CARL R. ANDERSON
IS NEW EXECUTIVE
OF EMBRY-RIDDLE

Carl R. Anderson, assistant vice-president of the Embry-Riddle Company, first met John Paul Riddle when the two men were on opposing high school basketball teams, Mr. Riddle at Pikeville, Ky., and Mr. Anderson at Huntington, W. Va.

A few years later Mr. Anderson had his first plane ride when Mr. Riddle flew him from Ashland, Ky., to Marietta, Ohio, to save the day for the Marshall College track team of which Anderson was the star.

The paths of John Paul Riddle and Carl Anderson were still to cross, for in 1929 the latter went to work for the Embry-Riddle Company in Cincinnati. At first he was in charge of traffic, air shows and promotion; then public relations was added to his duties. When Riddle found out that Anderson was a good man with a camera, photography was added to his responsibilities. And, as if this were not enough, he acted as athletic director in his spare time.

Infancy of Aviation

Those were the days when the average citizen looked upon airplanes with much skepticism, but it was one of Anderson’s jobs to sell the public on aviation. Each Sunday the Embry-Riddle Company put on air shows which attracted thousands of spectators, many of whom were sold sight-seeing rides. Planes were put through everything a plane could do and the crowds were thrilled. Spectacular parachute jumps were the order of the day. (Mr. Anderson admits making a few jumps—though he says he would have to be pushed out of a plane now.)

The primary function of Embry-Riddle was then, as it is today, the operation of an aviation school. Hundreds of pilots were trained at this school, many of whose names are tops on aviation lists of today. It was a very successful school which Carl Anderson helped John Paul Riddle and T. Higbee Embry nurse through barnstorming days, and it has turned out to be the forerunner of the great institution now located in Miami, Clewiston, Arcadia and Union City.

When the Cincinnati company was merged with American Airlines, Mr. Riddle wended his way to Miami where he continued his efforts to build a great university of the air. Mr. Embry retired to California and Mr. Anderson remained with American Airlines.

In 1937 Anderson became associated with Pan American Airways, where his was the important job of handling public relations out of headquarters in Los Angeles, until he joined Embry-Riddle a short while ago. His duties here will have to do with the coordination of all departments concerned with public relations.

Prodigal Son

Upon returning to the Embry-Riddle Company, Anderson said, “I feel like the prodigal son returning home. My only regret is that I did not return much sooner. I am extremely happy to be associated with John Paul Riddle and his great organization and I am especially happy to find it in such pleasant surroundings. It is really a far cry from the little company started back in the ‘twenties.’ I can see a great future for this fine organization and for the beautiful City of Miami in which it has been founded.”

West Virginian

Born in Wetzel County, W. Va., Anderson attended Marshall College at Huntington, W. Va., and received his A.B. degree at Ohio State, Columbus, Ohio. A splendid athlete, excelling in football, basketball, baseball, track and swimming, he later coached athletics at White Sulphur Springs High, W. Va., where he also was assistant principal.

Since his initial ride with Mr. Riddle, Anderson has been an intrepid flyer. He is a pilot and a member of the “Quiet Birdmen.” While in Los Angeles he was active in the Civil Air Patrol.

Early in December Mrs. Anderson and their two year old son, Buster, will come to Miami from Waterloo, Iowa, to join her husband. Mr. Anderson’s mother, Mrs. S. L. Anderson, and two sisters, Mrs. M. D. Todd and Miss Edith Anderson, make their home in Glendale, Calif.
Letters to the Editor

Bogall
Castle Douglas
Kirkcudbrightshire
Scotland
September 1, 1943

Dear Editor:

I have to thank you for continuing to send the Fly Paper in respect of my late son, Pilot Officer Coupland who was trained to fly at Clewiston and who was killed at Maxwell Field in November of last year.

We—the parents—enjoy the paper. It seems a link with our boy’s life in that last glorious year. It is read by a wide circle of friends and at length finds its way to the reading room of the Air Training Corps.

I cannot understand its being sent free; we would gladly pay for it. I should be glad to receive it at our new address: Lambhill Cottage, St. Katherines, Aberdeen, Scotland.

Also we wish to thank the Embry-Riddle Company and Mr. Riddle in particular for the lovely wallet and diploma presented to our boy on his graduation, which have now reached us amongst his personal effects.

He would be very proud of them and so are we, and we will cherish them as long as we live.

Thanking you and all kind friends in the U.S.A. for far more than you are aware of, I am

Yours very sincerely,
Jane Coupland

Dorothy Burton, referred the abort:

The training which Tim (Red) got there when he was an aircraft engine mechanic student and later, although for only a few weeks, as an instructor of Army trainees in engines, has been of great value to him.

On resigning from his work there he enlisted in the Army Air Corps. It may be of interest to some of his old friends to learn that he spent a couple of months at Buckingham Field, Ft. Myers, during the past summer.

Tim got his rating as a sergeant and is somewhere in the far West finishing his training on a Fortress. He is the Aerial Engineer in the crew. He has secured a good zipper for his lip and won’t write us what he is doing, but we did learn that he got the officers at Buckingham Field to lease him from his scheduled instructorship as he wanted to shoot at the Japs and the Germans.

We forward the Fly Paper to him and know he enjoys it.

Sincerely,
T. G. Williams

Editor’s Note: Our Librarian and Associate Editor, Dorothy Burton, referred the above letter to us for publication in the Fly Paper. Thanks, Mr. Williams, for sending us word of Tim, and please continue to write us of his progress.

“After graduation from Embry-Riddle I didn’t get far from Coral Gables but plunged immediately into electrical work. Another student, Kenneth Rutmayer, and I work together with an experienced electrician on Douglas A-20’s. It is quite interesting though at times there is not much electrical work and we spend many idle hours. Two other classmates of 23-43-D, Carl Jones and Harry Jamesson, are also here though they are on different shifts. 

Editor’s Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Mr. Albury from Pfc. Robert Mead, a graduate of 23-43-D, July 17, 1943. Pfc. Mead is now stationed in Orlando, Fla.
PLANS FOR BRAZILIAN SCHOOL COMPLETED

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, largest civil aviation school in the United States, has signed contracts with the Brazilian government to establish and operate the "Technical School of Aviation of the Brazilian Air Ministry" at São Paulo, Brazil.

The new school will start operations November 1 and is expected to be training 500 students by Christmas. They will become technician specialists in a six-month course and following their graduation will be assigned to various posts by the Air Ministry.

While the school is being opened as part of Brazil's war effort, it will become a permanent institution and continue in operation after the war.

The first group of Embry-Riddle instructors and other personnel, totaling more than 100, will leave for São Paulo between October 20 and November 1. They will be headed by James E. Blakeley, Technical Director.

The school will be located temporarily in the Immigration buildings at São Paulo until the building program for a large airport outside the city is completed within the next six to twelve months.

The school has the approval and cooperation of the government of the United States and Brazil, the air forces of both governments and the Army and Navy establishments of the United States.

John Paul Riddle said in announcing completion of negotiations, "We will have the benefit of all our past experiences and methods in setting up the new school, and it should become an outstanding institution of its type."

This school is an outgrowth of the United States inspection tour made last summer by Brazilian Air Minister Joaquim Pedro Salgado Filho, who visited Embry-Riddle's organization here at that time. Dr. Salgado expects to enlarge the new school from time to time as it becomes necessary.

Embry-Riddle has been training instructors at the Tech School for the project. All personnel to be used at São Paulo will, in addition to their technical training, have a knowledge of Brazilian history and customs and will speak Portuguese.

Thank You

To those who made his stay in Brazil a memorable one, John Paul Riddle expresses deepest appreciation. His praise of Brazilian hospitality is boundless.

Convinced that Brazilians feel the same friendliness toward us that we have for them, Mr. Riddle said, "Brazil is definitely interested in the United States. They feel we are neighbors. They like our customs, our movies, our products. Every Brazilian wants to come to the United States, especially to Miami and New York."

"Dr. Joaquim Salgado Filho, backed by his government in this airplane expansion plan, wants to continue the exchange of plane ideas and development with us."

While in São Paulo, Mr. Riddle completed arrangements with Dr. Salgado, Brazilian Air Minister, for the operation of the new technical school, which will be housed in the Immigration buildings until the new school is completed.

When he first arrived in São Paulo, Mr. Riddle was graciously received at the palace, Campos Elíseos, by Governor Fernando Costa. Later he officiated in the ceremonies at Campo de Marte when the plane General Henry Arnold was christened. So named as a gesture of friendship toward the United States, the General Henry Arnold was presented by the Air Ministry to the Air Club of Piracicaba for advanced flight training. The ship was accepted by Jose Vizoli, president of the Air Club, during the elaborate ceremonies.

Mr. Riddle also found time to visit Rio de Janeiro, where he was entertained royally. While there he had the opportunity of visiting Galeao, an aviation technical school under the supervision of the Brazilian Air Force. "Da pontinha," exclaimed Mr. Riddle when he tasted a specially prepared lamb served at the dinner given in his honor by Julio Americo do Reis at the Parque Aeronautico de São Paulo in the reception room of the central hangar.

Da pontinha means superb, and that is the word which describes Brazil.

BRAZILIAN AIR MINISTRY NAMES NEW PLANE FOR GENERAL HENRY ARNOLD

At Campo de Marte, São Paulo, Mr. Riddle is seen at the christening ceremonies of the plane General Henry Arnold. Just back of the propeller is Dr. Joaquim Salgado Filho, Brazilian Air Minister; over Mr. Riddle's shoulder is Major Faria Lima. "Da pontinha," says Mr. Riddle at the dinner given in his honor at the Parque Aeronautico de São Paulo by the commanding officer, Col. Julio America do Reis. Dr. Salgado, on Mr. Riddle's right, is amused at the Brazilian phrase for "superb" and the accompanying gesture.
So You're Going To Brazil!
by Edith del Junco

So you're going to Brazil, to São Paulo to be exact. You'll like it we know. It's a pretty city (a million and a quarter is no cow town) and the people are friendly and hospitable once they get to know you. They like the Americans, their crazy dances, their informality, their ability to organize, their love for living and having fun. The Brazilians are hard workers, eager to learn, anxious to help. Make up your mind you'll like Brazil and the Brazilians before you leave here and you won't be disappointed.

You'll want to know what kind of clothes to buy, what to pack, what to store, so these are our recommendations. In the summer, wash dresses and suits are more practical. It's easier to find a laundress than to send your things to the cleaners. The better cleaners do satisfactory work but are relatively expensive.

Heavy Clothes
Don't forget sweaters and heavy clothes for the winter. The houses aren't heated, you know, except for perhaps a fireplace, and the cold can really go right through to your bone. Fur coats are worn, specially at social functions, but if you're cramped for space take a serviceable cloth coat instead and be sure to include your raincoat and rubber boots.

The seasons are just the opposite of ours and fall and spring are so short that clothes for those seasons practically blend right into winter and summer. Ready made clothes are almost unobtainable and quite expensive. The well-dressed Brazilian lady shops in Paris (did anyway) or buys Paris models. Few American-made clothes are available and they are high. Even ladies' hats are made to order.

Shoes are made from a very different material. Women are hard workers. Fur coats are worn, specially at social functions, but if you’re cramped for space take a serviceable cloth coat instead and be sure to include your raincoat and rubber boots. The seasons are just the opposite of ours and fall and spring are so short that clothes for those seasons practically blend right into winter and summer. Ready made clothes are almost unobtainable and quite expensive. The well-dressed Brazilian lady shops in Paris (did anyway) or buys Paris models. Few American-made clothes are available and they are high. Even ladies’ hats are made to order.

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all of them. You'd be surprised how delicious they are. Just because you have never seen the vegetable or fruit, and there will be lots of them that will be totally strange, doesn't mean they aren't good.

Ever heard of jaboticaba, xixixi, fruta do conde? There are good Italian restaurants with their typical dishes, and of course the good old steak and French fries any old place. We think we'd order filet mignon because their cuts of beef are slightly different than those up here and the other steaks might be a little tough.

You know all about the currency. The cruzeiro is the new name for the old milreis and is divided into centavos. Approximately twenty cruzeiros to the American dollar, for easy calculating.

American Golf Club
All work and no play is not so good either. But you'll have plenty of fun. The American colony is a growing one, your own kind of people, in your own circumstances. You'll soon be able to find a foursome for golf or a table of bridge. Poker too. The American golf club is out of town about fifteen miles but has a good course.

A little beyond that, at the Santo Amaro lake, you'll find several excellent yacht clubs if you like sailing. The English Athletic Club, almost in the center of town, offers tennis, a cute swimming pool, cricket, and informal week-end dances. This is frequented mostly by English and Americans.

For the even more active, the Clube Atletico Paulistano, Sociedade Armonia de Tenis, Esporte Clube Pinheiros, and many others offer track, fencing, basketball and volleyball, frontão, a type of squash, soccer, rowing, shooting, etc.

Municipal Stadium
There are lots of places to ride if you like horses. The clubs usually have big dances, bridge tournaments, chess and about everything you could desire. Be sure to see the Municipal Stadium; it’s a honey.

There are lots of movies too. American pictures, with talkies in English, get down quite rapidly. Ah, but you don’t go to any old show because you want to see a certain picture. Each movie house is popular with the “elite” on a certain night. If you want to see a show on Monday night you go to the Metro, on Tuesday night to the Bandeirantes, or whatever the case may be, regardless of what’s showing. Pictures generally change once a week and programs are exactly the same on the other nights but São Paulo has its Emily too.

In season many foreign opera companies put on performances at the Teatro Municipal and the Government often sponsors programs of fine music or ballet so the average citizen can enjoy the old masters.

Libraries
If you’re the quiet type, public libraries furnish books in all languages and Mappins has a leading library. Red Cross work is active and War work is in full swing.

If you want a change of scenery, Santos is only about 50 miles away and the beaches—hmm! Da pontinha! The trip is interesting, the fishing good, but the main attraction could be one of the many casinos. Good floor shows, excellent orchestras and dance floors, delicious food.

If you’re a Church-goer, you’ll find services in English at the São Bento Cathedral, Catholic, the Episcopalian Church, High Church of England, and the Christian Science Church.

Just a word about etiquette. The customs, habits and mannerisms are different, probably strange to you, but you know, “When in Rome, do as the Romans do.” Maybe we continued on Page 15

BUENOS VECINOS
by Eric Sundstrom

Fue en Diciembre de 1941 que llegaron a la escuela de aviacion Embry-Riddle los primeros estudiantes Latino-Americanos.

Estos jóvenes vinieron a los Estados Unidos de America becados por el gobierno de ese país para estudiar la mecanica de aviacion. Tres escuelas solamente fueron escogidas por el Gobierno de los Estados Unidos para esta enseñanza, la “Casey Jones School of Aeronautics” en Newark, New Jersey, la “Curtiss Wright Technical Institute” en Glendale, California, y la “Embry-Riddle School of Aviation” en Miami, Florida.

En Marzo de 1942, habian llegado a 80 el cuerpo estudiantil Latino-Americano. En este grupo habia representacion de 11 paises al Sur del Río Grande. Estos paises eran Argentina, Brasil, Bolivia, Cuba, Chile, Ecuador, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Paraguay y Uruguay.

La mayoria de los estudiantes eran civiles que habian optado seguir la aviacion como una carrera, pero entre ellos tambien se encontraban algunos cadetes y oficiales de Nicaragua y Cuba. El objeto principal de este programa de enseñanza en la mecanica de aviacion era y es para preparar a estos jóvenes para que regresen a sus paises respectivos y puedan enseñarle a sus compatriotas los conocimientos que adquirieron en los Estados Unidos de America.

En Julio de 1942 se graduó el primer grupo de mecanicos de servicio, los cuales obtuvieron un diploma firmado por el Administrador de la Aeronautica Civil y por el Secretario de Estado de los Estados Unidos. Estos regresaron a sus paises y se encuentran actualmente trabajando en la aviacion. (To be continued in next issue)

MODERN CITIES AND BREATHTAKING COUNTRYSIDE ARE TYPICAL OF CHILE

Ministerio de Haciendo y Hotel Carrera, Santiago, Chile

Photos by courtesy of Brig. Gen. Oscar Herrera
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlit

The “Juke-Box” Dance last Saturday night was enjoyed by all who attended. Approximately one hundred seventy-five revelers were there to partake of the excellent food prepared by Messrs. Petit and Chapman and to dance in the moonlit patio by the Carlstrom Mess Hall.

Kapoot

Thanks to Rod Vestal for bringing his loud speaker system and phonograph ‘cause goodness only knows what we would have done when the Juke Organ broke down if the phonograph hadn’t been handy. So Rod really saved the dance.

It seems that Bob Bullock didn’t have much chance to see who was there and what was going on because he spent most of his time changing records. Nate Reece, Carl Dunn and Gordon Mougey acted as judges in the Jitterbug Contest and awarded two (1) prizes—as they couldn’t decide which couple was best. Margie Combs and Marshall Anderson tied with Jane and T. C. Shaw for the honors, and each couple was awarded a five dollar bill.

Now listen, chillun, ’cause here’s good news. On Saturday, October 30th, 1943, Dorr Field will play host at a Hallowe’en Masquerade Dance and Buffet Supper. We read in last week’s Fly Paper that the Miami gang will gather on the same night at the Antilla for a Masquerade, but for those folks up in Arcadia who can’t get to Miami there’ll be plenty of food, fun and frolicking at Dorr Field.

All you civilians, Army officers and enlisted men at Dorr and Carlstrom had better plan now to come. The wearing of a mask is mandatory, with costumes optional. More details later. Tickets will be on sale shortly.

Jake Newsome deserves much credit for standing guard and selling tickets for the dances held at Carlstrom. He always does a fine job, and we want him to know we appreciate it.

Smooth System

The World Series proved quite exciting around the Field during the last couple of weeks. Earl Willbur originated a complicated system of taking a chance on the games, and much to the surprise of all who participated, the system worked out quite smoothly. Elmer Bishop and Curly Beard split the winnings on the first game to the tune of $45.00 each. Jack Schopenhauer was the lucky winner of a $50.00 War Bond on Sunday’s game, and Sgt. Howe settled for a $25.00 War Bond the same game. All in all, it was a lot of fun! Congratulations to you winners, and better luck next year to you losers!

CADET NEWS

The following Aviation Cadets were appointed Cadet Officers by virtue of their manifest leadership, ability, military bearing and professional proficiency, the office of the Commandant of Cadets has announced:

Wing Staff: Wing Commander—A/C J. F. Konop; Wing Adjutant—A/C R. A. Black; Wing Sergeant Major—A/C J. De La Roma.


Group B: Group Commander—A/C J. W. Thrasher; Lieutenant—A/C J. T. Peterson; Lieutenant—A/C J. C. Gregory; Lieutenant—A/C R. Rodriguez.

Group C: Group Commander—A/C C. R. Schoew; Lieutenant—A/C C. F. Cody; Lieutenant—A/C W. Skillings; Lieutenant—A/C A. W. Hammond.

Group D: Group Commander—A/C J. S. McNerny; Lieutenant—A/C J. H. Roberts; Lieutenant—A/C R. E. Whalen; Lieutenant—A/C D. J. Twombly.

The Wing Commander, in addition to his other duties, is President of the Honor Council and President of the Wing Board. Lt. Wilson McCormick, Director of Physical Training, declared “the test average of Class 44-D is the highest we have ever had here at Carlstrom Field. Their record of 51.7 is tops and sets a high standard for succeeding classes.”

(The above Cadet News is taken from the Carlstrom “Reporter” of October 9, 1943.)

Wesley King celebrates twenty years of flying today. That’s a mighty long time,
Wes, and we all extend our heartiest congratulations to you.

Andy Minichello left last Sunday to spend a couple of weeks in Massachusetts. Here's hoping he doesn't freeze!

George Dudley and Byron Shouppe had a close call the other day. It seems that while they were flying, the baggage compartment door flew open and a piece of canvas was thrown out, becoming entangled in the controls of the plane. It was several minutes before the boys could land the plane, disentangle the canvas and fly back to the Field. Anyway, it was too close for comfort!

Versatile

New Refreshers: Charles Parkes from Dayton, Ohio, who is somewhat of an artist specializing in pastel chalks, and Frank H. Hoff from Ridgewood, N. J., who speaks and writes French fluently. Welcome!

Lt. George Hoffmeyer left us last Sunday for Randolph Field, Texas, where he is to be enrolled in the Commandant of Cadets and Tactical Officers School. Best of luck to you.

Capt. Norman D. Stuard also has been transferred from Carlstrom Field and is now spending a few days leave at his home.

Lt. Bobo made an important trip to Miami last week-end and came back with a certain young lady from his hometown, Gadsdon, Ala. Margaret Kent spent the week-end at her home in Miami.

Mr. Brinton played Santa Claus yesterday to four young ladies—taking them for a short ride in the Cub. Mrs. Vestal, Margaret Reeve, Carmen Mizelle and Jackie Livingston were the lucky gals. They really had a marvelous time! Ask Carmen.

Dorr Doings

by Jack Whitnall

The old leather jacket comes in mighty handy these cool nights. The discussion among the Guards is, "Which is worse, mosquitoes or cold nights?" Winter time we all yell for mosquitoes, and in summer time we all want the cool weather. Jest ain't never satisfied.

Fingerprinting in the Flight Operations Tower last Monday. S'funny that when we have a young lady's print to take we have all kinds of offers of help, but when it's a man's print there are no comments, no offers of help, no nothing.

Wedding Bells

Kathryn Sandusky's wedding this coming Thursday has the center of interest this week. The lucky man is Sgt. Tom Morris, Jr. of the U. S. Marine Corps. All Dorr wishes them all the happiness imaginable and lots of good luck.

Welcome to Harriet Troy, secretary to Gordon Mougey. Harriet is from St. Petersburg, Fla. Right purty too.

Another newcomer in Carl Dunn's office is Laurie Anderson. Oh hoy, we have to take her fingerprints next Monday. Wolf... Wolf. Joyce Bates is another new addition to the Army Supply. To all these new-comers a hearty welcome and we hope you like it here.

The Army Side

Whitnall's Egyptian Love Potion seems to be doing all right. Wedding bells November 6th for Marion Crosby and Lt. Anderson. That leaves only Lts. Pinion, McLaughlin, Gailey, Rubertas and Greene among the bachelors.

Wonder what would happen if the A.O in his nightly check on the Guards were to wear his gas mask. What tall tales could be told about shooting some prehistoric monster on the loose. Moronic, ain't it?

There just don't seem to be any news this week. We hope that Mrs. Evans will come through next week.

To'ally yours,

Jack

Lyons of Dorr

Has Many Duties

The duties of Group Commander Ben Lyons of Dorr Field, son of Mrs. Margaret Lyons of Atlanta, Ga., consist of assigning groups of students to instructors, giving permission for solo, dual and check flights, and keeping an ever watchful eye on weather conditions.

Lyons studied Automotive Engineering at Georgia Tech until 1935 when he left to learn to fly with Southeast Air Service, Candler Field, Ga. Completing his course, he became an instructor there. Later he did student and charter flying for Blevins Aircraft Co.

Before coming to Embry-Riddle, first at Carlstrom when it opened and then at Dorr, Lyons was a secondary flight instructor and had charge of ground training at the University of Georgia.

In 1941 he became a Flight Commander and shortly after was promoted to his present position of Group Commander.
Things are kinda quiet up in Union City this week. You are all familiar with spring fever. Well, we have developed a new one, fall fever. It comes on just at that period when old mother nature has given you a taste of the winter to come and then eases off with a warm, hazy, sleepy sort of weather. Everyone wonders why they can't get enough sleep (maybe they don't get to bed soon enough) and of course the hay fever helps that feeling along, so you just go around yawning and thinking, "Gee, will that bed feel good tonight."

'Nother thing that crops up about now is the old "possum hunting" urge. After the first frost gets the persimmons all set to eat, we gather up some hounds, lanterns or flashlight, put on plenty of clothes and start into the woods. Maybe in just a short time, maybe half the night, we hear the hounds straining their vocal chords and we go to the spot, shine a light up in the tree and there he is—a big fat possum.

Get Off First

Now comes the problem of persuading him to come down. If the tree is small, a good shake will do the work; however, if it is a big one, we may have to climb, and boy don't forget those animals have teeth. Sometimes you may have to saw the limb off (always be sure to get off the limb first).

Success at last, he hits the ground with a big bump and lays there, dead to the world. The fall killed him. Poor devil. We are almost sorry and reach over to pick him up. Wow, he ain't dead after all, just playing possum. Next a big pot of coffee and a large bonfire with maybe some roasted weiners and marshmallows finish up a swell evening.

Well, we have 44-D pretty well settled now and they are going along with a bang. Between flying, ground school, drill, P.T. and lots of other things they really stay busy. With the new schedule going on and the overlap of times, it seems that there is always a group of men marching on the field.

Army Changes

We have several changes to report in the Army section this time. Lt. McRae, otherwise known as "Pinky," has been changed from head of the Link Trainer department to the front office as Adjutant and Statistical Officer.

Lt. Anderson has taken over the Link Trainer department and is also the new Ground School Supervisor.

Lt. Kleiderer assumes the duties of Operations Officer in addition to his job as Director of Training and Assistant to the C.O.

We welcome Lt. Leo Beaufre, who is being transferred from Shaw Field, S. C.,
Bill Jetton of Buildings and Grounds is vacationing this week.

Nice night in June
Stars shine big moon
In park on bench
With girl in clinic
Me say me love
She cool like done
Me smart work just
Never let chance pass
Get hitched me say
Okay she say
Wedding bell ringing
Honeymoon everywhere
Settle down married life
Happy now got wife
'Nother night in June
Stars shine big moon
Ain't happy no more
Carry baby cross floor
Wife mad she fuss
Me mad me cuss
Life one big spot
Nagging wife hollering brat
Me realize at last
Me too darned fast!

Note to Editor: When some Cadet's books were turned in, this was found in one of them. We don't know whether it is an original or copied out of a magazine. Anyway, it is good if it can be used.

Whitecaps
by "Put" Hills

A matter of great interest to old Embry-Riddle-ites is the marriage of Clarissa Ellis and "Bad" Holloway. If you remember aright, he used to be a secondary instructor at Municipal and has now got to the elevated and glamorous status of captain with Pan American. Clarissa is a home-grown product, having earned her license at the Base. The best of and all that kind of thing!

Local notes: That perennial turner-upper, Henri Chang, was with us for a gab-fest a few afternoons ago and the assembled populace hovered about shouting huzzahs at seeing him once more. Nice chap—we miss him.

Re recuperate, C.ete

Our pet ground-school instructor, Lorraine (The Fair) Mohney, was out with a touch of flu. It's a super vacation for her students but they hope with might and main that she'll be among the living shortly. Come on, gate, let's recuperate!

Because this sad excuse for a work of art has to be ready by the stroke of twelve, like Cinderella, and due also to the fact that we can't type a note—it's done by ear—the delirious ravings of a sky-happy journalist must end. And as we leave the enchanting realms of the County Causeway and the banana boats, we take with us the happy memory of having to repeat this hiatus in the week's occupation—you guessed it—next week! Won't you join us for pot-luck?

Today I Soloed

67th Flying Training Detachment
Union City, Tennessee
September 16, 1943

Dear Daddy:

Today was a special day in a fledgling's career. My instructor took me out to one of the auxiliary fields and we shot a few landings, which went all right. When I was getting ready to go up again, he stopped the plane and when I saw him un buckle his safety strap, I swallowed once. Then he hopped out on the wing and said, "Take it around once—don't get nervous, and fly it exactly as if I were there." Then he hopped off the wing and I was alone at the controls.

Into the Wind

Maybe it's just my imagination, but they feel different when you are the only person on the controls. I was just a bit elated as I swung into the wind, glanced about for any other planes coming in and pushed the throttle open. With a roar, the plane was charging down the field. I was soloing!

Ease the stick forward, that's it, now the tail is up. A little more speed, just a little more. Now, ease it back again. Right rudder for that torque, get the nose up. We're off the ground! This is fun!

Climb it just right, not too steep. Ease up on the throttle a bit, watch your altimeter, we're nearing 300. Now, level off and turn 90° and climb again to 500 feet. That's it! Now level off and head downwind. Now comes the hard part.

Don't Stall

Watch that bunch of trees at that road there. Now start turning, yes that's it. Cut the throttle. Now—and, (hope), loosen the flaps. Do not stall it now for gosh sake! Nose it down and get that speed up. Better turn now, but watch that speed.

CLOSE RESEMBLANCE

"If you have to bail out in hostile jungle, put this suit on and the natives will think you're Japs."
by Bill Bruce

I think I'm about right. Have to straighten out with that tee now, not much drift today. Easy, watch that low wing. Steady, watch your glide. How tall is that tree down there? Am I coming in too fast? No, I believe it's about right. Careful now! Put on half flaps. Wiggle it to be sure it's tight. Dive a little steeper. You are coming out all right.

Over the Fence

About fifteen feet over the fence. Easy, level her out. Not too fast, easy, watch the ground come up. Am I stalled yet? Still rolling along mighty fast. My nose is up too high, better lower it a trifle. Down, whoops, not that much. Back, back, fast! We are settling on the ground now. Get set with your rudders. Easy, full back, all the way. Oh dear! Will I never hit?

There it goes! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Bump! Bump! It's on the ground! Steady, keep it straight, hold it. Better use a little brake, the fence is coming up fast. That's it, that's it! I'm down! It's all over! Just have to taxi back to the instructor.

I taxi it back, and he says "Go around again." Sure, sure, well! Nothing to it now. Shucks! I've soloed now!

That's how it felt. Pretty good, huh, pop?

Your loving son,

Dan

(By courtesy of Tarfu)

TECH STUDENT WRITES

Well, I've been slow getting around to writing, but I have been busy getting settled. I arrived here Wednesday and went right to work on the line. We have mostly B-24's here. A couple of 17's and some P-39's. This is the heavy bombardment group so it's mostly heavy bombers. There are only six electricians in our Squadron. Work enough for 20 and we work 12 hours a day seven days a week.

I've talked with a lot of guys who have been to different schools and none of them gives as thorough a course as Embry Riddle. They all praise Embry-Riddle around here. Few of the boys have been through here but they all know about the school.

Editor's Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Mr. Albury of the Electrical Department from Pfc. Laverne Lester, a graduate of 2143-D.
Riddle Field News

by Jack Hopkins, Editor

I don’t know how those instructors rate such, unless it is the fact that they used those precious red stamps and brought along five pounds of steak, yes, I said steak, but Harold Curtis, Fritz Szek and Bill Fisher had dinner with Annette Maples, Lela Brannon and Ruth Ratliff Monday night.

Beth Ohlinger is on her vacation and she and Bob are down in Miami for a few days. Her husband does not work at the Field, of course, but he is represented down there now, that with several instructors working for Instrument ratings at Chapman Field and Editor Jack Hopkins sojourning at the St. Francis Hospital for a short time. The shorter the better, Hoppy. Don’t let one of those pretty nurses keep you from recovering quickly.

“Visiting Flight”
The “Visiting Flight” has had strange, and in one case drastic, effects, on some of the instructors. One of our Assistant Flight Commanders became violently ill and “Doc” Cash sent him home, advising him to go to bed for several days. He said it was flu, but all we can say is he had just come down from a check ride with one of the “Visiting Flight.”

Here’s another chance for Riddle Field personnel and cadets to win cash prizes. Just identify the people described below and send your guesses to Riddle Field Contest, Box 7309, Clewiston, Fla. The first correct entry received will win $5.00, second $3.00, third $2.00. Answers must be in the mail not later than midnight, Tuesday, October 19.

Here Goes:

1. The first description is of a lady whose first name is a very common one and whose last name is the same as that of a man’s Christian name. On numerous occasions during the month her department is the most popular of any on the Field, but is well known by the Transportation department. Now, who is she?

2. As a vice-president is to a president so is our next personage to his immediate superior. Very popular and still young, this fellow made quite a name for himself in the Southwestern Conference when he played basketball some years ago. And if those clues aren’t sufficient, the adverse meaning of his name is “Rightangled.” Who is it?

3. You must read this carefully to get the right answer. This fellow is one of the few native Floridians who works at the Field, but he is contemplating moving to Georgia so he can vote. He is an instructor, and while we haven’t given many clues if you read this description carefully, you’ll be able to link the clues together and prove his identity. Who is it?

4. This one will be like a Welsh rarebit—short and snappy. The lady’s place is the most popular spot on the Field, and her first name is the same as one of these three famous ladies: Helen of Troy, Joan of Arc, Eleanor of Washington. Who is it?

Course 16
By the time this reaches the press all Course 16, we hope all the Course, will be enjoying a well earned few days leave after finishing primary flying and the long hours spent “swatting” for the primary wings exam. Enjoy yourselves while you can, boys. The results are still to come.

We want to thank our instructors again for their keenness to get us through and their untold patience.

Last Sunday about a dozen members of Course 16 were entertained at lunch by Mr. Biddings at the Clewiston Inn. A very enjoyable time was had by all. The only thing that rather restricted our entertainment was the thought of night flying, which finally has been completed without any major mishap.

Representatives for the Course on the Entertainments Committee were elected last week. Cadets Spencer, Reddish, Haggard and Johnson were chosen.

SO WHAT!

by Lorraine Bolsey

So what! If stones of hail come
Pelted down.
Or drifts of rain come slashing by
In throaty gusts of icy wind.
So what! If fiery thrus of lightning
In blinding streaks across the sky
To rend the air and claps of thunder send.
So what! I know the sky will soon be clear
Voids of stinging rain and piercing blasts.
Stripped—free of Nature’s raw tumultuous fury.

PICTURE LOST

A picture last seen at Course 14’s Listening Out party has been lost. If found, please return to Willie King.

Colonnade

by Helen Pennoyer

Back to work (Fly Paper work) after a nice vacation provided by Maxine Hurtt. She did a wonderful job of pinch-hitting, as a matter of fact so very much so that she has made it very difficult to follow up. Nevertheless, I shall try to “Get in the Groove.”

Suzanne Bryan, seeing that my mind was definitely not working along the line of C.C., reluctantly volunteered to do this but I decided (but not without a lot of arguing with my conscience) that now is the time to start all over again.

Visitors
We are always so busy telling what’s doing with the permanent occupants that we often forget to welcome our visitors. So we present for the first time our Visitor’s Department.

We spied David Beatty and James Blakeley with a group of our “Good Neighbors” and are quick to say “Welcome, welcome, please come often.”

We were able to say hello to Chief Pug’s brother David Biddings and one of his crew, Rosemary Younis. Their visits are much too infrequent to suit us. Get around here more often in the future.

Ensign Henry Fox, USNR, called for Mr. Hillstead’s lovely secretary, Mrs. Fox. (Lucille to us at the Colonnade) all decked out in his new Navy Grays. Ensign Fox was called to Military Service last week and reported to his Base in Hollywood, Fla., thank heavens. Good luck on the new undertaking, Henry. When you get down this way, don’t forget to drop around to say hello.

Romance
Frances Wiest has a new gleam in her pretty eyes these days, and if I recognize gleams it means a new romance. O.K., Frances, you have kept the secret long enough. ‘Tis time you let us know who it is. While on the subject of romance, get Emma Carnevak to tell you all about Joe. She has that light too.

The Link department is really humming with activity these days. They have several new students, so in behalf of the Colonnade I welcome Lemo Machalinski, Lois J. Wildermuth and Ruth Vail Selby. Ruth is residing at the Dormitory.

While we are in the welcoming mood (we are always in that mood) we welcome from Tech John H. Barrett. Guard, Mr. Barrett is pinch-hitting for Ross Hisey, who is on his vacation.

We heard some wonderful news yesterday. Kay Weidman told us that Jimmie Mickel is now answering to the name of Mrs. Harris Coller. The big event came Continued on Page 13
CLASS 26-43-A2 GRADUATES FROM TECH SCHOOL

At the graduation banquet of Class 26-43-A2, held in the Tech School Cafeteria Saturday evening, Major Oliver H. Clayton, Commanding Officer, gave the mike in the left hand picture, wished the boys good luck and Godspeed. In the center shot, Mrs. John Paul Riddle, Major Clayton, Mrs. Stecker, Plc. Plamondon and James E. Blakeley, Director of the Technical Division. At the right Ftc. Milbrod, the comedy relief, prepares to turn the mike over to the class leader, Ftc. Cappelli. In the foreground is Mr. Blakeley.

ARMY NEWS

Saturday’s graduation banquet of Class 26-43-A2 marked the final graduation under this present training program.

Adolph Seerth, with Truman Lord at the piano, led the singing for the 79th time. George Ireland was M.C., and this marks his 81st banquet. He attended the first one and has never missed one since. After a few words of congratulation to the graduating class, Mr. Ireland mentioned that this banquet was being held exactly 19 months to the day from the day the first class entered Embry-Riddle on March 9, 1942.

Many Banquets

The first banquet was on June 13, 1942, and we have had one every Saturday since, as well as several during the week.

Mr. Ireland turned the “mike” over to the Class Leader, Ftc. Cappelli, who in turn introduced a few of his classmates and their three department heads, Mr. Lojinger, Mr. Murray and Mr. Brewer.

The guest speaker of the evening was Chaplain Taggart of the Biltmore Hospital, who introduced the entertainment of the evening. We were again favored with songs by Lt. Dowd of the Army Air Force Nurse’s Corps. Thank you again, Lt. Dowd, for a grand performance.

Praises

Our Commanding Officer, Major O. H. Clayton, was then introduced, and after introducing the remaining members of his staff, Capt. Larkin, Capt. Moore, Lt. Cooper, Lt. Leck and Lt. Wells, he gave a very inspiring talk about the work of our boys and praised highly several of the Civilian Personnel, with special mention of Mr. Ireland, whom he called the “second C.O. of the E-R Post.”

James E. Blakeley was introduced, and after reading a telegram of congratulations from Mr. Riddle, who was out of town on official business, he offered a bit of advice and his congratulations to the graduates and introduced the civilian guests. His message to the class, brief and to the point as usual, should be entitled “Encourage-

Assistant to George Wheeler

Frank M. Dunbaugh of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., is Administrative Assistant to George Wheeler, Vice-President of Embry-Riddle. Before coming to Embry-Riddle, Mr. Dunbaugh was president of the Northshore Newspaper, Inc., and later was vice-president of the Colonial Navigation Co., N. Y.

A. D. D.’s

by Dorothy Keyser

My release from the position of chief columnnist for this detachment has been turned down. So I guess you folks will just have to grin and bear it. Pal Eddie Johnson promised me a reprise this week . . . where is Eddie?

Of course you realize that all this cynicism about doing the column is just a bluff. It’s the challenge of life time to babble away and be heard.

Blabbles

Blabble of the week . . . Mildred roaming around begging for information as to “Who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy’s chowder?” Milly, the question has become international, and should the solution be found it would leave too big a gap in the nation’s curiosity. I wonder who did put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy’s chowder.

Blabble No. 2 . . . Salter’s stairway to the stars. It’s out of this world. Seems that Jack missed his calling. He started work on a second story in our supply room upon his return from Muskogon and it’s a masterpiece. In case anyone is looking for a first-class carpenter, the number is listed in the directory.

Final blabble of the week . . . Rubin’s preference for blondes . . . self asserted. Where did I leave my peroxide?

Hat’s Off

And now for the big news of the week. In the hats off department, may I, as self-appointed spokesman, publicly congratulate Capt. Francis P. Bacon on his very recent promotion from the rank of 1st Lieutenant. We’ve all broken a few vest buttons in pride, and I’ll vote for the fact that the Captain has grown two inches. The best of luck to you, Capt. Bacon.

This has been a busy week for us in the way of entertaining visitors. Saturday we had the pleasure of glimpsing Colonel Prudhomme, Chief of the Maintenance Division, and Major Knowles, of the Disposal and Salvage Section of Supply Division, both from Warner Bobins, as they toured through our organization.

Continued on Page 13.
ENGINE NOISES

by Geraldine Potter

Engine Overhaul had the first of what we all hope will be a regular series of guest speakers last Saturday. Robert Hinners arranged for Lt. G. F. Kelley, Lt. S. M. Hayman and Warrant Officer Warmkassel, all of the Naval Air Transport Service, to visit us and talk of their experiences.

It was decided by the "powers that be" to hold the get-together in the final assembly department and arrangements were put in the capable hands of our assistant superintendent, Charlie Pelton. A program of group singing was arranged with "none other than" our boss, Charles Grafflin, as song leader. Mr. Pelton came through with flying colors and when the appointed hour arrived, he had the piano from the Cafeteria, the flag from Major Clayton's office, the loud speaker from the Purchasing department and benches from "Lord only knows where."

Opening

We opened with a verse of "America," which was followed by "Deep in the Heart of Texas," "Mary," "I Want a Girl," etc. Pat Drew did a splendid job of accompaniment. Mr. Grafflin introduced the speakers who told briefly of their experiences with the Naval Air Transport Service, of the help given them by Embry-Riddle and the importance of the work we are doing.

We also had the pleasure of hearing from "Joe" Horton, of whom we see all too little these days since his duties take him far afield. He told of some of the things he has been doing behind the scenes to increase the work being done by the Aircraft and Engine Division. He also gave us a pleasant surprise by announcing the appointment of the popular Dick Hourihan as Industrial Relations Counsellor for employees of the Aircraft and Engine Division. Congratulations, Dick, and best wishes from all of us.

Closing

The meeting came to an end all too soon, with all singing "God Bless America." Within a few minutes everyone was back at work making more good news for the Axis. The meeting was a pleasant and inspiring interlude in our work here, where we cannot see the direct results of our labor. Here's to more of these get-togethers!

A notice on the time clock informs all, and sundry that calculations show an approximate total of 1,200,000 flying hours of engines overhauled by our shop, to date. This is calculated to be sufficient to train 20,000 air cadets—Whooppee!

Don't forget the Hallowe'en party at the Antilles Hotel, Coral Gables, on October 30th, 9 p.m.—$1.00 per person. Prizes will be awarded for the cleverest costumes. Come one, come all.

GET-TOGETHER AT ENGINE OVERHAUL

At the first rally of Engine Overhaul's employees, members of the Naval Air Transport Service were guest speakers. In the above picture are, left to right, Charles Grafflin, manager of Engine Overhaul; Warrant Officer Warmkassel, Senior Engineer; Lt. G. F. Kelley, Engineering Officer; Lt. S. M. Hayman, Materiel Officer; and Joseph R. Horton, vice-president of Embry-Riddle in charge of the Aircraft and Engine Division.

WING FLUTTER

by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

The accompanying article was given us by Tom King of the Sheet Metal department. Also with it was a clipping to the affect that T/Sgt. John R. Ash was again reported missing since September 9 after a mission over Germany.

John Ash was graduated from the Tech School in June, 1941, and was the top man in his class.

We extend our condolences to his parents and hope that he returns as safely as he did the first time he was shot down.

We were also reminded of what a small world this is on seeing the name of 2nd Lt. Harold T. Thompson of Palmer, Mass. Palmer is a small town where we once lived and worked.

A gentle reminder that these are the boys who are giving everything for us. Let us give everything for them and "Back the Attack" with bonds to furnish them the tools with which to work.

USAF Bomber Station

The crew of the Flying Fortress "Wee Bonnie" is back at this Eighth Air Force bomber station after a harrowing flight over Germany that ended with a two-hour stay in rubber boats somewhere in the North Sea.

The "Wee Bonnie," piloted by 2nd Lt. Adalbert D. Porter of Beverly Hills, Calif., landed in the sea after two of its engines had been put out of operation and all the gasoline had drained from a tank badly punctured by shell fire.

The crew abandoned the Fortress in 20 seconds, watched for 20 minutes while the big ship with empty wing tanks remained afloat, and then waited another hour and 40 minutes until they were picked up by high-speed launches of the RAF's Air Sea Rescue Service.

Trouble for the "Wee Bonnie" started shortly before it had dropped its bombs on the target. A flak burst damaged the No. 2 engine and the prop was feathered.

"We went across the target with three engines," said Lt. Porter. "We looked out in front and there was a wall of flak. Then there were two direct bursts under us. When you can hear 'em, you know they're close. It just lifted us right up.

Gradual Descent

"That gave me a runaway prop on No. 3, but we left it going so we could keep in formation. After we hit the coast, the group began a gradual descent and let us keep under them. The fighters kept trying to cut us out of the formation and we got..."

Continued on next page

NEW POSITION

Richard Hourihan of Engine Overhaul will take over the duties of a newly created position. He will be Industrial Relations Counsellor for all the Overhaul Divisions.

Mr. Hourihan's duties will consist of bettering working conditions among employees through attention to their individual problems, promoting social relations, increasing interest in savings through Bond deductions, and attending to all personnel problems which arise.
CONGRATULATIONS

The Commanding Officer of the Air Depot Detachment of the Embry-Riddle Overhaul Division, Captain Francis P. Bacon, is receiving congratulations on his recent promotion to a captaincy.

WING FLUTTER

Continued from preceding page

two direct 20 mil hits around the ball turret.

The bombardier, 2nd Lt. Vernon D. Adams of Salt Lake City, Utah, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Windsor Adams of Bethesda, Md., got a glancing shell which broke a foot-square hole in the nose of the plane.

He retaliated a few minutes later by shooting down an FW190. He said he saw the Nazi fighter smoking and saw fire under the cow flaps. The co-pilot, 2nd Lt. Harold E. Thompson of Palmer, Mass., said he saw the enemy ship a few seconds later with flames sweeping back across the cockpit.

The “Wee Bonnie” passed the coast and Lt. Porter feathered the No. 3 prop and began a gradual descent. They threw everything overboard that they could and finally Lt. Porter transferred gas from No. 2 and No. 3 engines to the remaining engines.

“We were pretty sure we would make it, but after about a half hour I noticed the No. 4 gas gauge was dropping,” Lt. Porter said. “So I sent the boys back to the radio room and told them to get set for a water landing. Evidently we had been hit by a shell in the gas tank and the self-sealing rubber had weakened under the strain and finally gave away.”

T/Sgt. John R. Ash of 3261 S. W. 11th St., Miami, Fla., the radio operator, sent out a distress call and then tied down the transmitting key as the Fortress headed into the sea.

Lt. Porter made a water landing which all the crew agreed was smooth. None of them suffered more than a few cuts and bruises. The men were out of the ship in 20 seconds and into their rubber boats, which they lashed together.

S/Sgt. Ralph Mallicote of Hamilton, Ohio, ball turret gunner, bandaged a cut on his left cheek, drew out a harmonica and began playing “My Old Kentucky Home” out there on the North Sea.

A pair of British Wellingtons flew over and later the ASR appeared and took the crew aboard. The ASR men gave them dry clothing, cigarettes and a shot of rum and landed them at an English port not so far from their home base.

All the crew praised the ASR highly for their prompt rescue and the courteous and considerate treatment given them while on the launches.

They also praised 2nd Lt. Paul Swift of Boston, Mass., and 2nd Lt. Charles H. Penn of Georgetown, Ky., pilots of other Flying Forts in their formation, for trying to protect them with their guns while on the way back from the target. Swift and Penn frequently would pull from the tight formation to give cover to the hard pressed “Wee Bonnie.”

COLONNADE

Continued from Page 10

about last Saturday. All of your many friends at Embry-Riddle wish you both luck and happiness.

The Girl’s Dormitory was the scene of a dinner party this week. Ruth Selby, Link Student, entertained her Instructor, Mrs. Walter Blake, and husband Capt. Blake of the RAF. Other guests included Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women, and Dorothy Moran, another Link Student.

I have been told that the dinner was a huge success. Miss Selby is quite a cook and a wonderful time was had by all.

This just about covers the news around these parts for this week . . . so until next week, good-bye.
Brazil Enters the 20th Century

Brazil entered the 20th century as the principal producer of coffee, making rapid strides in certain manufacturing industries, particularly in that of textiles. But from 1900 to 1914 little variety was to be noticed in the new factories established throughout the country. Once again, however, wars in Europe like the ones of Napoleon’s days forced Brazil to produce at home what could not be obtained abroad. And today, the present progress of Brazilian industries can be traced to the 1914-1918 conflict abroad.

It is interesting to note that capital invested in manufacturing industries prior to 1885 amounted to only 10 per cent of all investments in Brazil. From 1914 on, investments in industrial enterprises amounted to 25 per cent of all capital in new developments.

New Impulse

A new impulse was again noticed the moment that hostilities ceased in Europe and labor and technicians sought in Brazil refuge from the war. Statistics indicate that by 1920 there were 13,336 manufacturing establishments in Brazil, ranging from small workshops to huge plants, all employing about 275,512 skilled workers. These factories by order of importance were engaged in the production of food, textiles, ready-made clothing, toilet articles, chemical products and pharmaceuticals.

The post-war period contributed to further investments in Brazil and this new capital from abroad was helped by the efforts then being made by the Brazilian Government to give the country better means of transportation from the interior to the seaports.

Rising Standard

The slowly rising standard of living in the capital cities and small communities gave Brazilians the necessary purchasing power to make the assembly industry of foreign products a lucrative investment in São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. It was during that period (1920-1929) that many new American products were introduced in Brazil and those that were assembled locally began to show an advantage over the product entirely imported from the United States.

Electrical facilities were expanded. Electrical implements became relatively common in the factories, in the offices and in Brazilian households, and with them came the increase in the establishment of power plants. In 1920 Brazil had 356 power plants of various sizes. By 1939 there were 1200.

The political reorganization of Brazil, brought about by the Revolution of 1930, marked another chapter in the industrial development of the country. The policies established by President Getulio Vargas rested on a nationalistic sentiment aimed at the agricultural and industrial development of Brazil through education, sanitation and transportation. From the very beginning of his administration all important endeavors of President Vargas have indi- cated his serious concern with the necessity of giving Brazil the needed wheels of progress that until recent years had to be imported for any enterprise connected with the exploration and development of Brazilian natural resources. And these wheels could only be produced by giving Brazil fuel and the transportation for iron and manganese.

Coal Deposits

Brazil had in the South large deposits of a low-grade coal. Yet practically every piece of coal used in the Brazilian railroads and industrial furnaces was coming from abroad. The production of coal in Brazil had amounted to only 100,000 tons in 1929. Figures for 1940 show a production of 1,000,000 tons. Immediate steps were also taken to find oil within the vast territory of Brazil—that valuable fuel indispensable in modern civilization which so strangely ceases to be abundant the moment that drilling approaches the territory of Brazil. Soon Brazil found deposits in Bahia and in the Northeast, which indicate larger oil fields to give Brazil eventually the necessary fuel for industry and transportation.

Then the exploration of the interior of certain states in Brazil began in earnest, with the purpose of: only giving the Brazilian industries raw materials but also opening for Brazil new opportunities abroad.

The exploration was followed by an expansion in the construction of dirt roads and in the improvement of the railroads in existence. Airlines were established throughout the nation. By 1930 Brazil had 7,256 kilometers of airlines in operation. Ten years later there were about 60,000 kilometers serving not only the cities and towns along the coastline but many communities until then seldom visited even by river boats and oxcarts.

Sugar Cane

The generalized use of automobiles and trucks forced Brazil to run up an annual bill for imported fuels—a bill that did not escape the attention of President Vargas, while drillings for oil went on in several sections of Brazil. His attention turned to the excessive production of sugar cane.

Sugar cane alcohol began to be added to imported gasoline on a percentage that not only improved the quality of the common gasoline sold in Brazil but also saved Brazil about 65,000 centos in ten years. The sugar cane alcohol industry produced in 1932 about 19,000,000 liters. Seven years later, in 1939, this production had jumped to 320,000,000 liters.

Amazing Developments

These figures, like most of the statistics on the industrial progress of Brazil, indicate amazing developments and certainly the creation of better communities with a better purchasing power. In fact, the only decrease in receipts in Brazil between 1930 and 1940 seems to have been in foreign loans.

In 1930 foreign loans amounting to $2,000,000,000 were outstanding. Since 1930 no loans have been undertaken by Brazil in spite of insistent overtures from abroad. All credits given Brazil since then

HALLOWE’EN DANCE

Get your tickets for the Hallowe’en Dance from:

OTTO HEMPLE, Aircraft Overhaul
CARA LEE COOK, Chapman Field
KAY BRAMLITT, Carlstrom Field
RICHARD HOURIHAN, Engine Overhaul
BETTY BENNETT, Seaplane Base
JACK WHITNALL, Dorr Field
JACK HOPKINS, Riddle Field
PINKY CHURCH, Fifth Floor Tech
FLY PAPER OFFICE, Sixth Floor Tech

Admission to the masquerade at the Antilla Hotel, Coral Gables, on October 30, will be one dollar per person. Soft drinks and ice will be sold by “Red” Duncan. Prizes will be awarded for the cleverest costumes. Lots of fun is guaranteed, so make your plans early. Table reservations may be made through the Fly Paper office.
have been for definite purposes on a basis of mutual responsibility and for the development of industries or projects of international value and of an equal interest to the foreign investor.

Once again wars in Europe bring a new spurt to the development of Brazil. While solving the present problems caused by the disruption of the manufacturing centers abroad and in the transportation lines to Brazil, our country makes plans not only for the immediate period of reconstruction but for the future which by all logical factors promises Brazil a position of leadership among the leading nations of a better world.

Starting Points

Transportation, education and sanitation continue to be the basic starting points in the Brazilian program of industrial development. For this program Brazil needs steel for rails, for tools and for basic industries. Brazil needs cement for roads, factories and booming towns. Brazil needs paper for the education of Brazilians; paper for all tasks of political and industrial organization; paper for most of the industries springing from other branches. These three industries, steel, cement, and paper, are receiving our utmost attention at this moment.

Large Steel Mill

Our first large steel mill now being assembled in Brazil soon will be producing structural steel, rails and plates. The production of our seven cement factories is to be increased and other factories are to be added. A paper mill also under construction is soon to provide Brazil with 80 per cent of the pulp consumed for newsprint in Brazil.

Natural Riches

Alongside this industrial development a program for the systematic production of rubber, vegetable oils, fibers, minerals and other natural riches of Brazil will give our country the opportunity of assuring the United States a source of supply within the safety of the Americas.

We Brazilians are again your brother in arms, and our willingness to defend the principles for which your country and ours stand must first of all find sound economic foundations. We look to you as collaborators on a common level and repeat what other Allies so often say when extending to you a helping hand or a hand in search of help, "Give us the tools—and we will do the rest!"

He is great who is what he is from Nature, and who never reminds of others.—Emerson

UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letters addressed to the following may be claimed in the Tech School Mail Room: Lawrence Bock, Patrick Geoghegan, Mrs. T. O. Pierson and Mrs. Lottie Tryon Wilkinson.

OFFICIALS DOWN FROM NEW YORK

Halbert S. Aldrich (left) vice-president of the New York Trust Company, is seen chatting with Robert A. Hillstead (center) Comptroller of the Embry-Riddle Co., and George Wheeler, Jr., Embry-Riddle's vice-president, during a tour of inspection of the Miami Division and fields of Clewiston and Arcadia.

FLUTTERS

by Pará Polly

Boy, are we in a flurry. The time is getting short and we are getting nervouser and nervouser about all the things we have and want to do before we start that trek south.

Since the time is fast approaching for so many of us to leave for the region to the south, we would like to publish a list of some of the better books, etc., on Brazil. Dorothy Burton, bless her heart, got this list up for Polly (that's I'm) and so here goes:

Civil Aviation, Aero Digest, June, 1939.
Fortune, October 1941, p. 97.
Fortune, November 1942, p. 105.
Rediscovering South America, by Harry A. Franck.

These are just a few of the best ones, and I do wish you happy reading because they are swell.

Puntos por esosos: This language gets easier in verbs (Yeah! I said it, and I mean it) but it sure gets harder in pronouns, and have you seen the vocabulary on page 95. Wowie! Can you imagine one tense without at least one irregular verb? I can't either.

Don't forget our dance this Saturday evening. Come out and see us strut our stuff in full regalia. Only 1.50 per ticket (it admits two), and I'll bet you have at least Dez mil cruzeiros worth of fun. I'll be seeing yuh! Oxalá.

Help! Doesn't anyone like me? Why not give me a bit of dirt for this column? After all, we are leaving soon and we want to put as many of our names in print as possible, or don't you like to see them in this mess? Não? Then tell me about someone else.

GOING TO BRAZIL

Continued from Page 5

could give you just a tip. Girls, watch your smoking. Perfectly O.K. in clubs, restaurants, lounges. Not in stores, movies or offices, and definitely not on the street. The Brazilian fellows are crazy about American girls, so just be your natural selves, but no loud laughing or conspicuousness of any kind.

For the boys, a little more attention to the ladies; you know, open doors, pull out chairs, light cigarettes, get out of the car to open the door or to help the lady in. Remember collar and tie, and that coat too. No shirt sleeves, please.

And for everybody, keep your appointments, be on time for dates. If you like the Brazilian, his dress, his home, his office, or anything about him, tell him so. He loves to feel he's liked. Constructive criticism yes, grumbling and complaining no.

You are going to teach and instruct. So teach, help, be patient and you'll be more than repaid for your efforts by their hard work, willingness to serve and eagerness to learn. If you can't get a "coke," if you can't get gas for your car, or if you can't do everything your way, you can get sugar and shoes and steak.

Just stop and remember that you are the guest in Brazil and the Brazilians are your hosts. Put yourself in their shoes and you'll be the very best promoters of Pan-Americanism that ever went abroad and you'll be happier in the long run. Good luck and Felicidades!
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Lola Hayes

The Department of Agriculture is playing a neighborly game. Soon our Field will be planted with a collection of palms from all over the tropical world. Many of these were brought back to America from expeditions made by Dr. David Fairchild.

Just seeing our Field Manager and Instructors in their new uniforms is enough to convince us we are getting ahead. Complete with collar and cap insignia, they seem to explain well the work we are doing.

The Field Maintenance department has set up a volleyball court for the Navy cadets to use as a means of physical training. Their daily marches to and from classrooms and Operations are also helpful. If Bridget invades the Stock Room which has newly been assigned to her with the same competence she has always shown in her work it should soon be in apple pie order. Meanwhile, we take this opportunity to say good-bye to David Vanderbeck and wonder how long it will take to learn to pronounce Kuleyczki.

From the Paint department have come new signs for the Ground School classrooms. We will soon have everything as well explained as a conducted tour. Good work, Mr. Rollins.

It is still hard for us to visualize “Cookie” speechless. But it had to happen. “Cookie” is back minus tonsils but otherwise our same “Cookie.” The funny thing about tonsilectomies is they make you think something new has been added, like a couple of red-hot footballs instead of having anything removed. Is that right, “Cookie”?

For those of us who will be confused when the pole in front of the Ground School classrooms fly Navy code flags to tell when to eat and what have you, there is a publication entitled Blue Jacket’s Manual. We should get in the groove and know what is going on after all.

Miniature Jeeps

Mr. Goodrich has made a Jeep, a new addition to his collection of miniature War machines. It is complete with pick and shovel and machine gun. The windshield even folds back to make shooting easier. Now if he could just find someone who could make us pies like those we are so accustomed to we’d all be the happier. Imagine a pieless Canteen!

Congratulations to Harold Upchurch. His purchase of a one thousand dollar War Bond helped swell the third War Bond drive.

Catherine Jones, former Dispatcher and student here, has just graduated from the WASPs. Her graduation with honors entitles her to ferry B24s. Smooth flying, Kay.

All of us miss Verna Burke, elementary instructress, and hope that her recovery will be a speedy one.

Chapman Field will be a changed place when we get a telephone in the boathouse, our auxiliary landing field, uniforms for the office girls, and Heathcliff for our Field mascot.

Meanwhile, we shall continue stampeding the mail man, losing weight hiking to the Tower, wearing our gruesome identification badges, and waiting for the weekly edition of the Fly Paper.

So long everybody.

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