite ideas of post-war government for Italy, Germany and Japan. He would make all three countries democracies and appoint the following men as presidents: Hailie Selassie, President of Italy; Ike Goldfarb, Germany; and Chiang Kai-Shek, Japan.

With these men in the driver's seat, there probably wouldn't be any food shortage. In fact, you might have trouble finding enough patrons to make a hamburger stand pay expenses. Some of the ideas that Johnny gets would chill the blood of a Tennessee cannibal. We wonder what he eats before he goes to bed to get these awful ideas in his numerous nightmares.

Blitzed

From all reports, Memphis was blitzed over the week-end by the Instructors, who took advantage of the three-day vacation and scattered to the four winds. St. Louis was runner-up for top honors.

It seems that the number of the St. Louis travelers was not large, but what they lacked in numbers they made up in noise. The confusion caused by Larry Walden, Murray McConnell, Mose Jones and company, was something to write home to mother about.

Billy "Big Dealer" Reese has been having a regular busman's holiday in his new Culver. 'Tis rumored he flies over Boots' house just to tantalize him. He just can't
find enough places to go, and from what we hear, he has a gal in every (air) port. (Thanks to "Flywheel" for this tip.)

Cecil and Mary Lillian make a handsome couple. They enjoy the movies, too. Can it be that another romance is in the making?

Now that Jesse is going to wed, Charlie Sullivan is going to June some tips about him.

Just in case Mary Lou Joyner sees this, I'm not going to say a word about her and Lt. Tom Smiley (censored—T.G.S.) at the local cinema last night. (He censors these pages. Hope this gets through. Mary Lou always reads this before she mails it. If you do, I will tell.)

Things We Can Do Without

The fellow who says: I've had a raise. You've been buying cokes for a week. Let's match for this one."

At the Theater: The lady who comes in looking for little Willie and has to stop at each row of seats and peer down the aisle.

"Willie! Willie!" she whispers in a falsetto screech.

The block that sits behind you and beats the back of your seat to splinters with his bony knees and No. 18 coupons.

The lady who has seen the picture in Albecookoose three months ago and hastens to inform everyone in her row of seats who killed the rich plumber.

Maintenance Morsels

Willie Weaver back in the Utility department. Welcome back, chum.

"Jeez," new custodian of the Maintenance stockroom. Such efficiency we have "never seen!"

We're glad we didn't test-hop that Cub for Irv and J.B. It got wet. (Note to the Editor: We didn't say it rained. We just said the Cub was wet.)

Married life must agree with Colbert. He's getting that business man's tummy.

Thought of the Week: If some of the passengers on the Company bus had ever seen two cars sideswipe each other, they wouldn't let their elbows hang out the windows. Bones are scarce, too!

THIS IS THE LIFE!

Frank Coombs, better known as "Shorty," takes time out from his guard duties at the front gate of Tech to enjoy a bristle of a cigar which a friend brought to him from Cuba.

TECH TALK

By Vadah "Slave" Walker

With the departure of Robert C. Habig, the sixth floor welcomes an oldtimer in the role of newcomer. Arthur Carpenter, head of Purchasing, has absorbed Mr. Habig's duties and maintains an office around the corner from us here at Tech.

Along with Mr. Carpenter comes his secretary, Edna Callahan, as diminutive an office around the corner as we've seen. Welcome to the new inhabitants of the "office around the corner."

Congratulations

Best news of the week in the Army office is the promotion to Major of Oliver H. Clayton. Congratulations to our Commanding Officer.

We welcome to the scribon fold little Betty Orwdoy, whose first column appears this week under the heading of Radio Frequency. Betty, one of our most promising students, submitted her contribution rather squamishly; but after one glance, we of the Fly Paper office decided to draft her into the ranks of our "regular" army. We'll expect to hear from you again next week, Betty, and every week thereafter.

It's great to see Mary Mitchell of James Blakeley's office back from her vacation. Bet "Pinky" Church would be the first to second that statement! With Mary's coming we see Sheldon Wells going. Sheldon, head of the Drafting department, is vacationing in Punxsutaweny, Pa. We held our breath while writing that one. Hope no Pennsylvanians are nearby.

Visitors

Chester Galeno of Chile, one of the Inter-American Cadets receiving practical training at Riddle Field, Clewiston, visited us briefly this week. Send the rest of the boys back for a visit, Chester. It's been a long time since we've seen many of them.

Tech-ites need not squirm with guilt when they see and hear of the Shangri-La sliding down the ways to Tokyo. Pauline Bodell reports a July War Stamp sale of $300.00, an appreciable increase over June's $172.00. Those figures prove that we have the right spirit here at Embry-Riddle; and if we keep it up, there won't be many more yellow punches coming our way.

Back from Canada last week and rounding off an enviable vacation at the Macfadden Demville was Flight Officer John Keech of Riddle Field.

Marty C. (for Chloe) Warren tells us that Mary Frances Quinn, Evelyn Arnold and Josephine Woolley are her newest dormitory girls. Marty's project sounds like a combination of fun and practicality, and it grows more popular all the time. What could be more inviting than attractive apartments, moderately priced, with congenial Embry-Riddle girls as neighbors?

Librarian Dorothy Burton, one of our best sources of news, has fallen down on us this week. We thought of putting her in the dog house but reasoned that that would keep her out of circulation for a whole week and further defeat our purpose. So—we'll just talk about her instead.

Dorothy and husband Willard, assistant to James Blakeley, are personifying, in a left-handed manner, the old saying, "When the cat's away, the mice will play." They've been like a couple of children since son Peter left for a vacation in the North, said vacation being prolonged due to a slight case of mumps. Dining out, fishing, movie-going—they're covering everything. Looks as if the "little child" will have to lead them back to stability once more.

The following is the text of a framed letter of appreciation presented to Bob Habig by the department heads under his jurisdiction before his departure last Saturday.

FORMER STUDENT

When Truman Gile went to Tampa to buy a lathe some time ago, he found that the woman from whom he was buying it was the widow of a former student in the Instrument department, Joseph P. Mills.

Mills, who died April 7 at Buckingham Air Field, Ft. Myers, Fla., at the age of 52, saw service in both wars, having enlisted in the Army when he was eighteen. His service record was excellent through ranging.

The Embry-Riddle Co. wishes to express sympathy to Mrs. Mills.
WHITECAPS
by Betty Bennett, Guest Columnist

Here we are back again just full of vim and vigor after an involuntary vacation resulting from a total lapse of the mental processes.

The newest thing around the Seaplane Base is Mrs. Robertson’s younger son, John. We now have Robertsons swimming all over the place, and very pleasant it is too. John, like his brother, is one peach of a flight instructor. However, he already has succumbed to the contagious habit of betting “Cokes” with daredevil students that they won’t make spot landings. Wishful thinking, Mr. R. Wishful thinking!

We know that the Hallowed Halls of Overhaul must indeed seem empty without the presence of dear Ol’ 47. Believe me we feel for you. You certainly did a swell job on her; as a matter of fact, she now takes off like a P-47. Consisting our rare collection of hot pilots, it really makes a wicked combination. Thanks.

Low and Slow
Here’s a little dandy for you; Bill Butler swears to it so help me! It seems that long after he obtained (via sweat, blood and tears) his private license, he asked his mother to take a ride with him. Now Mother Butler, being typical of most harassed mothers of starstruck offspring, had the instinctive distrust of airplanes. Her historic retort to Bill’s query was (and I quote), “Yes, I’d love to but subject to two conditions, one that you go as slow as possible and two, that you fly close to the ground.” P.S. Ever since then Mrs. B. answers to the title of Sweetheart of the crew of the Goodyear Blimp.

Today’s subject was brought about (and rather abruptly too) by a casual glance into the cigarette machine mirror upon my return from a rather salty encounter with the elements. It would be well to state here and now that any contact with the mirror always comes with no small degree of shock. However, today I decided to go utterly yo-yo-heave-ho and fly without my helmet. So, bent on exhibiting my fine out-door nature, I sailed forth, pack under arm, lustily whistling, “With the Wind and the Rain in Her Hair.”

Gusty Day
It was one of those days to which we of the Seaplane Base faintly refer as gusty. Ha! What an under-statement! To my inexperienced eye that Bay looked nothing short of Cape Horn. However, I snuggled cozily into the cockpit, took a few rather laborious gulps and manfully went through the process of taking off.

Once the pontoons left the water, that exhilarating sensation of being free took over, I had a thoroughly enjoyable hour undaunted by such minor inconveniences as vagrant locks of hair whipping merrily into my already salt-filled orbs. As I came in for the landing, in my mind’s eye I likened myself to a glamour gal on a cigarette add, windblown, fresh and alive! However the ensuing encounter with a mirror gave rise to some pretty bitter speculations, on my part, concerning helmetless feminine heads.

Man’s World
Hair, unless bound down with the uncompromising severity of a flying helmet, soon gets to looking like a bunch of old Kelp, and what salt does to make-up is nobody’s business, unless, possibly Neptune’s. Powder gets streaked and cakes in patches and under it one’s nose acquires the hearty color of a port light. Well, I guess it’s just one more injustice of a man-made world that the wetter a man gets the more it adds to his charms, while a wet woman assumes all the forlorn aspects of a wet cat.

So long now, I’m off once more to mingle with the “characters” that make up our happy little family here on Paradise Isle. Next week, East Lynn.

RADIO FREQUENCY
by Betty Ordway

I’ve taken it upon myself to represent the Radio department. I’m not “up” on the jargon of the Radio World. To date my knowledge consists of following the path of lil’ Elie, Watts (pinned consistently) and Mr. Kirkoff’s law that says: “The sum of all voltage drops is zero” . . . in sooth a brilliant man, I suppose . . . but I don’t get it.

Our First Day: No wonder our code teacher . . . Mrs. Bailey . . . thought the new Code class was not talented. That memorable first morning, all of us trying to be nonchalant about radio in general, walked by classroom B and heard, accompanied by definitely ungentlemanly language: “Though you beat me to death, I will not sell the Cherry Orchard.” We were too scared to know, or care, about Code. Not until last week did we discover “B” is the Public Speaking room.

Mr. Morehead, who teaches us “Greenies” the first phases of radio, warning us maliciously, not to spill any ashes, proudly handed out ashyards. They certainly were queer ones, no bottoms to them! Result: Little mounds of ashes neatly placed on each desk.

Memos to Myself: Write note to “Breakfast Club” please not to sound so cheerful when they come on the air. They act as if we were just eating a leisurely breakfast, instead of having been slaving for two hours over Thermacouple-meters.

Ask Mr. Reichert not to test out radios on Tommy Dorsey stations; my code sending gets too slow and sweet.

Remind Mr. Terry to ask for raise; he’s taking over janitor’s job. Also tell Mr. Terry he yields an excellent broom.

INSTRUMENTS
by Melvin Klein

Here it is August, and we didn’t really get used to July. As for the news of the past week, Joseph DuMonde has been absent for several days while serving on the Federal jury.

W. R. McAllister, genius of the gyro, is back on the job after a business trip into Georgia. On the way back, he dropped in for a visit with his mother in Valdosta.

Mrs. Dorothy Woolsey is a very enthusiastic booster of the Dade County Defense Council Nursery School. She spends her time repairing instruments, knowing that her children are very well cared for. “More than satisfactory,” says Mrs. Woolsey. Any other employed mothers with the problem of caring for their children should talk to Mrs. Woolsey of the Defense Council.

A Matter of Age
Al Kimbrough, expert gyro repairman and expert bowler, celebrated his birthday August 6. He claims to be only & years of age but he looks more like %.

Our bowling team rose up with a mighty wave of fury and took one game from the mighty Corpo DiBacq and scared them in another, losing by only 16 pins.

It is rumored that our very good friend from Buenos Aires can be prevailed upon to instruct those desiring in the art of “making with the Spanish.” Very interesting.

Before signing off, did you know that on the first day of August freezing weather was reported 51/2 miles from Miami?

“For beating your wife I will fine you $1.10,” said the judge.

“I don’t object to the dollar,” said the prisoner, “but what is the ten cents for?”

“That,” said the judge, “is the federal tax on amusements.”
GYRO NOTES
by Walter H. Diek

Another week has rolled around and what a busy one it has been. Mr. Hendrix and his crew have been very active the past few nights polishing off the last few rough spots in the new stock and parts set-up.

We have had an epidemic of Bank and Turn instruments and about everyone on night crew has had at least one to do. They are tricky little rascals but nice to work on.

Remember we told you that there would be a little contest conducted through this column? Well, here is the formal announce-ment, together with the rules governing same and the list of prizes. Look up your references early and be sure to read next week's edition of the Fly Paper and this column—GYRO Notes.

Have You "Seen It in Printin'?"

In the next issue of this paper under Gyro Notes will be given an explanation of the gyroscope which, to understand, requires no knowledge of science. Instead of the more common method of considering the rotating body as a unit, it considers the gyroscope from the viewpoint of the action of individual particles.

This should be of interest to anyone working with gyroscopes who has difficulty understanding the usual scientific explana-tion, and to some others, even were it not for the fact that this treatment is being made the theme of a Prize Contest.

You Are Eligible

Oh, yes, we should have told you earlier. All readers of this issue of Gyro Notes are eligible. The first prize is $5 in War Savings Stamps, the second prize is $3 in War Savings Stamps, the third prize is $2 in War Savings Stamps.

What you do is mail to the address given below the largest list of references where a similar competition can be found in print. It must have been printed before the next column of Gyro Notes appears and therefore the next issue of Gyro Notes cannot be included in your list. Only those treatments showing the action of individual particles will be considered similar. Your references need not be similar in any other respect.

Must Be Printed

They may be in any language and they may be printed in or on anything, but they must be printed. If your reference is difficult to duplicate for checking, you may be asked for proof of its existence. Mail on or before September 10th, 1943 to:

Gyro Notes, Instrument Overhaul department,
Embry-Riddle Co.,
Coral Gables 34, Fla.

Be sure your name is on your entry.

I shall make this short for two reasons—not much news and I do not want Russ Hinton's poem crowded out by my lengthy copy. Here it is, folks.

"BUTTERFLY BRAINS"
by Russ Hinton

There was pounding and grinding and standing and filing.
There was riveting and peening and a lot of sparks.
I looked to see a figure standing
Amid a haze of smoke and dust and rivet gun barns.
There was slacks and blouse and slippers and love;
She was clad like a workman from head to toe—
The yellow hair was out of place
But well became a pretty face
She tackled the form upon the back
And hammered and sawed and sang
Then she cut and ground and fitted it round.
Then painted and polished and screwed it down.
I watched and chuckled and laughed aloud
To see a girl with such small hands
Try to cut and bend such strong metal bands,
The fingers deft placed the rivets in
And the hammer came down with a mighty din.
Till I stood amazed at the sight I saw,
As the dust cleared and it stood in the raw
A bulk of glass and spars and metal grid
That was the likeness of a metal bird.
With wings and belly and tail and beak
And eyes like guns and rubber feet.
Yesterday she was a "Ginger Boss."
And a pretty lady I must allow
Yesterday a debilitate or Butterfly
But today she makes the "P-40" fly.

"JOE" GARCIA IS OLDTIMER

Advanced Assistant Flight Commander Joaquin Menendez Garcia, better known as "Joe," was transferred to Riddle Field from Municipal Base last year after instructing there for a year.

Joe, born August 27, 1913, in Barre, Vt., attended Mt. Ellic Memorial Junior College, Vt. He first soloed in 1933 and later was made station manager for North East Airlines in Barre.

He bought his first airplane in 1935 and logged many hours of private flying. Four years later he began instructing, coming to Municipal Base in 1941 as an Instructor.

Joe's record at Riddle Field has been one of rapid advancements, from Primary In-structor to Advanced Assistant Flight Com-mander in less than a year.

A terrific sense of humor and an easy going nature combine to make Joe popular in all circles. He is unmarried, preferring outdoor life to domesticity. So ardent is his love of sports that it is often the topic of his friends' good natured kidding. Fishing, horseback riding and softball are the loves that vie with his principal occupation, flying.

TWINS AT TECH

Double trouble to the enemy is promised by the 18-year-old Long twins from South Carolina. Earle and Merle, now studying to be aircraft mechanics at the Tech School in hopes of joining the Army or Navy Air Corps in October. They are enrolled in the Civil Engineers department.

Earle and Merle always have done every-thing together and are looking forward to fighting side by side, confident that twins won't be separated. "We've gone everywhere together and done everything together unless one of us was sick," they say.

They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Long of Charleston, S. C. Their father is well known in South Carolina and owns the Long Construction Co., the Southern States Oil Co., the Windmill Night Club and other property in Charleston.

Merle and Earle were born in Charleston November 4, 1924. Both are five feet 11 inches tall. Both have black hair and blue eyes.

Both always have liked flying, have built a few model planes and hope to make some branch of aviation their career after the War. Their father wants to prepare them to be aeronautical engineers. In addition to their course in engines they hope to become pilots eventually.

They share their interest in flying with an older brother, Leonard L. Long, 26, who has been studying in the Naval Air Corps' pre-flight school in Athens, Ga. This is their first trip to Miami and they "like it fine."

Both enjoy deep-sea fishing and have found time to do little since they have been here. Swimming, bowling, football and tennis are other favorite sports.

The boys have one year left before they finish high school. They both were assistant business managers on the school paper at the Porter Military ROTC Academy, Charleston. Other schools they have attended were the James Simmons School and Rutledge high school, both in Charleston, and Carlisle Military School, Bomberg, South Carolina.
Graduating and congratulating being a definite part of our curriculum, we wish to point the spotlight and all accompanying fanfare to Marry Vann who recently received her Commercial... License; and at Babes Beckwith whom we hope will have hers by this time; and to Gadet Pilots Sim Speer and Ralph Conhertson who lent a bit of aristocratic Clewiston atmosphere to our humble operation. Congrats also to Instructor Marguerite Dowd who helped us celebrate her birthday at the Vann and Hart Mansionette last Wednesday.

Big Wigs

Back from the battle and none the worse for wear are Apprentice Scaman 2nd Class Moxley and Buck Private Heflin. Although both are now on Enlisted Reserve status, when and if they are called to active duty they automatically will be given commissions consistent with their qualifications. So don't scoff, we may have Lt. Commanders and Generals in our ranks.

Mr. "G." (Art Gibbons for short), our strong-arm man, is taking a well earned vacation shortly, leaving us as a ship without a motor, more or less. Have a good time, Mr. "G." We'll try our best to keep from "Stalling Off."

Sights to be observed from afar: Lola Hayes going slowly but steadily stark raving mad with flight record fever; Betty Ford logging scads of solo hours on the switchboard before the dual check for her Instrument Rating; June Page and Form I's which has brought her to the ultimate decision that all Instructors should be exposed to a thorough refresher on the three R's; Mr. deVay and his cheerful whistle; Helen Carver modeling the styles of what the well dressed Chapman Pilot of tomorrow will wear. ('Twas very eye appealing); Mr. Camden buzzing from Administration to Operations covering not less than 117 miles per day; "Muscles" Burke throwing Dave Narrow for a loss in a recent Ju Jitsu battle. If she had used the true "Chiang Method," Dave would be sporting a plaster of paris neck piece today.

Happy Landings

Ensign Johnny Fouche and family breezed in for a very quick hello and long before heading for Dallas with New Orleans as the ultimate destination. Needless to say, the whole gang wish him lots of luck and please come back to see us someday. Also farewell and good luck to Instructor Guy Haygood who's headed for Augusta, Ga., and an Army Primary School where he'll fly Basic Trainers. Many happy landings.

In the "Hello Dept." we'd like to welcome Ruth Woodward as Bookkeeper in Mr. deVay's office. Hope you like it here.

We're sorry to hear that Instructor Kay Kniesche is still out with a bad throat. Hurry back soon.

The fertile earth is all out in our campaign to dress Chapman up, and new buds and blooming flowers can be seen each day. Thanks to Supervisor Mr. Sutter and to Mr. Benton and Gardner Royce for their shrubbery contributions. Any and all other cuttings will be greatly appreciated should any of you feel in a benevolent mood.

To Safety

The following "poem" was contributed by Instructor Lee Maxey and written by his student, Cadet Brady. It is very appropriately dedicated to all those clowns and dare devils who some day will tempt fate a little too far.

"Here lies the body of Sam McVay, He died defending his right of way. He was right, dead right. As he flew along, But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong."

Nuff said . . .

RIDDLE ROUNDUP

Continued from Page 9

...place to lie upon which wasn't painful; we didn't. Such is the desert of the foolish.

Well, next day we sat in the shade until Dave Narrow hove into view accompanied by Dave DaBoll and two other Chapman Instructors. We promptly took to the pool in an attempt to bluffing our way through this predicament. After all, what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them, but, woefully, it didn't work. Eagle-eye Dave noticed the crimson acid spread about us and the ribbing we took from that unmerciful crowd was terrific.

During the week we chance to meet Gordon E. Taylor who is connected with the Chicago Advertising Agency of Reinecke-Ellis-Younggreen & Finn Co. Mr. Taylor was in Miami on business but managed to crowd in a little swimming and loafing after hours. We liked Mr. Taylor from the first and it wasn't long until we were calling him Gordon.

Pleasant Company

We were introduced later to John E. Vodicka of the John E. Vodicka Advertising Co., advertising counsel for the Embry-Riddle Company, and his two sons, Ralph and Don. We spent many pleasant hours with both of these gentlemen; hours that we will never forget.

Gordon gave us an amazing exhibition of memory at dinner one night. He asked us to write on a piece of paper some thirty or more words or phrases, then had us call them out to him, skipping about among the numbers. Then several minutes later he proceeded to start at the number one and went to the end in numerical order, recalling the proper word or phrase with each number.

Anyone attempting to duplicate this feat of memory will agree with us that the absent minded professor wouldn't have a chance. May these two very nice people live long and happily and may we all meet again some day.

Well, came the day we had to say goodbye and we were genuinely sorry, but then we have a job to do back at Riddle Field. To the Deauville staff, who made us feel at home and helped in every way to make our stay an enjoyable one, we extend our thanks and appreciation.
All of my problems are solved... Colonnade Cannonade problems, that is... I know how to get Maxine Hurtt to take over... Just break a finger nail, have a tooth ache, go on a honeymoon or take a trip to Arcadia. No amount of bribing will do the trick but she always comes through in a pinch. Thanks loads, Max. I'll do the same for you sometime.

I started my little tour of the Colonnade for the "choice bits of news" earlier today and the same "old faithfuls" stepped forth with it. But P.B.X. operators Ethyl McCoomb and Muriel Obermeyer gave the same old thing this week as they do every week, quote: "Sorry, don't know nuttin'!" unquote.

Tragedy of Tragedies

One of these days one of them is going to tell me a bit of gossip and the shock will be so great I'll probably not recover in time to use it. I know that Emma Carnevale, Mr. Kuhl's cute little Secretary, thinks she is getting away without a "calling down." Oh no, Emma, I haven't forgotten that you had the very same bit of "no news" as did Ethyl and Muriel.

A few lines back I remarked that my old faithfuls didn't let me down. Of course one of them is Kay Wiedman who, every Monday without fail, brings me the latest from Accounting. This week Kay tells us that Gordon Bowen, our Assistant Comptroller, is going to leave us. I agree with Kay when she says that we certainly are going to miss him. Now we know why Margaret Missio was sent over to the Colonnade; she's taking over Gordon's work. Congratulations, Margaret. Goodbye and good luck, Gordon.

Overseas Duty

Margaret Campbell's (of Accounts Payable) husband has received orders that sound like overseas duty. He has been given a furlough, which they will spend at their home in Michigan.

Elsie Lyon is really excited over the graduation of her husband from Naviga­tion School at the University, and she cer­tainly has a right to be. He will be a lieutenant when this goes to press... well, well, congratulations, Lt. Lyon. Florence Gross has been ill for several weeks at the University Hospital. We hope she will get well very quickly because we miss her around these parts.

Chief Link Instructor Corrine Phillips tells me that they have a new Link Instruc­tor Trainee. She is La Verne Powell who comes to us from the Propeller Division. Welcome, La Verne.

I have now seen everything! Our own "Buzz" Cooper... Pardon, I mean Private Cooper, paid us a visit, all decked out in his brand new "what the well dressed man will wear" suit. Buzz looked awfully cute in his overseas cap, etc. I only regret one thing about his visit, that General Arnold or even a nice little 2nd Louie didn't walk by when Buzz had his arms full of gro­ceries, which he was taking home to Mrs. C. Seriously, Buzz, we are glad you have been stationed down at Homestead. Now you can get up to see us often.

The Lieutenant Wins

I have been putting off the "worstest" news of all, mainly because I hate to be the bearer of such news. Minnie Cassel leaves us Saturday to become just plain Mrs. Cassel, housewife. Lt. Cassel wins again. This makes not only the Colonnade folks unhappy but the Tech folks too. Minnie was at Tech for many months before the Colonnade was "born," so she has many friends throughout Embry-Riddle. Come back to see us, Minnie... please mam.

Rae Lane has pulled a dirty trick on us... she deserted us for Tech. Now we resent this very much and it ain't fair. You're gonna be sor-ry, Rae. Taking Rae's place is Kay Dean... now, Kay, my being mad over Rae's departure doesn't mean that we aren't "much" glad to have you with us... we are and hope you will stay with us longer than Rae did.

To Yankee Land

Suzanne Bryan of Advertising isn't the happiest little girl in the world at this moment. her favorite ban was sent way up "nawth" to New York immediately after he received his Lieutenant's bars at O.C.S. on the Beach. Suzy, I could have told you that Uncle Sam often forgets to get the permission of the fairer sex when they ship our men to distant places. (Just call me "Old lady know-it-all" from now on.)

I have just been informed by the Editor via long distance (Tech to Colonnade) that I am an hour late with this copy so I will say good-bye until next week. I had planned on ending this bit of nothing with a snappy farewell in Portuguese just to put Adriano Punso to shame for saying that I was too fool-eared-minded to master said language, but I decided not to embarrass Punso with my knowledge of the language at the present time. I'll give him a chance to retract his statement.

P.S. Francis Weist just called to say that Mr. Varney's secretary, Doris Hunley, was back on the job after a nice vacation... and looking all the better for it too. Welcome back, Doris.

Jerry Pays Visit To Boys in Africa

"We are all getting the air raid jitters. You remember at home how we never so much as glanced at a plane now and then... well it's a different story over here. Every time we hear a plane we crane our necks like country hicks who have never seen one. A couple of raids will do that to you.

"The first one we were in wasn't much... just one plane and I never did see him, but the second was a dilly... bombs, fire­works and everything. It kind of reminded me of those movies like 'Mrs. Miniver' and such. The same squeal and whoom, I don't remember being scared but baby was I excited!

"I saw a plane caught in a web of spotlight like a fly in a spider web and anti­aircraft shooting from all angles. He was pretty high up but not quite high enough. One of the shells got him and he flew along level for maybe five or six seconds, then went over on one wing and down he came with smoke streaming out behind.

"I suddenly found myself jumping up and down, cheering and hollering like the old football team had made the winning touchdown. I suppose I'll eventually be like the British and stand there very calmly and say, My, my, another visit from Jerry... blasted nuisance, rawther.

"The 'Jerries' don't seem to be getting anywhere with their raids because old Uncle's batting average is somewhere between 750 and 1000. They can't pitch long against that kind of batting... another thing that they can't do anything about is that all the boys want to go home and the best way to do it is to get things over with."

Editor's Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter written to Maxine Hurtt of the Col­onna­de from her husband, who is stationed in North Africa.
ENGINE NOISES

by Gladys C. Goff

Greetings, gents. Engine Overhaul reporting again.

Another contender for "wolf" status: "Griff" Griffin, Bill Ehne's black-eyed shadow. Folks, nominations for for "champion wolf" are still in order. Come forward with your favorite candidate.

We hear Oscar did his good deed the other day by buying ice cream for his "fraternity brothers." Maybe that was his way of thanking them for the attempt to fix up bumpy 52nd Street.

Mae Heacock reports that her three visitors were "Jimmie" Krieg, Betty Morrow and "Billie" Ritter, from Lear Aria in Piqua, Ohio. All three girls liked Florida very much. Glad to hear it. Come to see us again.

Sloan's Liniment has such a variety of effects on our employees. Larry Bees evidently thought it very soothing, but Brady howled in anguish (perhaps Brady had been working and was perspiring a trifle?)

There are thirteen birthdays in our shop for August—we'll try to name them all here and wish them the best of everything while we're about it: Joe "Red" Baurn, Margaret Dale, "Knute" Crichfield, Dick Donovan, Ray Huber, Harmon Johnson, Hoyt Adams, Paul Meiners, Leland Price, Ed Youmans, Jr., Perly Stanley, Will Knight, Claire Luebbert, John Martini, W. J. Weatherington, Frank Struhl, Ethel Lundy, Emory Griffin, Harold Dickey, Ruth Belser, Dean Baxter, Guillermo Bustamente, Bob Lutz, John Walker and Emory Rathburn.

How About It?

Department No. 13—Wiring and Generators—wishes to know the significance of the little song their foreman is always singing. Any explanation, Dana?

The flagpoles Joe Henry has made have proved to be too attractive. Joe says he has many requests for flagpoles but would like it made public that the flagpole division of the Welding department is closed. No more of this "monkey see, monkey do" stuff, says Joe.

Luna has found out, the hard way, that black paint has its advantages. Anyway, she got herself taken to dinner via the misuse of some. Strange things do happen around here sometimes.

Mr. Graffin and Bill Ehne paid a visit to the Warehouse and to Purchasing last week. Mr. G. says he really got the lowdown on Margaret Howell while he was there. Come on, boss, give with the gossip! Got to get this column written somehow!

The pixies are still hard at work thinking up ways to annoy the boss. Ask him about the note in his desk, folks. He might even blush for you.

Gloria Connor, Hoyt Adams, George Waters, Frank Johnson and Bernard Kepler (son of our own Bernie Kepler of the Test Stands) are new employees to be welcomed and made to feel at home.

And so to the end of another column with your reporter wondering whether to say "See you next week" or not. Never can tell about Uncle Sam, you know. Anyway, so long for now, and "Keep 'em Flying."

SEVEN-STAR GIRL

Sally Malsen of the C&G Cafeteria hasn't been able to find a seven-star service pin as yet, but she rates one. Sally, who has been with Embry-Riddle for over a year, has six brothers in the Army and one in the Navy.

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