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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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BRILLIANT AVIATION CAREER OF G. WILLIS TYSON, JR.
BEGAN IN CALIFORNIA DURING BARNSTORMING DAYS

Now General Manager of Riddle Field

by Jack Hopkins and Roy Lacey

Mr. G. Willis Tyson is General Manager of Riddle Field. Since this is a British Flight Training School, it is only proper that the General Manager was born in England. Yes, Mr. Tyson was born in Manchester, England, June 28, 1905.

Sailed in “Jenny”
He came to the United States in 1909, and here was the start of an amazing aviation career. In 1925 came his first solo, at Los Angeles on a Curtiss “Jenny.” For three years, from 1926 to 1929, he was instructing and barnstorming in California. Then in 1930 he started his own flying school as fixed base operator at Los Angeles Municipal Airport. It was here that several of the instructors now at Riddle Field learned to fly under the tutorage of Mr. Tyson.

Pilot and Inspector
During 1936 he was pilot on the Los Angeles-Caliente Air Lines, using tri-motored Stinsons. In 1937 he joined the Department of Commerce as Aeronautical Inspector. From 1938 to 1940, Mr. Tyson was a C.A.A. Engineering Inspector stationed at the First Region in New York.

Joined Embry-Riddle
Flight testing new and redesigned aircraft for government approval, he conducted a complete approval type certificates engineering flight tests on Piper J3, J4 and J5 series, Luscombe 8 series, Bellanca, Ercoupe, Grumman, Widgeon, and alteration flight tests on many well-known types. In 1941, he resigned from C.A.A. to accept a position with Embry-Riddle. Mr. Tyson, besides this outstanding aviation career, has well over 5,000 hours certified solo pilot time.

Seldom Without Cigar
As Manager of Riddle Field, he is both hard-working and highly efficient. Held in great esteem by his employers, he is friends with everybody, and everybody’s friend. Mr. Tyson, who is married and has one son, is rarely seen without a cigar. He is fond of softball, but seldom finds the time to play. Many of you, having seen the name, “G. Willis Tyson,” have wondered what dark secret hides behind that mysterious “G.” We have the low-down and here’s the secret—G stands for George, and then to the whole name, add a Jr.

Grand “Boss”
In conclusion, we would like to take this opportunity to express our pleasure at working with such a grand “boss” as Mr. Tyson. Here’s wishing you the best of everything—you’re doing a grand job.
TECH TALK

by Willard O'Brien

Aircraft Instructor Trainees

Something new has been added to our course of training at the Embry-Riddle School. Aircraft Instructor Trainee is an impressive sounding title and from my observations the men selected for this training will eventually be of great assistance to the instructors on the army training program.

They are men who appreciate the fact that we have everything at stake and wish to do their part in the war effort. We have four such men in the Aircraft Department undergoing training at the present time. These men are entitled to the proper introduction to the School and each of you, I'm sure, is interested in them. So—

MR. J. H. GINTZLER—is a newcomer to Miami, arriving here in January from Buffalo, N. Y., where he had his own printing business, and where he also practiced law for eight years. From all indications his opinion of Miami is quite favorable. His spare time, if any, is spent in playing golf and practicing photography.

MR. C. B. COOK—not quite as old as the other trainees, was discouraged by the fact that he couldn't secure suitable military service, but is now quite satisfied with the type of work he is preparing for. Cook is originally from Findlay, Ohio, but claims he is now a full-fledged "South-anah," especially favoring Miami. For four years he was foreman and general manager for the City of Miami; previously he taught algebra and science (plus coaching and grading papers at night) at Buena Vista, Ga. His hobbies are any kind of athletics. (He wants information about our tennis courts. He might be interested to know Donudge instructs enthusiasts around here.)

MR. U. T. WEBB—says he's only been here eighteen years, that's probably seventeen and a half years longer than some of us. He claims to be a SUPER-SALESMAN, selling everything from shoe strings to steamships, specializing in the wholesale end of the business. Webb's idea of a pastime is deep sea fishing, and he has landed a number of large salmon. Perhaps he could tell us how to do it and when, and as super-salesman to super-salesman he should get together with Student Walter Dobie. Perhaps some revolutionary ideas would be born.

MR. E. H. STONE—has had experience in various businesses and could tell some interesting tales. Stone has been here seven years, is retired and a native of Coral Gables. His pastimes in his younger days, he claims, were owning and managing Circle 9 Ranch, Montana. He also operated several men's clothing stores at and around Great Falls, Montana. Favorite pastime is playing a good bridge game.

Gold and Mink

The western part of our country is represented also by students with whom I've had direct contact. Harman F. Buck has had some interesting experiences on his parents' fifty thousand acre ranch in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He also can give out with some interesting stories on gold mining, commercial and "on your own" as he has done both.

Then we have 18x18x5 Rudolph Glassman from Wyoming. Mink farming was Glassman's line before offering his services to the country. Rudolph Glassman will be back in business with the minks when his time is again his own. Get him in the corner and ask him about those minks—it's interesting. I've already had my talk with him. And you girls—you know what a mink coat is, don't you?

MR. R. ESTLER, Head of the Aircraft Department, had a Labor Day birthday. His age is—but he's married. (I thought I'd celebrate a "blessed event" on that day, but didn't.)

We Want Talent

Articles from the various fields seem to consume a great deal of space in the "Fly Paper." Why not have a few contributions, such as pictures, articles, etc. from some of the gang around here? Aren't there any poets or authors at the Coliseum or Tech School? I'm sure any local material would be appreciated. We don't get much news from the Coliseum. (Note: Miss Anderson.)

Other instructors (too numerous to mention) plus myself seem to enjoy that fried chicken at a certain banquet every other Saturday evening. The food is super, everybody enjoys himself immensely, the speeches are short (but good), again the chicken, and we wish everybody leaying the best. The Cafeteria Staff is entitled to a vote of thanks; everyone offers them a big hand!

WAR BOND

We thought the glue would melt right off the Fly Paper when news came in Tuesday that Winfred E. Matney, who is associated with the radio department, had bought a $1000 war bond through the Embry-Riddle Company.

Nice going, Mr. Matney! We'd do the same thing—IF only a $1000 bill would fly through the window and get itself stuck to the Fly Paper.
Great Lady and Her Student Give Their Lives

by Peter Ordway

On Thursday, September 10th, here in Miami a great lady and her student gave their lives for their country. Neither of them would have wanted pages of sentiment, and, on the whole, words are relatively inadequate when used to commemorate the passing of a friend. Just as Colin Kelly was doing his, so Mary Hull Brooks and Albert Kasanof were doing their jobs when the end came. She was a flight instructor with Embry-Riddle, and her student was in the Enlisted Reserve of the United States Army Air Corps.

Pioneer Woman Pilot

There were other women flight instructors before Mary Brooks. According to all competent authorities there were few better. She was in that first group of pioneers who gave actual proof that women can do any job a man can. On December 7th the lives of all of us changed, hers included. From that point on, she was training not only pilots but potential soldiers and sailors. She as well as every other instructor knew that our Army and Navy pilots had to be the best in the world if we were to win this war.

MARY BROOKS

ALBERT KASANOF

Paid Highest Price

Mary Brooks gave her life for her convictions. Medals are beribboned bits of copper or tin pinned on by important personages, but in the last analysis they are symbolical tribute and honor paid by the people as a whole. If Mary Brooks or Albert Kasanof had been killed in action they would have undoubtedly received a medal. Embry-Riddle and all those who knew and loved them can only pay them tribute, not only for themselves but also as soldiers, with their hearts.

Acted Beyond Call of Duty

If we were writing a citation for valor we might phrase it thusly: "Mary Brooks, flight instructor, died September 10, 1942. By action far beyond the ordinary call of duty, she attempted to save the life of her student, Albert Kasanof. When the wing tip came off the plane, she ordered her student to jump. The shrouds of his parachute became entangled and, disregarding her own safety, Mary Brooks attempted to free him. In doing so she met her own death."

We Shall Not Forget

There is no award or medal or citation important or high enough for us, the ordinary people who loved her, to bestow. We can only remember and be thankful for women like Mary Brooks and men like Albert Kasanof.
MATERIEL CONTROL
by B. H. Buxton

We wonder if you’ve missed the Materiel Control news in the Fly Paper these past few weeks. The fact is, we no longer have anyone with nerve enough to tackle the job of news hound. Maestro Eddie Baumann, our Catalogue Virtuoso, who used to do the honors is now at Camp Blanding.

We still think Eddie could do a little writing on the side but expect Uncle Sam keeps him pretty busy at that. So, we repeat, we have no one now who will take pen in hand (not even a poisoned pen) and dish out the dirt. There have been so many changes and other doin’s though that someone just had to pinch hit temporarily so here we are.

Besides E Flatter Eddie, we have lost several others to the armed forces since our last squib appeared and more are still awaiting call. Frank James is now in the Army in Key West. Jack Little is an Aviation Cadet, whereabouts unknown. Charlie DeCrète is at Camp Blanding and when last heard was doing a swell job of K.P. George Wygant, Jr. is in officers training at Keeker Field, Mississippi and hopes to be transferred to Miami Beach soon now.

Bill Davies has just received his call and must be at Camp Blanding September 15th. Andy Andrews also just got his call and leaves on the 21st. We will miss you, fellows. Martin Avery, Jr. has left to return to school and get his flight training. A grand bunch of boys, all of them, and we wish each and every one the best of all there is. When Andy Andrews leaves he will be the eleventh star in our Materiel Control & Stores Service Flag of which we are very proud.

New Stockroomers

Among the new faces to be found in Materiel Control and the various stockrooms are J. F. Peterson, H. T. Ferris and J. D. Campbell of the Tech School Stockroom; Jeannette Wilson, J. K. Bethen and Mrs. J. J. Roberts of Clewiston Post Supply; R. M. Smith of Dorr Field Post Supply; R. B. James (Frank’s brother) of the Inventory Crew and Arthur Williams of Carlstrom Field Post Supply.

Mr. O. B. Lightfoot has been transferred from Carlstrom Overhaul to Carlstrom Post Supply to take Mr. Avery’s place at the helm. Harry Koehler is spending a week or two at Carlstrom to give him the necessary low down.

Mr. J. M. Roberts, former Chief Storekeeper at Riddle Field, has been transferred to Miami where he will take the place of Joe Simpson as Chief Storekeeper of Tech Stockroom.

Mr. E. D. Kelley has been promoted from Chief Card Clerk in Miami Materiel Control to Chief Storekeeper at Riddle Field to take the place of Roberts. We know he will do an excellent job as he is well liked and efficient.

DORR DOINGS
by Jack Whitmull

Pouring the floors in the Link Building, all we’re waiting on are the trainers.

Last Saturday afternoon a party of Dorrites went over to Carlstrom for instruction on fire control and safety. Mr. Tom Davis of Carlstrom and Mr. Glen Kuhl were principle speakers. Both gave very instructive talks; we all learned things we never knew till now.

Those going from Dorr field, Mr. Hacker, Mr. Collers, Mr. McGee, Mr. NiconNMUS, Mr. Poo, Mr. Hollingsworth, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Dickerson, and yours truly — each field in the future will have its own meetings once a month; and yes the date hasn’t been set, quite a little friendly competition is expected.

This ‘N That

Mr. Hacker’s new red scooter, nothing second hand about Dorr field!!! Said scooter is placed in the guard house at night, with definite instructions to the guard!!!

Lost, pair of wheels and axle to Tom Morrison’s pistol.

Them “Bee” twins are back again.

A suggestion to some of the personnel; quite a few forget their passes, others put their passes in their pockets as they do their loose change — consequently the latter are in a pretty soiled condition. The company has been very lenient with the offenders.

A suggestion to the men — put your pass in your pocket book — and pocket book in your pants — and then if you forget your pass — well, even I wouldn’t come to work without my pants; all kidding aside — your pass was issued to you for a purpose — just as your driver’s license — and it costs $1.00 — your pass is given to you free — it’s a long way to town and back!!!

Note to Hazel Des Long

Lynn is the Canadian wildcat — the Links we have are for aeronautical training, so you can leave the dogs and gun home.

Have you seen “Peaches” Prevatt’s sun tan, and does she accentuate it by wearing white to the envy of all concerned.

have a regular correspondent again. Mr. H. T. (Long Boy) Ferris is a writer from way back and we will have a sigh of relief when he takes the burden over and will look for big things.

C’bye now.

FOUND!
A neckless was found last Monday in the parking lot at the Tech School. Mr. Christmas, in the Auditing Department, will turn it over to the owner after proper identification.
No. 5 B.F.T.S.
Clewiston, Fla.

Presents

'Listening Out'

Episode 7
Featuring...

"PEGG'S BOYS"

and their stay at

RIDDLE FIELD

Under the Auspices of Red Flight
By Kind Permission of Course Commander Pegg
Photography by All the Boys
Costumes by Tailors to H. M. King George VI, and U. S. Army
Scenario by Riddle McKay
Illuminations by Wingoo
Cartoons by Ron Bodley
Iambic Heptameter John S. Etherington
Doggerel by Caesar
Story Written and Produced by Noel S. C. Colley
Urged On by Everyone

Our Thanks to Mr. Seegers and Mr. Garrone for Their Cooperation on the Frontispiece
This week Riddle Field will notice a remarkable tendency on the part of one of the Flights to side-slip their way around camp with the left breast well to the fore. Yessir!—after months of toil and troubles is graduating; at long last the dim kiddies are making good.

Looking back, milestones along our road “towards the blue horizon” rush to our minds.

It all started for most of us almost exactly a year ago. From the four corners of the Sceptred Isles, from the Pentland Firth to the Isle of Wight, from the crags of Dartmoor to the mudflats of Southend we flocked to London, to ‘Book our seat to Berlin.’

We learned all about the Q.M. Stores and inoculations and how to dodge parades. We fed at the London Zoo—for the entertainment of all onlookers, and to the vast amusement of the monkeys. We spent too much money.

Thence, being thoroughly broke, we went our ways to recuperate at the seaside. We still hadn’t met each other—so to speak—but our ways were converging. The convergency angle, however, did not prove as great as we thought, our ground distance was increasing, and we stayed at the seaside longer than was good for either us or the seaside. Thence, helped on our way by the cheers of publicans and the groans of fellow sinners, we sped westward.

Who said that story about Manchester rain was hooey?

Early in the year we left England. It should have been April the first, we thought, as we stooged our way across the Herring Pond. One of the crew told us that they shipped ‘live meat across, and dead meat back’; soon we began to wonder whether the order shouldn’t be reversed. On the whole though, it was a pretty uneventful journey. The Atlantic showed even more ‘marked tendencies’ than the full rough air we were soon to spin in, they did every other known maneuver and had a very definite stalling angle.

E. T. A.—Land ahead!

Columbus could not have been more pleased at the yell; and we must say that North America was a grand sight as we sailed in.

From then on, we had many things to marvel at. We couldn’t resist looking for Heinkels when the railroad engines let rip with their wails—and the huge bells which most of them sported, too, made us speculate on the possibility of Invasion at Home this Spring.

‘Home’ seemed very far away”—butter and sugar on the tables—a very large steak for supper—20 degrees of frost—a very un-black out—100 cents to a dollar and 10 bucks to a week’s pay (and we soon discovered that it did not last long!)

Once more we marveled at the number of different forms the R.A.F. could find for us to fill, and how many ways we could find of dodging fatigue parades. We wore multitudinous mufflers, ear muffls, and socks per foot in the 20 degrees of frost, and longed for the ‘sunny south.’

Came the thaw and we were moved out from a muddy morass just in time, depleted by quarantine, but more or less intact.

We spent two days and nights in the train. We discovered the art of making beds of railroad coach seats, and even managed to sleep on them occasionally. We crossed the 49th Parallel in
style—sound asleep. But that didn’t last long; we were in the land of wide awake men, and the three cigarette girls who clambered on the train at Vanceboro let us know it. We tried our first American cigarettes; found them different from the old Player’s Medium; and returned to the arms of Morpheus.

Breakfast in Boston and lunch in New York. The city with more of the greatest things in the world than any other—a hundred ninth wonders rolled into one. Our ‘chaperon’ unleashed us for eight hours, but we could have done with a month. Several of us made the acquaintance of Jack Dempsey, and altogether it was a very jolly party which rolled out that night.

All the next day we got farther south and hotter. Our coach was shunted from siding to siding; the coloured waiter, still quite a novelty, told us, with great pride, we were passing through the largest eastern state (Georgia must have been his home!) and next morning we awoke in Florida. Breakfast at Sebring—we marvelled at, and made ourselves sick on, grapefruit actually growing on trees—and then, lo and behold, Clewiston.

We were vastly disappointed. It all seemed to be nothing but a vast expanse of swamp and the field seemed miles from everywhere.

Within five minutes of arriving in Camp we were listening in awe to the wonderful stories of someone whom we thought must at least be the Chief Flying Instructor and later discovered was just ‘Lineshooter’ Beeves of the Primary Flight one ahead of us. That line, we soon discovered, was to continue for several months.

That weekend we had the Camp to ourselves and discovered (to our cost) that it isn’t wise to sunbathe for very long in Florida. We wallowed in the luxury of ice cream sundaes at 15 cents apiece (how soon it had to be reduced to 5 cent phosphates!) and all the fruit and food we had forgotten the existence of at home.

We were issued with ill-fitting khaki and, as a consolation surprise, a suit of civvies. The ‘Advanced Flight’ showed us how to make lockers look like exhibition windows, coat-hangars equidistant apart, and socks doing a right dress with opener at the left. The Adjutant made himself known and seemed to be a very decent bloke (for an adjutant, anyway!). And the Doc amused the Flight with an entirely original lecture. We were all set for a long stay—we hoped.

And so on to Primary. We encountered the steady smile of Flight Commander “Gunner” Brink, who told us that by law of averages we were bound to be better than all previous Flights, and soon discovered the fallacy of laws.

In the dim distance we sensed and dreaded meeting the omnipresence of Mr. Hunziker. Lectures on the do’s and dont’s of parachutes followed, and then students were allocated to their instructors. We expected to fly, but we didn’t. Instead we just sat in the plane, unlocked controls, waggled sticks, and kicked rudders. It all looked most complicated!

But the worst was not over yet—for next came a preview of what was to be the bane of our existence. Form One! It all looked completely unintelligible; and it was soon obvious that this was going to be Public Bind Number 1.

So ended our first day on the flight line, and we spent the evening besieging Course 5 to find what our instructor was like. “Does he bind?” But the next day was THE day.
The ‘Boss’ told us he didn’t expect us to fly the first time, “just sit back and look around, see what it’s like.” We went rigid, stared at the nose, and dared not look anywhere else; the one hurried glimpse we did take over the side we thought was an awful long way away! After our boss had landed the darned thing “three pointed” we really thought him the most incredible man in the world!

We got to know the ever sympathetic smile and drawl of Mr. Newton, whose life we were later to endanger in our hunt for solo ships. A week rolled by. We looked with awe on Morrison and Mighell, who’d flown in England, and Nelson Jay, who had a civilian Pilot License, as they went solo. We wondered whether wind, scoring a beautiful goal; ders. “What? Me up there?—in one of those things?—by myself? No, never!” But the day came, when we looked ahead and missed the back of our Instructor’s head. He couldn’t have it tucked underneath his arm; we must be solo! We were. An earthquake could have taken place below us—or a flood—we would not have seen a thing. We were up there with a plane to ourselves, and that was all we knew.

There didn’t seem to be a spare inch to land on—but somehow or other we got down; hearts resumed their normal pulsations; and we’d so­loed. Ron-Pott didn’t approve of the system of Tees, so he tried to land at 90 degrees across it, changed his mind, and landed straight downwind, scoring a beautiful goal; and Walker’s bright boy decided there was much more room to land in the jungle which used to inhabit the southeast corner of the field. There were dislocated circuits, and many, many ground loops. What a day, that first supervised solo!

And so the weeks rolled by. We did stalls, spins and ground loops to our heart’s content. Mac tried acrobatics at ground level, and bent his plane not a little.

We prayed that we’d stay on at Riddle Field, which we could at least find! But we were amazed how small the No. 3 Field was and yet how much sand it held; this part of the course seemed to be nothing but premeditated practice for war in the Western Desert. We watched Yellow Flight doing its last hours of Primary Formation and wondered whether it would ever be our turn. We broke up Advanced and Basic circuits with amazing regularity and were sworn at with increasing vigour. We went fit for any inspection and came back like sand boys.

And all this time the grind school had occupied our sleeping hours. In the intervals between telling us the history of the Ferry Command, Harry showed us how to make feints at Paris with our starboard engine whilst attacking Brussels with our port.

We marvelled at how easily the Browning-off gun disintegrated in Sarge Pullen’s hands, and how easily it coiled itself hopelessly around ours. Mr. Thyn showed us just what kept us in the air, and we were amazed at Mr. Bjornson’s clear conception of the difference between Zaps, Flaps, Slots, Slats, and Schlitz. Our Flight Instructors did the rest.

We sampled the Doc’s nose, throat, and ear, and cough drops, and discovered a perfect scrounge from Ground School. We learned which was Jeff and which was Kenny, and liked them both. And then, after Ground School, just as we thought we were getting two minutes rest, the d—d bell went dar dit dit again, and sweated for another half hour under Mr. Towson’s eagle eye. (Definition of calesthenics: Noah Webster says: Greek dancing; Course Seven says: An ‘Elleva bind!’)

And all the time we were being marched around in an ever-increasing crowd by Frankie. “Rairt, Flairt, Rairt dress; Rairt turn!” Everything was right, except our very unmilitary attitude which was VERY wrong. At least, so Frank was always telling us—we must have given him some head
aches. He called us his Green Flight, gave us flashes to match, and we felt it.

And then suddenly we had the camp to ourselves again, and we'd "gone up a Flight." We did aerobatics until we almost walked around on our heads out of sheer force of habit; we bumped and blasted our way around, and we shot a line to the new Flight.

And then—cross-counties! How Gunner survived the worry of them is still a major mystery, but they left him, for a time, much less immaculate than the Flight Commander whom we had held in such awe.

Six of us decided the Sarasota Airport looked much too neat, and risked a thunder storm to knock it about. We went to Wauchula like a swarm of birds migrating, and flew unofficial formation back. Ah, the joy of doing unofficial things! And then, Sarasota bound, there was "Jock," who lost his map, and Len, who played follow-my-leader—to spend a very penitent night at Lakeland.

In like manner we frolicked our way through Primary. We took the "Gaffer" on a check ride, and were heart-broken when he wouldn't take-off or land "under the hood." Somehow or other, we scraped through OUR final check, too.

Came our leave, and we covered the forty-eight States, from Niagara to New Mexico and Key West—thinking of Joe, and Ron, and Stan, and the others back in Canada—and hoping against hope that down in Florida there was still a clear horizon.

We came to Basic with the riopiest reputation of any Flight in the Field's history. "There were several famed for the number of things they forgot when they entered the ship" (with apologies to Lewis Carroll and A. P. 1234 Chapter 12). Basic gave us all the usual headaches. TMPFFS would not have been so bad if there hadn't been so many other darned gadgets to fiddle about with too.

To make matters worse, they invented a new Form One for us to make mistakes on, and we really showed them how to make mistakes on it. The only consolation it seemed to offer for a superfluity of columns was the lack of a carbon copy, but what the Hell—there was still the Form One "A." Even the Instructors were known to bind occasionally on Radio—and that made it not quite so bad when we discovered that we had spent the last five minutes telling the Tower our life history on intercomm; or, after the fifth bounce, that we had landed with our "gear" up. We learned to respect the quiet way of Flight Commander "Jimmy" Cousins, and thought him a great guy.

Once again, a Riddle Touring Club was formed and we spent cross country nights all over Florida, from Wimauma to Gainesville. We had another (and we hoped the last) purge, and decided that Ground School had to be, after all, rather important. We blessed gyro's, flew by night, and found ourselves pretty broke, with another seven days leave on our hands. We didn't get so far this time, but it exhausted us just the same—in pocket as well as body.

Coming back to Riddle Field, "The Road to Moncton" no different from the old home, we felt very superior. Oh, to be in the SENIOR FLIGHT! How imperiously we wore those red flashes, and how condescendingly we, in our turn, showed Course Ten how to make their beds!

AT's were grand. Solos came in surprisingly little time (for us—the dim kiddies) and then came a chance to show each other our prowess at Cross Countries, Instrument, and Formation. Bingo! We heard the yarn of the cadet who
landed with his gear up after the Tower had screamed its head off at him on his way in. “Didn’t you hear us?” they asked afterwards. “Sure, I heard something,” said plonk, “but there was a blasted horn somewhere in the cockpit making so much darn noise that I couldn’t tell what you were saying!” Bingo!

Then there was Ron-Pot, who soared to fame again, visited Wauchula, and had to have an after-order written especially for his benefit. We did navigational cross countries which shook the Seminoles and dual formations which shook our Instructors. We got to know our “bosses” as friends, and the spectre of pink slips faded into the background. We were Advanced!

Night Flying! Cross Countries — the clouds gathered in Death Valley, and Sebring beacon was our guiding light. Clewiston got an early reveille and some spent a very penitent afternoon with Wee Willy Tyson (‘It was definitely an A.T.6A!’) and all the other high-lights, desperately pleading their innocence and trying to discover the identity of the ‘mystery plane’ which cut up the circuit so regularly. “Two Time Charlie” did it again: “Nose down, locked, and earthed over!” and many were the AT’s misled to the Christmas Tree. “Pappy” lost his Control. “There’s no ship taking off, there’s no ship landing, and here am I STILL STANDING BY!” and through the night there came the plaintive cry, “Hello, Riddle Control, there’s someone following me!”

Tom Whitehead didn’t pause to think of the rubber shortage (‘Bust it!’) and was an interested spectator at Johnny Jones’ effort at somersaulting.

There were more innovations. Groups of cadets would drag their weary way across the field to sheet skoots—I mean to shoot skeets—and ‘most always missed ’em. As the cadet inaugurators of range, we were not a success, and even buzzards were known to sit on the twenty-yard post and mock us as we took our stance.

We laboriously swam two lengths under Hoppy’s unflinching gaze to qualify as competent “bailers - out - into - the - drink - to - be - perhaps.”

At long last the powers-that-be Air Conditioned the Link building, and we did our last hours in comparative comfort.

We developed wings complex, secreted Browning Guns and Bombsights under our pillows, and scorned the idea of taking a week-end out. 1723’s, 129’s, 1234’s were more than numbers; they were almost our Bible—or at least our “Alice in Wonderland.”
Somehow or other we kept awake in those days when we tried to learn a full course syllabus in three weeks, and now we’re thankful for it.

Course Seven is Listening Out!

We know we carry back some memories which will never die. The first trip up—a surprise snap roll when we could hardly fly straight and level—that empty cockpit on our first solo—that amazing BT cockpit—and that superior feeling a retractable undercarriage gives. The feeling of relief after “Wings” was over. And above all the marvellous time we had “off the record” during our spare time. We’ve been treated well. We know it, and are eternally grateful for it.

HATS OFF, BOYS!

“We Can’t Put Me on a Charge!—Your Watch is Fast!”

WE GIVE TRIBUTE

To Our Instructors
For binding us enough to keep us awake and yet not leave us “rigid”—for perservering when we ourselves knew we should be out on our necks, for giving us just a sigh and a “D” when we deserved a blast and an “E.”

To Messrs. Stearman, Vultee & North American Aircraft
For giving us three first class planes on which to grow our wings.

To the Ground School Staff
We never liked it, but you made it as bearable as possible.

To the Link Staff
We thought it, too, was a bind at first; but, as the final hours approached, we began to find it darn interesting.

To the Maintenance Crews
We never saw or heard much of you, but you held our lives in your hands every day and you never let them drop.

To the Tower
For being as sympathetic as you were efficient, and for “sitting on” the right people at the right time.

To You All We Doff Our Caps
COURSE SEVEN -- THAT WAS -- THANK HEAVEN

In days gone by, before the war, in dear old "civvy" street,
You once beheld some dapper chaps, of dress and figure neat.
Behold us now, those broken men—bowed down by cares and woes;
Our lot is worse than Oflag X! We hope to be P.O.'s.
From far and wide, across the sea, we came—a motley crew—
And how we ever hoped to fly, the devil only knew.
Instructors’ sighs; imploring eyes were raised, beseeching Heaven
To take away this bitter pill—in short, remove Course Seven.
Cross-country flights amused us well, but wasn’t it a pity,
When Sarasota town below turned out to be Plant City!
They rationed gas about half way through—but do not let it fool Ya,
That’s not the reason why old "Pott" force landed at Wauchula.
We slumbered through the summer days; but was it so surprising?
We sweated all the long hot nights, and darn this early rising!
Then, ground school for the day being done, our bodies, craving rest,
Were spurred along to greater feats, in P.T. shorts and vests.
We bounced along the ground and then took off completely cross-tee,
Turned traffic patterns inside out, made landings rather ropey.
With loops and rolls, chandelles and spins, we showed the world our powers,
Yet even then scarce dared to hope those 'Wings' would e'er be ours.
A blessed respite, our first week's leave; the sea shores seemed to beckon,
Miami Beach with U. S. peach, is quite a place, I reckon!
A certain town won some renown for four bright eyed young flyers,
While one of us—a quiet cuss—remembers well Fort Myers!
And then at last, with P.T.'s past, we found a situation,
Bombing errors hemmed us in, loop bearings we sensed dimly.
And Turton, seer among the band, saw Trenton looming grimly.
We found ourselves the senior flight, we thought about it gravely,
And though I guess we had our fears, we strove to hide them bravely,
We flew by night to Melbourne Light; we soloed in formation;
And thanks to Mr. Fowler's pains, we learned Air Navigation.
We'll miss the lights, the balmy night, the 'cokes' and 'cackleberries,'
The cigarettes, mosquito nets, the little sunburn worries,
We'll miss you all, for we've had fun; and now, before we leave you,
Thanks for it all, and when YOU come, how gladly we'll receive you!
—J.S.E.
Dedicated to Absent Friends

Owing to circumstances beyond our control, certain other characters only appear in the opening scenes.
We carry back home memories, too... after all—all work and no play... and we have been anything but dull boys. Didn't we cheer Jack Holt through all the twelve “grip(p)ing” episodes of his fight against the crooks, and gasp with amazement at the repeated tight corners he got out of? And on Winslow, too—didn't we stick it out with him to the bitter end? We booed the Scorpion and cheered the heroine, and when it was all over, recuperated over a limeade at “The Club” (Seminole Drug Store to you!). Many were the restful drinks in the Clewiston Inn and the boisterous nights at Pete’s. We laughed at the Writing on The Wall and occasionally felt opulent enough to buy ourselves a steak.

Nickels galore found their way into the local juke boxes, and we all knew that the local oldest inhabitant was a brother-in-law of Jessie James.

The School celebrated its anniversary at the Sugar Mill auditorium and who would want to miss that! We were there and spent a very merry evening. And coming back after those Clewiston nights, the roof of the bus would rise in song. We HAD to bind when the driver stopped at the crossing, or the Sheriff insisted on looking for Jap spies. Yes, we did all the things which Courses before us had done and Courses after us will do. We were a very ordinary lot!
But what times were had when the boys really let rip! We arrived to an America without rationing of any kind. Cars abounded on the roads and it was considered an insult to the engine to travel at less than sixty. We just stood and waited for “our choice” limousine to come along—and waits were seldom long. How different it all is now!

We went to Miami in full cry and soon discovered the Colony. To all that has been said in previous “Listening Outs” about Sid Burrows and the Colony we can add nothing, but as, unfortunately, we were to be the last Course to experience much of the Colony tradition, it wouldn’t be out of place to say just “Thanks a Million!”

You haven’t been in the scenes much lately, Sid, but we know you’re carrying on the good work in Coral Gables, and this is Course Seven wishing you all the best.

Not that the Colony saw a great deal of us. The army hadn’t moved in on Miami then and we were undoubtedly “Glamour Boys.” The blackout of the Miami illuminations proved disappointing—but there were many consolations. When we were feeling rich, we’d go to Winnie’s or, if not, to Connie’s; both places were “bags of fun.”

Dancing at the Deauville. If you were lucky (and you generally were) you showed a glamorous Southern Belle the works of the Promenade Deck.

Yes, Miami was a wonder city. We remember seeing the greatest show of our lives in Bayfront Park, sitting in five-dollar seats provided by the U.S.O. Walter Winchell; Mischa Auer; Abe Lyman; Al Jolson, and an all-star cast; and the moon shone over Miami for it all. Yes, “Moon over Miami.” The palms and balmy breezes and flamingoes (or were they storks!) were all there too; and we even found some pretty good substitutes for Betty Grable and Carole Landis.

One week-end, Instructor “Bob” Walker took his fellers fish’n, and their photos are no fisherman’s story. (Most of the fish they caught they’d never even heard of before!).

We met people “on vacation down South” from all over the States, and they brought with them real hospitality. We were treated like Lords; accepted as Authorities On The War; and shown a grand time. We were invited “back home” to places we couldn’t hope to reach and somehow or other we reached them.

Some of us discovered Palm Beach. Hospitality at its highest and finest. Beautiful homes, looking across to the green Atlantic on one side and calm Lake Worth on the other. Superb rooms in beige and green. Cool summer houses, provided with all the luxuries of life, and only a couple of yards to stroll to dive into the cooler splendour of mine host’s swimming pool. A staff of super-efficient servants to wait on our every whim, and a chauffeur to drive us everywhere. Arabian Nights! We went “from bad to Wertz’s”—“Eat here, diet home.” We reflected as we ate those superb steaks at the “Taboo” that this was a week’s ration back home.

We danced to “The Boston Boys” at ritzy George Washington and heard low cracks at “Mike’s.” We met the guys from Morrison Field and liked them a lot.

We went to lunch parties, dinner parties, garden parties. We danced at the Everglades and marvelled at the Bath and Tennis Club. Yes, those Palm Beach days were great.
Let us not forget, too, Fort Myers—city of palms—Hollywood, with its beautiful beach—Fort Lauderdale—Delray Beach (Breakfast picnics on the shore), and Boca Raton—miniature Miami one and all. Royal Palm Way, in Palm Beach, and Miami’s Bayfront Park—the tropical beauty of palms, and poincianas, and hibiscus—and all the other tropical beauties we met.

Leave! The whole way through Primary, and again through Basic, that leave was an ambition second only to “Wings”—and did we have a time! Miami received the main impact, and the Macfadden Deauville shuddered under it. Ted Taylor and Bob Walmsley penetrated as far south as Key West, to put the Navy right out of favour. Nelson Jay went to New Mexico, learned to regret a Texan sand storm’s effect on a Cub, and arrived back just a little late, after sending the C.O. his love (by kind permission of Western Union). “Prisoner and escort, right turn!”

‘Granpa’ Bodley found Philadelphia very much to his liking, although he was left holding the baby. Turton soloed to Niagara while “the Ed” made it to Asheville, in the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains. St. Petersburg, too, where “the Boy” experienced great hospitality, broadcast his appreciations, and boated with disastrous results.

Several of us discovered New York again. New York! Who could write an account of America without telling of the “Greatest City”? Multi-coloured taxies breaking all speed limits and never crashing; “Mrs. Miniver” running ten weeks at Radio City; Coney Island on a half-holiday; the Statue of Liberty (Twenty two stories to climb); and the Empire State (but we used the elevator to that!).

And always an open house, and open hearts, and welcoming hands, and an invitation to “come again soon!” All that we can say is—“We hope to—but if we don’t, won’t you all come to see us sometime? We have such a lot to repay you for and for it all—Thanks a Million—and Au Revoir!”
Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot ... 

Good Bye, Riddle Field!

This is Course Seven ... on the Line and taking off OFF!
Scoring in every event, Yellow Flight won Riddle Field's first swimming meet last Wednesday afternoon (September 9). The winning Flight rolled up 22 points, to outscore Red Flight who had 11, Green Flight with 8, and Blue Flight with 7.

The Yellows were led by Arthur Jamieson, who won the Free Style and Back Stroke races, and helped his team win the Free Style Relay race, Tug of War, and be runnerup in the Medley Relay race. Ken Brant of Red Flight also did some fine individual work, winning the Breast Stroke and Medley races.

The afternoon proved quite successful, with Instructor Sim Speer conducting the affair, aided by other Officers and officials at the Field. At the conclusion of the meet, General Manager G. W. Tyson presented the Riddle-McKay swimming cup to the Yellow Flight Captain, Jamieson.

Another Course to Leave

Included in this issue, is the Listening Out of Course 7, thereby indicating that Course 7 is ready to depart in the near future.

Therefore, we take this opportunity of congratulating this Flight on the completion of their course, and to wish them all success in their future efforts. It has been swell knowing you fellows!

We particularly want to thank Noel Colley, who edited this fine Listening Out, for his help as an Associate Editor, and also Ted Taylor, who has done some fine photography work for us.

WERE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

To a Pilot From a Navigator
When slow-rolling to the right,
Just make sure the belt is tight.
The Flight Comm says, you really should,
Else head will bang against the hood.
This has happened, take my word,
Maybe you've already heard.
I know for I was in the back,
And my darn belt was pretty slack.

Sergeant J. A. Henley has done the following poem, which he dedicates to Course 7:

Many are the buttons to polish
Many are the whiskers to crop
Long is the hair at nape tide
This is the airman's lot.

The morning parade will bore you
The C.O. will lengthen his stride
The flags will rise oh so slowly
Up goes our Nation's pride.

Wings exam is in the ofing
Much studious work to do
Some will fear elimination
Don't worry it just can't be you.

The Navigation paper is over
The plot you'll swear it was true
The miles you used were they right sir
Cheer up, don't look so blue.

Results are eagerly awaited
Each mail seems the last one on earth
Then cheers chaps, none of you failed it
The instructors again proved their worth.

With books binding you will have finished
This part of the job so well done
But the Wings are to be presented
Out in the cool noon day sun.

Every man will look his smartest
The first para will not apply
The C.O. will smile and hand you those wings
Good luck lads, jolly good try.

Mrs. Carl Ziler

While on a short vacation sometime ago, Carl Ziler, Link Instructor, was married. In fact, the wedding took place on August 23 in Washington, D. C., and the bride was Miss Helen Hansen, of Brooklyn, New York. The couple are making their home in Clewiston, and we present Mrs. Ziler in the photograph.

Riddle Field, with General Manager Tyson acting as host, entertained the American Legion Post of Clewiston here last Tuesday evening. After one of Mr. Walter's excellent dinners, the group was shown about the Field, and the various operations explained to them.

With the end of another Course, most of the Instructors will get a few days leave, and your Editor is planning a short trip to his home in Indiana; and while we are gone, Mrs. Nelva Purdon, one of our faithful Associate Editors, and Mr. Tyson's Secretary, will conduct this column. She will start next week, so Thanks a lot, Mrs. Purdon.

RIDDLE FIELD SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Yellow Flight Swimming Team. Left to right (front row) Quarmby, Periera and Sheridan. (Back row) Lumaden, James, Jamieson, Chopping, Bennet (Sports Representative), Wilkinson, Seddon, Donnell and Canaway.
NATIONAL BARN DANCE
September 22, 1942
Coral Gables Elementary School Auditorium
8:15 P.M.
A show of national reputation. Let’s pack the place Tuesday night. At 8:15 sharp. Bring the girl friend.

KIDNAPPING OF MASCOT
News of 3-43-A
Rumor has it that plans are under foot to kidnap “Brownie” and her two puppies from a certain apartment. After all, she was originally the mascot of 3-43-A.
This class, we readily agree, has its share of ping-pong experts after watching the exhibitions put on nightly by the boys.
Mr. Murray of the instructors really has his hands full trying, each morning, to settle arguments of a technical nature that originate in the dozen or more ball sessions that are held nightly.

Edie Spaulding: What’s the attraction at the Dolly Madison Ice Cream Parlor. (PEACH ICE CREAM?)

A few of the fellows tried their luck at deep sea fishing over the week-end. They reported nothing but bad cases of sea sickness.

Johnnie Townes’ wife from Alabama is Coral Gabling for the week.

Ted Robbins’ favorite expression in the shop seems to be “Give me a hammer.”

Correspondent for this class has its dividends. Those daily “hush” cokes are good.

Pvt. F. Riddle (no relation)
—WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42—

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT
At a game played on September 9 at Coral Gables, the Embry-Riddle Giants met the Coral Gables Engines. Both teams are units of the U. S. Army Air Corps Command.
The Riddle Giants, formerly the Sheet Metal Ball Club, have suffered their first defeat since the organization of the club.

Amid a crowd of spectators, the game ended well near nightfall, the final score being 12-6. One could easily see the feeling of good sportsmanship that prevailed throughout the game.

We, the Embry-Riddle Giants, wish to acknowledge the loss of the game. All we can say is we wish them luck in all their games in the future. Let good sportsmanship prevail in all their undertakings no matter how tough the going gets to be. Let them carry on in the tradition of the Air Corps which we cherish so zealously.

GABLES-TECH TRAINEE NEWS

8-42-A Paring Shots
Saturday, September 19, ends our many weeks at Embry-Riddle. During that time, shoe salesmen, insurance brokers, laundry truck drivers, accountants, and what-not have been transformed into engine overhaul mechanics. It doesn’t seem so long since we first came here . . . What memories—Remember?
The close harmony over at the Legion? The day we moved on a half hour’s notice? That first, tough week of physical training? When we used to get up at 7:00 A. M.? And who can forget Bobo?
Well it’s all over now. We have a lot to look back at. But we also have a lot to look forward to. Nobody knows what’s ahead, but whatever happens, 8-42-A will be right on the beam. So long! Florida!

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE’LL FLY—

MARRIAGE STEALS LIMELIGHT
Class 2-42-B
Sheet Metal
And so another week rolls by, another day off. Pvt. Casper to the Opa Locka Naval Hospital for an appendectomy. We hope for a quick recovery.
The boys are already making reservations for the school party at the Deauville. They know where the most fun can be had in the Miami Area.
The class had an informal picture taken by the school official photographer Friday night. It should be a dandy.

Another marriage this week. Pvt. Dardis, All the luck in the world to him and his future wife.

We wonder why Pvt. Hoban and Pvt. Charnin are arguing all the time? Could it be a certain blonde at the U.S.O.?
Uddokat is still looking for his hat that somebody borrowed off his bed. Keep on looking Ray.
Pvt. Lipps and Pvt. Lomicka are marking furniture in the class rooms. Good experience for Lipps. He says married life is wonderful.
We all feel sorry for C. C. LaVia. School every night and his wife down here visiting him. Too bad Charlie.

A good name for the Army page is, “A.A.F. Army News.” We think it’s pretty good. We will see you next week.

R. W. Adams
F. C. Morse

Class 5-43-A

We heard:
Eichert must be taking out insurance for eating the way he keeps hanging around the Barcelona. I bet those girls wish they had ear muffs.
A certain soldier in 118 can’t wait till Wednesday. That’s the day his wife is coming home.
We heard that a softball team was being organized so Sunday we went down to see the sluggers. Much to our surprise we saw the Bloomer Girls instead. Class 5-43-A—Hey, Livingstone! I’ll try to get your team a pile of baskets to catch the ball and a few 12 by 12’s to hit it with. Lupo was the star with the double play he made. The umpire really couldn’t speak English, but of course we knew why. He comes from Boston.

Dodge did all right as far as mail went over the week-end. I thought he belonged to a lonely hearts’ club the way he got mail.

Dowie, Grimes, and Harrison really make us boys feel we’re in that deep South.

Boos sits down and writes himself mail. That’s one way of getting some.

Herzog and Dietz really burn up that long-distance wire. Boy! It must be good to be rich.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE’LL FLY—

ORCHIDS TO US
1-43-A-1/2
Corporal E. W. Lynch, proudly (?) presents his outfit to all you readers of this publication . . . And he doesn’t think there is a better gang of fellows in the Miami Command.

Oh yes, we have some darn good singers in our outfit . . . In case you want to hear some real harmonizing, hear the Three Irishmen from Boston, Riley, Murphy and McClutty, sing “We’ll Meet Again.”

It seems that the A-2 group are having some practical joke trouble, and this correspondent has received a tip that the villain is quite an artist . . . How about it Malone?

In summing up we will give you readers a hint . . . Watch 1-43-A for the gang that will “Keep ’Em Flying.”

—WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42—

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
Regrettably do we dedicate this space . . . . . to our missing Seaplane news. Circumstances and our correspondent willing, it will be back in the fold next week.
“Gunner” Brink

CLEWISTON MAN of THE WEEK

Adelbert Ridgeway (whew) Brink, was born in Jamestown, New York, on October 15, 1913. He graduated from Kenmore High School in the Empire State and attended the Burgard Vocational School in Buffalo, at which place he studied Aircraft machine work, navigation and meteorology. He then graduated from Purdue University at Lafayette, Indiana, where he majored in Engineering.

His actual flying career started in 1934 when he soloed at Kenney Field in Lockport, N. Y. Shortly after soloing, he started working for the Phil Meragula Flying Service at Consolidated Field in Tonawanda, New York. After acting as sales and advertising manager for a time, Gunner did stunting, racing, etc. In 1940, he ran a Secondary C.P.T. program for non-college students at the Tri-City Aviation School at Binghamton, New York.

In 1941, he came to Embry-Riddle, at Carlstrom Field, as Primary Instructor. After a month there, he was transferred to the Field, where he was first a Primary Instructor, next the Chief Instructor, and then Flight Commander.

Gunner is noted for his thoroughness in instructing, and has been known to stay for more than an hour to explain a point to a student who has been having some difficulty. Proof of his efficiency can be seen in the speed with which he ran the present program, and, at the same time, kept the high Embry-Riddle standards.

DEAUVILLE

At Deauville Saturday Embry-Riddleites will be sadly exclusive; 'cause the boys from O.C.S. won't be with us. But we've thought of a way to salvage the wound—it'll be lobster cocktail and sizzling steaks!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mrs. Fletcher:

Just a line as an ex-correspondent of the Fly Paper with an item you may be interested in.

There are, or were, four of us ex-Embry-Riddleites here at Camp Blanding.

Myself in Company X, waiting to be shipped to Boca Raton; Murray Wilkes, who was shipped out last week; Charles DeCrette, late of the Tech School Stockroom, who was seen cheerfully (?) doing his K.P. duty; and boy from Areadia by the name of Richard Baxter, also as yet unassigned.

Hoping things are all right, I remain,
Sincerely,
Eddie Baumgarten
Ex-Materiel Control

EMBRY, DASH & RIDDLE

The newest additions to the Embry-Riddle family are “Embry,” “Dash,” and “Riddle,” who gave their first meows Wednesday on the second floor. Shortly after the birth of her triplets, Mama Kittie presented them, one by one, to the sales department.

We are wondering if Future Private Jack Keelin tried to sign up the kittens, TOO!

I WANT TO BUILD 'EM
I WANT TO FLY 'EM
I WANT TO KEEP 'EM FLYING

Three Wise Men

Wise men they are—because, regardless of what branch of Aviation they may choose for their careers, they’re becoming a part of one of the fastest growing industries in the world. If you would like to build your career in Aviation, we urge you to get all the facts about Embry-Riddle and the kind of training it offers through a wide range of 41 different Government-accredited courses.

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