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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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Dorr Cadet Vignettes

by A/C Art Sager

In choosing material for his Aviation Cadets, Uncle Sam has sifted from our great mass of manpower volunteers from the upper two per cent — the cream of the crop. Among these sharp-eyed, keen-witted youths are former stage, screen and radio stars, all-American football heroes, former civilian flyers and just plain "kids next door." Each has a story to tell, some of the more interesting of which we would like to pass on for your enjoyment.

"Marty" Brakora

Dorr Field is not without its share of these interesting folk, one of whom is Cadet Martin "Marty" Brakora. Marty volunteered for service with the regular Air Force some two years ago and tells of an occasion in his enlistment's career when he was riding as flight engineer in a Dauntless, a two-place Army dive bomber. On returning to his home field at Key Field, Miss., from a cross country trip, the retractable landing gear refused to function so the pilot was ordered by radio to climb to three thousand feet and dump his engineer before attempting a belly landing.

Bailing Out

Cadet Brakora, who was then a staff sergeant, rose in the rear cockpit with every intention of "bailing out." Several seconds later the pilot looked around to check on the delay and found our hero standing in the seat paralyzed. The pilot obligingly put an end to his mental anguish. He simply rolled the ship over on its back!

Marty fell a thousand feet before pulling the rip-cord and arrived on the ground just in time to witness the pilot's crash landing.

Let's Not Talk About That

It's hard for Marty to explain just why his body wouldn't obey his command to jump. He would rather change the subject to the old days when he used to turn the rear seat around and come down in the dives backwards like a kid playing on the slide in Central Park.
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Field Office of the Air Inspector

POM Division

Mitchell Field, New York

Dear Mrs. Claxton:

After some delay, your letter was forwarded to me at my present address. I was stationed at Valparaiso, though I was in command of a Fighter Group at Tallahassee, Fla., for over a year.

Briefly my history follows: After graduating from the Advanced Flying School, Pursuit Course, in 1922, I returned to civil life for about nine months and then joined the Army Air Service in September, 1923, as an enlisted pilot with the 1st Pursuit Group at Selfridge Field, Mich.

I was commissioned in the regular Army in September, 1923, and shortly thereafter was sent to Kelly Field, Texas, as an instructor in Pursuit at the advanced flying school. From there I went to Hawaii for three years, serving as Squadron Operations and Engineering Officer in the 6th Pursuit Squadron.

Returning to the U.S. in 1929, I spent three years in California at three different stations. First with the 95th Pursuit Squadron at Rockwell Field, Coronado, Calif., then as an instructor at March Field, Calif., for a year followed by duty with the newly organized 20th Pursuit Group at Mather Field, Calif. When the Field was closed and the Group moved to Louisiana, I was ordered to duty in the Philippine Islands for two years at Clark Field, Pampanga, P.I., as Operations Officer for the 3rd Pursuit Squadron.

I returned to Selfridge Field in 1935 and remained on duty as Operations Officer of the 94th Pursuit Squadron and then C.O. of Group Headquarters Squadron until I departed in 1937 for Maxwell Field, Ala., where I spent a year at the Air Corps Tactical School, graduating in 1938. At this time I had reached the grade of Captain.

The following three years were spent on duty as Air Corps Instructor with the National Guard Units of two states, Minnesota and Iowa, and I had the extreme pleasure of getting both units inducted into the Federal Service in 1941. I was promoted to the grade of Major in 1940 and Lt. Col. in December, 1941.

After leaving Minnesota and Iowa, I took part in the North Carolina maneuvers as Executive Officer of the 6th Fighter Wing. My next station was at Harding Field, La., where I took command of the 58th Fighter Group a few days before the present War was declared. Moving to Tallahassee, Fla., in March, 1942, our group trained and sent overseas over 1500 fighter replacement pilots between that date and May, 1943.

I was then ordered to duty as Air Inspector for all Air Corps Units in the region Maine to Virginia and west to Ohio, with station at Mitchel Field, N.Y., my present location. I was promoted to the grade of Colonel in March, 1942. I expect orders daily to take command of a Fighter Wing, which will mean another move somewhere.

The former Commanding Officer of
Letters to the Editor

14 Ardman Street
High Cartype
Glasgow, Scotland
September 10, 1943

Dear Editor:

Perhaps by the time you receive this note it will be known at Clewiston that Pilot Officer James R. Wilson (Jimmy) of Course 9 lost his life during August.

Mrs. Wilson and I feel we would like to thank all connected with Riddle Field for the pleasant times, on duty and off, our son had while undergoing his training, and we feel grateful that his sojourn in Florida was made so pleasant.

We thank you for the Fly Paper and, needless to say, we have found it very interesting. In addition to keeping us informed of our son’s fellow cadets, we think you are doing a grand piece of work.

Now, however, we are quite willing to forego our copy, as we know your mailing list must be getting greater, if it means that the parents or wife of an incoming cadet will thus be assured a copy.

To all connected with the Embry-Riddle Company we wish success.

Yours sincerely,
Alex T. Wilson

Editor’s Note: We wish to extend the sincere sympathy of the entire Embry-Riddle Company to you, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. We want you to continue enjoying the Fly Paper; there is no need to feel that you are depriving someone else of a copy.

404 F.B. Grp., 506 F.B. Sqd.
Bunns A.A.F.
Burns, Oregon

Dear Editor:

Received your letter and was glad to hear from you. I wrote you quite a few times from Mississippi where I was stationed, but all the letters were sent back. The Embry-Riddle School and all the instructors did me a lot of good.

Here I am on a desert in Oregon on maneuvers. It surely is a dusty place. We have one more month to go and then will be down your way. I would love to have the pleasure of visiting Embry-Riddle again.

Excuse me for just sending you a card the other day. It is very hard to get any stationery here. I haven’t seen my note in the Fly Paper. I looked at every one except two. The boys in my tent burnt them before I had a chance to see them. You see, it is very cold at night here and the wind blows always.

If your Fly Paper is incorrectly addressed, fill out the following card and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Ave., Miami 30, Florida.

<table>
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When I get to Florida in November, I think I will have my wife with me. Will it be all right to take her with me?

Will you please send me another copy of the paper in which my note was published? I shall appreciate it very much. I was in the Sheet Metal department on the fourth floor and Mr. Walker was my instructor. If you see him, give him my best regards. Also say hello to the others on that floor.

Miami is a very nice place. After the War is over my wife and I expect to spend the honeymoon we never had there. I never saw such a swell bunch of people as you are at Embry-Riddle. Everyone treated us soldiers the best.

Well, it is 2:30 a.m. and the alert signal will sound soon, so I had better close.

Hoping to hear from you again soon. Give my regards and best wishes to all.

Sincerely yours,
Cpl. V. F. Carbone

Editor’s Note: We’re writing Cpl. Carbone a personal note, and we’re sure he would be happy to hear from others with whom he worked during his training here at Tech. Get out your pens, folks, and drop him a line.

Hq 333rd Bomb Grp.
A.A.B.

Dear Mrs. Claxton,

Your letter to me recalled many pleasant moments which I spent at Carlstrom Field, not so long ago, in the company of swell fellows, some of whom I’ve seen and worked with since.

Joe Brookhart, George Hilton, George Callahan and Frank Beeson, along with Frank Angier, Norman Appleton and myself were in New Guinea together. I flew with Joe several times and was with him for over six months in the same squadron. All of the fellows accredited themselves, and Frank Beeson, after having engaged in several combat sorties, was missing off Buna Bay sometime last summer. For a fellow who wanted to be a minister, he was one of the best pilots I have been with.

George Callahan, George Hilton and Frank also flew P-39s as did Joe until he was put on a B17 where he did most of his work.

All of the boys have been decorated by Lt. Gen. Henney’s headquarters and to my knowledge are in the U.S.A. currently. I just returned from England on a special photo mission which was very interesting.

I trust Mr. Riddle and his wife are well. How are Tom Gates, Len Povey and all the rest?

Sincerely,
Roy

Editor’s Note: The above letter was received by Mathild Claxton, Historian, from Roy Carruthers, a cadet in the first class at Carlstrom Field.
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL
by Kay Bramlit

Promotions on the Field and word of promotions of former personnel of the Field came thick and fast last week. New Captains at Carlstrom are: Wilson McCormick, Physical Training Director, and James E. Bobo, Medical Officer. M/Sgt. John Jordan of Army Engineering reports that he recently received word that it is now Capt. Herbert R. Dailey. Capt. Dailey was one of the first enlisted men to report to Carlstrom, and after being stationed here several months he was sent to OCS at Miami Beach. He is now stationed in Texas, and his address is Capt. H. R. Dailey, Base Adjutant, 5th Ferrying Group, Ferrying Division, Air Transport Command, Love Field, Dallas, Tex.

Promoted

Word also has been received from Mrs. Charles O. Weaver, formerly Loretta Dickhaut of Accounting, that her husband, known to most of us as “Chuck,” recently has been promoted to Captain and is now Commanding Officer of the 235th Company stationed near Manchester, Tenn.

Many of the old-timers will remember former Flight Instructor Warren J. “Slim” North and will be glad to know that Slim is now Capt. North. He is stationed at the Reno Army Air Base, Reno, Nev.

Word has come in a rather round-a-bout way that Lt. Philip Cheeley, formerly of Dorr Field, is also stationed at the RAAB, Reno, Nev.

A letter from Jay Wells of New York City last week informed us that Arnold Wells, who was formerly stationed at Carlstrom Field prior to being sent to OCS at Miami Beach, is now Lt. Arnold Wells and is stationed in North Carolina. His address is 202 West Bessemer Avenue, Greensborough, N. C.

Congratulations to you all!

More Letters

A letter from Louis D. Wooley, who worked in the Carlstrom Stockroom back in 1941, advises us that he has been overseas since last December. “Wooley” wishes to be remembered especially to Mrs. Cross, Lydia, Mr. Reece, Mr. Cullers and Mr. Davis. His address is: Louis D. Wooley, SW1/c, Navy 145, Dept. G, Advance Naval Base, Care Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif. How about dropping him a line or two, all you old-timers at Carlstrom!

Merry Lou Purman, formerly of the Infirmary, writes that she finally has settled down at home (New York) and is enjoying much cold weather. We surely do miss you, Merry Lou, so let’s hear from you often.

Lt. Roy Weiner returned from a 15-day leave which was spent in the North. Glad you’re back.

Jack Hohler, Ground School Instructor par-excellence, returned recently from Randolph Field, Tex., where he attended Ground School Classes at the Central Instructor’s School. Reports from headquarters at Randolph Field reveal that Jack made super grades in his work out there. Congratulations, Scholar!

Adieu

Clyde Pendley, in charge of housing in Arcadia for some months, has left us and returned to his home in Miami. Clyde wishes to say that he’s sorry he couldn’t tell everyone up here “goodbye” in person, but he does want everyone to know how much he enjoyed his work and he will always remember the many friends he made in Arcadia. Good luck, Clyde!

New Dispatcher is Sara Ballard, and Albert Lastinger is the newcomer in the Accounting department. Welcome, folks!


CARROT CONTEST
Behold below the cartoon that scored second place in our recent contest.

The graduation dance for Class 44-C will be held in the Carlstrom Mess Hall Patio (weather permitting!) on Thursday, October 28th. Music will be furnished by the Buckingham Field Orchestra, so an evening of really good dance music is assured. We’re expecting a number of girls from the Miami offices, and the dance promises to be a huge success. Come on out, all you unattached gals in Arcadia, and dance with Carlstrom’s handsome Cadets!

News Flash! Hub McAulay who has served as a Flight Dispatcher at Carlstrom for about two years has joined the Marines! Marines, beware!

Ribs and Ribs
From all reports the Dorr Field barbecue at Ed Welles’ ranch last Saturday night was more than a success. Over 300 people attended, and all the ribs and beef were eaten! Here’s to more barbecues!

Sam Worley’s Flight Six were honor guests at their own dinner party and dance held last Saturday night in Ft. Myers. The evening started at the home of Don Hawkins, a banquet was then served to the guests at the Cornola Club, and everybody had a steak! A dance at the Elks Club followed. According to George Dudley, Group Commander, a hilarious good time was had by all.

George and H. M. “Cotton” Jones, Group
FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS OF CARLSTROM FIELD, CLASS 44-C, SQUADRONS 1, 2, 3

Commander, were invited guests, and the other members of Flight Six who attended were: Bob Priest, Ase't. Sq. Comm., Marshall Anderson, Bill Dunn, E. V. Geibel, Don Hawkins and Bill Wiggins. Most startling discovery (?) of the evening was bringing to light the fact that Bill Dunn is the biggest wolf on Carlstrom Field (competition for S. E. Harrison, huh!) Commander Sam Worley played the perfect host.

FORMER CADET IS DECORATED

First Lieutenant Harold G. Learned, Jr. of Meriden, Conn., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Learned and a member of Carlstrom Field's first graduating class, was among sixty pilots of a single Army Air Force group cited for flying Curtiss P-40 Warhawk fighters that destroyed 129 Japanese fighter and bomber planes during the New Guinea campaign, reported the Meriden Record, Lt. Learned's hometown newspaper.

This was not the first time that Lt. Learned had been cited while flying in the Pacific area. On December 2, 1942, his group was awarded a valor citation by General MacArthur, and shortly after that he was one of the fighter pilots having stars after their names on the bulletin board of their Air Base at New Guinea.

On February 19 of this year Learned received the Air Medal Award for meritorious achievement.

On July 28 he was awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster in lieu of an additional award of the Air Medal for meritorious achievement while participating in flights against the Japs.

Learned earned his award during combat over Buna. After completing a dive bombing raid, he engaged four Zeros and shot one down in flames.

Lt. Learned was graduated from the Meriden High School and attended Admiral Billard Academy. He was appointed to the United States Coast Guard Academy, New London, Conn., by the U. S. Treasury Department in 1940. Early in 1941 he transferred to the U. S. Army Air Corps Training School, Montgomery, Ala. He took his primary training at Carlstrom Field.

Learned was commissioned a second lieutenant in December, 1941, and was made a first lieutenant in November, 1942. He was but 21 years of age when he received his first lieutenant.

SAFETY SLANTS

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

Contrary to the item appearing in "Cannonade Cannone" indicating that your Safety Director was probably freezing in Chicago, the weather was almost of the June-in-Miami type while he was there and for several days later at Union City. There safety conditions were found to be in very good shape owing to the fine work of the Union City Safety Committee which deserves high commendation.

With some ten thousand safety engineers, from all over the country, including top leaders in the safety movement, in attendance at the National Safety Congress, your Safety Director was more than gratified to find that the Embry-Riddle safety program, as organized, is in line with the latest practice and lacks only slightly more conscientious practical application by supervisory personnel.

Information obtained at this meeting, which the Safety Director is passing on at Embry-Riddle safety meetings now in progress, should assist materially in the practical application of the program we have inaugurated.

Good Housekeeping

A man is known by the Company he keeps.

A Company is known by the way the men keep it.

Keep your machines, the aisles, your locker, the washrooms in condition to be proud of.

Order means control. Control pays.
UNION CITY NEWS LETTER
T. C. Cottrell, Editor
— Associates —
Larry I. Walden, Ernestine Mathis, Joe Harpole, Maxynce Hurt, Catherine McVay, Rudolph Nester

FORWARD MARCH AT UNION CITY

Better! I am still chilled from attending that football game last night. The combination of cold north wind and a wet ground really gave us all something to shiver about, and from the size of the crowd, lots of the folks were smart and stayed at home by the fire.

The game was a clean fast one and although Jackson High beat us with a 12 to 6 score, there was plenty of excitement for those who came to see it. It was just a case of more weight on the last score. The Jackson team smashed right through the line for the final touchdown.

Our Sympathy

This week has left us all saddened by the fatal accident which cost two lives. We regret deeply the loss of Instructor Noonan and Cadet Major and we wish to extend our sincere sympathy to the families and close friends of these two men.

They were both doing a job that doesn’t carry with it much attention or glory, yet we all feel that those men gave just as much to their country as the fellows in the front lines, and it should make us all proud of the job we are doing here at home.

Some of us may be too old, some physically unfit, others in training or doing the training, unable to have the pleasure of drawing a bead on a Jap or German head; nevertheless, we are all doing a part and an important one. So let’s lift our heads a little higher and do that job for which we are best fitted and do it well.

There were lots of sleepy eyed people on the Field this week and after a close check up we found that there had been a big dance at the Armory one night and a Mississippi River show boat over at Hickman, Ky., another night. It seems that our Field was well represented at both events.

Sid Bennett just blew in for a visit, or rather zipped into the Field in an Airacobra. One man was heard to remark that it sure took a good pilot to land a ship with a tail wheel in front.

For the benefit of the new personnel, Sid is a former instructor from this Field who is now a ferry pilot.

From Miami

John G. McKay paid us a visit this week and gave the Field a close inspection. Henry B. Graves, Director of Safety, spent several days here looking over the operations from a safety angle and gave us a very interesting talk at the regular monthly safety meeting.

Lloyd Budge, our Director of Athletics, caused quite a flurry among the table tennis fans on his short visit and promised to be back with us before too long.

An amazing sight was witnessed yesterday. Lt. Kleiderer was walking down the sidewalk with a dazed look on his face and his feet weren’t touching the ground. A second look and the mystery was solved. That silver bar had sprouted and there were two of them. Congratulations, Capt. Kleiderer, from us all for a well deserved promotion!

Another congratulation is in order for Lt. Kellam who threw away his gold bar and is now wearing a silver one.

The grapevine tells us that Lt. Palmer and Lt. Schumacher have applied for flight training. We would hate to lose these men but we wish them well in their careers as student officers.

A welcome is extended to Pfc. Volante from Maxwell Field, new clerk at headquarters.

We also welcome the following men into our midst as refresher students. They are Caywood Thomas, Charles West, Thomas Hatfield, Charles Garrett, James Sheridan, Thomas Canlee and Gaye Sparks.

Glen L. McCulloch has finished refresher and has started instructing cadets.

DORR DOINGS
Continued from Page 1

Anyway, with all the windows open and four blankets on the bed we were shaking and hoping that he was colder than we were and that he would get up and close the windows, we feigned sleep. Seems that he was doing the same identical thing, the big sissy.

Have you noticed the pretty nice white box in "Pop" Anderson’s office with “Swear Box” painted on the top? With the monthly receipts “Pop” is going to give a barbecue to his department. The swear box is open to all comers. No cut rates, either, like three cusses for a quarter or anything like that.

The Army Side

Noticed at the football game the other night that Lt. Pinion sure did get a good workout, whilst Lt. McLaughlin was “the man with the musical note,” in other words timekeeper.

Understand that Lt. Anderson and Marion Crosby are going to the Masonic dance as Lil Abner and Daisy Mae, Sgt. Sharpe as Lonesome Polecat and Sgt. McGahan as Hairless Joe.

I didn’t say we would get some fish the other day, all I said was we ought to get some fish. Sgt. Lambeth having to do a strip tease to recover his fish just as a car full of ladies hove in sight. We actually thought that the sergeant was seeing how long he could stay under water without breathing, the big show-off.

Another Fire Drill

Bet the Doctor is glad to see the 7 p.m. flying schedule at an end. Lt. Hand heard murmuring “Oh goodie, goodie! We’ll soon have a new class and another fire drill.”

Lt. Frank and his trained bottle; we’ve seen him perform the trick several times and have never yet been able to do the

IN MEMORIAM

CADET WILLIAM C. MAJOR
October 12, 1943
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.
“In the Service of his Country”

MAURICE NOONAN, Instructor
October 12, 1943
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.
“In the Service of his Country”
TENDER, AIN'T IT?

Gordon Mougey Is Riddle-ite From Way Back

Gordon Mougey, General Manager of Dorr Field, Arcadia, Fla., has long been a member of the Embry-Riddle family. Having been connected with Carlstrom and Municipal as well as Dorr, he is familiar throughout most of the Divisions.

Back in 1927 he took his first flight training with the Embry-Riddle Company in Cincinnati. After three years he was employed by the Curtis-Wright Exhibition Company where his work consisted of acrobatic and stunt flying at various air shows throughout the country.

Trying his hand at sky writing for the Chevrolet Company, Mougey found excitement and many close calls. All sky writing is done above 10,000 feet and sometimes it was necessary to fly as high 22,000 feet without the aid of oxygen.

Three times Gordon's ship caught fire, once over Coney Island, and each time he blew it out by going into a dive.

Gordon returned to Embry-Riddle in November of 1940 and for three months was a flight instructor at the Landplane Base at the Municipal Airport, after which he was transferred to Carlstrom and then to Dorr to replace Tom Gates, who is now flying a Spitfire "over there."

SALUDOS AMIGOS

by Luis Mata

La letra con sangre entra—never realized how true this old Spanish proverb was till I got into our present Brazilian Program.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I now take the opportunity to say a few words that might be of interest to those of us who still have strong feelings para cosas españolas.

Everyone likes to talk about his home town and, as I have always thought of Quito as my original home town, I'll say a few words concerning this little known South, American city.

First I will mention that there are only two other cities in North and South America as old as Quito—Mexico City, the Atec capital and Cusco, the first Inca capital. The three cities were centers of great Indian civilizations long before our friend Columbus discovered America.

Conquest Complete

The conquest of the ancient kingdom of Quito by the Spaniards was completed with the founding of the present capital of Ecuador, San Francisco de Quito, in 1554, on the same site, I might add, where the capital of the great Emperor, Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, had been. In 1941, His Majesty, Carlos V, granted it the name and the privileges of a city as well as a coat of arms.

Cradle of Colonial Art, Quito is the seat of South American art centers. It has often been said that the city itself is a museum of art treasures.

Although Quito is situated practically on the Equator, its climate, due to an elevation of more than 9,000 feet above sea level, is one of perpetual spring. (Are you listening, Chamber of Commerce?)

And so, as the sun disappears beyond the mountains and night draws near, we reluctantly depart from this ancient capital, atop the Andes, to return soon again.

"Yes, Troy—I'll play some ping pong—but I have to give mis amigos en la clase de español le leccion para hoy día."

Rearrange these words so as to make complete sentences. Papers may be corrected in Alcove Y.

1. a, los, se, mi, ellos, pedido, hermano, ham.
2. en, la, nos, escribir, seguida, quereram.
3. Ud, vamos, se, a, la, a, enseñar, no.
4. quienes, regalos, tenenos, a, muchos, damos, amigos.
5. alumnos, maria, son, Juan, y; español.

DORR FIELD'S BOSS

Military personnel and civilian employees within the Fourth Service Command purchased for cash, in addition to regular payroll allotments, more than $7,057,403.40 in War Bonds during the Third War Loan Drive.

Capt. E. W. Linthicum, War Bond Officer at Headquarters Fourth Service Command, has reported that returns from 90 percent of the Posts, Camps and Stations show the following cash purchases:

Civilians $1,491,180.22.

Military Personnel $5,366,223.18.

Final reports from the remaining ten percent of the installations will swell the total considerably, Capt. Linthicum predicted. A large percentage of both military and civilian personnel are subscribers to the payroll deduction program for regular purchase of War Bonds, and these were additional sales.

BOND REPORT

DORR DANCE

Class 44-C of Dorr Field is having its Graduation Dance on Tuesday night, November 21st, from 8:30 until 12:30. There will be an orchestra and refreshments, and a gala and glorious time is in store for all who attend.

The Aviation Cadets of Class 44-C cordially invite all the Miami Riddle-ites who have so graciously added to the fun and frolic of previous dances to be present on this occasion.
HONOR GUESTS

Front row: P. F. Seward, Chief of Application Review Division of the Federal Works Agency; Major General Phillip R. Fleming, Federal Works Administrator; A. B. Curry, City Manager; and John Paul Riddle, Second Row: E. L. Hackney, FWA Director for Miami; J. R. Brennan, FWA Director for Florida; and P. R. Speer, City Recorder of Arcadia. Back Row: O. T. Ray, Regional Federal Works Director from Atlanta; Dr. O. P. Hart, Research Director of Miami; and F. F. Hanson of the City Council of Arcadia. Major Gen. Fleming's son, a former Dorr Field Cadet, recently has been reported missing in operations over Germany where he was flying with the Eighth Air Force.

GEN. FLEMING VISITS TECH

The problem of providing jobs is an immediate as well as a future one, with veterans of the present War returning home now at the rate of 30,000 per month, Maj. Gen. Philip R. Fleming, Federal Works Administrator, declared Tuesday at a luncheon given in his honor at the Tech School.

Heavy industry offers one way of meeting the problem, he said, since the heavy industry dollar turns over about seven times. The Federal Works Agency now has an appropriation of $60,000,000 for highway work with this amount to be matched by the individual states. Projects such as this will aid in meeting post-war employment problems.

The General said the FWA had constructed eight flight strips in Canada and Alaska, 500 feet wide by some 6,000 feet long. Similar strips built along the nation's highways will play an important part in post-war aviation, he believes. With these strips available for landings, amateur pilots will be able to follow main roads to their destinations and complicated navigation will not be necessary for them, he pointed out. While the FWA is building these strips in war-time at the request of the Army, the CAA will probably handle their construction in peace, he said.

Other guests at the luncheon given by John Paul Riddle were O. T. Ray, Regional Federal Works director from Atlanta; J. R. Brennan, FWA director for Florida; E. L. Hackney, FWA director for Miami; Dr. O. P. Hart, research director for Miami; A. B. Curry, City Manager for Miami; and Henry W. Baird. Representing Embry-Riddle were George Wheeler, Jr., Vice-President; Joseph R. Horton, Vice-President; James E. Blakeley, Brazilian School Director; Col. Arnold H. Rich, Technical School Director; Carl R. Anderson, Assistant Vice-President; Robert Hillstead, Comptroller; G. Ralph Kiel, Public Relations Director; Frank Dunbaugh, Administrative Assistant; and David Beaty, Administrative Assistant.

TECH TALK

by Charles W. Maydwell

It's Thursday morning and the hands of the clock over Tech School entrance are nearing seven. The bus making the daily trip to and from the Fields is at the gate, with chauffeur Bill Thornton making his last minute preparations, and Dorothy Burton's latest victim is among those awaiting transportation.

The minute hand on the clock reaches its zenith and we are off, up 27th Avenue, out 36th Street, through Hialeah and into the Everglades; and, with Safe Driver at the wheel, the aforesaid victim is free to settle down to consideration of the sinister threat of the "Dog House" and its deeper meanings.

"Marty Warren won't speak to you." Horror of horrors! Not that, just when I had learned what a picker that guy Powers is! But didn't Marty look very attractive in the Dog House a short while back?

Dismal country this, with the early morning sun obscured by the clouds. But that makes it cooler and shows up the beautiful gibbous moon in the northwest, still bright although it is nearly eight o'clock.

"And Alice Richards won't speak to you." Bad again. How can I go on without my charming Waltz partner?

"And not only one, but both lovely daughters will quit speaking to you." And I used to think this Dog House business was a huge joke. Evidently it has its complications. Maybe I ought to try. But I wouldn't get anywhere if I did.

The appearance of the Everglades im-proving. Big tractors, pulling gangs of plows on both sides of the road, and hundreds of white heron and black birds, intermingled, spread over the fields in search of worms. Never saw such large market gardens anywhere else.

Comes South Bay and hot coffee. Off again, over a miserable piece of road which calls for all of Driver Thornton's skill. But it fits in with my state of mind, because-"Mr. Riddle won't take you to Brazil if you get in the Dog House."

Just have to go to South America. Chief idea in the back of my head since shortly after I landed the job in June of last year when I heard the "Boss" address that Latin-American graduating class. More attractive than ever under present conditions. Guess I just must keep out of the Dog House in some way. But how?

Clewiston--and Riddle Field--and now for the lesson plan for that class tonight. Problem: How to satisfy Bob Walker with enough conversation from a two hundred word vocabulary when the ordinary street urchin needs five hundred words to take care of him. Maybe that will help me forget my troubles. O pobre instructor! Já não posso o fazer. Meu filho, Adriano, socorra-me!

Nice class at Clewiston, with Ernie Smith and B. H. Buxton out in front, ably backed by Johnnie Cockrill, Hank Middleton, Jimmie Cousins, Bob Walker, Frank O'Hara, R. B. Fowler, S. H. Schneider and L. H.

Continued on next page

THE SKY WRITER

We wish to welcome to the ranks of service publications the new edition of the Sky Writer. Lt. Edmund H. Smith, Public Relations Officer of the Naval Air Station at Opa-Locka, is now putting out a four-page tabloid in place of a mimeographed sheet. Congratulations, Lt. Smith. We shall be looking forward to seeing more of the Sky Writer and noting its progress.
TECH
Continued from preceding page

Bright, all interested and working hard, while as senhoras Durden, Buxton and Bjoranson push the “home work” and furnish additional enthusiasm. And now they want dictionaries of technical terms and phrases for use on a linha de rote.

Another new day and the start out into Glades county with Driver Thornton and on to Dorr and Carlstrom Fields. Cattle everywhere—hundred thousand acre ranches about which we are going to learn in detail when Mathild Claxton’s history of the fields is published. And if you have heard her talk of France as it was in the days of World War I and of life in Mexico, you know it is going to be good.

BABY DUNCAN

Judith Duncan, newest addition to the household of Instructor “Red” Duncan and former station wagon driver Jean, was born Sunday before last. Baby Judith’s hair shows no sign of turning red, but we still have hopes.

Hump-backed Brahmin steers disputing the right of way with our driver and at times we are compelled to work our way slowly through a drove of cattle going somewhere for something. Can it be that we are going to eat bife again before we get to Brazil?

Which thought carries my wandering mind back to Tech Training School and my class in Engine Theory, with Donald Grubbs offering to demonstrate the heat conductivity of aluminum alloy by touching his lighted cigarette to a handkerchief spread over the hand of Charlene Gould.

But Charlene can’t see the connection and will have none of it; so Don spreads the handkerchief over his own hand, places the smoking cigarette against it, calls on “Chump” Larrimer to blow on it and then, with all the aplomb of the “Great and Only Herrmann,” displays the handkerchief not even stained and passes the half-dollar, which he had palmed, to show us that the heat from the burning cigarette had been absorbed so rapidly by it that combustion could not start in the linen of the handkerchief.

Bright Girl

Bright girl, Charlene. I hope she has been able to get rid of those two screws I had left on my hands from that Holley Carburetor which was turned over to us, partially assembled, to put in shape.

Don spoiled another of my illusions in his Tech Talk—that Mari Hess’ isometric twinkle was reserved for a certain old man. How will we miss her in Brazil. And that reminds me that before we go I must contact Kay Williams who offered to tell me all that can be told now about Radar, if I would come in, and then got off on her leave of absence before I could get back from my weekly trip.

I wonder if Sheldon Wells isn’t as good a picker as that chap Powers. I understand he has at home more evidence of his skill on which I have yet to check. Some fellows have all the luck. Why didn’t Dorothy ask him to write Tech Talk instead of me?

On to Dorr

On through Glades county, with literally acres of water hyacinths in the drainage ditch at the side of the highway, through Venus (Why so called?) and into Highlands county, its orange trees loaded with fruit this year, almost ready for picking. And then, crossing the line into Desoto county, Dorr Field soon shows up in the distance.

Beautiful spot, Dorr Field. In fact, all the Florida Fields are remarkable. Wonder what Union City looks like. Hindman of 25-43-A2 telling me about it with enthusiasm in Make-Up class and about Jack McKay, Jr.’s landing there while he was at work on its runway.

Good Chow

Odd how easily you can arrive at a point of common interest with these boys away from home by a little effort. After that, it’s not hard to get them interested, even in Technical Orders. Of course the Dorr-ites think their Field takes the medal. Me? I’m for the one where I happen to be. The truth is, they are all simply great, each in its own particular way.

Just a long enough stop at Dorr to make our deliveries and pick up Carlstrom mail and we are off on our final lap. In three-quarters of an hour Nate Reece is giving us a gracious reception and Steward Chapman has ready a delicious dinner. Roast Pork today, with filling just like home, and lemon meringue pie for dessert. Who says Embry-Riddle doesn’t feed well? And then, with some handicap from the dinner, another lesson plan to be worked on.

Class hard hit tonight by vacations. Eva Mae Lee missing. Can it be that she is out consoling the much picked-on J. K. Onsrod, also among the missing? But, no; it develops that J. K. is on vacation, so it must be something real in the case of Eva Mae, the best pupil in the class, and out two weeks in succession.

Hot Pace

Well, that is, one of the best, for senhor Vandeventer, Denham and House are to the fore, with Oscar Smith, R. M. Woodruff and the senhora Vestal making earnest efforts to catch up. And why not, since Nate Reece, himself, sets such a hot pace? Eva Mae says he breaks out in Portuguese in unexpected places all day long.

Saturday afternoon; and this week I get a break, since on the way home I am stopping at the Sugar Bowl Auditorium dance of the RAF. Off we go and it’s rain, rain, rain, all the way until I am wondering if I will dare ask Bill Thornton to run into

COMMANDING OFFICER RECEIVES GIFT

In appreciation of his excellent work and full cooperation during his command at the Embry-Riddle Technical School, Major Oliver H. Clayton is presented a handsome pen and pencil set by the civilian instructors of military training. They are from left to right: A. E. Barr, Joseph Murray, James E. Blakeley, former Director and now General Manager of the Brazilian Division; Major Clayton, Floyd Brewer, Michael Lejinger, Kelly Newsome and George T. Ireland, Military Registrar.

NEWS FLASH

James E. Blakeley, former Director and General Manager of the Embry-Riddle Technical School, has been appointed Director and General Manager of the Brazilian Division of the Embry-Riddle Company and also of the Technical School of Aviation soon to be located in Sao Paulo.

Colonel Arnold H. Rich, U.S.A. Retired, has been appointed Director and General Manager of the Miami Technical School and will report directly to the office of John Paul Riddle. Willard R. Burton is Assistant Director of the Technical Division and will report to Colonel Rich.
will be men who have received their training on the very same aircraft, engine and instruments that we are overhauling, men who have gone to the vast spread fighting fronts and through their training in Embry-Riddle aircraft have done so very much to bring this war to an end.

I am assured of the management’s cooperation and I promise my fellow employees that I shall exert every effort in their behalf and will be available to anyone at any time.

**Engine Noises**

*by Geraldine Potter*

That empty and lonely feeling around Engine Overhaul on Friday and Saturday of last week was brought about by the absence of those two swell bosses—Bill Ehne and Charlie Grafflin. They made a trip to Jacksonville to look over the Naval Air Station Engine and Accessory Overhaul and reported having a good time, as well as taking care of the business at hand.

**One Year**

Thanks to Margaret Howell for digging into her files and informing me that the following have been with us for a year or more: Ruth Behse, John Bush, Harold Dickey, Dean Baxter, Walter Carter, Faye Foster, Harry Green, Margaret Haws, Charlie Hayes, Robert Lutz, Mae Heacock, Howard Ostrander, Leland Price, Fanny Ritter, Perly Stanley, Frank Stryhal, Eleanor Swan, Lewin White, Ralph Wilkins, Hugh Williamson, Willis Woods and Edmund Youmans. Congratulations to you all!

Also on the congratulations receiving end are the birthday people. Best wishes to you from us: Jack Hale, Charlie Pelton, Jack Brady, Erma Friant, Leola Cruse, Ruth Hurst, Rollo Karkeet, Elizabeth Gardner.

We are very glad to welcome the following:

**JACK BURR TO SPEAK**

On Saturday, October 23, at 1 p.m. there will be a short program of entertainment in the Final Assembly Section of Engine Overhaul.

The guest speaker will be Capt. Jack Burr of Coral Gables, who has just returned from 250 Fighter and Troop Transport Missions over New Guinea.

Capt. Burr, a former Embry-Riddle flight student, has been decorated on numerous occasions for his coolness and bravery under fire and his talk will be intensely interesting.

Similar programs are being arranged for other Overhaul departments in the near future.

Of course, we are mighty pleased to know that “Red” Godfrey is convalescing and that Earl Batterby is back with us. Kay Seifert, “the bride,” is back from her extended honeymoon. John Martini looks “in shape” after a trip to New York.

**“Old Gang”**

Evelyn Coe, Carmine Reynolds and Jim Nordin are with the “old gang” again. Say, did you notice the classy open air office that Coe and Stefani have now? Incidentally, we were glad to get a letter from Gerry Goff and hope she can come to Miami one of the days and show us how pretty she undoubtedly looks in that Marine green.

This week, let’s give a little credit to the unsung heroes of Engine Overhaul—the colored employees. A few months ago, only a few colored men were employed in the Cleaning department, where the engine parts are placed in tanks of mineral spirits in order to loosen the oil, grease and foreign matter. The parts are then scrubbed and dried and made ready for the various operations of overhaul.

**Women Replaced Men**

As there is a shortage of man power, it was soon necessary to hire women, who proved equally as good and as quick to learn as the men; consequently, more women were hired and as their skill increased, so did their responsibilities.

Before long, they were placed on the buffers and various other more or less complicated cleaning fixtures, until now Cleaning is operated entirely by colored employees, under the able direction of their white foreman, Jack Brady. We also have both colored men and women porters under the capable supervision of Mr. Edwards to keep our shop and rest rooms clean as a wish-bone.

So, until next week, good luck to all!
Wing Flutter
by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

The reward of diligence and perseverance in a job, besides the attendant feeling of well being, is the expression of appreciation on the part of those who assigned us the task. In the case of a business organization, appreciation usually is expressed by an increase in pay, an advancement in position or a transfer to a different or more expensive field.

Aircraft Overhaul was conceived and organized because of an immediate need for its operation. Speed was paramount. The organization was begun and grew more or less spontaneously and it was inevitable that some mistakes would be made. Personnel were difficult to get and more difficult to train. Good management was needed.

Into this sea of work came a pilot who made order out of chaos. Bringing with him all his previous aircraft knowledge, he plunged into a difficult task. Procedures were standardized. Work was systematized and organized on a more efficient basis. In all fields the guiding hand could be noticed.

Showed Results

Finally, the results were perceptible. Work which had dragged was completed, components were routed through their respective departments more rapidly and efficiently.

The presence of the person behind this organizing activity was not perceptible to all those in the shop because he chose to remain in the background and allow the production to follow its own head after it had been shown the way. To those of us who were more closely associated with the organization and procedure problems, the presence was very real.

When problems were on the road to being solved and the job he had started was completed, making his presence no longer so urgent, he was commended by his employer and transferred to another Division where he will apply again all those abilities he has used so sally in the past.

That man is Edgar R. Cornell, formerly Assistant General Manager of the Aircraft and Engine Division and now Chief Instructor in the Aircraft and Machine Shop of the Brazilian Division of the Embry-Riddle Company.

Our sincere congratulations to you. We personally wish to take this opportunity to tell you how much we have enjoyed working with you and to wish you every success in your new work.

William De Shazo is carrying on and expanding the work already done on a sound organizational basis. There is no doubt that the future of the Aircraft Overhaul division will be secure during the present conflict and for the years after.

Having been let down completely by my repertorial staff, I should write this column just as you would have it.

This column belongs to the workers of Aircraft Overhaul. In it should appear items concerning you and your activities. We will print all items for which we have room. Without cooperation on your part it is impossible. This week and in the future the column would appear like this if we printed only the material received.

Jo Trout—nothing ever happens. Natalie Pryharski—nothing ever happens, oh yes, someone got married but I don’t know who.

So come on, workers. If you want this column to continue, let’s get the news items in. Have them in our office Monday night and you’ll see them in print Friday. Just notes will do. We’ll write them up.

In the meantime, don’t forget the Halloween dance October 30. It will be a masquerade with prizes for the best costumes. Admission is only $1.00 each, and we have tickets in the office.

Continued on Page 15

A. D. D.’s
by Dorothy Goyer

To begin with, here’s a word of thanks to Dorothy Keyser for taking the column in hand for the past couple of weeks and doing a very good job of it. I am always on the lookout for a co-worker who would like to substitute for me, so if anyone is interested please let me know. You will find me in the Army Inspection office as I now have a new “position”—Mr. Hendrix’ gal Friday.

I am very happy with my new work and the Inspectors are a swell bunch of fellows. They always have such interesting tales to relate. Tommy Wynns, for instance, when questioned about his 2-day delay in returning from Muskegon, Mich., spun quite a yarn about how crowded the trains were and therefore he just couldn’t leave Chicago until 2 days later. (Tell it to the Marines, Tommy!)

Our C.O., Capt. Francis P. Bacon, is away on a well-deserved 10-day leave to his home in Florida, accompanied by Mrs. Bacon. It is quite safe for him to really

WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE IN CARTOON CONTEST

"WE MUST BE APPROACHING MIAMI!"

by Don H. Martin, Aircraft Overhaul
FLURRIES
by Santos Sandy

Well, I almost got into one of those Dog Houses. I had such a good time Saturday night and was doing so much planning before that I almost didn’t get this column in on time. Que pena! Wowie! Did we have fun and aren’t you sorry you didn’t come? Let’s all do it again, soon. In fact—why not all get together and make fun at the regular Halloween Dance on the 30th? Really, it was maiúissimo fun and the musica foi boa. Mr. Hubbell was scriptum in his costume. A real Matador, gold braided everything. His charming wife was a picture in her gold colored costume. Harry LeRoy led us in a Congo and Sr. Ponso did his stuff with the Samba. Whoops! It was fun. Lotsa good dancers. Miss Tarboux brought a couple of Espanhóis for our entertainment, and Maurice Molino and his partner gave us an exhibition of dancing, e como. Now, aren’t you sorry?

Sinking Feelings

Time is drawing nearer, and more so, for our departure for the South. Are you getting that funny feeling in your estômago, too?

Have you seen any of the passport pictures? I thought our badge pictures were bad enough.

Say, did you feel funny when they gave you the vaccine? Many complained of feeling a numbness in their arms, but not I. Anyhow, Little Sandy is just naturally numb, so it hasn’t bothered her yet. Yet. The gals all came through fine, but Os Homens, some of them got green around the gills.

How is your new schedule for the week? Mine is too. And the Subjunctive, have you figured it out yet? Se tivesse o dinheiro, faria uma viagem ao Brasil. And it can mean two things, depends upon what you mean. Maybe it can mean even more, I don’t know. After all, I am just learning the stuff. And with this, I quit!

Até Logo

TECH

Continued from Page 9

the porto-cochere at the Clewiston Inn to save me a drenching.

Bill’s theology is that he works the Embry-Riddle way, and since “Webb” lays down as one of his few rules, “No detours,” Bill makes no detours of any sort. Great job “Webb” is doing these days of gasoline and rubber shortage, keeping his equipment rolling and taking care of our needs without waste. You have to do some traveling like this to realize the size and importance of his job.

But ahead of us as we approach Clewiston the road is dry and I realize that all afternoon we have been up against more or less local showers. So, I make the Inn without trouble and around the corner from my room I find Alice, Wain, Vadah, “Lil,” Marty, Rae, Margaret and “Florrie,” arrived just ahead of me; and from the

welcome I receive I wonder if, after all, I may not be as lucky as Sheldon Wells. Maybe I can’t afford not to write Tech Talk.

No time for dreaming now. Just one grand whirl of events with the RAF contingent, plus thirty-nine WAGs from Fort Myers to help out, including my own special one hailing from the State of Texas. (I owe Wain for that.) Jack Hopkins, as major-domo, is out of sight mainly, but keeps things moving. Then the restful Sunday afternoon in the porch lounge of the Inn and the delightful ride back to Miami, again under “Webb’s” guardianship, with Bob Causey behind the wheel this time.

Again my dreaming starts and I seem to hear Willie Rivas from a back seat the week before as we turn into 36th Street and sight the red lights on the towers of Tech School building—“Dear Old Embry-Riddle.” We exchanged comments then on our experiences, his beginning two years ago, a few months ahead of mine, back in the “chickenhouse” days.

Heartfelt

As we talked about the building of the roads and walks and the sodding and seeding of the lawn, I realized that his excitement had been from the heart and that he has a feeling of affection for our organization as sincere and deep as anyone ever held toward an Alma Mater.

Which led to consideration of the friendship and interest in things American manifested by every Latin-American with whom I have come in contact and caused me to wonder if we appreciate just how much responsibility we are carrying individually as we go to Brazil.

How our actions are going to be watched, even though with friendly eyes, and how much we can help guarantee the future of Embry-Riddle in South America and the good fortune of our Country as well, if we go at the job in this spirit instead of regarding it as just an opportunity to make more money than we would probably be worth anywhere else.

Our Porch

But I must stop this line of dreaming lest my preachments come to the notice of sporic Phil Paine and lead him to believe that I, too, have missed my calling. Anyhow, here we are at the entrance gate and in the background is the majestic building with that porch that was so glorious by night before the blackout made necessary the cut in its illumination.

Sometime I must write my friend, Eder Melo at Mackinac Island, now of G.O.P. fame. I don’t believe it is as large as our Tech School porch.

Visions

And as I start for home to get ready for another week’s work, my thoughts go still further back to that other man of vision who counted me in on his effort to help win World War I and with whom I had the good fortune to be associated for twenty years. His was a dream of five enormous buildings of Colonial design and ornamental grounds, spread over forty acres, with branches all over the U.S.A. and in Canada, Mexico, Cuba and Puerto Rico. Most of it was realized before he ran into a pneumococcal germ, with the days of the sulfo-compounds not yet arrived. As I ponder upon my good fortune in having had two such experiences in a lifetime, I am led to wonder if I am not bound to try to write Tech Talk for Dorothy out of sheer gratitude.

Mabel: Do you know that my cat is worth $1,000? That’s more than I’m worth.

Jane: Sure, some cats are worth more than others.
Hey Kids! Once upon a time, didn't someone say that two heads were better than one? And when those two heads are on the shoulders of the above mentioned gals... the results... well, ain't it amazing? Hurtt taking over first, leaving the exciting and beautiful finish for Pennoyer. Tricky idea, we would say! (Note to Otto Hempel... didn't you promise faithfully that you would come over and write the Cannonade for us sometime? What we would like to know is when is that sometime?)

Hurtt reporting all the way from the Identification office, and honest... I tried to hide, but did you ever try hiding from Helen (Eagle-eye for short)? If you ever have the opportunity, don't try it... 'cause she'll find you, even if you do crawl in behind that booth in front of our building advertising the WAVES like I did! I was even tempted to enlist and get myself shipped across the pond to escape her! Say... that's a good idea!

D for Dog House

Some more of that personality in Personnel comes to us in the form of one of the "smilingest" men I've seen in many a day! Our new Assistant Personnel Director, John D. Kille (he says the middle initial is "D" like in Dog House) has been smiling his way into the hearts of Personnel almost since he's come into contact with some since he took over his duties last week! I doubt seriously if he knows the definition of that horrible word "frown"! We are sincerely glad to have him and hope he likes being with us.

It's always nice to see a familiar face back among us! This one belongs to Sarah Joy, back in the room! Sarah spent several months with husband Tab in Virginia but is right back at her desk again.

"Having a wonderful time, wish you were here" comes from Mary Frances Quinn of the second floor from her home at Portsmouth, Va., where she is spending her vacation. We wish we were too, Mary Frances, 'cause it must be pretty nice there this time of the year!

Isle of Capri

Speaking of having a wonderful time stuff... I wish all of you could see those pictures I received from that globe-trotting boy who happens to be my ever loving husband! Can you imagine... here I am sweating away at this column and at the same time humming "Twas on the Isle of Capri that I Found Her"! He says it's so beautiful that sometimes you can almost forget that there's a war going on... but not quite!

The driver who's a two-lane cheater
Weaving from side to side,
Is playing tag with old St. Peter
Along the Great Divide!

She didn't tell me... but I found out! Today is the birthday of Ethel McCombs, our switchboard operator! Couldn't find out the gruesome details as to how many this makes her... but happy birthday anyway, Ethel!

Enuf is enuf, and so... we'll now switch you to the office of Helen Pennoyer in the Advertising department, where she'll enlighten you with stuff going on in that side of the Cannonade! Bye now, and I do mean bye!

Helen Speaks

Enuf wasn't enuf this time, Max, but since you practically finished this, I suppose I might be able to add one or two bits of news.

Dorothy Moran has completed her Link course and leaves tomorrow for her home in Washington, D.C. We are really going to miss her plenty. She vows she will be back in sunny Miami in no time flat so we'll be on the lookout for a visit. Have a nice trip, Dottie, and drop us a note occasionally.

Vivian Sheller left us last week for Washington (m'goodness, is everyone going to that place?) where her husband is coaching for the American University. In this case we know, without asking, what Washington has that Miami hasn't... and don't blame Vivian for taking off.

Ross Hisey is back from his vacation. He and Mrs. Hisey spent a quiet week on the West Coast doing nothing more than fishing, eating and sleeping and having a wonderful time... boy that sounds just perfect to a lazy ole rebel like yours truly.

Sue Suezed

Our little Suzy Bryan has that "demon" flu... we hope that she is fully recovered before this goes to press 'cause we all miss her plenty.

Well things are really "looking up" in the Advertising department, that is except for the illness of Suzy. John Vodicka is with us, this time to stay. Nothing could have pleased us more then working in the same office with our very favorite person... or should I say working for... Ok, Boss, we'll give credit where credit is due and promise to be good little girls so you'll be happy here.

Along with the good we have to take the bad... and honestly this really hurts (with one T this time... please excuse the pun), Maxine Hurtt is leaving us this week! She is going back to the classification of fingerprints for which she was trained by that Antonio Police department. It is impossible to say how very much we are going to miss Max. Not only has she been friend but my right arm with this column. What would I have done without her! So goodbye and good luck, Maxine, and thanks from all of us for the swell columns you have written so often.

John D. Kille, Assistant Personnel Director of the Embry-Riddle Company

NEW ASSISTANT OF PERSONNEL

John D. Kille of Asheville, N. C., comes to Embry-Riddle as Assistant Personnel Director, working under Emmitt B. Varney. A graduate of Emory University and John Marshall Law School, Atlanta, Ga., Mr. Kille was manager of the Maryland Casualty Company's Branch Claim Department before joining the Embry-Riddle family.

Impressed

In line with his belief in the future of aviation in Miami, Mr. Kille said, "Through my connection with the Maryland Casualty Company I met John Paul Riddle shortly after he began operations in Miami and later had many dealings with him and George Wheeler, Executive Vice-President. Through my contacts with these two men and later with various department heads, I became much impressed with the work Embry-Riddle is doing in this area.

In Front

"I see great possibilities for aviation here and think this company should and will remain in the forefront in assisting and encouraging aviation development, which will definitely come. I consider that I was very fortunate in making this connection at this time."

Mr. Kille's home is at 2331 S. W. 7th St. He is married and has two children, Stuart and Carolyn, ages 12 and 10 respectively.

ATTENTION RAY LIPE

For the valiant boys in khaki.
Who are fighting "across the pond."
From my check this coming pay day,
Please deduct one full War Bond.
In fact, (but to be more specific)
So you'll know what I mean,
Take from my pay backs twenty-eight
Plus cents, up to thirteen.

—Henry T. Carpenter
Riddle Round-Up

by Cadets Kenneth Fisher and John Manners, Guest Editors

Our Editor, Jack Hopkins, has just been discharged from the St. Francis Hospital, Miami Beach. We're glad to see you back, Jack.

Members of the new course, Course 17, were introduced to their instructors on Monday and have since been busily occupied on the Primary Flight line and in the Link. The Link, the delight of all new courses, evokes the usual despondency and abuse.

Course 16 took their Primary Wings exams this week and spent the latter part of the week on leave, exploring Miami and Palm Beach, Daytona and Sarasota. It is rumored that some more ambitious travelers got as far afield as Washington, D. C.

Of the old "sweats," A and B started night flying; C and D to follow next week.

Any Cadet who does not know the meaning of "T.R.," or its whereabouts will please report to F/L Smith.

Course 15

Naturally the point uppermost in everyone's mind at present is how to keep the moon up for another three weeks. A and B Flights had their first excursion on the night circuit last week and after placing their base legs too far out and then too close, struck the happy medium, pleasing all concerned.

After a few hours circuits and bumpy (who mentioned that word?) we were left loose on cross-countries much to the annoyance of the residents of Clewiston and Moore Haven. Everyone is now saying how easy it was: "Couldn't go wrong"; "Piece of Cake." And what did Gardner look like? That query can still bring a great diversity of answers and not a little embarrassment!

Everyone agrees that the most enjoyable part of night flying is to lie in bed the following day, not getting up until the lunch bell rings, and then hastily jumping into the nearest shirt and trousers, no matter whose, and dash off to the Mess Hall for our lemonade and peanut butter.

While A and B have been living this rather hectic life, C and D Flights have been rising bright (?) and early each morning to interrupt the peaceful slumber of the night flyers with their noisy formations. They have developed three definite types of formation flyer.

Firstly there is the "Keen Type," all I. R. members, who tries to stick in close and who oscillates between 50 yards out and two feet, knocking a year off the life of his intrepid leader with every move. Then there is the "Eager type"; this is the individual who persistently takes the lead when in Position No. B. No one really minds him until he chews a wing off the lead ship. He then becomes a "Dim Type," so go canny ye eager lads!

Ah! The Elusive Type! This not uncommon variety includes all those who, by moving rapidly from positions 1 to 3 and back again, successfully elude the sight of their leader and all his hand signals by reason presumably to see the leader from every point of view.

Prunish!

It has happened again! That, of which first time, every cadet said, "Oh! What an idiot to think I could ever do that!!" We think most of those wagging tongues have been silenced now; the word used to be impossible, now it is highly probable, so in the future, don't assume the horn blown and pull the wire off to prove it couldn't have blown. That's prunish!

We all congratulate Sydney Payne for bringing home the Singles Tennis Trophy to Course 15, not that we ever had any doubts as to whom it would go. Congratulations to George Craven, the runner-up.

Weekly Show

At a meeting of the Entertainment Committee held this week it was decided to have a regular weekly film show on the camp at 15 cents admission. The shows will take place every Wednesday evening, the first film to be shown being "He Stayed for Breakfast," featuring Rosalind Russell.

It was also proposed to found a debating society and run short concerts for those whose taste in music is not satisfied by the Juke Box and "Pistol Packin' Mama!"

With the departure of the mosquito and Florida's hottest weather and the later arrival of some definitely colder weather, Battledress has again appeared on the Flight Line.

The swimming pool, long disused, has been revived by a new coat of vivid blue paint. It is hoped soon to have the pool filled and in use again.

Course 16

Well, here we are back again after a very enjoyable few days leave. The majority of the Course honored Palm Beach and Miami with their presence. Some, however, went on a grand tour of Florida.

Our American friends managed to get a few days at home; and the Under Officer of the Course, Cadet R. Goodall, travelled about 2,000 miles, mostly by air.

Many heaved a sigh of relief on seeing the results of the Primary Wings exam. A few, we regret, again will be gathering anxiously around the Ground School bulletin board in the next few days.

This week we had our first introduction to the AT's—enough said for the moment.

I Warn Ya

by Jack Hopkins

(Written in Miami, Florida)

Providing I'm physically able, I'm planning on being at the big Embry-Riddle Hallo-Ween Party at the Antilla next Saturday night. My portrayal is to be that of a refugee from a South Sea Island. The designers of my costume are "Ma" Richards, Wain Fletcher and Florrie Gilmore, and it is to consist of (a) one grass skirt, (b) brassiere. Now, don't say I didn't warn you.

I am hoping to see Riddle Field well represented at the party, and advance tickets may be obtained at Riddle Field from Lynwood Blount at the Link department. Remember to bring your own refreshments.

Letter From Larry

I had a very nice letter from Larry Beale, who was with Courses 13 and 14 before being medically discharged, and he is in Moneton. Larry sends his best wishes to all his friends at Riddle Field and Clewiston.

And just before closing, may I thank my Miami friends for their wonderful hospitality during my recent illness. My old pals, "Ma," Wain and Florrie, for their guest room and home during a short "leave of absence" from the hospital; Marty Warren, Vadah Walker, Lil Clayton, Wain and...
Florrie again for their flowers; Myllion Webster, Dottie Wells and Rae Lane for their excellent assistance. Of course, the cards and messages received from Clewiston made me feel happy. It's good to know that someone is rooting for you. To all, I simply say, Thank you— I am sincerely grateful.

Whitecaps

by Betty Bennett and Pat Hillis

You know, the (censored) has had an odd effect on those of us who propose to write this. There are so many fascinating subjects that "my sister and I" just don't talk about. Take, for example, the— oops, I'm sorry— but boy, was it fun!

If only someone could persuade Benchley into taking up flying, we could really go to him and that weird lil' column would take on a garish purple hue.

We will now take up a subject "very seldom mentioned in this thriving community of ours"—namely, teeth. We, the editors, trust that the following will prove to be a binding (as in books) link between ourselves and the outside world. This rugged collection of fugitives from Macfadden's "We Build You Up and Never Let You Down" Club have been having a rousing discussion of the mighty molar.

Month-Happy

It would seem that various of our members haven't been just exactly what ya might call mouth-happy. In short, they have been running around mooting their gums of tutti-frutti. Our sister, Eileen (Les Moore) is at the moment gravely inspecting the latest addition to her conversation—piece or viewing the world through rose colored plates.

Our contribution to the King Syndicated Features, Inc.—Mac MacDaniels got hold of a marvelous new student the other day. Mr. de la Torre called and cancelled his flight with Mac, giving the reason as malaria. The well-read Mr. MacD. picked up the schedule gaily and received quite a shock as to the nomenclature of said new student. That's carrying the Good Neighbor Policy too far!

Tons of Students

The old place doesn't seem like the quiet little haven it used to be. The reason? Tons of new students. A hearty welcome to:

Sylvia "Rusty" Sheather of New York, Mary Jessup, also of New York, Mary Amann of Hartford, Conn., Sherry Kammin, an Army nurse, and Walter Blake, a Link instructor with Pan Am.

To top the whole thing off like the frosting on a cake, we also have four WAVES, to-wit: Harriet Leon, June de Cordova, Elizabeth Paine and Marguerite "Candy" Mceachern. Looks as though the Navy has made a landing!

"Skeeter" Barton has discovered a new and different way of traveling, and not through the transportation department either. It being of a Sunday, there weren't many vehicles going in the direction of the Colonnade so she went zipping off on the cab of a convenient motorcycle, hair flapping merrily in the down-wash.

Fashion Firsts: Among the more fascinating objects of popular curiosity has been the "Stratosphere Suit" modeled by La Belle Bennett, who is never dull copy. She appeared another day with a natty little number done in delicate subdued tones with a dash of originality worn on the head.

The ensemble consisted of a pair of smart grey flannel trousers whose fit was something like a very open parachute, definitely a drape-shape as illustrated by the latest issue of Vogue. The bodice was tinted a dull brown and casually allowed to float from the shoulders like a deflated Good-year blimp.

Cheese at High Noon

La tête (of Alouette fame) was graciously adorned by a scarf of particularly virulent colors like chartreuse and an off-shape of burnt orange. This motorcycle was painted by Salvador Dalí under the title "Cheese at High Noon."

If you've managed to live through this Olympian experience in modern literature, we will tell you in forthright manner that the staff's new motto is: "When writing is inevitable, relax and enjoy it."

And as our prize new instructor, we've stolen George Lambrisse right from under Chapman's nose. (Small, self-satisfied chortle to be read in at this point).

Santos Dumont

The following is a translation of an article by Enrique de Resende taken from the Boletin de Diretoria de Aeronautica Civil.

The childhood of Santos Dumont, which the writings of his autobiography punctuated with dreams and charm, was without a doubt an exemplification of predestination.

At seven years of age he drove the farm machinery on the plantation of his father, the engineer Henrique Dumont, in the interior of São Paulo. At twelve he directed the Baldwin locomotives which united the green coffee trees of that immense farm with its factories.

During this period he also was an unofficial mechanic who devoted himself to the repair of small parts, familiarizing himself with the great steam machinery and its complicated accessories.

Aeronautical Curiosity

A passion for machinery took hold of his young spirit and with it came a restless aeronautical curiosity. At times, he himself confesses, lying in the friendly shade of the farm porch on sunny afternoons, he would contemplate hours at a time and admire the ease with which the birds with their long and open wings reached the heights.

He would go into the fields to fly his kites, to try out his short lived paper balloons, or would remain in the corners of the office to construct his bamboo airplanes.

Six years after these dreams, spent now on the plantation, now in school, Alberto Santos Dumont went to Paris (1891). Paris fascinated him, not only because it was the capital of the world, but because it was there that he was to know the automobile and the spherical balloon.

He acquired at once a Peugeot of high wheels and three and a half horse power. As automobiles were rare at this time, the young Brazilian caused quite a sensation in Paris. But only in 1897, on his third trip to the gay city, did he manage to make his first ascent, in Monsieur Lachambre's lighter than air machine. Having satisfied the greatest desire of his life, he started the study of spherical balloons and contracted for the construction of the "Brazil."

He demanded certain conditions; the constructor had to agree to the specifications of a novice. Santos Dumont wished a balloon of only one hundred cubic meters and of Japanese silk, which would diminish the weight. Those who supposedly understood the matter opposed, but Dumont did not waver and within a short time the "Brazil," the smallest spherical balloon in the world, flew the skies of Paris.

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A. D. D.'s

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relax, for Mr. Hendrix has the situation well in hand.

I hope everybody got around to saying so long to our two prize employees, Sally Squarcia and Dot Shelnut, both of whom left us last week. I know they will be missed by us all.

Arthur Rubin, the Inspector with the big blue Packard, had an accident on the way home from work the other night and his left front fender is quite a mess. I happened to be sitting in front with him and I cannot say the whole thing but I said, "No, I'm a very nice girl and I don't go around ruining people's big blue Packards." (Anyway, he can't prove it.)

I'm not turning this column into a "What America Is Reading" article, but acting upon a suggestion from Walter Winchell
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

South of the border down Chapman Field way, that's where the Instructors fly high, cadets just try, and everybody else goes fishing. Fishing on Riddle Lake is quite a hobby with the outdoor sportsmen here, and not an unprofitable occupation either. Why, not three minutes ago Curly Narrow appeared with Hal Ball, former instructor, equipped with goggles and fishing lines off in the quest of fish. Wonder what they're going to crack the ice with.

Lovely weather though and I believe everyone welcomes the change. It brings on technicolor vision of hot chocolate in the Canteen, of Mr. Stahler's gay (?) sport coat, those kerosene heaters shooting alternately grey and black smoke, not unlike the effervescence of a Tiny Davis cigar, purple flight instructors, and those gruesome inventories and yearly audits that always bring on nervous hydrophobia, leather jackets and fur lined gloves and those endless bull sessions around the ole fire box. I can even see Doc Lewis administering anti-freeze to the Cubs that have contracted galloping pneumonia.

And if I strain my imagination enough I can almost see Jim Pollard donning whiskers and playing Santa Claus for the exiled Kidoddlers. Jim, by the way, is the guy what doesn't fly a Cub, he wears it like a glove. Betty Ford, Harriet Van De Vee and I would like the weatherman to stretch a point and let it snow this year.

Linguist

Petit Marny Vann is back, a certified Flight Instructor, and raring to go with her first student. Marny was born in France but is of Dutch descent, speaks several languages and will keep you interested for hours telling of the customs and mannerisms of the Dutch people. Welcome to the inter-sanctum, Marny.

The coming of Halloween has stirred up a little pre-celebration spirit with plans and suggestions in the air for a lobster barbecue here at the Field. Mr. Jacks will furnish the lobsters with all the trimmings and although no definite date has been set, we'll expect to see you there on the big day with appetite and all.

The Hangar and Line Crew mustered together last week and presented Mr. Hadley, Superintendent of Maintenance, a most elegant wristwatch. Happy birthday, Bruce, and may all your days tick as smoothly as that "big ben." We girls spent a few day dreamy moments the other p.m. intent upon developing a super pin-up man, using the instructor personnel at Chapman as the assorted material from which to work. This is what we dreamminded:

Physique: Sterling Camden.
Witz: Mac Campbell.
Laugh: Tiny Davis.
Eyes: Bill McGarth.
Cutest smile: Tim Heffin.
Most Mischievous: David DaBoll.
Pretty teeth: Guy Haygood.
Noisest: Tom Moxley.
Personality: Wilbur Sheffield.
Good looks: John Henry.
Opera Voice: Jim Pollard.
Eyelashes: Ed Tierney and they're not synthetic.
Hair (That's singular): Curly Narrow.
Most cosmopolitan: Herb Muller.
Quietest: Lewis Smith (Smitty).

If this completely out of this world creature resembles anything living or dead, present, past, or future it is purely coincidental, but you can't stop us from dreaming.

Enuff patter for this week. I'll close shop, hoping to see you all next week.