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Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1944-03-31

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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FEW of us, whose most recent glimpse of
the United States faded below in the
chill pre-dawn of a January morning, could
have suspected that our thundering take-off
initiated a new height in travel enjoyment.
We sincerely doubt that more good, clean,
hilarious entertainment than we experi-
enced on this trip ever occurred at an alti-
itude of six to eight thousand feet above the
earth.

With only two days' notice, we had left
home in a veritable whirlwind, the over-
whelming anxiety to reach our new work
tempered by the lingering bitterness of
leaving loved ones behind. It's a funny
feeling to want to leave and to want to
stay. Your heart and your head struggle
for the upper hand and the battleground
of that struggle must be midway between
the two because it's always in your throat
that a lump swells and grows, like a cork
bottling up the emotions that surge madly
through your breast.

By sunrise of the first day of the journey,
we marveled in drowsy amazement at the
hue of the coral waters that surround the
Keys. The lump had melted, or rather, it
got jarred loose.

A certain fellow-passenger, who was des-
tined to keep the whole group on the edge
of hysteric, suddenly christened the flight
with a quip. Not that Charlie Ebbets de-
serves credit for being a wit—for one gets
about as much kick from looking at him
as from listening to him.

If you can't place Charlie, you may
recall him, our dear Chief Photographer,
standing in the second row of our group
as we lined up on the steps of Tech School
for a farewell picture, his fiery cap cocked
to one side, his mouth agape toward the
other side, his lungs bellowing for action.

This time he was on the wrong side of
the camera. He couldn't take it. Profession-
al jealousy foamed abundantly from him un-
til the cameraman, patient through it all,
finally found sweet retaliation. In a rare
split-second, when Ebbets relaxed his at-
tack, the fellow caught him right smack in
the middle of looking natural.

At our first stop some of us got our
initial taste of food served in the Latin
manner. We were whisked away to the com-
missary for a bite of lunch and a shower
of grapefruit juice. The meal gave Ebbets
a fresh start. He had to be commandeered
out of the company store, and even after
we got him securely strapped into his seat
on the plane, it suddenly became doubtful
if the safety belt would hold him.

He took one look at the red hills of
the surrounding country as we soared into the
air and swore he'd been gyped. He was
going to bail out. To heck with the trip!
Someone told him he was going to Brasil
and here he was cruising around over dear
old cracker-land.

The next hop revealed the awesome ma-
jecty of the cloud formations over the sea
below and the unfortunate coincidence that
Porono and Ebbets had been allowed on
the same plane. We were aware that Pon
was along all the time, but it took this leg
of the journey to realize what it meant.

Happily both of them recalled their kind-
ergarten and Sunday School training, and
whether or not one or the other of them
came out second best in the banter is high-
ly immaterial in consideration of the pun-
ishment the rest of us suffered. We now
know that there is a new and terrible form
of air-sickness for which we were not pre-
pared. It is brought on and aggravated by
laughing in rarified air until one's flanks
become numb.

For us ex-buck privates, "Officers' Club"
o longer meant anything but "Welcome." And
the club at our next stop made the
most of our visit. We men, who, solely by
virtue of numbers, barely had been holding
our own among the girls, all but got pushed
out on our faces when our eight fair travel-
ing companions set foot in that big
jungle camp. Priorities, you know.

Our hosts put on a floor show and put up
a dance band of no mean ability so that the
forest shook with the racket they made. It's
Continued on Page 12
Dear Editor:

Recently a buddy of mine received a copy of your magazine, the Fly Paper, and when he was finished he passed it on to me. I certainly enjoyed reading it as it was very interesting and very informative.

The reason for my interest lies in the fact that I have a nephew in the Civil Air Corps Cadets and, secondly, I am a member of a Fighter Squadron over here in New Guinea as a radio technician. It interests me to see that so many young men and boys are members of the C.A.P. Cadets. I know my nephew has been interested in airplanes since he was around twelve years old, when he started building toy ones.

Please send him a copy of your magazine: Buddy Carson, 4590 Bergen Turnpike, North Bergen, N. J. If he is already on your mailing list, he will notify you to that effect.

Thank you for any courtesies you may show me.

Sgt. L. W. Carnatz

Editor’s Note: The Fly Paper office experienced a definite feeling of pride when we found that a Sergeant “way out in New Guinea was so interested in our publication that he asked to have it sent to his nephew in New Jersey. We are glad to put Buddy’s name on our mailing list and we hope that he will in turn send us his uncle’s complete address so we will be able to write to him.

Miami, Fla.
March 25, 1944

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper and I must congratulate you on the fine job you are doing.

If things turn out as I hope they will, I expect to apply for a commercial pilot’s license. I am a junior at Miami Senior High.

In about a year I want to take the training course at Embry-Riddle and take advantage of your excellent facilities. After that I want to go on to college with my brother who was an aeronautical inspector for the Navy and Army. We both plan to have the Army Air Forces in England.

Would you kindly send Ellis the Fly Paper? I’m sure he will enjoy it as much as I do.

Sincerely,
Shirley B. Verdon

Editor’s Note: Your brother will begin receiving his Fly Paper shortly, Shirley. We’ll be looking forward to seeing you down at Chapman Field next year. With all the ambition your letter attests, you should make an excellent flight student.

Caseros 796-F
Buenos Aires
Argentina
March 12, 1944

Dear Wain:

I hope you won’t mind my sending this through Mary Manos. This is to say hello to you and Vadah and... should I say Charlie Ebbets too? I haven’t received the pictures he promised as yet, but I still think he’s a grand fellow.

Well, I reached here on Christmas Day and found my folks all at home in full celebration. Still I don’t know who was the most delighted, they or me.

1. My home city is as beautiful as ever and I like it more than it likes me. It changed a lot in those two years I spent up there and it looks just grand, except in something I can’t quite get used to. The way people eat down here—it’s too much, and I’m gaining so much weight already, which I don’t like as I’m kind of short, you know.

Now, Wain, I would much appreciate that you send me a few copies of the Fly Paper I’m missing in my collection and that you send me a copy every week. It would be so sweet of you and I could show them around to the boys here and Montevideo, Chile, too. Will you like that?

Remember the picture I drew of General Eisenhower? Well, the picture The Miami Herald took of me was published in some newspapers down here to my satisfaction—was so glad about it.

Hope I’ll get back up there soon, God willing, but can’t say anything definite yet. Mom says thanks for the Fly Papers you sent her while I was up there. I wish I could take her up there with me and have her visit the school and meet all my friends.

Please do publish my home address so my friends up there can copy it and write to me sometime. I’d so much appreciate a few lines with all the news.

Everybody will be wholeheartedly welcome at my home if they ever come down here. Please forgive my poor English, say hello to everybody and you have my best wishes and kindest regards.

Gonzalo Lopez y Garzon

Editor’s Note: Gonzalo was one of our first instructor mechanics at the Tech School under the Inter-American Training Program and he was with us from January, 1942, until May, 1943. His brilliant drawing of General Eisenhower was reproduced in the Fly Paper, and we were delighted to learn that it also received recognition in his home city. P.S. Mary delivered your letter promptly, Gonzalo.

Class 2-C-44
Aviation Cadet Regiment
U. S. Naval Air Trg. Ctr.
Corpus Christi, Texas
March 4, 1944

Dear Editor:

I can never praise your School of Aviation too highly for the swell start that was given me at Chapman Field toward my Navy wings. With such a background I shall soon be able to complete my training at this Air Center.

I never realized before that the Ground School training that was given by such excellent instructors at Chapman could possibly mean so much. Now I can ride through on what I have gained from Embry-Riddle.

I would appreciate it immensely if you could personally thank all the men at Chapman who worked so earnestly to put so many cadets at this final stage of training.

To Mr. Hefflin I owe two up checks as well as one to Dave Narrow, Bryan Miller was a swell instructor. If he is still at Chapman, kindly remind him that I think I’ll make it yet. I would like to know if Lee Maxey thinks I know more about flying than he does. Why no letters from him? I guess I’m still needing the help he used to give in those little “talks.”

For feminine inspiration there were quite a few to whom I owe so much but especially to the present switchboard operator at Chapman who seems to have great misfortunes with dancing lately.

I have read every issue of the Fly Paper since I left Miami, so please have my address changed from St. Louis to that above at Corpus Christi.

Sincerely yours,
Michael E. Rudisill

Editor’s Note: Thanks for your very nice letter, Mike, and your praise of Chapman Field. Tim Hefflin and Dave Narrow will appreciate your tribute and we hope Bryan Miller, who has returned to Philadelphia, will see your message in his copy of the Fly Paper. We couldn’t locate Lee at the Field to ask him why he hasn’t written, but we can tell you that Harriet’s broken “wing” is on the mend. Do keep in touch with us.

LAV(T)USNR
Operations
Naval Air Station
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Fly Paper:

I received your publication as a civilian. Seeing one addressed to Ensign Ordway, I filched the enclosed and am applying for a place on your mailing list.

Very truly yours,
J. R. Chapman

Editor’s Note: We’re surprised that our former Dean of Admissions permitted you to mangle his Fly Paper in such a way always was one to help along a good cause. Please write us again and tell us about yourself.
Letters from England

3 Linden Road
Newport, Mon.
England
February 14, 1944

Dear Editor:

My thanks for your kindness in forwarding me the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper are very belated, but my thanks are very sincere and I trust you will convey these sentiments to your staff.

The "Fly" has been reaching us ever since our gallant son came to your generous country for training as a pilot in the R.A.F. in 1941. Our lad, 1314248 Sgt. Pilot Ridd, T.J., trained in the States at Carlstrom Field in Class 42-F and several of your flying fields where he succeeded in winning his wings.

He came back to the beloved country where for a time he was skipper of a "Wellington," after which he took command of a Lancaster. He, together with his crew, were a very happy crowd and took part in many operations over Germany and occupied countries.

Alas, in April of last year whilst on operational duties, he and his gallant pals lost their lives, but it was not until the end of November that the Germans revealed that they were buried in Germany.

And it is here, Mr. Editor, that I would now like to express the deepest and grateful thanks of my dear wife and self, through you, to all those very kind and thoughtful people in the U. S. A. who made my boy's life so happy whilst he was with you in training.

One family I would very specially mention. This family was marvellous and John used to look on Mrs. Strong as a second mother. The name of the family is Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Strong of 811 S. Palm Ave., Sarasota, Fla.

Words cannot express our gratefulness for all they did, but the wealth of their generosity will ever be a fragrance in our memory of our only gallant son who sallied forth on operational duties with equally gallant and heroic men of the country in which he received his training.

Amongst several other kind folk in the U. S. A. I would also mention Mr. Grimes of the U. S. O., Spartanburg.

Well, Mr. Editor, I trust I have not bored you with too long a letter, but felt that I must at last long write expressing my feelings and thanks to your staff and yourself and to let you know what an English mother and father think of the generous treatment given to our boys in the U. S. A.

I wish your paper continued success and hope that I shall still receive it.

Thomas H. Ridd

Editor’s Note: The entire Embry-Riddle company extends deepest sympathy upon the loss of your son, Mr. and Mrs. Ridd. He was a fine boy and our memory of him is a proud one. Of course you will continue to receive the Fly Paper, and we hope this letter from you will not be the last. Write to us anytime. Letters from abroad, from the people who are welcoming our boys as we are theirs, are always read eagerly.

Carn House
Warbstow, Launceston
Cornwall, England
February 23, 1944

Dear Editor:

A few days ago I returned home for disembarkation leave after serving in the Mediterranean and North Africa, and I had the very pleasant surprise of receiving the College’s very kind gift of a watch. I appreciate this excellent present very much and the generous gesture of those who have given it.

Like the other fellows who were first introduced to flying at Riddle Field, I have many happy memories both of the life in the school and the experiences of our “time off.”

I, for one, will not forget my first instructors and wish to acknowledge the debt I owe them for the pains they took. And now I have this present which will be a constant reminder of the happy days spent with Course 3.

Will you be so kind as to pass on my sincerest thanks and my best wishes for the further good work of Riddle Field?

You would be interested, I know, in the activities of the many cadets who have left you and are now serving on active operations, but unfortunately we can tell so little.

I have just done some fifteen months of night fighting and have been fortunate enough to have had some successes. I will mention also H. K. Humphreys who is on a similar job and has also contacted the enemy with notable success.

Yet another of Course 3, Johnson, has done some good work with day fighters, and I know that Yorke has been in the news with Coastal Command. Perhaps the instructors have heard from some of them and may know much more than I do myself.

I should like, however, to send the in-
EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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Palm Sunday

by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt, Dorr Field

Next Sunday is Palm Sunday. As I think of the significance of the day, I can't help but feel that there are certain striking similarities between the circumstances of the first Palm Sunday and Palm Sunday, 1944.

On that day when Jesus rode triumphantly into Jerusalem, the crowd paved the road for Him with palm branches and with their very garments. They shouted, " Hosanna; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." Yet a few short days later they were shouting, "Crucify Him, Crucify Him!"

Today we boast that there are no atheists in foxholes. Dr. William B. Pugh, who recently made a 40,000 mile tour of the fighting fronts, said it is absurd for the Church to use such a slogan and to " recount certain life raft experiences as if a new Wesleyan revival had struck every man in uniform." Our observations on the home front will bear out his criticism.

If we are guilty of the shallow thinking and empty "Hosannas" which characterized the crowds in Jerusalem, we too in a few short days or months will find ourselves sitting at a peace table crucifying anew the principles of right, justice, equality, brotherhood and freedom for which Jesus stood.

Only a few remained true to His teachings after that day. Only those who had known Him personally and experienced the power of His faith in their lives had the courage to remain loyal to their convictions. It will be the same after this War. Many will avow faith in the heat of battles, but only a relatively few will remember in the quieter days of peace.

Yet, I remind you that those few fought against evil, greed, selfishness, ignorance and indifference. They had their followers evangelized and made Christianity a powerful world religion. That is the challenge of
Arcadia Beauties
Make Cadet Dance
Memorable Event
by A/C Donald R. Butterfield and
A/C Rudolph B. Novesky

The Cadet Social Club Lounge in downtown Arcadia was the scene of a gala affair when Class 44-G of the Carlstrom Field Field Aviation Cadets held their formal graduation dance.

A well planned program of dancing and floor show began at 9 p.m. and ended after 1 a.m. Every step of the dancing was made very enjoyable by the Avon Park Bomber Boys, whose music is hard to beat!

The entire club was especially decked out for the occasion in symbolic blue and white decorations, and a soft blue light fell over the crowd from the crystal ball and from candle light.

The local belles added much color and life to the party in their varied colored evening dresses. Mrs. J. L. Scott graciously acted as Senior Hostess, introducing the stag cadets to the Cadet Hostesses who attended to help make the dance the success that it was. A special table was arranged for the Cadet Hostesses by the Cadet Dance Committee, and all agree that this is an excellent idea.

Entertaiment, a floor show, was no problem for the Cadets, as plenty of good talent came right out of the Corps. The floor show opened with a song written by A/C Thad E. Horton, who was M.C. for the evening, and sung by A/C John Johnston.

Next came quite a surprise when two miniature sepia jitterbugs came on the floor. These two colored youngsters are called the “Harlem Hepea,” and they really came out when the band played Shoo! Shoo! Baby!

A/C William Rossi gave the audience a real demonstration of how Boogie Woogie should be beat! Lt. Roy Weiner and the Cadet Quartet, composed of Cadets Johnston, Horton, M. D. Jones and J. G. Knave, came next with a swing arrangement of Old Shanty Town.

A HARMONIOUS RENDITION of “Old Shanty Town”

A harmoniously cynical story was told in song by the quartet (with A/C Don Nichols accompanying on the flute and A/C Rossi at the piano) as they related their long trip from Army induction to Carlstrom Field. A/C Robert E. Carlson concluded the floor show with a story about “Cadets’ Pay.”

The Cadet Committee responsible for the success of the dance was composed of: A/C W. W. Taylor, Chairman, A/C Garrett, L. Heishman, A/C Raymond E. Watson, A/C Bennie F. Benton, Jr., A/C Herbert H. Coulter and A/C Kenneth L. Knight. Cadet Robert E. Hall was responsible for the decorations, A/C Leroy E. Groshon had the curtains made and hung, A/C Wallace A. Hofman did the excellent job of lettering the screens, and A/C William A. Nelson acted as Stage Manager for the floor show.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL
by Kay Brautlitt

Welcome to Sgt. Dick Roberts of the Physical Training department who has been transferred back to Carlstrom Field. It’s mighty nice to see Dick’s smiling face around the field once more!

Wilda Smithson was proudly announcing the arrival of three new kittens at her house last week. Congratulations!

Good luck to Flight Instructor Richard K. Dorn who has returned to Cleveland, Ohio, to work. Dick has served with Embry-Riddle for quite a while now and we’ll surely miss him.

Former Flight Instructor Frank Museng is now serving in the U. S. Navy as an Aviation Cadet. Good luck, Frank!

Sgt. Joseph J. Ferry and Pvt. Raymond E. Auler have recently returned from furloughs spent at their homes. Glad you’re back, boys!

Sax Rowe certainly acquired a beautiful sunburn at Sarasota last weekend—fact is, it really hurts to buckle his parachute! Seems that Sax and Harry Hess went over to see Harry’s mother and sister who were visiting there.

Among the Carlstromites who attended the Ringling Brothers Circus in Sarasota last Sunday were Peggy Brown, Norman Bishop, Bob Rich, John Duris, George and Lula Mackie, Judy Cooper, Lts. “Shack” Lindsay and Al May and wives, Major Johnny Clonts and wife, R. H. Richards, “Mailman” Gordon, Ian Klint, Caroline Clement, Jean Daughtrey, Ray Farwell, Marie Farwell, Martha and Ben Lane, Clayton and Gladys McPhail and Mickey Treadway.

Mrs. Ed Wilson, the former Statia Dozier, visited her parents and friends in Arcadia last week end. Sgt. Jack Dozier and Joyce Dozier, the former Joyce Tew, are also in Arcadia. Sgt. Richard Albritton is spending his furlough at home in Arcadia at the present time, and Lt. Bill Koch of Arcadia and Carlstrom’s Class 42-J is spending his leave here at the present time.

Continued on Page 11
DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

FIELD DAY
by A/C Malandro, Dorr Field

Field day, this month, found Dorr Field host to the Cadets of Carlstrom Field. Lts. C. P. Cameron and C. E. McLaughlin had spent a month organizing aviation cadets into teams that would subdue Capt. William McCormick of Carlstrom and his threat to go home with victory in full tilt.

The meet was held as a series of events, based upon the program of athletics given to cadets in their training at the primary schools. A full morning of preliminaries, starting at 9:30, was held after which a full was introduced in the form of luncheon.

A complete dinner was served at the Mess Hall patio for all contestants. Much to-do was held over the formalities of introducing Carlstrom's cadets to sulphur-free water.

The morning games included football, softball, basketball, volleyball, swimming, diving, tennis, track and field, pentathlon, tug-o'-war, badminton, ping-pong and horse-shoes. To add spice and jest to the day of play, several novelty races were held.

Vengeance in View
Carlstrom's cadets won nearly all of the morning's matches and it seemed as though Capt. McCormick's men would wreak in full the vengeance they had sworn.

The afternoon presented a different aspect, however—maybe Carlstrom cadets can't stand our rich food and clear water, but at any rate something snapped, and Dorr reared to the fore.

The five final events, which would decide to whom would go the trophy, started early in the afternoon. The football score read 18-12 with Dorr the victor. A hearty game was played and much good sportsmanship was displayed by both sides.

Basketball, though, turned out differently. Carlstrom won 30-44 and really gave us a run for our money. Dorr again came through and took the softball game with a final score of 1-0. It was a tight squeeze, but decisive enough.

Snappy Swatting
The tennis match played as a combination of three singles and two doubles was an exhibition of snappy swatting. Carlstrom walked off a 3-2 winner. The last and deciding match was a volleyball tourney. Dorr took two out of three games with 7-15, 15-10 and 11-15 scores, Dorr winning first and third.

This last match was a decision in itself. The day was called to a close and prizes were awarded individual team champions.

The Carlstrom-Dorr trophy still reposes on its shelf in the Post Canteen at Dorr, where all may admire and know full well that there is where it belongs. Carlstrom Field was as well represented as Dorr and the next time we use it as a pylon for our Lazy Eights, a smile will light our faces.

A pat must be administered to the shoulders of all who participated. The spirit of fair play and keen competition will form a firm background which will carry them over any obstacle.

Here is hoping that Class 44-H will carry on the record achieved by G!

CALLING ALL WIVES
by A/C O. R. Shiver

All officers' wives living in Arcadia whose husbands are in, or are serving in a branch of the Air Forces, are invited to join the Woman's Volunteer Branch of the Air Forces.

The purpose of the organization will be to aid the USO, Red Cross, and any other civic groups in Arcadia. Also they will offer guidance to dependents of military personnel and help Cadet wives in establishing themselves in Arcadia.

The officers of the WVB will be elected from both Dorr and Carlstrom Fields. Co-Chairmen of the Branch are Mrs. James Curnutt and Mrs. Alex Marx, representing Dorr and Carlstrom Fields respectively.

The first meeting was held March 27th at the Cadet Club in Arcadia. Tentative plans are to hold weekly meetings. Further information regarding the organization may be had by contacting either Mr. Curnutt or Mrs. Marx.

RHYME AND REASON
Theme song of the Parachute Corps: "It don't mean a thing if you don't pull the string."

MORR DORR
by The Retiring Gremlin

Nan Drake is leaving soon, we hear! That's bad—no one can quite imitate that jolly laugh. Poor Betty—knows names of all the cadets but never recognizes the men. That's what you get for being in Accounting!

We, too, are wondering why J. L. Huggins likes to sit in his car parked at the corner of Oak and DeSoto. Our bus driver, Earl, is really a good guy—even stopped along the highway to retrieve some Cadet's lost headgear so that it might be returned to the owner without delay.

What could have been in that huge cartoon? It was so heavy that four 44-G Cadets struggled with it?

Brilliby Blues
Wonder why Bobbie Lee buys so many cokes for Jack? Maybe it would be cheaper to let him tell? Did you meet "Skip," the pretty blonde who visited Dorr last week? She's a friend of Martha's and another mighty nice person.

The quietest little brunette at Dorr—Gertrude Griffin—she's very attractive, is employed in the Maintenance Form Room. No, I'm not acquainted with her either, but just give me time!

May Edna seems to have her feet on the ground again—we agree that Lt. Larry really did look grand and was the same nice fellow who was once employed at Dorr Field.

Lt. Hand once more is searching for clever suggestions for designing a better Classbook. From what we hear several cadets are really "going to town" with excellent ideas.

Picture Plea
Isn't it about time Art Ramer sent a picture of his daughter to the Fly Paper so we can all see her? Have you noticed the many cute frocks Peggy Whidden wears—no wonder she is so popular.

Wouldn't you like to have a color photo of Clara posed among the flowering shrubs in front of the Administration building? I think it's a wonderful idea.

We nominate Pop Anderson as the busiest man on the Field—and one who is always ready to help the other fellow if he possibly can.

Confusion! So many people can't distinguish between Sgt. Al Martin's car and Lt. Hand's "hearse"—guess Al should paint his car red or yellow so that it couldn't be mistaken.

Corporal: "What did you do before you joined the Army?"
Private: "Worked in Des Moines."
Corporal (from Brooklyn): "Coal?"
DORR FIELD GRADUATE FLIES "IDIOT'S DELIGHT" IN RAID ON LUFTWAFFE

CAPTAIN MYRON STERNGOLD, D.F.C., who trained at Dorr Field, has flown 45 missions against the enemy to date. In addition to the D.F.C., he has been awarded the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters and a Churchill Citation. At the left "Whitey" is pictured when he won his wings on August 5, 1943. At the right he is shown in the cockpit upon returning from a raid.

The following are excerpts from an article written by Bud Hutton for Stars and Stripes on October 24, 1943, at a medium bomber station in England. The story was sent to us by J. M. Sterngold, father of Capt. Myron "Whitey" Sterngold, AAF, who received his primary flight training at Dorr Field and won his Wings at Turner Field, Albany, Ga., in the early part of 1943.

Bud Hutton writes his article in defense of the Marauder, a medium bomber which bore the brunt of much scotching when it arrived overseas. "Idiot's Delight" was the name of the ship in which Bud Hutton "took a chance," according to pilots of other type aircraft, and the pilot of "Idiot's Delight" was Lieutenant Sterngold, now a Captain.

A 20-mm. cannon shell burst in our port engine, smashed a magnetos, blasted away the air intake, left sheets of torn metal whipping in the slipstream, ruined the propeller pitch controls and did a lot of other minor damage.

Another 20-mm. ripped through the tail, splattered the gunners, gouged out control surfaces. Other shells came through the fuselage, smashed the glass above the bombardier and that next to the pilot, put the radio out of commission, ruined the fuel pump system. Idiot's Delight got home, though.

Now lots of Fortresses have been shot up worse than Idiot's Delight. And lots of them worse than Hank's Yank, who was sneaking around with a live bomb—a big one loose in her bomb bay. But a Fort has four engines. And everybody admits that a Fort is a heck of a touchy airplane. The point is, they said the Marauders couldn't take it. This story simply tries to show you that they can take it, and do.

"Whitey" Sterngold, one time backfield star for Lehigh (in the records he is 1/Lt. M. I. Sterngold of Lawrence, L. I., N. Y.), heisted Idiot's Delight off the runways a couple of hours before lunch time today. Aboard the ship were 1/Lt. A. G. Thompson, Jr., Jacksonville, Texas, Co-Pilot; 2/Lt. Bill O. Morrill, St. Louis, Navigator-Bombardier; S/Sgt. Loyd Rueggseger, Jr., of Cleveland, Engineer-Gunner; T/Sgt. Samuel Davis, Monterville, W. Va., Radio Gunner; S/Sgt. Otis Crookham, Leon, W. Va., Tail Gunner; and a guy who was willing to be shown about Marauders.

It was good to see the Spitfires join us at the Channel because last night the Spit pilots were our guests at a thank-you party here.


"Rick" Rueggseger's turret guns began to boom, Sam Davis' waist gun chipped in and then came the hammer of Otis Crookham's tail gun. Silver and black Focke-Wulfis raced through the entire formation. They had seen the bomb bay doors open apparently, and were going to break up the bombing run. Every B-26 was firing, but not one changed course on that bomb run. Flak came up and burst below the open bomb bay doors of Idiot's Delight.

Whitey and Rube held the lady straight on. There was the sharp noise of a 20-mm. hitting the port engine. Glass splintered onto Whitey and onto Bill Morrill as he crouched over the bombsight. Another 20-mm. hit the base of the tail fin, then onto Crookham's helmet and burned holes in his parachute. Another shell swept through the fuselage, splattering Rick's top turret. A shell whizzed a couple of inches past Sam Davis' nose and gouged hunks out of the metal framework.

"Bombs away," Bill Morrill sang out, and then we went away from that place in a hurry.

Heading Home

Sam Davis got a direction on the emergency radio equipment. Rube nursed the engine. Whitey headed her away from formation and straight for the base. At the field another plane shot up had landed off the runway. Control said for us to keep flying around.

"All right," said Rube Thompson softly over the radio. "But we're awful near out of gas. And we got an engine awful near shot up." He paused, and added, even more softly, "You'd better hurry."

So, with no flaps, no control over his prop, Whitey headed in. We stopped just off the runway. (Remember: They said the Marauder couldn't land safely if it had trouble, and not very safely in the best of shape.)

"WHITHEY'S" FATHER WRITES

Answering your favor of the 3rd, I wish to advise that I am sending you the photographs of Myron "Whitey" Sterngold which you request for use in the Fly Paper.

One of the photographs you will note, of a very serious nature, is one taken right in the cockpit just as Whitey came back from a raid—he never has that anxious and strained expression. The other was taken when he won his wings on August 5th of last year.

At the present time Whitey is doing very important work on the other side with the newcomers. Up to March 4th he had flown 45 missions—in what or how many since that date I don't know, but that was the last report I had.

Continued on next page.
The social event of this past week was the barbeque supper put on by the Airplane Maintenance department. Boy, that was some feed! Bill Ellard, Kinzie Waldrom and James Hardy donned white aprons and chef’s caps for the evening and wielded long handled forks with as much dexterity as they handle their acetylene torches. What with barbequed fish and barbequed beef ribs, swamp cabbage, cole slaw and cola-coal what more could one ask for except a third helping which was cheerfully served? In fact, we saw several come back for the fifth time. (Of course we didn’t, oh, no, it was all we could do to wiggle after our third trip).

**Triple Threat Coffee**

The coffee concession was presided over by none other than Gene Levine. Gene’s recipe for good coffee is hot as hell, black as sin and strong as the dixens. Said coffee had all of those ingredients and we are still wondering just how “Pop” Anderson was able to consume so much.

Sgt. Megahan spent the better part of the time (when he wasn’t eating) getting someone to scratch his back, and Sgt. Sharpe, reverting to his childhood days, swung on the swing that had been put up for the employees’ children. We saw him give one little girl a nickel to give up her seat, so that he could have it.

Mary Edna Parker, Mr. Culler’s secretary, couldn’t be dragged away from the serving table. She was not helping out. Official sampler is what we understood her to say. Yep, she sampled every plate that was put out.

Alton English, who looks after the Field Maintenance, couldn’t be bribed away from the refreshment department. He was heard to mutter something about being on the ration board.

**Food Foiling**

Floyd Cullers, as Master of Ceremonies, was hither and yon greeting people upon their arrival (with a full plate of food). The arrivee would always reach for said plate, thinking, no doubt, that Floyd was being the perfect host and meeting him with a plate of food and a handshake. But the guest would then be told in no uncertain terms to go and get his own.

Well, folks, a good time was had by all and plans are in the making for the next one. If you missed this one, don’t miss the next.

Dorr Field wishes to extend a hearty welcome to Mrs. Art Ramer upon her return to Arcadia. Employees who pass by the Flight Operations Tower glance upward with dread, the reason being that Carl Dunn has threatened to burst forth cromoning at the least provocation.

That certainly was a cute crack that Harold Shepherd of the Auxiliary Field made about Johnny Lyons. What are we wondering is how about “Shep’s” own waistline?

This past week we personally laid out a shuffle board court for the use of all good and informed personnel. (This is just a hint.) Of course, one always has to do a little walking even in playing shuffle board.

**The Army Side**

Yes, sir, this past week we took Lt. Kahn to the cleaners in a game of table tennis. (Please note that, in our modesty and truthfulness, we said a game.) Shucks, can’t we find any of those officers who can give us any competition?

The Chaplain was heard complaining that last Sunday during a game of water polo the belated gentleman (the last by act of Congress) insisted upon getting him under the water, placing his foot upon his neck while at the bottom of the pool, and then jumping up and down. Note to the Chaplain: If you insist upon swallowing all the water, “Pop” Anderson will be obliged to send you a water bill.

The animal that was seen in Army Operations this past week belonged to the C.O. There seems to be quite a question among the G.I.s whether it’s man’s best friend or not.

**Noisy Night?**

W.O Flannigan was A.O. this past Saturday night. We were wondering why all the guards were stuffing cotton in their ears.

To Lt. Pimion: even the most economical of automobiles will not make the round trip to the Field and back to Arcadia, a total distance of 26 miles, on less than a quart of gas. Four times in the past week we heard that you had to be pushed all the way to Arcadia.

Just where does Lt. Greene go every week end?

To “Trav,” yours,

Jack

P.S. What made the Rhode Island Red? He saw the Salad Dressing! Boy ain’t that a corny one?

**Palm Sunday**

By Jack Whitnall

March 31, 1944

**Dorr’s Keyhole**

by A/C Dennis Royalty

Fresh from Maxwell Field, the cadets of Class 44-1 arrived at Dorr Field last Saturday, and they already have become quite attached to the beauty of the Post. No time was wasted in introducing the boys to their new second home—the flight line.

Having an average of 40 flying hours, the upper class is preparing for that dreaded 40-hour check. Lazy eights are quite the maneuver, according to Bill Bretheron and Jack Lashinsky. Bill tells us that his lazy eights are so lazy he almost lulls himself off into the land of dreams, while Jack says that his are so fast he should be paid by piece work.

During the accuracy stage in landings, Mr. Vinning sits nervously in the center of the landing box; although this marked area is the desired spot for the landing, it seems to be the only place Mr. V’s student, Rip Coyne, won’t land.

Question of the week—how did “Ace” Merichko get that name? Who knows, he may have knocked down five of those buzzards which are seen frequently over the surrounding neighborhood of Dorr.

Hal Milaschewsky and Sammy Mucaria, a couple of old-timers, agree that the Florida climate isn’t too bad. Both served in Iceland before Pearl Harbor, so perhaps this isn’t a commercial after all.

Do anyone have an aspirin? Poor A/C Wiley B. Kling contemplates entering a rest home. In a period of one week Wiley had his 20, an Army spot check, and then the 40. Send any spare aspirins to John Mulandro and he will split with Kling. All John talks about lately is check rides.

Owen Brewer has a new passenr. He sent his check ride with Lt. Greene. Owen was recently heard saying, “I’ve got it, you’ve got it, who’s not got it?”

O. R. Shiver wins this week’s contest for consuming the largest number of hard-boiled eggs at the Cadet Club.

**Whitey’s Father Writes**

Continued from preceding page

He was awarded his Air Medal on September 15, 1943, and now has three Oak Leaf Clusters added to it. On December 18th, 1943, he received the Distinguished Flying Cross. He also has a Churchill Citation which I have misplaced and so cannot give you the date.

The citation accompanying the D.F.C. award read in part, “Captain Sterngold displayed a steadfast devotion to duty and keen professional skill on these missions, many of which were dispatched under the most hazardous conditions and against heavily defended enemy positions. Captain Sterngold’s superior flying skill and tireless energy reflect great credit on himself and the Armed Forces of the United States.”

Sincerely,

J. M. Sterngold
RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B.P.T.S.

Matt Tierney, Editor
Associate Editors: Jeanne O'Neill, Nell Dreyer, Lois Hofflin, Jock Moyes, Ruth Blount, Walter Todd,
Arthur Rushworth, Bill Hayman and Francis Sharples

COURSE 19

Once again Course 18 are "shooting the line" about their indomitable Rugby XV. We all doubt very much whether they keep up this "All Black" record. If they are not too fatigued after gaining their latest overpowering victory, we, the defeated, are willing to accept a further game with our superior brothers.

A-B flights had a full flying week and subsequently are ahead of C-D flights; the latter, however, completed their night flying Saturday night after a very interesting and enlightening week.

The Aircraft Recognition examination proved a little difficult for a few members of the course but the majority attained the required standard.

We were all gratified to see the swimming pool open once again; some of the Cadets took full advantage of the opportunity and spent a good deal of time during the week end around that quarter.

Few of the Course managed to reach the ocean this week end, and judging by the conversation, a good time was had by all.

Deputy F/C Peter Norman King and a pal in A Flight appeared to have had a wizard time over the week end in Palm Beach and Miami, with everything under control—having been able to squeeze ten gals out of thin air—or somewhere!

COURSE 18

Hi, gang, and fellow-Riddleites!

This is good old "Eighteenth," the ever brow-beaten but always unbowed!

First of all, we'd like to wish the very best of luck to the "Red Flash" boys in their hour of trial. May we see all of them on that final Saturday morning parade. Incidentally, we hope we don't do too badly in our own "Pre-Wings."

Last week we made a 5 points to nothing victory over Course 19 at ragger, "Crasher" White doing the honours with a converted touchdown. Apparently the cross-country run, organized and presented by Sgt. Moyes had but little effect on our stalwarts!

The mysterious appearance of numerous oranges, large and small, bulging kit-bags and knobby flying suits heralded the arrival of the first cross-country trip. Peaceful Wimauma was invaded by a cluster of computer-laden Cadets busy with E.T.A.'s and P.Y.F.O.'s and frantically studying the wayward clouds for a sign of that elusive wind on the home stretch.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS of Riddle Fielders recently celebrated the first birthday of "Tony" Sue Binkley, daughter of 1st/O and Mrs. D. H. Binkle, at her home in Clewiston. Present were: upper photo, left to right, Earl Lyman, Jr., Bill Peters, Jr., Jeremy deGruyther, Tonya Sue, Bios Lawson and Linda Schneider; lower picture, left to right, Mrs. Kenny Woodward and son, Buddy, Sherry Glasgow, Tonya Sue, Mrs. Warren Reid and son, "Rocky."

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

Mr. Jordan of the Murphy Construction Company left Riddle Field this week and on his way out he stopped to leave a lovely box of candy and a crate of oranges for the personnel in the Administration building. Thanks, Mr. Jordan, they were Hew.

We now have Mr. Fagan as Chief Accountant to replace Mr. Lawson. Mr. and Mrs. Dull were seen in Palm Beach enjoying themselves over the week end. Mr. Dull is in charge of the Utility department.

The "Instructors Club" will be closed for a short while, starting Monday, as Mr. and Mrs. Herbig have returned North. We hope to have a new steward in some time this week. Notice will be given as soon as the club is reopened.

Bob Walker, Operations and Engineering Officer, is joined by his brother "Joe" who recently arrived from Philadelphia to work in Riddle Field's Engine Change crew.

Joe's experience includes designing tools and automatic machinery, and experimental test work for Pratt & Whitney.

Sports Results

Basketball: 17 Course, 16, vs. 19 Course, 12.
Volley Ball: 18 Course (C-D), 1, vs. 18 Course (A-B), 0.
Soccer: Course (A-B), 3, vs. 18 Course (C-D), 3; 17 Course (A-B), 2, vs. 19 Course (C-D), 2; 19 Course (C-D), 2, vs. 17 Course (C-D), 0.
Rugby: 18 Course, 5, vs. 19 Course, 0.

The permanent staff softball team will be selected from the following: W/C deGruyther, Major Durham, Capt. Cash, F/Lt. Smith, Lt. Upshaw, F/O Corbett, W/Os Halbersdorfs and Woodward, Sgts. Lallower, Griffis, Paris, Siegman and Moyes and Cpl. Schaenner. Pets. Enchad and Sabatovic will in all probability be called upon to pitch.

An Athletic Meet has been scheduled for April 14th, the day preceding Course 17's graduation ceremony.

A list of competitors and events will be published in a later issue of the Fly Paper.

Canteen Cut-Ups

Hi Folks:

The same old things are happening here in the Canteen and the same nice clients.

From the Ground School comes our most regular customer, a large tabbie cat. Even he likes our hamburgers.

Then comes Queenie who doesn't need an introduction. Everyone knows her. If you are around on open post night, you can see her getting on the bus with the boys. Then at ten-thirty she is back on the bus ready to come home.

I don't think she ever lets a week end
**CHAPMAN CHATTER**

*by Cara Lee DaBoll*

Fun of the week was had at the Macfadden-Deauville through the courtesy of newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. John Herbert Muller. Those who came early and took advantage of the lovely day enjoyed a splashing good time in the pool and ocean, a sport highly recommended for those who are getting that parachute spread. It remained Open House throughout the evening and before the sun went down we noted such personalities as the John A. Mullers, T. E. Motleys, Lt. and Mrs. W. D. Olson, J. B. Pollards, David Narrows, W. H. McGraths, Wrobert Lape and date, D. W. DaBolls, Helen Allen and date Larry Stewart, Dave Pearlman, Lorraine Barry and Corrine Phillips having an elegant time. Carl Walden, a very nice chap, and a photographer of quite some renown, took care of the picture-taking department and you will see our smiling faces in print soon. Thanks, Herb and Nel, for a wonderfully splendid time.

**Wit of the Week**

Charitorora Bob Lape was informed last week that he was being scheduled for several cross country trips in a P-38 Piper Cub J3L with several of his hot-rock private students. This bothered him not in the least until someone informed him that this ship takes off, lands, stalls and cruises at 65 m.p.h. Agony covered his face. What to do, what to do, but then came a smile and a simple solution. Bob has asked Mr. Hadley, in all his practicality, to please install for him in this flying wizard a calendar instead of a speedometer. And any time Dr. Anthony Lape can be of assistance to you, please feel free to call.

Dave Vanderbeck, past Stockroom Chief, called to say he is now a proud papa of a bouncing baby boy. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Someone had better watch Dave, though, to keep him from up and popping. Another proud parent is Lady, fox terrier mother of nine cute puppies, all of whom are resting comfortably in the Guardhouse.

**Cold Country**

We’ve had with us for the past couple of weeks two very interesting visitors from Alaska. They are Mr. and Mrs. Gene Jack, the new owners of Stinson Reliant Ship 48 in which they plan to return to Anchorage very soon. You’ve missed many an interesting story if you haven’t heard Mr. Jack’s description of a colorful hunting trip or flying with skins or the pranks of snoopy bears. Good luck on the trip back and do come again.

Spring has come, tra la, the trees are budding and the birds are blooming, the sun is shining and everyone is happy except Mr. de Vay. He’s in the third stages of brain hypertrophy resulting from the collected assortment of pay rolls and time sheets as well as the miscellaneous food and gas rationing problems. Cool clothes are being applied. In spite of this exaggeration, though, he’s doing a very good job and is due full credit for his effort and amazing patience.

**Service Pins**

The service pins given by the Company were presented with much eloquence by Mr. Arthur Gibbons to the Chapman Field personnel while Mr. Sheffield stood by the side lines and gallantly cheered them on.

And so, as I futilely struggle to the end of this week’s column, I am reminded of the soldier who said that at the end of this war his one ambition was to come back alive and be a civilian.

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**WHITECAPS**

*by Cay Stilleock*

We have huge armfuls of orchids to distribute this week, for a number of our students took Bill Hutchins “for a ride”—and successfully, too. So Mary Jessup, Josephine Rudford, Mary Amanek and Rusty Shether are now great big Private Pilots. Ernie Dwyer and Walter Blake have “Commercial” on their tickets and Harry Traulsen added another feature to his already full cap in the form of a water rating.

Among our ever welcome dropperiners we have Phil Gallagher, Cliff Pawley, Dave DaBoll, “Pat” Rockefeller and the lad who is missed a lot as a steady around here, Joe Moller.

That cute lil’ Webster gal—Helen to you—has been holding court every afternoon. We ain’t agonna say no mo’ but what can you expect—what with having a spotlight turned full upon her at one of the better known supper clubs—to say nothing of the insertion of her name in a song?

Poli Sheahan is definitely “Cub happy”—you just can’t keep that boy’s feet on the ground.

Harry Myers from Americus, Ga., is down for a short vacation and has been doing a bit of “flying on floats.” We’re glad to have you with us.

A new student, George Werk, has just joined our—I was going to say “happy” but perhaps “slappy” is more apropos—through.

How many of you agree with Ogden Nash when he says: “I would live in nonchalance insouciance were it not for making a living, which is a nosauciance”? Come on, Gardner—you wouldn’t care for a cup of coffee, would you?
Tech Talk

by Lil Clayton

Don't blame me, folks! I'm not that much a glutton for punishment nor do I believe you are. We had picked a lovely lady to write Tech Talk this week, but she's one of the busiest gals in the Tech School. Time slipped by and lo and behold—the deadline. We didn't want to put said lovely lady in the doghouse and we didn't want you to miss the latest either, so here I go again.

Welcome to our bossman, Mr. Riddle, and to Fred Foote, Senhor Ponso and Charlie Ebbets, all back from Brasil. The latter is in disguise, but we all know you, Charlie, so you can come out from behind those Colonna bushes.

Ask Charlie

Incidentally, anyone who might be interested in contacting a good taxidermist in Brasil, ask Charlie. It's been rumored (I won't say bragged) that, as a result of Charlie's efforts, the latest addition to Laurie's already historic house is a rug made of a tiger skin, complete with stuffed head.

Three weeks in which to secure the necessary hunting license, track down the striped animal, shoot it and have the necessary duties performed in order to live with it—well, that's a tall order.

Condolences to Purchasing department's Emily Conlon. She who calls forth for production of Short Snotter's membership bill should always make sure she has her own. Sorry, Emily, that the two minutes allowed resulted in a sprained ankle and we trust said ankle will soon resume the slim shape. Just remember never to challenge the Legal department again and, more especially, the "Legal Eagle" himself!

New Brasileiro

We wish to welcome a newcomer to the Embry-Riddle family, Senhor Wilson Bentes Ribeiro who is associated with Adriano Ponso in the Brasilia Division. Hailing from Belen, Para, and formerly a draftsman and instructor in the Brasilia Aircraft Plant at Galteau Base in Rio, Senhor Ribeiro is now in the Translation department and also teaches Portuguese. We are very happy to you you with, Wilson.

Farewells to Kay Heaver, formerly of Mr. Ireland's office, who has gone with her Navy hubby to his new post in Chicago, and to Ray Lipe, our old Paymaster. Goodbye and good luck, Kay and Ray.

Have you noticed that "blue Monday" has changed to "red Monday" at Embry-Riddle? The change is due to the gorgeous Miami sun casting its rays on a lot of us who choose to relax on Sunday, and not under a shade tree either. The honors go to Ruth Williams, Carl Anderson's secretary, who got it all at once but is now a handsome shade of tan.

For the newcomers to Tech School, we wish to call attention to the Bulletin Board in the lobby. There are room vacancies posted there for anyone interested in moving to this vicinity.

Have a good time on your vacation, Grace Simpson. We'll miss you a lot and look forward to your return.

Pretty Students

We were fortunate in having two pretty students visiting us Tuesday, Peggy Humphries and "Skip" Selby. Peggy is taking Ground School instruction and Skip, Link trainer. Come back again, you two, and bring some of those other pretties with you.

In running around wild looking for news, who do you suppose I ran into? None other than Pvt. Eric Sundstrom with his lovely wife. If we had known you were coming, Eric and Ruth, we would have had the band playing for you. Eric cuts quite a figure in his uniform and we feel the Army is lucky to have him.

Last, but not least, folks, that young gentleman on the seventh floor, all re-plendent in his Easter finery, is none other than Beau Brummel Gramps Carpenter. The only complaint we have, Gramps, is your seclusion on the seventh floor. Come on down and let us all see you.

Connie Henshaw is back with us again—this time as a chauffeurette. Her husband, Sub Lt. Dennis Henshaw of the Fleet Air Arm, has returned to England. We're sorry Dennis had to return to his country. Connie, but we're glad to have you back.

Embry-Riddle extends deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Harlan on the death of their son, Air Cadet Wallace A. Gronert, who was killed in a plane crash at Del Rio, Texas, on March 22nd. Young Gronert was to have graduated as a navigator from Selma Field, La., on April 8th.

Round Riddle

Continued from Page 9

pass. She is never missed from the Field that long. From what I hear, she does not like tap dancers.

Where, oh, where is the little man that used to sing for his breakfast?

If you think we are kidding about our girls turning out for tennis, basketball and golf, come out any afternoon and watch the eager-beavers. By the way, those interested in participating in any of these sports should contact Ruth Blount at the Canteen. Ruth has returned to work after being off with an injured knee.

Carlstrom

Continued from Page 5

Ask Andy Minichiello about his week end in Miami! Here's hoping Sgt. Johnny Erwin is enjoying that long-looked-for fur-dough.

Christine McAnly and yours truly spent last week end in Jacksonville, joining the WAVES. Sunday was spent on Jacksonville Beach and we're among those sunburn sufferers this week. It seems that everyone took advantage of the sun Sunday (have you seen the officers in Army Operations?) and are really paying for it this week!

Editor's Note: What are you keeping from us, Kay? Let's have more details about the WAVE business.
Dear Mr. Helvey:

My wife and little daughter arrived in fine shape, showing only slight weariness after a trip of 5,000 miles.

First I wish to thank you for your attention and especially for your kind help with their passports. I hope to be able to return this great favor some day.

Without a doubt, I am very happy to have them here with me. I can say that in these three and a half months I found time very slow and I was very homesick for them.

Talking about the school, it is making rapid progress. A great part of our equipment is arriving now. So far the following departments are organized: Basic, Aircraft, Engines and Instruments.

Basic School is getting along fine but I need more instructors. I have borrowed instructors from several departments. I am very proud of Basic, Blue Prints, Electric and Physics departments, Theory of Engines and Mathematics. In fact, I am pleased with the whole Basic department in general.

If you like, you may show this letter to Miss Carlton and ask her if she thinks my Portuguese has improved.

Please give my regards to all my friends at the School, especially Mrs. Carty and Miss Anderson.

With best wishes,
Clarence Bouldinghouse

Editor's Note: Translated from very good Portuguese (according to accommodating Edith del Junco of Adriano Ponzo's office), the above letter was written to Jean Helvey, Personnel Manager of the Brasilian Division at the Tech School.

São Paulo, Brazil
February 21, 1944

Dear Dick:

We all went on a trip to a town called Jurubatuba several weeks ago and had a swell time. We rode up on a train, the locomotive of which is fired with wood. When we arrived we went to the amusement park and some of our boys played ball with the boys from the American Consulate.

I guess that was the first time many of the folks there had seen a baseball game, but don't think they haven't a game of their own that is fast and furious. The game is somewhat like soccer and is it rough! While at the park we stuffed ourselves with grapes, of which there are plenty.

After the game (by the way, we won) we walked to a beautiful place on a wooded hillside for a sort of barbequed dinner. They take pieces of steak about a half inch thick by three or four inches square, impale them on steel spits and roast them over a bed of coals. They put a piece of steak on the spit, a piece of onion, steak, onion, steak, etc., until the spit is full—then they sprinkle something that looks like ground parsley and watercress over the lot and place it to roast. It is called churrasco—and oh, is it good!

The steak is put on rolls that look like our hot dog buns but have hard crusts. I ate like a pig. With it we had a drink called guarana which is a soft, carbonated drink tasting something like apple cider. It is very good and I now like it better than coca-cola. It is made from the juice of the guarana berry which grows back in the interior.

We had quite an experience there—eating, being serenaded by a group of young singers and guitarists, surrounded by lovely trees and lovelier orchids. No mosquitoes, no sand flies—just good company, good food and drink, and a cool, shady place in which to take a nap. I really had a 'whackie' good time.

I'm planning on taking a hike soon to a mountain peak that is said to be the highest spot in São Paulo. I'll write you all about it later.

As ever,
Rocky

Editor's Note: The above letter from Rocky Le Gaye of the Brasilian School was sent to his brother-in-law, Richard Nakane, of Delray Beach, Fla.
PARADISE

Our next hop was brief, but for anyone who has dared to act the least bit contrary to any of the regulations, official or spurious of the infamous Society of Short-Snorers, we came down to what is known as a beautiful tropical city, the like of which exists nowhere this side of Heaven.

The uninitiated, unsuspectingly induced to relinquish the security of terra firma for the purpose of continuing the trip—all threats and dire warnings having been re-voked by a conspiring band of worthless ones, soon learns the folly of his carelessness. For a few interminable hours, you never expect to see that equatorial metropolis.

You seek to outfox the devils at the start by strapping yourself in your seat, only to find you are located at the auxiliary exit which can be easily opened and through which your miserable body can be hurled—all this information being dispensed by the Grand Wizard, who would remind you of some blood-thirsty witch doctor if he didn’t look so much like a human being you knew by the name of Ebbeťs. Thus, you’ve not only placed yourself in a hazardous position, but you’ve cut yourself from any means of escape from the forthcoming baptism of drinking water.

RELAX

When the warning to fasten safety belts for your next landing has been announced, yours being already quite secure for the past several hours—when all these milestones of your terrifying hazing into the aforementioned society of heathens are memories, you relax and cease mumbling the 27th psalm and realize you would not have wanted to miss this trip for the world.

Here we utilized a short delay to catch up on rest. It was our first contact with Brasil, but the base where we landed was so Americanized that we soon fell into a hot game of bridge. We began using Brasilian money, and he who failed to compute exchange as fast as his opponent got beat coming and going, but the experience in learning the currency was worth a few cruzeros, mais ou menos.

We were back in the air before we knew where the next stop would be. It was a grass covered mesa, consisting of only a single main building located in apparent wilderness, but we can count the short hour we spent there among the main features of the trip.

It wasn’t the surroundings that interested us so much, although we felt for the first time how far away from home we were; nor was it the novelty of finding a pair of caged monkeys who have been upset ever since we arrived and introduced them to Ponso and Ebbeťs with the suggestions that they all four bore mutual resemblance; what one recalls most vividly about this spot is the vision of Charlie Ebbeťs rearing up out of his chair at the breakfast table and shouting, “Watermelon!” so loud that we caught up with the echo of his voice an hour later. At any rate, we found out that Ebbeťs likes watermelon.

The last lap was the best. The scenery was beautiful. The air, for the first time during the trip, was rough enough to toss our gigantic ship a little. The anxiety on approaching our destination was at high pitch. And Dottie Wells was asked, “She awakened with Ebbeťs hat on her head and a banana in her hand.” Dottie declares she does not snore, but an airplane can only make so much noise.

PRICELESS

It was a travel experience that beggars any effort to describe it. The memory is priceless to all who shared its wonders. When you make this journey, if it ever becomes your fortune to do so, you doubtless will feel as we who have so recently arrived here in Brasil feel—that wherever you have been and wherever you will go, this is the trip you will want to take again.

One precaution, however. Check the passenger list before you take off. If there is a guy named Ebbeťs on board, go back to the farm and spend the rest of your days in quiet seclusion, satisfied with the knowledge that you narrowly averted insanity.

—Junior and Senior

A special issue devoted to the Technical School of Aviation of the Brasilian Air Ministry will be announced next week.
DORMITORY LIFE
by Janet Williams and Edith Chapman

Two heads are always better than one, they tell us—especially in our case—so perhaps between the two of us we can give you a glimpse of our Dorm life.

Flash of the week: Mrs. Sessions, our housemother, is home from the hospital and we’re mighty glad to have her back and looking so well.

There was plenty cause for celebration in the Dorm this week—Jo Rudford, Mary Amanek, Virginia Worley, Mary Jessup and Rusty Shethar passed their flight tests! Congratulations, kids, we’re certainly proud of you. You’re “hot pilots” now.

Several of the girls who have finished their courses are leaving us, and that is very sad news. We’ll miss Edith Bubas’ sweet personality, Mary Amanek’s charming voice and Virginia Worley’s cute little smile. We’re sorry to see you go, gals, and the Dorm won’t seem the same without you!

Jo Rudford, our roommate, left for a short stay in Washington to storm the office of the Women’s Ferry Command. Good luck, Jo, we’re rooting for you!

Bonnie Bonner will really miss her buddy Ginnie when she leaves. She informs us that Ginnie talks in her sleep and has such interesting conversations. Sounds like fun!

The carnival’s in town and we all went down the other night to see it. “Stinky” Willis spent the whole evening on the “Dive Bomber” and talked everyone else into trying it. However, Bette Joost had more sense than the rest of us.

Bobbie Jelonek’s cousin is visiting her at the Dorm for a week or so—Bobbie’s just rarin’ to show her the sights of Miami.

Things that amaze us no end:

Deaton Van Over’s superb poise and serenity.

Topay Gatson’s vivaciousness.

Skip Selby’s knack for getting into trouble.

Martha Howard’s complete independence of mind.

The sincerity and earnestness that all the girls have for their flying and other studies.

Why we two were ever asked to write this column we’ll never know!

WHY WE FIGHT

A great many employees are really missing something when they fail to take advantage of the opportunity of seeing the Army’s Why We Fight series of moving pictures currently being shown at the Court House in Arcadia, the High School auditorium in Clewiston and at the Tech School in Miami.

For excitement, stark realism and absorbing interest they probably have never been exceeded. Much of the footage is taken from captured enemy film and no punches are pulled.

The next in the series, The Battle of Britain, is scheduled for showing in Arcadia on April 4th, Clewiston on April 5th and in Miami on the 10th and 11th. Maintenance and Overhaul personnel will also be interested in the picture Spark Plugs in Aviation which also will be shown.

While these pictures are presented by the Safety Department in conjunction with Henry B. Graves’ Foremanship Safety Training Conferences, the showings are so arranged that other employees and their wives and families can see the War pictures and then leave if not interested in the Safety films.

It is good to note, however, that an increasing number of persons are staying through the whole program and thereby adding to their personal safety and their value to their employer.

A. D. D’S
by Mary Frances Perner

Hello, everybody! Well, spring is here and it sure is beautiful, isn’t it? We couldn’t ask for nicer weather.

Dorothy Keyser’s brother has sent home a Jap flag for his family to keep for him. What a souvenir!

We missed Catherine Kerr’s smiling face last week while she was doing some work down at Aircraft. Florence Love was missed because of illness. Erma Dienes has resigned to stay home and be a housewife while awaiting a little bundle from heaven.

Why does Tommy Wayne have that cat-swallowed-the-canary look? Because he has found a house. Now he can have his family come to Miami.

Get Leonard S. Hendrix to tell you what happened to his bicycle the other day while on a trip from the Detachment to Tech School—it literally broke in two. But he put it back together again. My, it must be nice to be mechanically inclined.

Capt. Bacon now can boast he has the snappiest office in the Detachment, what with venetian blinds and a painted floor. How about the rest of us getting busy on the floor situation?

We had a visit this week from Col. Russell Scott and party from Warner Robins Air Service Command. They were making a Command Inspection. Included in the party were Major Scott DuBose and Capt. L. C. High.

CORRECTION

In the recent article describing the response to a fire fighting call by the Tech-Overhaul Fire Brigade, the name of James Adams was listed as responding. This should have been James Evans, our genial Superintendent of Building Maintenance. He was first to arrive and last to leave. Our apologies, Mr. Evans.

In the same article the printer beat us out of a lot of hose. It said the boys laid 40 feet of hose. It should have been 450 feet. There’s a lot of difference, especially when it has to be rolled up again when the excitement is over and it is all wet and dirty.

JOIN THE RED CROSS!
ENGINE NOISES
by Dick Hourihan

Saturday's get-together in Engine Overhaul was, in my humble opinion, the best to date.

When I talked with Patricia Drew and asked her help in arranging a program, things didn't look very bright. However, she wouldn't give up without a try, and scouting around she uncovered talent we had no idea existed. To Patricia Drew goes the greater part of thanks for the really interesting program.

Charlie Graffin, as M.C., and he really is tops, opened the program with group singing of America and the Army Air Corps song, followed by more community singing. Then, to our surprise, a little bundle of glamour in the person of Lettie Julian walked up to the "mike" amid applause.

New Addition

Lettie, a new and most welcome addition to the A & E Accounting office, is secretary to Bill Thomas. She is also the sister of another equally glamorous addition, Maxine Hobbs, secretary to Gordon Lemox. Lettie sang Little Did I Know so beautifully that it looks as if she has a permanent job now, unless Hollywood puts her under contract.

An exceptional treat, Apple Blossom Time, in the form of a duet by Wally Tyler and Lettie Julian, was enjoyed by all. Seems Wally has been holding out his operatic ability, but now that we know how well he can sing, his talents will be in great demand.

Next came a solo in Spanish by Enrique Arcaya, who sang Yours. Although there was a slight difference between the piano and Enrique it was very well done and we are looking forward to another performance. The next number was a quartet, You Are My Sunshine and Easter Bonnet, by Lettie Julian, Wally Tyler, Tom Mitchell and Bill Twitchell. This likewise, was well done and enjoyed by all.

Volleyball Champs

Dick Hourihan then presented the loving cup for the Volleyball League Championship to Al Brossuis and Tom Mitchell, captains of the winning teams.

"Joe" Horton, our Vice-President and General Manager, gave a short talk on the future of the Aircraft and Engine Division. His talk was appreciated no end by the employees, and we hope he will honor us again in the near future with his presence at our get-togethers.

Mr. Horton then introduced John Kille, Personnel Director of the Embry-Riddle Company. Mr. Kille presented Mr. Horton, with one of the long awaited service buttons and then turned over to Bill Thomas, Bill Ehne and Charlie Graffin buttons for the A & E Accounting personnel and the Engine Overhaul employees. We have been looking forward to these Embry-Riddle service wings for some time, and we were more than pleased to receive them.

In closing, the group sang God Bless America. Thanks to Charlie Pelton, Del Haughn and their crew for the sound system and the staging arrangements.

BIG GET-ACQUAINTED PARTY AND DANCE

The Old Timers' Club of Engine Overhaul is sponsoring a get-acquainted party and dance for all the Aircraft and Engine Division and their friends.

This dance is to be held April 15 at the American Legion Home on Biscayne Boulevard at N. E. 66th Street. Admission is $1.00 per couple. The time is 8 p.m., and the dress is optional. So everybody come along for a really enjoyable evening.

Tickets may be purchased through Jack Hale and Paul Meiners in Engine Overhaul and will be distributed to other departments in the near future.

Yes, I had a touch of it too, but didn't give up entirely.

Al Kimbrough is having a real picnic, with a big lot of Bank and Turns. The same is true of Mel Klein and his Electric Tuck's.

That's all for now, folks.

Buy Bonds for Victory.

WING FLUTTER
by Chester Aldorf

This past Saturday was a red letter day in the history of Aircraft Overhaul. On Saturday, Service pins were awarded to all of those who have been working for the company for a year or more. John Kille, Personnel Director, made the presentation of 53 pins, all but one of which were awarded for one year of service. Dave Ulrich of the Sheet Metal department received a two-year pin.

There are lots of sunburned noses around the shop this week. A crew from the Sheet Metal department has been working on a job for the Navy at Opa-Locka. They really have been exposed to the sun and wind. Another sustained group is from the Final Assembly department who have been down at Chapman Field for several days getting a group of Waco training planes into good flying condition.

Wedding Bells

Last Saturday, Cliff Gauyar of the Sheet Metal department took unto himself a bride, who, we understand, comes from his home town. The Inspection department should have their T.O.s in good shape after this week. Catherin Kerr, the Army's T.O. girl, former secretary at Aircraft Overhaul, spent a day here the early part of this week checking them and bringing them up to date. We were glad to see her again and hope that she will come down again soon.

Al Fegan of the Paint department expects to leave us shortly, Steve Swestyn of the Field Service department left us this past Saturday to report to Fort McPherson.

"Shorty" Morgan's new son, Harold R. Morgan, Jr., already has a War Bond to his credit, which the employees in the shop got together and presented to the month old little chap.

Harriet Hunter is back on the job after a week's vacation. Lillian Coyle also has returned, but her absence was due to illness.

The two bowling teams from Aircraft Overhaul have entered into hot competition, and even though the Aircraft Owls have a three point lead, the Engineers hope soon to leave them in the dust in the score of total games won.

INSTRUMENTS
by Walter Dick

This week we had six gentlemen from Arcadia Overhaul visiting our shop—Monday morning we were visited by a group from Engine Overhaul, Miami, and "Joe" Horton popped in for a few minutes Monday noon. Do it more often and stay longer, Joe. Glad to have all these visitors.

He's done it again! Mr. Heid was at Chapman Monday taking an exam. This time it was Navigation. He already has Aircraft and Meteorology to his credit.

Max Lubin, our new Inspector, really has been in high gear this past week. This can mean but one thing—the rest of us must have been busy, too, to have put out so many instruments.

We had many favorable comments on Marge Rosenthal's column. Delores may have been "star gazing" but, if she was, it was in bright sunshine. Wow, what a sunburn!

Marguerite, our genial Parts Stock-Gal, was on the sick list a few days last week. Watch that, Marguerite, we miss you. Glad to see Mr. Merritt back again.

Frank Torian was also among those with colds last week. Spring must be upon us.
Daughter Of Flying Family
Trains At Chapman Field

An Army Air Forces daughter, Madeleine Mayer Fite, was born into a family with wings and will never be satisfied until she, too, can qualify as a pilot. Madeleine came all the way from Redlands, Calif., to Miami to learn to fly at Chapman Field. After completing her training she hopes to fly with the WASPs.

Her father, Col. John Hugh Fite, is a command pilot with the Army Air Forces overseas. Her brother, Ted, is a student at West Point. He expects to enter primary flying this Spring and get his wings in June, 1945.

Young Hugh

Her younger brother, Hugh, 12 years old, says he expects to carry on the family tradition of flying. As the only girl in a family of flying men, Madeleine feels that she, too, must have her wings.

She has always flown as a passenger with her father, she says, and seated in the cockpit with him learned to love flying. Often he would let her take the stick, but she never actually flew a plane before coming to Embry-Riddle. Recently she soloed and now has about 17 hours in the air.

Since “home is where you hang your hat” for an Army man, Madeleine has moved from place to place with her family all her life, not staying in any one city more than four years at a time. She was born in Pasadena, Calif., but says she was “just visiting” and never really lived there. Since then she has lived in various cities in California, Texas, Alabama, Illinois and Ohio.

Enters War Effort

Madeleine was graduated from Oakwood high school, Dayton, Ohio, but received part of her high school education in Alabama and California. She entered Scripps College, Claremont, Calif., and had attended a year and a half when she decided to stop and do her part in War work.

She was trained in operations at Kirtland Field, Albuquerque, N. M., and later was employed at the Army Air Base in that city. During the year that she worked, she saved her money to come to Embry-Riddle for flight training, in hopes of joining the WASPs.

While her father is overseas, the rest of the family is living in Redlands, Calif., at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Sidney Yale Wynne, where they will be for the duration.