4-9-1943

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-04-09

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

Follow this and additional works at: https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper

Scholarly Commons Citation
Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, "Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-04-09" (1943). Embry-Riddle Fly Paper. 129.
https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper/129

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Embry-Riddle Fly Paper by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact commons@erau.edu.
FLYING EPICS

MARK CAREER OF JIM BURT

Dorr Field, a civilian contract Primary Flying School, boasts of many unusual and interesting characters among its military and civilian personnel, but none more so than Stage-Commander Jim Burt. A veteran barnstormer of the halcyon 20's, Burt has been the "dramatis personae" of innumerable flying epics.

He was born in New York City on January 7, 1908. Some sixteen years later a reaction against the automobile crowded city street playgrounds imbued Jim Burt with the spirit of adventure; he decided to pick up stakes and search for more spacious recreational terrain.

Hitch-hiking westward, he came upon a one airplane cow pasture flying school somewhere near Dayton, Ohio. That was the answer to his prayers—plenty of open space, plenty of open sky, and a chance to become a hot pilot. And that he did, for in a couple of months time, he found himself the owner of the flying school.

Expansionist

A true product of his time, Jim developed an expansionist complex. Taking his hard earned dough from teaching, plus a little help from some easy credit scheme, he doubled his productive capacity by buying another second hand "Jenny" (JMD). His dreams of financial independence crashed a very short time thereafter when both his Jennys cracked up—and on the same day.

Some speedy mental action was necessary to avoid the unhappy consequences sure to befall him at the hands of the loan shark. Despite the resultant pressure, his mental processes developed nicely, and he hit upon a fine idea, which his gift of gab helped sell to the Hawkeye Realty Corporation.

"Let me fly prospective customers over your real estate developments for a 10% cut on any sales, and your business will double," was Burt's proposition. "It was accepted," he narrates, "much to my ultimate chagrin, for the land boom collapsed shortly afterwards, and I fairly starved.

An enforced lay-off resulted from the establishment of aircraft regulations and licensing, and the hot pilot found himself back home. He tried his hand at other jobs for about two years, then decided to get back into the air.

He entered Curtis-Wright Flying Service School at Valley Stream, Long Island, and trained there until he obtained his transport license. This company then hired him to fly their charter line, later taken over by Safair, Inc. He stuck at this for about five years, until confronted with a more adventurous proposition.

Burt heard the rumblings of internal strife in far away Nicaragua, President Samora, president of this Central American republic, was looking for a small air force to insure his escape should his government be overthrown. Jim Burt couldn't overlook this beautiful opportunity for a little excitement and immediately volunteered.

He flew one of the two Boeings (40B4) that comprised Samora's entire air force. While so engaged, a transport plane belonging to the Taca airline was reported lost in the jungles of Central America somewhere in the vicinity of the Honduran-Nicaraguan border line. Burt joined the search and was away for three days.

His hope for effecting a rescue gone, he decided to return to his Nicaraguan air corps duties. Shortly before reaching the landing field at Puerto Cabezas, he ran into a series of squalls. Being so close to home, Burt decided, against his better judgment, to keep going and risk a landing at Cabezas despite the violent storm. It turned out to be a poor choice. Jim buzzed the field (what he could see of it), hit a tree.

Continued on Page 15

CADET BIGelow

Gathers News At Dorr Field

When 43-G held its graduation dance in the Canteen last Tuesday night, they thought it was their party. Of course, 43-H let them think so, but it was our party too, for with that event, we became the Upper-class.

Cadet Officer appointments were announced as follows: A/C O. E. Buckley, First Captain; A/C C. J. Whaley, Adjutant; A/C G. N. DuMars, Supply Officer; A/C J. O. LaPlante, Sergeant Major; A/C J. W. Atkin, Color Sergeant; and A/C W. J. Burpett, Sergeant Bugler.

There being girls and music involved, naturally the dance was a howling success. Until we were shown, we had no idea there were so many attractive girls within a hundred miles of Dorr, much less in our own Recreation Building.

Brahms to Basie

One of the higher spots in the evening was Flight Three's Neil Canning sitting in at the piano for a couple licks at One O'Clock Jump. Note to music lovers: Above mentioned Cadet may be found most any Sunday evening draped over the Canteen piano, knocking out hot licks that run from Brahms to Basie.

Our congratulations to 43-H's new husbands, George Parker and Ed Zane. Mighty brave boys!

The flying is now moving along at a fast pace. Those twenty-hour checks are starting some in the face; others are still shuddering at the remembrance of them; and still others are approaching their forties. At any rate, the PT is now more respected than feared, and traffic patterns are not things you only see in nightmares.

"Quiz Kids"

A new Underclass appeared in our midst Saturday, fresh from Maxwell and somewhat startled by the appearance of our Post. From all we can learn, they're a bunch of "Quiz Kids" that spent only two weeks at Nashville and only four at Maxwell, lucky dogs. Anyway, almost everyone in the two classes now knows someone, because nearly every Maxwell Squadron is represented.
Letters to the Editor

New York, N. Y.
March 22, 1943

Mr. J. R. Horton
Embry-Riddle Company
Aircraft and Engine Division

Dear Mr. Horton:

Your letter of March 20th, addressed to our editor, Bill Strohmeier, will be held until Bill’s arrival here about the 28th. At present he is in South Carolina, instructing a class of Army men. He is expected this week end for several days, and as soon as he comes to the office, your letter will be turned over to him.

In the meantime, if you have any material that can be used in the Sportsman Pilot, have your publicity man send it along.

Incidentally, whoever is doing the Fly Paper is putting out an unusually good job for a house organ. I read every issue and enjoy it, in fact I drag it up home with me, so I can go over it undisturbed.

Sincerely,

Frank A. Tichenor
Publicist
The Sportsman Pilot.

Editor’s Note: We are indeed flattered that Mr. Tichenor thinks so highly of our publication. A word of praise from the Editor of such magazines as the Sportsman Pilot and Aero Digest is most gratifying.

Letters from Former Students

“Sorry I didn’t write sooner but we’ve been busy, a lot busier than I expected and censorship allows us to write so little that it’s hard to sit down and fill a couple of sheets of paper. We’re working, and some days we’re working hard. Usually, when I get back to the barracks at night I’m ready to go to bed.

“I only wish that I had paid a little more attention when you were trying to pound a bit of mechanical knowledge into my head. Sure could use a lot of it now. You can tell those rookies down there that if you want to—might do ‘em some good.

“We’ve been overseas over six months now. Sometimes it seems like 60 years and sometimes like six weeks. Your first class has done a little climbing since then too. Coppola and Carden are Staff Sergeants; Elason and I are Sergeants; Dunn and Dorn are Corporals; Geel and Rhodes are at Flying Cadet School.

“I got a letter from Burgo today, he’s with the 20th. They are over here some place. John Perry is at OCS; Carter at Flying Cadet; B. S. Barkley is a Master Sergeant; Truby, Burgo, Dawso, Dera and just about everyone from that outfit that went to school with us are up in the N.C.O. ranks.

“About Africa, Bill, I wouldn’t trade a half acre of the poorest part of the U.S.A. for all of it. It raised almost continually for the first month or so after we got here. Still rains a couple of days a week and it gets cold. Nothing like Miami. On nice days it looks nice from afar but it’s far from nice.

“The cities are beautiful and picturesque from a distance but some parts of them are very dirty and they really stink in spots. The business sections are modernistic and up-to-date but stores haven’t much to sell and most things are rationed.

“French is about the only language spoken here so we are handicapped when we go to town. Don’t buy anything expensive cause it’s hard to tell if you’re getting taken for a ride or not.

“We get all the dates, figs, tangerines, oranges, avocados and eggs we want but it’s hard to get fresh meat. Guess the Germans cleaned them all out before they left. Going to town some day soon. Try to have a picture taken. Send you one if you want it.

Give my regards to everyone.”

Editor’s Note: The above is a letter from Sgt. Lyle A. Brissett who was graduated from our first Engine class, 1-42-A, June 13, 1942, to Bill Shanahan, Military Engineers Instructor. Sgt. Brissett is now stationed in North Africa.

“Have been intending to do this for a long time but wanted to wait until I had something good to write about if possible. Well, I have really gone to work on planes. There were 10 of us sent to Robins Field. Later we were sent to Venice, Fla. and were assigned to a service group there.

“Four days later 25 of us were sent up to MacDill on detachments. We are working on the line here and repairing ships, mostly B-26s, but there are all kinds here.

“Right now we are putting in new gas tanks in some of them. It’s a h — of a job getting those tanks in, too, but I like it a lot. I am working from 5 p.m. until 12 p.m., but I don’t mind that either.

“Give my best regards to all the Instructors and drop me a line and let me know what’s new.”

Editor’s Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Mr. Estes of the Aircraft department from Pet. Sidney Johnson, a graduate of that department who is now stationed in Venice, Fla.
Our victim this week is a native of Roanoke, Va., and a swell guy! T. E. Frantz, General Manager here at Embry-Riddle. At the age of two or three months "Boots" was a "sickly little creature" who "could not possibly live." A well-known baby food proved this to be incorrect, which readily can be verified by the "chubby little waist line" of today. Of course, the "beans and "laters" (potatoes to you) diet of his own choosing when he wasn't satisfied with the meal at hand may have something to do with the "miniature bay window."

**Six Months Young**

On this page is a picture of "Boots" at the age of six months. Up to this time he liked his bottle, but after that time he had no more use for it. His favorite hobby was running away from home to "watch the choo-choo trains go by."

At the age of eleven years, he and seven other boys during Christmas week holidays decided to catch a freight train (hobo style) to destination unknown. It was cold enough to "freeze the horns off a bull." They spent the night at a hotel 30 miles from home and altogether they had only enough money to possibly buy a hamburger and go to a show.

Little did they know, but there were actually two features on that night—one put on by "Six Shooter Tex" and the other put on by about four or five anxious fathers canvassing this small town in search of their wandering infants.

In connection with the hotel bill, of course, "Boots" used his proverbial "salesmanship" and convinced the hotel manager that his "Dad" would send a check for the bill. That over with, they spent the night.

**Hitting the Roads**

The next morning they started thumbing their way home again. They arrived home about four or five o'clock that day. After relating his experiences he promised faithfully "not to do it again."

At 12 years, he began his career of Aviation by making paper airplanes and spinning them through the air. From this, there was the small wooden plane with rubber band connections to make the propellers spin so that they would "take off" under their own power.

At 18 years of age, he noticed an ad in a paper advertising the sale of an airplane in Pennsylvania. He quite naturally answered the ad and after he had the deal practically in the bag, he enlightened his parents concerning the episode.

He had worked out a deal whereby he would give the second party his car in part payment for the ship. They made arrangements to meet in Washington, taking the car and a pilot to fly the ship back to Roanoke. The trade completed, they took off for Roanoke. "Boots" dad, who was driving a new car back from Washington, told "Boots" and the pilot that in the event of trouble they could look for him at the Kavanagh Hotel in Harrisonburg. At Harrisonburg they were both "waiting for Dad" at the hotel, because the motor had quit.

Finally, repairs were made and the ship was brought on to Roanoke. This began "Boots" flying career. One of the pictures shows "Boots" and that first airplane.

Frantz entered the employment of the Standard Oil Company in 1935, using his week ends for "brain-storming." In 1938, everyone knows, the local BT with Purina checkerboard paint job by Lt. Church and Co., is running competition with the local jeep. I can't tell which is the most popular.

It seems that the Major needed some new insignia... red and white's purty, too!

Melvin "Punkin" Carlton now has the measles "somewhere in Florida." The poor boy sure has tough luck. Pneumonia, measles and what have you.

We wonder who the new gal in the Form room is? "Mr. Knussrow, how about an introduction?" Who said that? Not me, I'm a married man.

**Young American**

Let us introduce A. C. Mazzacaro, He has close to 900 hours in Flying Fortresses in combat work. He was turret gunner and assistant flight engineer on a bomber doing anti-submarine patrols.

Cadet Mazzacaro looks and talks and in every respect except one is exactly like the hundreds of young men who take flight training at Embry-Riddle Field. This one exception is the possession of four letters of commendation from the War Department for tasks well executed while on convoy and anti-submarine duty from the upper reaches of the coastline to the tropical islands to the south.

**Distinguished Service Medal**

In addition to these letters, Mister Mazzacaro has been, or will be shortly, awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

We can't tell you what he did to earn these honors. Military secrets.

"Sure, they were exciting," he admits, but that is about as far as he will go in telling of those attacks on marauding enemy submarines.

*Continued on Page 15*

**SAFETY PROGRAM**

Henry B. Graves is now in charge of the Safety Program of the Riddle-McKay Co. of Tennessee. He will be responsible for the conduct of all the Safety Committee meetings and will have full authority to carry into effect all safety measures deemed necessary and advisable.
FLIGHT LINE
by Tom Watson, Jr.

Thanks to Joe Welford for this one:
A certain Civilian Instructor passed away and, through some mishap, arrived at the pearly gates. He was challenged in the usual manner by Saint Peter and asked to present his credentials.

FLASH
T. (Terrible Timothy) Waldo Davis dropped us a card and asked that we secure up a note or two for him from some of the old gang at Carlstrom.
You can write him:
Lt. Thomas W. Davis
C. I. S. A. A. F.
Randolph Field, Texas

The Instructor presented his company pass.

Saint Peter looked at the picture thereon, winced and asked for further information. The Instructor patiently explained his former duties on earth.

"Oh," said Saint Peter. "You wait here. I'll have to take this up with the Chief."

Ushered into the presence of the Head Man, Peter asked if he could be allowed to admit a Civilian Instructor.

"Sure—he's harmless," was the reply.

"I looked up his record," argued Pete.
"He's got a lot of black marks against him. He's had two ground loops, and he only gave a dollar to the Red Cross."

"Let him in," said the Chief.

"But," went on Saint Peter, "being a Civilian Instructor, he naturally isn't very well qualified for a seat in Heaven. He hasn't been a very good boy."

"And being a Civilian Instructor, he'll want a release in four days," said the Chief.
"Let him in."

The Basic Trainer check-out is definitely not a rumor. According to Capt. Johnny Clonts, Carlstrom Commanding Officer, the silver BT was sent here for the express purpose of refreshing Primary Instructors in the Vultee ship, and all efforts are being made to start the check-outs as soon as possible.

Temporary hold-up is the fact that Carlstrom now has no facilities for handling the high octane gasoline required for BT operations, and getting fuel from Fort Myers or Sebring would not be practical for such large scale operation.

The Company, however, is installing a special gasoline pump for this purpose and

ATHLETICS

Trophies for outstanding individual achievement in athletics were presented to winners of Class 43-G, Carlstrom Field, on Tuesday, March 30, by Lt. W. M. McCormick, Director of Physical Training.

Donald S. Garnis, Cadet from Minneapolis, Minn., and former U. of Minn. athlete, was awarded the Physical Fitness Trophy for his all around athletic skill and noteworthy performance in the contests which he entered. Garniss also won the swimming meet, being the only entry to tie an established record of the Carlstrom pool.

Cadet Stanley Cope of Philadelphia, Pa., was presented the Track Trophy as a reward for his sparkling performance in the 43-G track meet. Cope's versatile athletic ability was evident as he outpointed a field of stiff competition to cop the honors.

Cadet Harry Ernst received the Tennis Trophy and was crowned tennis champion of Class 43-G. A Cleveland, Ohio, athlete, Ernst captained the net team of that city's East Tech High in his senior year, which was one of the high points in his twelve year tennis career.

Speaking in behalf of Carlstrom's Physical Training department, Lt. McCormick congratulated the cup-winning Cadets for their outstanding accomplishment in being Class 43-G's best athletes.

A/C Francis Barzilaukis, Waterbury, Conn., won the Class 43-H track meet at Carlstrom, which saw two established rec-

Continued on Page 15
Hi folkses, here I am again, your madmaker-of-much-nischief, ole-go-getter-of-geofy-gab, Gremlin Ike. April Fool’s day has come and gone but a lot of its memories are still lingering around the Sea-plane Base, as you can well guess.

The day of great foolishness started out not only with a bang but a yowling as well. I opened the door to look upon the new day and looked instead into the indignant be-whiskered face of one very highly bewildered kitten, gaining altitude in a rapid fashion as he climbed up the screen door hollering the louder as he went.

As is typical of Riddle-ite hospitality, the entire Base spread out the welcome mat (sand-box at one end) to this poor lil’ feline. And seen but a few minutes later was Ad Yates with a fishing net flying from dock to dock while Phoenix Ingraham sat complacently on the ramp feeding Ad’s catch of lil’ minnows to Puss.

Then to the task of naming the kitten, such a lovely cat should certainly have an unusual name . . . after much debate, rebate and stuff I intervened and the cat was named Stinky with all the ceremony due such an occasion.

One can see some rhyme or reason to the above episode but when I sat right here and watched four big grown up Flight Instructors dashing around in the bushes trying to catch a monkey, I began to wonder. You should have seen them . . . bedecked with sandwiches, candy and fruit trying to coax the little fellow out into the open.

All hail to the lil’ monk who not only triumphed in eating all the food but didn’t get himself caught. For as the sun set behind the shores of Miami, Embry-Riddle and the Navy too joined hands in the chase only to meet with defeat when that small anthropoid took to the top of a royal palm.

But that’s about all for now since the (censored) has been so censored news is scarce. So if you will excuse me for another week I believe I’ll go and rent myself out as an aerial.

BUY MORE BONDS

CHAPMAN CHATTER
First Chapter, Jinnie Nickel
Second Chapter, Cookie

Slacker, would-be draft dodger, etc. “Cookie” Cook, lying down on the job, has hereby wished this off on me. Miss Cook, whose chief ambition is to be a pursuit pilot, sits on the floor in the middle of the lobby carefully explaining to the office force how to fly a plane.

First you kick the rudder pedals so as to make the flippers on the back of the wings wiggle up and down real hard; then you let the throttle all the way down. The propeller whips up a breeze which hits against the do-things in the back. All there is to do now is to pull back the stick and you’re off.

The administrative office force is awed by the simplicity of it all. She then stares out the window and sees a group of young boys standing around a plane. At first she’s at a loss to understand why, then decides that the fascinating thing in this instance is that the particular ship has a prop on it, which helps tremendously at times.

Other news from this end: The dignified Mrs. Evelyn Quillian who is now well under way with the new Navy Program is just before swinging from the chandeliers, what with log books, flight records and District Memorandums.

Has everyone seen Marguerite Dowd’s new car? If not, do as I did and make a special trip to the parking lot and gaze upon a beautiful sight. And all this for being a good girl, too. Another thing not to miss while we’re at it is Jerry Fugate’s whistling. It’s wonderful. If Major Bowers is interested, we will lend-lease him out for a nominal sum.

Henry Gardner has a repertoire of some choice bits that are well worth hearing, too. Now that Cookie has exhausted herself with a rendition of “The Chattanooga Choo Choo” or a Student’s First Solo, I leave the balance of the news to her.

Second Chapter

Well here I go again with all the scandal that’s fit to snoop. As a whole we survived the first day of April very well. All the fools ran loose, naturally, but nothing off the ordinary happened.

We have had a raging sale of “Leather Saddles” here on the Field lately. The deposit is only 10 cents and the sale is sealed with a written receipt. Anyone interested in this amazing bargain see Tiny Davis, Local Manager.

Had quite a gay time this week: Mr. Hadley soloed; Bob Mehorney passed his private flight test; Sheila Garrett started instructing for us; Bob Woodward came back; Mr. Hillstead and his ‘sigh’i’ting blue coat visited us; and the Cross Country boys dropped in also. What a week.

Navy Boys

The Navy boys are off to a dashing start and most of them have at least 3:30 hours logged to date, a very insignificant sum but nevertheless a very important factor in the foundation of a skyworthy pilot. Instructors are standing up well under the barrage of nautical terms and phraseology.

Enough of this clutter for now. I’ll close till next week with sincerest thanks to my friend Jinnie, who has also been bitten by the Fly-Bag. Her boy friend is now flying a 22,000 (!) H.P. plane and is well qualified to give her some constructible B.R. dual. It’s amazing how much she’s absorbed.

Gadget Rating

That exceptionally happy looking mortal in Operations is Helen Cavis. She just got her Gadget Rating and is now fully qualified to navigate between Operations and the Boat House even in the thickest fog. Jim Brundage and Loren Rea got their Instrument Ratings too, as I stood by and quietly cheered.

E. J. Hurley, Chapman Mechanic, wants Jack Hobler to know in case anyone should see him that we not only have a large supply of Prop Wash but gallons of “Striped Doping.” As to the former, ask Silliman Evans, Jr., he knows.

ABSENTEEISM

For want of a worker the gun was lost;
For want of a gun the tank was lost;
For want of a tank the position was lost;
For want of a position the battle was lost;
For want of a war our country was lost;
And all because of an absentee.

After the War . . . Will you be fishing for fun or fishing for food? Buy More Bonds!
Back from a holiday all refreshed, feeling just like the “eager beaver.” Our sincere thanks to A/C Morse for the splendid job he did during our absence — his work was greatly appreciated. And shame on you, Wain, for spelling his name Moore.

Folks back at the Middlewest were extremely interested in our landing at Riddle Field, and we were kept busy explaining to the American Legion, Kiwanis Club, Junior Chamber of Commerce, etc., as to just what our set-up was here.

At one of the Legion meetings, it was our privilege to meet Frank White, Editor of the Hoosier Legionaire. In the course of the conversation, we explained the FLY Paper to Mr. White, and he asked to be put on the mailing list, so there is another dignitary who will receive our famed weekly.

Course 11 Leaves

Course 11 received their wings and left this week for their next posting. Group Captain Maude of the RAF delegation in Washington presented the Wings at the ceremony on Thursday which was held on the Ramp in front of the Tower. Congratulations to you fellows and the best of luck to you all.

The Listening Out party was in the form of a dinner this time, with Course 11 entertaining the visiting Group Captain, and all the Station’s Officers at the Clewiston Inn last Thursday.

A refreshing change was evident in last week’s Listening Out, with Cadets Johnston, Mark, Potter, MacIntosh, Crook, Trotter, Gaskell, O’Donohoe, Hicks and West responsible for its publication. You did a nice job, boys.

Brian Johnston and Johnny Potter were also Associate Editors of this column during their stay here at No. 5 B.F.T.S. They have helped us on numerous occasions and we are grateful for the services which they have rendered.

Instructor’s and Co-Pilots’ Barn Dance

The Instructor’s Club was the scene of a barn dance last week end, with the Co-Pilots entertaining. The atmosphere was definitely informal — the gals in pinafores and the fellows in overalls.

However, Jimmy Cousins “heared” it was formal, so he wore a tuxedo, shirt and big bow tie. His trousers were suspended by a bright colored rope and to top it all off, his hair was parted precisely in the middle. Besides that, he had a date — with a “gurl.” So did Bob Johnston and Phil Coon — the bachelor boys did all right for themselves.

Kenny Woodward had on overalls with a big patch in the back, and Dot wore a cute red and white checked pinafore. Carl and Helen Ziler wore blue denim overalls, red neckerchiefs, and straw hats. They rode their bikes to the party, so you can see what patriotic citizens they are.

Lou Place insisted that he didn’t receive an invitation to the dance, but it was finally decided to let him in anyway.

Ping Pong Workout

The ping pong room was the scene of a lot of activity with several good matches going on. Phil Coon, “Nick,” Bob Walker, F/L Smith and “Gunner” Brink all had a good workout.

It was good to have several Instructors from Dorr and Carlstrom down for a visit, and we were happy to see the American and British Officers and their dates. Come back and see us again.

At midnight, huge trays of hot dogs with all the trimmings were a welcome sight. After all that “jitterbugging” to the grand orchestra, and here may we add a word of appreciation to them, we felt the need of refreshments.

All in all, it was a swell party, and everyone had a good time. The various committees deserve the thanks of all who attended. Following were the Chairmen of the various committees: Invitations, Olga Keine; Music, Ethel King; Entertainment, Edna Schneider; Decorations, Rachel Ellis; Food, Roma Hardin; Door, Maxine Peters.

The Mail Bag

Quite a number of recent students have written F/L Nickerson in response to the Anniversary booklet recently mailed to them. We too, have also received several letters from former pupils, so will give you the news about them, as taken from their messages.

P/O Roland Temple of Course 9 is now back in England and ready for his next posting.

An interesting letter comes from Sgt/P Albert Charlesworth of Course 4, who is a Flying Instructor. He sends news about other Course 4 boys — P/O Cresswell is now on heavy bombers; Abbey, Fraser and Dyson are Instructors; Morgan is a Glider Pilot; Mallinson is a Staff Pilot while Duval is a Heavy Bomber Pilot. Cooke is also an Instructor.

Regards to All

Orman of Course 5, and Skidmore of Course 6 are likewise doing Instructing work. In closing, Albert says, “Please give my regards to all, and especially to Joe Obermeyer and Ray Morders, and would you put down my name for the FLY Paper to be sent to me.”

We regretted to learn about the deaths of Roger Franklin and Dick Beever, both of Course 6. Franklin, who was formerly an Associate Editor of the FLY Paper and assisted in editing his Course’s Listening Out, was killed in active service in January while flying Spitfires. Beever’s death came while flying Mustangs.

A Course 1 graduate, W. J. Cleverly, is now a Flight Lieutenant serving in Malta.

Information comes that Sgt/P R. J. Pebody, Course 2, is now attached to a fighter Squadron in India. Special thanks is given to “Dr. and Mrs. Lishnart of Ft. Myers and also Mr. and Mrs. Pape of Clewiston” for showing Pebody a good time.

P/O W. A. Lindsey, Course 3, is now a Staff Pilot on Ansons. He tells us about some others in his Course — P/O R. B. Cooper has been reported missing while flying Whitleys; P/O Mackertish and P/O Manser are training on Hurricanes, and P/O Arterton is teaching on Coastal Command Boats.

Pukka Gen

A letter from F/O Hogarth, also from Course 3, contains a lot of pukka gen about his classmates. He asks to be remembered to all his friends here at the Field.

Lt. Col. A. Murphy informs us that his son, P/O Charles Murphy, Course 1, was killed in the Middle East in November, 1942.

Another letter of thanks for the Anniversary booklet came from Sgt/P J. R. Black, Course 6.

Sq/L Hill received a letter from P/O J. L. Kerr who, along with P/O Fossett, P/O Campbell, and P/O Chapman, all of
Course 9, are instructing American Cadets at Majors Field, Greenville, Tex.

"Tell Jean Reahard hello for me" was the message to Jean from our friend Ronnie Vaughn, Course 6, who wrote us last week.

Kenny Berry, Pfc. Berry, who was formerly a Nursing Orderly here writes us as follows from Camp Blanding, Fla.: Dear Editor, I have been receiving the Fly Paper weekly here at Blanding and want to thank you for your faithfulness in sending the copy. I never fail to read it from cover to cover and feel quite honored that I was once a member of the Riddle Field family. They are doing such a fine job.

I like the Army very much and feel that it has done me a lot of good. I am now a student cook and hope to be cooking in an Army mess in the near future.

Give my regards to everyone and here's hoping I can visit the Field sometime in the near future. Thanks for your letter, Ken. Let's hear from you again.

TO COURSE II
by Mrs. Clyde V. (Mama) Wadlow
Palmdale, Florida

Blessings on thee Airman true, In working Khaki or Uniform blue— With buttons agleam and cap askew Can you guess how we will be missing you?

We have loved and watched you day by day As you have gone on in your gallant way— Gaily you work, and gaily play.

You have won our hearts in your brief stay.

As you soar aloft in the brilliant blue— Many fond eyes are watching you— Fathers and Mothers are praying true— Praying to God to bring you safe through.

Soon you'll be crossing the wide, wide sea To home and the loved ones awaiting thee. Wrong cannot prevail, if like brothers you be.

The RAF with the AAC.

So blessing on thee, Airman true— With your jaunty smile, and your cap askew. Our love and our prayers will follow you through. And, oh how we will be missing you!

Editor's Note: The poem printed above was written by Mrs. Wadlow who wished it used in the Listening Out Edition of Course II; however, the copy came in too late, so we are printing it in this issue. We thank you for this contribution, Mrs. Wadlow, and you may be sure that we are adding you to the mailing list.

One Year Ago
Issue of April 9, 1942—Bill Watkins (Course 6) and Woody Watkins (Course 7), brother Yanks in the RAF training here, have four other brothers in the Armed Forces, and their father is a Colonel in the Army!—Tragic death of Buddie Carruthers, former Instructor here, is mourned by friends — Squadron Commander Fred E. Hunziker is Man of the Week — Mrs. Natalie Reese, wife of Mechanic Bob Reese,

is Mr. Durden's new Secretary — Hilton Robinson, Ground School Instructor, was in Miami on business — Several promotions announced on Flight Line.

Here and There
Class 14 has arrived now in full force. Any fellows from this Course who would like to help us with this column in regard to news from their Flight, please see Ye Ed at the Link Building anytime. Also any of the new Class wishing the Fly Paper to be sent to their homes may hand the name and address to the Editor at no cost to them.

Bob Ahern, Advanced Instructor, lost his billfold the other week, and made the sad mistake of asking Transportation Head Bolton about it in front of Captain Puringer and F/L Reinhart. Those two wise gentlemen, knowing that Bob kept his short snorter in his billfold, did a first class job of blackmail the rest of the day.

Congratulations are in order for Wing Commander and Mrs. Greaves, who announce the birth of an 8 pound 3½ ounce boy on April 1. According to the latest bulletins the Wing Commander is recovering nicely.

Welcome home Melvyn! Melvyn Carlton, has returned to this Field where he is now Chief Parachute Rigger, after having served in that capacity at Embry-Riddle Field in

Continued on Page 15

Who Wants To Goose-Step?
by W. Bruce Haughton

This War is costing our government exactly $1.75 per day for every man, woman and child in the nation. How much of your individual cost are you defraying by loaning Uncle Sam your extra dollars?

We have it so fine in America. The poorest of us are rich here, because we are safe... to sleep at night and do our work and eat well. But they can come even here. And if they do... you will know how beasts can kill and laugh. And then you will learn to hate, when it is too late.

Won't every one of you put your shoulders to the wheel and buy just one War Bond extra this month? Just a measly $18.75 to send bullets to men who are fighting for you and your wife and kids? When your money comes back sure... even if some of the boys don't?

It does make one feel ashamed, doesn't it—to realize you have slackier dollars in your pockets?

I think it's time all of us got mad... mad enough to strip right down to what we have to have, and put the rest of our dollars into Bonds! Bonds that will help get this mess straightened out fast... and then come back with interest to help us buy the things we need. How about you, mister—today?

DON'T STEAL THE JAP'S THUNDER BY MAKING A BLUNDER!
AT EASE

This column will be devoted to the service men at the Tech School, and everyone is invited to turn in to Lt. Moch any bit of news he may pick up.

Thursday, as every Thursday night, students of the school will furnish the entertainment at the regular Thursday night Jamboree at the Miami USO on 27th Ave. The program is arranged by Pfc. Morris J. Gottlieb, Class 7-43-B, in cooperation with the USO personnel.


It’s a lot of fun and everyone is invited to attend the show. We are always looking for new talent and anyone interested can see Pfc. Gottlieb or the Special Services Officer.

Class 7-43 AMC went into action Monday morning and the result was two more pets at the school, two mascots which they promptly called “Emby” and “Riddle.”

Working hard as ever that day (?) clearing off the field on 32nd St., they noticed two raccoons in a tree. In the battle which followed and which was fought with brawn as well as with brain, 7-43-AMC came slowly out on top.

One of the raccoons was finally captured on the ground by Walter S. Poore, after a merry chase in which he was assisted by several of his classmates. The other one was trapped on top of the tree by O. F. Nyman who used a cunningly devised sling to catch the enemy who had retreated to the thin branches at top of the tree.

Scratching and biting, the two game little animals were put into a box and brought back to school. Here they can be seen sitting in their cage and wondering about the strange ways of life. The Class hopes that they will be tame shortly.

BUGLE CALL

Class 15-43-A leaves the Gables this week for Tech School. It’s rumored that S/Sgt. Coulthurst will march the men over. Anyhow, a dress rehearsal was held for this hike last Sunday.

Class 6-43-A looked very good marching along the street the other night. It seems as if credit should go to Line Chief Harold Hoffman, Flight Chief Wiley Pitts, and Charles Ruppersberger and Crew Chiefs Carl Spurlock, William Vaughn, Luther Hotel and Jerome Witte.

Congratulations are in order for Pfc. Ferguson of Class 11-43-AMC, who was married Sunday.

It has been pointed out that Headquarters doesn’t need to worry about the canned vegetable rationing. We have plenty of corn coming from the army mail room in the form of hill billy songs. Could some one be jealous upstairs?

Who is the soldier in 12-43-A2 who had about fifteen large pictures taken of himself? Looks as if he is the Gables Casanova.

The non-com on duty the other Sunday left for a short while to house some new men. From the rock pile came the melancholy lament of the Volga Boat Song. The men dragged themselves along in a weary line, with burdens carried low, shoulders and heads drooping. Even the Sergeant had to smile at the lugubrious sight. Just goes to show that “nothing can stop the Army Air Corps.”

A SOLDIER SPEAKING

And if our lives should sag and break
Because of things you failed to make:
That extra tank,
That ship,
The plane
For which we waited all in vain;
Will you then come to take the blame?
For we, not you, must pay the cost
Of battles you, not we, have lost.

—Anonymous

EMBRY” AND “RIDDLE,” CLASS MASCOTS

**Artist Studies Radio**

As an employee in the War Department Message Center in Washington, D. C., last year, Melitta S. Pick of Miami Beach and West Bend, Wisc., became interested in radio code work and decided to specialize in that branch of War service.

In February she came down from Washington accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Pick, with the intention of studying radio code here. She is now enrolled in a class at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation. She and her mother are staying at their home at 1760 Bay Drive, Miami Beach, while Mr. Pick has returned to West Bend to supervise his War production factory there.

Melitta began studying radio with the sole intention of preparing herself for War work, as she is anxious to do her part in helping win peace. But she has found radio so interesting she would like to continue it after the War is over, if there are any jobs left “when the boys come back.”

“If the boys needs the jobs when they come marching home, they can have them. Just so I keep busy at something, is all I ask,” she commented.

Painting, sculpture and handicraft work now keep her busy in addition to her radio course, for she is a gifted artist. She has done every type of painting except portraits, and her strong, skilled hands are no doubt invaluable in radio work.

“They tell me painting helps train your hands for radio,” she said with a half shy smile. “I’ve used my hands all my life in some form of work, so I wouldn’t know, as I can’t tell the difference it has made in them.”

The slim, brown haired, brown eyed girl enjoys swimming, bowling, and horseback riding, and her favorite form of clothing is slacks. She is so glad she can wear them all the time in Miami that she declares she practically lives in them, but added humorously, “I wear a dress once a week—on Saturdays, so people will know I have one.” But rationing dresses would not hurt her a bit.

Melitta studied at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., at Laytona Art School, Milwaukee, and at Prospect Hall Business School, also in Milwaukee.

In Evanston she did volunteer work in occupational therapy in the children’s hospital and worked for a while as secretary in an Evanston book store.

The Picks have owned their home in Miami Beach for the past four years and also have a residence in West Bend.

---

**PILLS**

by Cpl. George Hindberg

The Army doctors have a cure
They use for all your ills,
No matter what the case may be
They always give you pills.

A man can well be dying,
Still no matter how you fret,
They throw a flock of pills at you,
And soldier, you’re all set.

I’ve taken pills for everything
From broken legs to gout;
I’ve even put them in my shoes
To keep the water out.

One time we were in battle,
And we ran plumb out of lead;
We needed ammunition, so—
We used those pills instead.

Well, sir, you won’t believe me,
But a lie I never tell;
The enemy couldn’t take those pills—
They’re all as dead as h—

---

**BUY MORE BONDS**

Pfc.: “The Sergeant said you showed what?”

Pvt.: “Signs of proficiency.”

Pfc.: “What’s that?”

Pvt.: “I don’t know, but I socked him, just in case.”
This has gone on long enough—I mean the long silence from the Purchasing department. Of course, I realize that I have threatened quite a number of times to supply our dear public with small snatches of choice chatter and datah about folks who mattah, but just look—I am really doing it.

To tell the honest to goosh truth, it has been haunting me. I couldn’t sleep at night. Rolling and tossing accompanied by occasional low moans were the usual procedure.

At long last, the dark of night would dissolve into the gray of dawn in Miami. And then only was I free—free to invent a million and one things I’d rather do than write a column for the Fly Paper. But my weary conscience and six or seven inmates of this madhouse have finally won me over and here I am.

Come See Us

Gee, I wish that you could come over to see us sometime. Why just think of all the swell people you could have the extreme pleasure of meeting!

As you walk in the front door, the first person you would see is Mary Frances Pernor — our telephone operator. Short, dark and winsome—that’s Mary Frances. Say, she received three V-Mail letters from her husband in Africa the other day and what confusion! Six people were cut off and Mr. Brooks found himself in a lengthy conversation with the Jones’ Home For Demented Children.

After you have exchanged dazzling smiles with Mary Frances, you barge through our bat-wing door and the most spectacular sight meets your eye—Margaret Howell at a typewriter.

If you watch closely—and you will have to do that, you will see a part of her re-

PURCHASES

Effective immediately, purchases will be made only through the Purchasing department, and no employee, other than the Purchasing Agent, will be authorized to obligate the Company for the purchase of any materials, supplies, equipment or services.

In the event of a real emergency, the Department Head should contact the Purchasing department, explain the situation and get a purchase order number assigned to the purchase he wishes to make.

Department Heads who purchase materials out of their own pockets and later ask for reimbursement are advised that reimbursement must depend upon subsequent approval.

known performance of producing 30 Purchase Orders in a single day. That’s good, in any man’s language.

You then swing around a wee bit and there sits Aldra Watkins. What a personality! Always a cheerful word for everyone and full of ready laughter. (All this and a 1st Lieutenant.)

At one desk in back of Aldra resides our Mr. Brooks. At any time of the day, almost, you can hear him say, “How are you, Mrs. Holland?” or “Miss Aldra” or “Miss Emily”—whomever should venture his way.

Hello, Ghost!

Speaking of Mrs. Holland—that’s Gerry—she sits across from Mr. Brooks (on the left hand side). I have never seen a gal with so many different colored dresses. Another nice thing about Gerry, she never gets excited. If a ghost should walk out of the cemetery across the street, I believe that she’s say, calmly, “Hello, there.”

Right in back of Gerry you’d find Edna Callahan. There’s no real way to describe Edna—she’s just Edna. You should hear her laugh sometime—it is so darn cute. Speaking of clothes, she has unanimously captured the grand prize of one second hand tooth brush for being the best dressed babe in the office.

Blushing Lady

Then you’ll meet Betty Jo Beller. You know what? That is the blushingist girl I have ever seen. She’s awfully cute, though. She sits in front of Mr. Lennox’s office.

Of course, you’ll have to meet “Bruz” Carpenter. You’ll probably say, “Ummhh, not bad!” He isn’t, he’s on the top of our list.

Don’t miss meeting Jimmy Koger. Now he’s the guy who keeps us grinning through a hard day. I wish that you could meet his adorable wife, Patty. She’s sensational.

We have our own adorable in the office, too—she’s Virginia Pendleton. You might overlook her, she is so little, but you’d probably have to dodge her, too. She really flies around our office.

Umbrella, Too

In front of Virginia, you’ll find our own Mr. Wheeler—Mel Wheeler to you. Honestly, you ought to see him in his little roll brim hat and black bow tie, and on rainy days, his umbrella.

Then there’s Claire Young. I’m sure she’d be only too glad to show you the wrist watch that her boy friend gave her. You’ll discover she’s an awfully sweet girl.

As you come around the corner of the partition you’ll see Mr. Straub seated at his desk and working like mad at his adding machine. He’s the one with the soft voice.

Over in the corner of this office you’ll also meet yours truly—a violent cough goes right here.

Mustn’t forget Joan Lowry and Norman Bennett—Joan is one of those girls who have to be shown. If you want to make Norman happy, just start talking about model airplanes—he’ll beam. He knows a lot about them, too.

Well, I guess that’s about all of us. Oh, gee whiz, I almost forgot Daphne Banks. She is on a leave of absence so she is going to stay with her father who is quite ill. You’ll like her.

I think that that really is all of us now. There aren’t so very many of us considering all the work we have to do, but even if we do have a reduced force, our work runs along surprisingly smoothly.

The inspiration and support we receive from our boss, Mr. Carpenter, helps us to put our very best into each job we tackle.

My little plane is running kinda low on gas so I guess I’d better bring this to a swift and merciful end.

**BUY MORE BONDS**

THE DIAL TWIRLER’S LAMENT

by Sgt. Fred M. Rogers

I wish the Army kindly would do me a simple favor
And raid these guys who use a fancy 'lectric shaver.
Why can't they be like most of us, as even you and I,
Who rise each morn and scrape our chins with razor, plain GI?

If this keeps up I do confess that I shall rise some a.m.
And go and search these culprits out and perhaps commit mayhem.
For nothing seems to burn me more, with this I am emphatic,
Than turning on my radio and getting all this static.
So well the Army kindly grant this small and simple favor
And confecrate this curse of mine — the fancy 'lectric shaver.

(Swiped from Yank)
NOTES FROM SCRAPS OF PAPER
by G. Ralph Kiel, Public Relations Director

Coordinator Eric Sundstrom is hard at work on a new mystery novel, already selected by the Crime Club, to be entitled, "Who Swipes My Cigars?" Eric gives this clue to future readers: "It's an inside job." But he has taken care of the situation nicely. Try it sometime when he's out of the office and you will find a full box—full of lemons.

A girl by the name of Wain Fletcher burst upon the Sixth Floor recently, all smiles, gurgling with happiness. When Bob Habig got her sufficiently calmed down to be coherent, he learned that she had just come back from the Seaplane Base. She said, chortling with delight: "They actually let me turn the plane!" "How nice for you," said Bob, going back to work, relieved.

Rose Garden

Mentioning the Seaplane Base, the thing which Manager Norton is now most proud of is the rose garden she had laid out to greet visitors. Go down in a few weeks if you want to smell something—nice.

And mentioning Miss Norton, there was the day she stood at the window in her office overlooking the Bay and watched a student do things to the Piper Trainer no student should ever do.

"I am not," Miss Norton wants it understood, "in the habit of cursing, but coming from the West there's a word or two I've picked up." She was using the words and showing fine ability, Indeed. However, she stopped suddenly and when she turned around she saw a man standing there, grinning at her. It was J. P. R.

Advice to all those language students: "Pass Chinese!" It's pretty tough to begin with and after you've finished where has it got you? Low Shuck Gow, Civil Aviation Student, was honored and delighted to meet Maj. Gen. Bekung Hsu, Chief of Staff of the Chinese Military Mission to the United States, and Maj. Gen. Dai-Fung King, also a member of the Mission.

Try Portuguese

After the greetings, Gow found that he could understand Gen. Hsu all right, but not Gen. King because he was from another Chinese district. Of course if you want to learn a special dialect and go to a specific district... But why not just try Portuguese with Adriano Ponzo? Brazil is a big place, too, and you can't go wrong there with the words Adriano will teach you.

All those colds that were going around... Doctors say there were three kinds of flu germs blitzkrieging the place: head, intestinal and chest. Isn't that nice? You can't miss.

Fast Movin'

Just to show you how fast our Army is moving these days, you may be interested to know that in the Coral Gables cafeteria the men move through the line at the rate of 18 per minute! That's what is known as "catching it on the run." Of course, in case you are worried about indigestion, they get more time than that to eat it.

While we're in the Gables, take a look at all those mascots the Army has picked up. The dogs really take their jobs seriously. Ain't no Jap going to sneak up while they're guarding a contingent marching down the street. The dogs get taken seriously, to. They have their own Air Corps Collars, which also carry their telephone numbers. Quite an aid to romance!

BUY MORE BONDS

LINES TO A CAN OPENER

Little gadget on the wall,
Ain't you got no work at all?

Constant use once kept you shiny;
Now you're dull, and gray, and grimy.

Cobwebs drape your slender figure,
Day by day they're longer, bigger.

Little gadget on the wall,
Did no one hear for you at all?

No, Men, the one on the left

Contributed by Chapmnanite Barbara Moon

Noted Painter Adapts Talent To War Effort

The Miami Division is having the opportunity to study ten of Earl Schwartzkopf's impressive oils. The paintings, destined for the Link Room at Riddle Field, hang temporarily on the walls of the Tech School Library.

Each painting has its own lesson in meteorology. Mr. Schwartzkopf was commissioned by the Embry-Riddle Company to paint this series to acquaint the Students with flying conditions and to teach them subconscious lessons in aviation under various weather conditions.

A well known artist from Toledo, Ohio, Mr. Schwartzkopf became interested in War work and so has directed his talents to visual education for the duration.

It will be well worth your while to visit the Library, if you have not already done so, and see Mr. Schwartzkopf's work, which is done with power and imagination.
Every week we have some distinguished visitors. This week we were honored with a short visit from Ed Hutson, Superintendent of Maintenance at Riddle Field. We were also happy to meet Bleeka Kissler, free from her many duties at Carlstrom, and show her around our shop. Personally, we think Bleeka's Fly Paper picture doesn't do her justice. She looked ultra-ultra when she was here, with a new white hat and all.

It is a mystery to us how some of these columnists always have so much to write about. No one around here will "give with the gossip." It is all very discouraging. The only consolation is that everyone is too busy winning the War to indulge in idle chatter.

We have heard, however, via the grapevine, that one of our men in Engine Overhaul is a fine painter. He is Alex Olden, and reports from those in the know guarantee that Alex is a painter of exceptional caliber and has a fine tenor voice as well. We will try to have an interview with Alex sometime soon and find out about his transition from artist to mechanic.

April birthdays—and luck and happiness to you all! Walter Carter, Marion Berry, Maude Dodge, Sam Davis, Hugh Williamson, Harold Hale, Lemuel Magee, Lars Lundgren, Lucille Knox, Howard Ostrander, Albert Redding, Louis Muzzio, Helen Gates, Isaac Haviland, Trixie Henry, and Morris Dunn.

Robert Himers is the new Expediter in charge of expediting Army and civilian material for the A & E Division. Another newcomer is Edward Cornnell, Assistant General Manager in the A & E Division, attached to the Aircraft Overhaul department. We welcome these gentlemen to the Embry-Riddle "family" and wish them success in their new positions.

Mr. Horton and Mr. Cornell are leaving this week for points north. We'll miss our "King Bee" and his cheerful smile—not to mention those sporty new clothes he's been wearing lately.

Engine Overhaulers are going to have a bowling competition within the department any day now. Three teams are organized already and are ready to roll. Set 'em up in the other alley, Joe!

When we were mentioning Dick Hourihan and his Production Reports, we should have mentioned Jack Hale's cohorts, Maude Dodge and Faith Weber, who also have Production Report blues every Friday. Jack's office makes an excellent report every week, and if you gentle readers think that's an easy task, you ought to try it.

Our nominee for the best person to go to when troubles arise is Mr. Foote, another honorable Assistant General Manager in the

---

**Wing Flutter**

**AIRCRAFT OVERHAUL, MIAMI**

*by Catherine W. Kerr*

Down here at Aircraft Overhaul, Miami, where the awkward things really happen, a certain John looking around and seeing that his department was practically all out, decided it must be lunch time, put on his hat and went home to lunch.

Instead of seeing lunch on the table, he saw a surprised expression on his wife's face. "What? No lunch?" asked John. When his wife replied, "It is only 11 o'clock," John was a bit embarrassed. Upon his return, he found that his co-workers were only out on their rest period.

Slippery Sam has his eyes open these days. One of his largest work orders to date was almost impossible to write as he had to wait until the job was completed. The only part Slippery Sam could take was to name the kittens Nuts, Screws and Bolts as they were born in the Stockroom.

---

**VICTORY BOOKS**

Newest contributors to the Embry-Riddle Victory Book Campaign are Howard West, Florence R. Gilmore, Lois Wheeler, Marty Warren, and Thomas Hawkins.

Peter Ordway, who has already given up enough books for a small library, just sent seven more to the Tech School Library.

Let's follow the example of these people, Embry-Riddle-ites. Let's give our boys a good selection of books—books which we have read and enjoyed.

A & E Division. "Call Mr. Foote," "Ask Mr. Foote." "See Mr. Foote" is our motto when things puzzle us, and the best of it is that he is always ready to handle any emergency.

We have tortured our so-called reportorial mind beyond endurance, so we will call it a column and bid you aadieu.

---

**BUY MORE BONDS**
TECH TALK
by Norma Phillips

Way down to my toes went my heart when Dorothy Burton phoned me last week to remind me of my promise to guest-write "Tech Talk." I'm sure the rest of you guest writers know what I mean, and those whose turn is yet to come... chin up!

Anyone seen walking by the Canteen last Thursday afternoon with tears streaming down his cheeks will be happy to know we realized it wasn't a tribute to the new beauty of the Canteen—twas tear gas... imagine!

Seriously, we of the Mess Hall department point with pride to the results of the hard labor expended in the Canteen this past week. It is truly lovely and there's enough room now for everybody to sit in for a "coke" and, of course, just a little gossip.

One of Mr. Giles' fondest wishes came true last week—to be "stuck" between floors with only himself and a pretty operator aboard the elevator. But alas, much to his chagrin, the power was turned on immediately. Better luck next time.

That "soulful" look on Ruth Turner's face has all of us wondering. To those who don't know her, Ruth is one of our loveliest station wagon drivers. She returned to Miami March 31st from Fort Benning, Ga., where she was visiting her best beau. Is she... or is she not?

Why did Senor Jorge Robertson's face turn scarlet when he walked into the Cafeteria last Saturday and heard a chorus of South American voices yell out, "Happy Birthday!"

That slightly sheepish look on Rosemary Younis' face was caused by the news that her George was in the hospital with measles. Don't laugh now—for I laughed at Malcolm Byrnes getting one of those childish diseases, and what happened?—I had the measles the next day!

Lillian Bradford, head telephone operator, had a birthday last week. We don't know how old she is, but with her new hair-do and orchids she's looking prettier every day.

Much excitement in the Mess Hall kitchen over the week-end—a fire Saturday afternoon—the only casualty being a certain somebody’s pants (!). Incidentally, the telephone operators have requested that when and if another fire occurs, that someone pick up the phone and in a calm voice explain what has happened and the extent of the fire to the best of his ability—not just pick up the receiver and yell, "Fire!"

Sunday afternoon, an explosion, caused from a leak in the gas line, ripped all the buttons off the suit of one of the Chefs. We were hoping that it was just "material damage," but Harry Norwood is under treatment for bruises. We are all sorry.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin W. Turner proudly announce the birth of a son—Robert Hunter Turner—on Saturday morning, April 3rd. He weighed in at 6 lbs. 8 ozs. Congratulations, Mr. Turner, we know you feel better about the whole thing, and no, you haven't changed a bit!

Gene Bryan and her lovely mother have purchased a 12-unit apartment house at 2137 Coral Way. She has only one vacant apartment, and to those who are apartment hunting, we know of no lovelier landladies. Don't shove, now!

We are very thankful to hear that although Mrs. Riddle is still in the hospital, she is now well on her way to recovery.

We welcome to Embry-Riddle two new employees in the administrative Mess Hall office—George B. McCaulley and Beatrice Cherpuy. Mr. McCaulley comes to us from the Indian Creek Club and will handle payroll and rationing data for our office. Miss Cherpuy is now Mr. Hiss' secretary—taking my place as I am leaving April 15th.

In conclusion, I take this opportunity to publicly say good-bye to the many friends I have made during my stay at the School. I'll miss you all.

BUY WAR BONDS

by Peggy Harrod and "Scoop" Setter

Well, folks, here is Elmer, the Sperry Gyropilot. He is Fit as a Fiddle and rarin' to go. Last week we told you how hard the Instrument Specialists were working on Elmer. They certainly did a fine job on him.

You are cordially invited to come to the Granada Shops to see Elmer in person. See how he operates as the mechanical member of the crew on some of Uncle Sam’s finest airplanes. He is Mother’s Little Helper—just as capable as he is cute.

Elmer will stay perched on top of this column from now on, just to keep you reminded of this standing invitation.

WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?

"No, lady, we don’t have your dog!"

"Really, lady. This is the Instrument department, not the dog-pound."

Jang! Went the receiver, and Mr. Benediet, our accountant, paymaster and good friend, sank back in his chair utterly exhausted.

Seems as if a lot of dogs have been missing from various homes in Coral Gables.

Well, there is a meat rationing on, you know. Now don’t start thinking of hot dogs, cause you’re all wrong.

Here’s why. Dogs are smart creatures. They're man’s best friend and vice versa. The peculiar thing about these missing dogs is the liking they have taken to the boys in fatigue suits. Patriotic? Perhaps.

They really know the difference between tweeds and fatigues. If you don’t believe it, just try to coax one of them to follow you instead of marching along in formation with the boys in fatigues.

If you watch closely you’ll see them stop at a door. As the fatigues disappear, the doggies lie down to wait patiently. When the door opens, they jump to their feet. Their eager eyes search the faces of the boys in fatigues as they come out.

There’s a hand outstretched—and another. Just look at those tails wag! You’ve guessed it. The doggies aren’t lost—they’re at Mess.

All we can say (in view of the meat rationing) is Lucky Dogs!

Yours truly spent a few days at Tech helping with T.O.’s. The folks in Mr. Ireland’s office are swell.

The first day on the job I got there about an hour ahead of schedule, so I made a tour of the grounds and the first floor.

I was especially interested in Mr. Baker’s department, instrument inspection. I was surprised at the number of instruments he had getting ready for the boys to inspect. Mr. Baker said he was surprised at how much the boys remember from their training while in the instrument phase.

Before I left I had a very pleasant visit with the folks in the Fly Paper office. I hope they take my invitation seriously and come over to the Instrument department to see what makes us tick.
UNION CITY
Continued from Page 3

He is 24 years old and was a staff sergeant before applying for flight training.

With boys like these gunning for Hitler, Mussy, and Tojo, they had better start writing their wills.

Dreams While Snoozin’

That the Canteen served sandwiches and cokes free of charge, with plenty of chewing gum and candy,

That whoever (bad English) swiped my galoshes brought them back and gave me two bits for the use of them.

That Virginia Hunt had an English accent.

In an impressive ceremony at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Union City, Thursday night, March 25th, Miss Martha Stokes, who has been employed in the office of Irv Kusrow, Maintenance Superintendent, became the bride of Lt. Joe Hudgens.

Greenberger, who is back at his desk in the Maintenance department.

F/L Smith is flying this week to Port Huron where he and Miss Charlotte Jones will be married on April 17th. He and the Mrs. will return here later in the month and make their home in Clewiston.

High honor and great distinction was ours this week as we had the privilege and pleasure of entertaining Fly Paper Editor Wain Fletcher and her Assistant, Vadah “Slave” Thomas, who came here for the Wings Parade on Thursday.

These two ladies have been our target for some time now in failing to visit us here at Riddle Field, and when we can get them both here at the same time for an overnight trip, that is an accomplishment.

Seriously, we were glad to have you, Wain and Vadah, and we want you to come back soon.

F/L Crossley returned this week from a business trip to Washington.

F/0 Keech has been added to the RAF Staff here as an Armaments Instructor.

Make Safety a Game

PLAY SAFE

LET’S BE SMART

A modern airplane has practically everything but brains. These must be supplied by the men who fly them.

While it would be infinitely better if these bits of human tissue, cells and nerves could be incorporated in the engine nacelles or behind the instrument panel, unfortunately this has not yet been done. The human factor is still the most important thing, the beginning and the end.

That intricate piece of machinery known as an airplane will do almost anything you want it to if you treat it right, but you can’t expect the landing gear to swing down into place if you forget to snap the switch.

By the same token you can expect the wheel assembly to fold up under you on a take-off if you flipped the “wheels up” switch when you thought you were lowering the wing flaps.

The pilot, the man who supplies the brains for this high powered, yet delicate, monster of the air, must be on the alert 60 seconds of every minute he’s handling the ship.

He can take off perfectly, fly the course without error and land with ease; but carelessness in taxiing to a parking place may rob him of all credit and cost a couple of hundred for wing repairs.

The smart pilot will check everything before take-off, press every button and snap every switch with the care and precision a machine valued at many thousands of dollars deserves, and, above all, obey every flight rule and regulation he knows.

Let’s be smart.
SAFETY SLOGAN CONTEST

"Safety First Makes Safety Last" is the winning slogan of the Embry-Riddle Contest. It was submitted by Donald F. Peck, Personnel Manager of Dorr Field.

So many crackerjack slogans were submitted that it was indeed a difficult task to select the winner; but we feel that Mr. Peck's contribution is catchy as well as thought-provoking.

You will receive your five dollars shortly, Mr. Peck. Congratulations and thanks. Your phrase will be used to good advantage.

BURT

Continued from Page 1

lost a wing, rolled over and crash landed upside down.

The rest is hearsay to Nicaragua's ace air force pilot, for he was out cold for some time to come. It took about one and a half hours to dig Jim Burt out of the wreckage. The rescue crew used axes, hacksaws, crow bars and any other implements on hand. When they finally succeeded in extricating him, no one knew whether he was dead or alive. Some people, hasty to jump to conclusions and not knowing our hero, pronounced him dead. The press likewise gave his corpse considerable publicity.

Meanwhile, the hospital attendants at Puerto Cabezas, too busy to read the reports of his demise, worked feverishly over his battered frame. They splinted his two fractured legs, patched up four broken ribs, put more stitches in his 32 sars than a Singer sewing machine demonstrator, injected quantities of insulin, and gave him four blood transfusions.

"I've still got plans of Central America in mind, Jim," says Jim, "and that's probably why I'm partial to brunnets." Of his three months' stay in the one room hospital, Burt had nothing but praise for the lone doctor and only nurse; except that toward the end of his hospitalization he maintains it became slightly trying since neither of the Nicaraguans spoke English, and his best efforts at their language were always misunderstood.

The incident, as Jim refers to it, cost him his license and a year's flying. On completing his term of penitence, he joined the CAA inspector's school, only to resign a month later to accept an offer from Embry-Riddle Company, which was opening several civil elementary flying schools early in 1941.

As one of the two Stage Commanders at Dorr Field, Jim Burt is respected by students and Instructors alike. His devil-may-care flying ways, one has settled down to the great task of supplying well-trained pilots for Uncle Sam. At Dorr Field Jim has seen, and helped mold, thousands of young, eager aviation Cadets, who today are carrying their full weight in the aerial warfare all over the world.

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

Orchids to Mr. Anderson and his crew on the fine job they did in giving the Canteen such a thorough face lifting job, painting and redecorating the inside, and in such a short time too.

Have you noticed that the grass is growing down the shoulders and up the other side on the circle drive? Alton English was all smiles this past week. Oh yes, we're going to have just as pretty grass as they do at the Auxiliary Field.

And while we're on the subject of grass we'd like to mention that Slim McAnly was telling us something about a mower that he has over at the Auxiliary Field that will cut at least one acre of grass every 24 hours or 24 acres of grass every hour. We couldn't quite make out which it was.

Anyway, Slim says it's so fast that it takes two colored boys besides the driver to operate it—one to say "Look out here she comes," and the other to say "Look out! Thar she went." Tom Davis told us that—so it must be true?

Airplane Maintenance

Again Mr. Callers and his crew are due credit, for using the airplane tow tugs not only for the purpose of towing airplanes but also for utilizing them as fire fighting equipment.

Dorr Field can now boast three pieces of rolling fire fighting equipment. The tugs can be hooked up to the 40 gallon chemical tanks and another tug can be hooked up to the small flat cart and can carry six men to the scene of the fire in less than half the time that would be used in the usual procedure.

A lot of credit is due Ally "Let's have a fire drill" Kellingsworth who is constantly on the alert as to fire hazards and checking the fire fighting equipment and coaching the Line personnel on the safest and quickest way to combat fire.

"Better be fire conscious than burned unconscious."

No, Mrs. Wendel, that plot of ground in front of the Operations Tower that has all the baskets set around it is not the Dorr Field Victory Garden. The baskets are not put there to put beans in either. They are to keep Cadets from taxing airplanes over said plot of ground.

The Canteen surely misses Omega Mills who left this past week to return to her home in Bartow.

From the Ground School—Did George McKay get off the train or didn't he when he was bidding some of 43-G goodbye the other night? He had everyone guessing?

All of us at Dorr Field wish to express sympathy to the wife of Kenneth E. Faxon, Flight Instructor, who was fatally injured last week when his training plane crashed near Arcadia.
COLOMNADE CANNONADE

by Helen Dillard

Minnie Cassel has fallen down on her snooping...she was the best one we had but she didn’t contribute one bit of gossip to your correspondent this week.... Now, Minnie, we have been singing your praise all over the Colonnade, so get busy and help us out once again.

Texas Newbold is back at her desk in Peter Ordway’s office, after having defeated “old man” mumps...we are glad to have you back, Texas.

There are a lot of folks with long faces around here...Peter Ordway’s being the longest...he has lost his lovely secretary, June McGill—but for only a month, we hope... We heard someone make the remark that with June gone there just ain’t no more glamour in the Colonnade building.

Emmitt Varney, Personnel Director, and Henry Graves came back from Arcadia last week beaming over having been for a ride with one “Swamp Dave” in a Swamp Buggy...not being up on our Florida Swamp education, we ain’t exactly sure what a Swamp Buggy is...it must be thrilling, however, from the way our “boss” was praising it.

In addition to his duties as Employment Manager, Henry Graves has been appointed Safety Engineer for the Company...we all feel that the right man has been chosen to do this job.

Doris Hunley, Mr. Graves’ secretary, and Aileen Smith, also of Personnel, participated in a tour of Miami operations of the Embry-Riddle Company, conducted by Willard R. Burton, Chief Instructor of the Instructors School.

Instructive

Doris could hardly wait to tell Jay, her husband, (he is with Eastern Airlines) of all she had learned...which must have been a good deal because Jay made the comment that she sounded as though she had taken a course in Mechanics.

Sara Joyner and her soldier husband, “Tab,” finally are getting around to taking their honeymoon trip...they were married only a few days when Uncle Sam called him away...she will be gone for two weeks.

We have had company down this way for a week, and mighty nice company too...Jackie (sister-in-law) Dillard was pinch-hitting for Texas “Mumps” Newbold...but now that Texas is back we guess Jackie will be going back to Tech to continue showing our guests through the School.

I S T E N P E R C E N T OF YOUR SALARY BUYING WAR BONDS?

PLANE FACTS

When the final chapter of this war is written, Planes will be on every page. And in the future chapters of American transportation, Planes will occupy an ever-increasingly important position. A career in the industry founded upon Planes—building them, flying them, and keeping them flying—offers unlimited opportunities. With the right kind of training, you can build a Plane future that is far from plain.

Find out which of Embry-Riddle’s 41 different Aviation courses can put you on the beam toward success. Get the facts now and plan to enroll soon.

Emby-Riddle SCHOOL OF AVIATION
3240 N. W. 27th Avenue Miami, Florida
Phone 3-0711