FROM THE GROUND UP

by Fred Mueller

This is the first Airacobra crack-up to be completely rebuilt by Embry-Riddle, and, as far as we can find out, the first completely rebuilt by any civilian operated school.

Project Completed

The project of completely rebuilding a “Bell Airacobra” was finished at the Technical school this week.

The Airacobra, which is officially known as the P-39, is equipped with an 1150 H. P. Allison engine and is complete in every detail, even to carrying a cannon firing through the propeller hub and six heavy-caliber machine guns.

All Work Done by Army Classes

All the work was done by Army classes 2-43-E, 3-43-E, and 4-43-E under the supervision of Guy F. Johnson, service representative of Bell Aircraft Company, J. W. Metcalfe, representative of Allison Engine Company, R. C. Estler, chief instructor the Embry-Riddle Aircraft Department, and Embry-Riddle instructors W. M. Criddlebaugh, L. H. Hamm, and W. M. Lehman.

Constructed from Crashed Ships

The Airacobra was constructed from several crashed ships and from various parts gathered, through the diligent efforts of Mr. Johnson, from different Army depots throughout the state.

Could be Flown in Combat

All of the plane was completely rebuilt from the ground up—every part being repainted, inspected, and assembled with many being fabricated by the students. It is now capable of being flown in combat service, except that it will serve a far better purpose here, in the future training of students. The addition of this plane to the Tech school’s other practice equipment will be of unlimited instructional value, as this ship was the first type pursuit to be equipped with tricycle landing gear and the hub-mounted cannon. Besides this, it is one of the fastest planes being used by the Air Forces today.

Two Experts Supervise

Embry-Riddle was very fortunate in securing the services of two experts such as Mr. Johnson and Mr. Metcalfe, and they were very instrumental in the completion of the difficult job.

Mr. Metcalfe

Mr. Metcalfe, Allison Engine Company, has been here for the past couple of weeks supervising the installation of the engine in the Airacobra and will remain a while longer in order to better acquaint our staff with the Allison engine.

Mr. Johnson

Mr. Johnson, who was sent here by Mr. John Werring, chief instructor of the Bell Technical School, Buffalo, New York, was here for the past month.

While here, he managed to impart much technical knowledge concerning the construction, functions, and features of the Bell Airacobra, both to our staff and the Army personnel.

First-Hand Information

Mr. Johnson devoted much of his time to classroom instruction as well as to practical supervision, thus giving all a first-hand introduction to one of America’s first line interceptor pursuits.

EMBRY-RIDDLE
AVIATION ROUND TABLE

The Aviation Round Table, sponsored by Embry-Riddle, was inaugurated Friday evening when John Tower, Intercontinent, Carl Fromhagen, president of the Greater Miami Airport Association, and Arthur Curtis, Pan American, discussed “The Future of Miami and Aviation” with Peter Ordway, Moderator.

The Round Table will continue every Friday at 8:30 p.m. over Station WKAT.

On November 6th, guests of Embry-Riddle will discuss “Men Over 40 and the War Effort.”
Letters to the Editor

Royal Air Force Delegation
Washington, D. C.
October 26th, 1942

The Editor,
"FLY PAPER."
Embry-Riddle School of Aviation,
Miami, Florida.

Dear Editor:

I see that on June 19th my predecessor wrote your predecessor expressing appreciation of "FLY PAPER" and now I wish to add my tribute of praise.

We are very grateful for the large coverage you give our Clewiston cadets and the letters you publish from cadets who have returned home are particularly interesting.

I agree with Air Commodore Carnegie that the "FLY PAPER" admirable reflects the fine spirit which so unmistakably pervades all the Riddle enterprises.

H. H. HOGAN,
Group Captain,
Director of U.K. Training

Carlstrom Field
Arcadia, Fla.

Dear Editor,

I noticed in the Fly Paper last week a very nice piece from the Carlstrom Flight Line in regard to the safety record we have had at Carlstrom Field. That is very true, but I could not help thinking about a gang of men not mentioned in it; that is, the Carlstrom Maintenance crew.

They are the boys that stay down in one of the big hangars and you seldom see any of them; but each one has a job to do and he does it the best he can, knowing the better job he does the better safety record can be had at Carlstrom Field.

He may have a few ups and downs, as everyone has, but we have a Chief by the name of George C. Gibbons who can set us on the right track again.

Don't get us wrong. We don't want any praise for our work. We just want to be noticed once in a while. A good word sometimes helps the best of men.

Again our Superintendent is the best. They are such men as Mr. Emrick, George C. Gibbons, and our traveling salesman J. R. Horton.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of the above letter failed to enclose the last page. We don't know who he is, but we hope he'll write again shortly.

Dear Editor,

Like the old bad penny, you can always rely on "yours truly" to pop up again to tell you all the latest news and to let you know that we are still thinking of Clewiston and the boys and girls of the "Riddle Family" whom we learned to admire and respect.

Well, things just seem to go along in the same old way—flying, eating, and sleeping. Alas! gone are the days of Miami and the "beauties."

Wine, or rather "flat" beer, and song are all we get now. But we can always look forward to happier days when we've finished this job to our satisfaction.

Not that I am dissatisfied or unhappy now. I'm living a great life among the greatest fellows on earth — the R.A.F. Czechs, Poles, Free French, Norwegians, etc., and now arriving in ever increasing numbers, our cousins from across the drink — the Americans. All with the same purpose in mind.

Meanwhile not forgetting the chaps who are putting up the greatest fight history has ever known—our Soviet pals. What a great bunch of chaps.

I recovered from that accident of mine and am now back in harness. V/O Jim Cleverty is still going strong, as are the majority. Sgt. "Dusty" Miller has obtained his commission and is now a Pilot Officer.

While we are on the subject, I know you'll join me in a round of applause for Sgt. Ken Edwards, who has opened his account with Nazis by destroying two German bombers in his Spitfire.

It's great to know No. 1 Course are doing so well.

I can't vouch for the authenticity of the following news, but I believe it's true, having come from a reliable source. We learned with deep regret that one of the members of No. 1 Course, Sgt. Vic Bolam, met with a fatal accident while flying.

We must expect these things; but as you said in your letter, it hits us pretty hard when some one we know well is involved.

Well, I guess there is nothing more for me to say. Here's wishing you a happy Thanksgiving, and may the New Year have better and brighter prospects for you, the Riddle Family, and all the free peoples and subjected peoples of the world.

Give my regards to all my friends, including Miss Songer. December 2nd is the anniversary of our meeting, as you no doubt remember.

Cheerio, pal, and the very best.

Sincerely,

Steve
LISTENING OUT

NUMBER EIGHT

Hullo RIDDLE CONTROL...!

You've filled us with instructions,
Your voice we've had to bear,
So now get off the ether
COURSE EIGHT is on the air.

Compiled by Charlie Woodham, Johnny Day, Johnny Sutton, with verses by Bob Gray, Alex Lamb, and Eric Chamberlain. Cartoons by Paddy Brooks and Johnny Sutton. Photographs from everyone. Mr. Segers and Al Garrone were responsible for the cover.
OUR CHAPTER IN R. A. F. HISTORY

Britain had donned her war mask. She was a strange countryside. The old familiar posters had been replaced with more urgent slogans: "FLY WITH THE R. A. F."

—This meant us.

Our country was calling—we answered.

Medical examinations and intelligence tests came in bewildering succession. Somehow or other, without really knowing how we had done it, we were part of the finest service in the world.

Time passed and with it successive phases of our training. Then embarkation leave and hurried farewells. We were off—off to America.

Laden with kit bag, shepherded by M. P.'s, hustled out of one train into another, we at last reached our port of departure.

The harbour had a grim solemnity as we left the stuffy train. As each man stepped from the quay onto the ferry boat, it seemed that a sudden impulse caused him to hesitate. It was hard to be leaving the old country, even for so short a while.

The fussy ferry boat nosed out into the water. The quay receded. The sharp Atlantic air whipped at our faces as we crowded near the prow speculating anxiously as we drew up alongside our transport. Dark she was and silently efficient with shrieking seagulls winging about her stern.

Detailed to our mess decks, supplied with our hammocks, we were free to wander about and learn the layout of our new home.

The long awaited moment arrived. Keen ears caught the first heavings of the engine—donkey winches rattled and creaked; the barnacled anchors soon hung dripping from the bows. The shore line began to move. We lined the sides watching the sceptered isle gliding from our view; the boom loomed at us and receded. The screws churned the water, deep water which left a phosphorescent wake. Each beat of the engine brought us nearer... and took us farther away.

One dreary day succeeded another until we became more and more convinced that a sailor's life was not for us. Oh, how we longed for terra firma!

And then one night we anchored during a fog, but even this couldn't dim the brilliant lights of the harbour. Bobbing boats, cross laden with green, yellow, and red lights, were everywhere. Reluctantly we turned in. Up early next morning for our first glimpse of Canada.

The slanting rays of the morning sun reflected on the coloured roofs of picturesque houses, in sharp relief against a background of sombre pines.

We disembarked—eager, impatient, full of enthusiasm. A giant Canadian locomotive bore us to the pilots' pool. Here, from thousands of names and numbers, Course Eight was formed. We learned of our destination.—A British Flight Training School, Clewiston, Florida.
FLORIDA!

Florida ... Betty Grable, straw skirts, blue seas, fried chicken—all these thoughts were conjured in our minds and helped soften the blow of departure from our friends in Canada. Wonderful friends who made life happy and comfortable for us.

Canada faded as had England, giving us the same feeling of reluctance and yet relief. We were on our way; on our way to the America we had read about, heard about, and talked about. Would she be as we expected?

Boston was our first stop—short but not too short to prevent us from making friends. Addresses were given and received and then we were on our way to New York. How eagerly we crowded the windows of the carriages, straining for our first glimpse of America’s wonder city. Was that smudge on the horizon a skyscraper? Yes—no, it might be the Statue of Liberty. Then the wonderful panorama of New York slowly took shape before our devouring eyes.

Poets have described it, every magazine in the world has photographed it, and now we too were gazing upon this awe inspiring scene. The sun was setting and showered golden haloes around magnificent skyscrapers. Silence was broken only by exclamations of admiration. A respect for the people who had toiled with nature to build this colossus of all cities was planted in our minds. Eyelids and camera lens winked, each registering an everlasting memory of a glorious sight.

Yes, New York would be explored as never before, and it was. The Empire State Building, the Waldorf Astoria, Radio City, Broadway, the Bowery, Time Square, Jack Dempsey’s. Happy, contented, again regretful, we entrained on our last leg for Florida. It didn’t need the changing countryside to remind us that we were approaching our destination. The heat did that. Clothes were discarded, ice water was in great demand. The air was permeated with the smell of oranges. Yes, it was true, we could see them growing on the trees, real, ripe, luscious oranges. Thousands of them. How we enjoyed them. If only they could be shared with our folks back in war torn England.

At last our destination ... Clewiston. Hot, sweating, laden with webbing equipment, we stepped from the train into the brilliant sunshine. Two sergeants in khaki uniform greeted us. Kit bags were thrown into a truck. We loaded onto a bus and off we went to Riddle Field. Clewiston Inn, palm trees, the Seminole, the Dixie Crystal Cinema soon to become so familiar to us.

Riddle Field ... it looked a paradise. The palm trees beckoned us with their whiskery fingers to the cool blue waters of the swimming pool.

The Canteen conglomeration of fruit juices, coca-colas, cigarettes ... the heart could desire little better. We were introduced to the Mess Hall, a novelty to be waited on by ivory-teethed darkies.

The planes were inspected and with enthusiasm we waited for the next day. It arrived as all days do, and we were introduced to our Primary Instructors. Benevolent Bob Johnston, our father for the next fourteen weeks, distributed us amongst his family. We were all lucky. Our Instructors had flying skill equally mixed with
kindness and understanding. The days passed; slowly but surely we were allowed to leave the family nest and venture alone around the circuit.

Some days were "dim," some days perhaps lazy; but to our Instructors each day was the same. Their patience, sorely tried, predominated. The time arrived when we left our friendly flying area and flew our cross countries. Dual, then solo. Already we could feel our wings growing, but we still had a long way to go. The settings were no longer a mystery to us and we were happy and proud to feel that our Instructors’ efforts were not in vain. We were potential pilots.

At last we were introduced to our last trainer, a silver beauty. How long we had stood from afar and gazed at the boys with the red flashes who flew those silver ships! Yes, we were now in their shoes—senior flight, the flight that sits aloof in the dining hall. Humble Course Eight was it. We were Red Flight.

The midnight oil was burned every night. Red Flight was binding for wings exams. They came and went. We said our goodbyes to our Advanced Instructors, Charlie Miller and his merry men.
Ground School Instructors bore with patience questions that would have dismayed the brain trusts. Every member on the staff of Riddle Field said the same thing, "Our motto is to help you to become good pilots," and we know that they spared no effort.

The Link Department played its part splendidly, teaching us rate one and rate two, the errors of ignoring the altimeter, and watching the airspeed.

Daily our lives have been in the hands of the maintenance department. The fact that we can say, "Thanks a lot," at the end of the course is ample proof of their efficiency.

The Timekeeping Department always came to our rescue when we were looking for that elusive minute. Our log books always passed inspection, thanks to them.

Now we are ready to leave Riddle Field. It has been our home for the last few months. We have enjoyed it. Courses before us have said much in praise of you. May we say that we too are honoured to have met you, proud to have known you, happy to say from the bottom of our hearts, "Thank you very much for all your painstaking care, your thoughtfulness, your kindness, and your skill." From Course Eight . . . Thank You.

ON PASSING

"The time has come," the C. O. said  
"To talk of many things,  
Of Moncton, lads, and lots to eat,  
And pretty girls—and wings.

"You've bound by night, you've bound by day,  
Of that you're no doubt 'cheesed'  
So when you hear me say you're through,  
I'll bet you're doggoned pleased.

"I know that all the things you've done  
Were not confined to swatting,  
You lay there in the tropic sun,  
And said, "To H . . . with plotting.

"But now you've had your final checks,  
Your wings exams are over,  
I hope the next terrain you'll see,  
Will be the Cliffs of Dover.

"So farewell, lads, and best of luck,  
The time will now go faster  
And always keep one thing in mind  
'Per Ardua ad Astra'."
Ode To A Flying Cadet

He wasn't one of those stick tapping, throttle opening, rudder kicking kind. He had long given that up as a useless goad to a clumsy, knuckle-headed student.

So it was one day, having endured more than any Instructor is rightfully entitled to bear, that he came unto his backward one as a father to his wayward son. He had a far away reflecting gleam in his eye like a man tired of meddling with fate. Producing a verse from his pocket he slipped it gently into the lad's hand and with a shrug of resignation moved discreetly away.

Blessings on thee, O Flying Cadet,
Your silly puss I can't forget.
With thy head of solid bone,
It's inner functions remain unknown.
All dressed up in fine attire,
I wish that clothes could make the flyer.
And your take-offs never straight,
Look more like a pylon eight.
And thy overbanked chandelles,
How I wish you were in—. Oh well.

Your landings leave me black and blue,
God made you half kangaroo.
With thy skidding down wind turn,
I give up, you'll never learn.
With thy feet on rudder froze,
What keeps you up, Lord only knows.
Blessings on thee, O Flying Cadet,
Stay in and pitch, you'll get there yet.
I hope some day you will be,
A Flight Instructor, same as me!

Overheard in the Canteen:
“What happened today, Bill?”
“Nothing much, plenty of static from the back seat though.”

To Our Instructors

It's several months since first we came,
Fledglings who wanted to fly;
Drawn to an airplane like moths to a flame,
In our minds a perpetual “why”.

We didn't know much about aeroplanes then
Your job was to see that we learned
And now that we finally know all the “gen”
Here's the thanks that you've jolly well earned.

We know that it wasn't easy for you
And how often you must have been tired
Of trying to teach us just what to do
When we forgot everything we'd acquired.

For we've finally made it—we're finished at last
We're proud of the wings that we've got.
The credit is yours for your work in the past,
Course Eight wants to say—“Thanks a lot.”
Introducing the Lads...

A is for Ainsley—at tennis an ace,  
He once challenged Budge—but not to his face.
B is for Ball—at fishing a king,  
He landed a sailfish, but not on a pin.
B is for Beveridge—as navigator he’s good,  
Had to land at Dorr Field—he must like the food.
B also for Booty—chest covered with hair,  
Since coming to Florida—mosquitoes breed there.
B also for Britton—a slow-speaking lad,  
Spends most of his time showing “Les” good from bad.
B lastly for Brooks—Paddy—Son of old Ireland,  
Was baggage boy once to the I. R. A. band.

C is for Campbell, who collects P. S. I.  
How often we’ve threatened to blacken his eye.
C also for Chamberlain—at some things a champ,  
He once tried to bore a B. T. through the ramp.
C lastly for Channell, whose remarks are so true,  
With salmon for dinner they’re especially “blue.”
D is for Davies and the moustache he is growing,  
If it gets any bigger he’ll have to start mowing.
D also for Day—“J. B.” to you,  
Got lost when flying solo circuit . . . it’s true.
E is for Eccleston—on instruments good,  
We wonder if he peeps through the side of the hood.
F is for Fogg, a very quiet chap.  
But he has been known to enjoy one “on the tap.”
G is for Golding—who flies upside down,  
He landed that way at Sarasota—the clown.
G also for Godwin—very cheery and gay,  
It must be his nature that keeps him that way.
G also for Grant—American—don’t call him Yankee,  
That’s something for which he won’t give you a thankee.
G also for Griffin—the ace of the base,  
At least when awake, which isn’t often the case.

G lastly for Gray—he don’t think  
But with t’old age pension he  
Has never seen without ear for the “jankers,” which at Mo.
H is for Horlock, a voice deep and  
He’s never seen without ear for the ink I am slinging around
I for the knowledge we came here  
Not without suffering a great
e L is for Lamb—with hair neat an’  
How tough for the gals he is  
If he won’t wear his cap in the fall.
L also for Loveland—his neck is  
If he won’t wear his cap in the fall
M is for Maslen—to the girls he’s  
A leave in Miami—next week
M for McClellan—look you from  
Always last on parade with
M lastly for Milner—at the Cant  
And pays for friends’ drinks
N is for Nixon—he’s looked at with  
By the cook at the Mess H.  
O is for Orders which come out e  
Just lately production has l
P is for Pagram—ears so far fro  
How does he hear the duff
think much of the pay, they say.

ion he'll manage, they say.

around.

t Moncton abound.

here to gain,
a great deal of pain.

ut wavy,
s he ain't in the Navy.

k will stay bent,
p in the place it was meant.

s he's a trouble,
t week he can't double.

“Auntie May,”
at “Johnnies” they say.

from Welsh Wales,

with such plausible tales.

Canteen he stands,

drinks—like a man with no hands.

also for Parry—much at home in the water,

He won the diving screwball dressed as Auntie May’s daughter.

also for Preator—in this sunlight so bright,

We think he must use blanco to keep his skin white.

is for the quiet, which seems to descend

When you’re lineshooting loudly in the bus to a friend.

is for Ricketts—yes, it’s true what they say.

If you ask him the time—He’ll reply with the day.

is for Shaw—ran a mile at the sports,

He didn’t get first place—but what style and what shorts!

is for Shields—one night low and wide

Nearly laid Prior and Richardson dead side by side.

also for Spillane when he had his moustache,

All the fellows accused him of “cutting a dash.”

also for Stallard—he has a fine chest,

Boy! What he got off it in the altitude test.

also for Standell—doesn’t drink—doesn’t smoke,

But he often gets merry at night with a “coke.”

also for Sutton—a night flier bold,

He don’t bother with flaps when landing I’m told.

also for Sweetman—a bloke very small,

We marvel he sees from the cockpit at all.

for Thoephilus—a real tongue teaser,

Rumour says he once flew from Dan to Beersheba.

also for Turner—a long, lanky galoot,

Sick times without number—with athletes’ foot.

is for undercarriage—never forget it.

is for Victory—we’re certain to get it.

for Woodham—he binds us all rigid,

The way that we march—no wonder he’s frigid.

is for Yates—a lad Lancashire born,

Mutters “A’reet, ba goom, sithee” as he gets up int’morn.

And so I come to the end of my lay.

For its metre, sly digs, your indulgence I pray.

It might have been better, it might have been worse,

You at least know the author—then you know who to curse.

—R. W. H. G.
We cannot close without expressing our thanks to our own Royal Air Force Officers for their understanding and unremitting care in supervising our activities. They have cooperated not only in our work but in our play; so now that the time has come to say farewell, we feel that we are leaving not only our respected Officers, but also our very good friends.

Hullo RIDDLE CONTROL
COURSE EIGHT setting course for England.

LISTENING OUT..!
Included in this edition is another fine Listening Out, the result of much hard work by its editors. It is a splendid job, and we want to congratulate the editors and the entire Course on this effort.

These fellows will be leaving in the near future, and it is always a privilege to be able to say that it has been an honor and a pleasure knowing and working with you boys. May the future be filled with great success for all of you.

New Heading

The new heading this week is the result of an idea by our Cartoonist, Harry Ingram of Yellow Flight, and it is a great improvement over the old "Riddle Field News Letter."

Personal Prattle

Fran Winkler, who was one of our Associate Editors, left last week for a position with an Airline.

Fran had been at this Field for almost a year, starting as a Link Instructor and then moving out to the Flight Line, first as a Primary Instructor and then to Basic. His many friends are sorry to see him go but join in wishing him all the best.

"This Little Piggy Went to Market" might well be the title of our first picture. We see there Leila Brannan, Cadet Manager, being given a ride in a wheel-barrow by a certain red-headed Primary Flight Instructor—hmmm, we wonder—

Everyone at Riddle Field enjoyed the special treat the Budweiser Brothers had for us last Wednesday. They brought George Rogers, number one tennis player of Ireland, for an exhibition.

Don defeated Mr. Rogers two straight sets in a very enjoyable match, then Lloyd and Rogers teamed to defeat Don and Cadet Temple of Blue Flight.

Joe Obermeyer, Link Chief Instructor, has been in Miami on business for the first few days of this week.

The R.A.F. offices have been moved to the space in the Tower formerly occupied by the Timekeeping Department, which has been moved to Hangar No. 1.

Lou Place, Advanced Flight Instructor, caught Commanding Officer Prickett "in action" sometime ago and snapped this shot of the most recent bridegroom at Riddle Field.

Cadet Chatter

Red Flight's Listening Out party is scheduled for this coming Tuesday evening, the Instructor's Club having been loaned to the Flight for use that night.

The latest Green Flight acquisition is another mascot—a kitten of very dubious antecedent—rejoicing in the original name of Junior.

Some of the boys found him wandering about the other night, so he was immediately cleaned, fed, and pressed into service as the second member of the Green Flight Mascot Corps. As far as can be ascertained, Timoshenko bears him no ill-will . . . as yet.

A number of Green and Yellow Flight lads saw their first football game in Miami last Saturday, attending the Miami-Furman game.

Our friend, up to now, and good cartoonist, Harry Ingram, recently visited a country church in this vicinity in the vicinity on a Sunday afternoon.

And to prove that he could preach, if necessary, we are inserting a picture in this column.

---THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY---
---THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY---

Drill Sergeant: "Do you know how to execute squads right?"

Recruit: "Sure. Just stand 'em up against a wall and shoot."
MADAME TAMARA TELLS "BOSS" RIDDLE'S FORTUNE

DEADLY WEINER-COBRA CHARMED

AMONG THE REVELLERS

TIRED OF BEING CANDID, ART HAD THIS ONE POSED

DISTINGUISHED BRAZILIAN GUESTS

THE WINNERS! (SNAPPED BY SAM SCHLAPPICH)
DEAUVILLE DITTIES

by Lucille Valiiero

Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the Hallows’en night of ’42 year A scurrilous time was had by all, As goblins and witches watched from the wall.

Probably due to war time economy, there was no apple-ducking or peanut jacking; and all food, which arose in the form of roast turkey and fixin’s, was served and consumed in the conventional manner. A Cuban rhumba band and our regular Weiss boys alternated to provide continuous dance music.

The “Café Capers” floor show, staged in three acts by the Little Theatre Group of the Fifth Floor, produced several sparkling performances. Henry de Jardin, Chap­ man student and Assistant Keeper of the Cafés, was Master of Ceremonies.

The beautiful Lu Jar gave an outstanding rhumba performance with her partner, Senor J. M. Willrivas. Following this was an Apache dance by Señorita Manuela and Don Ricardo, prominent dancers who recently arrived from Caffreland.

A little fellow whom the Japs have scared out of India, one Habari Tab-a-Kina, snake charmer stupendous, attended by his bowing and scraping slaves, succeeded, after a series of dramatic gestures and gosh-awful yelps and exhortations, in coaxing forth the deadly weiner-cobra from beneath the sacred rock.

There was considerable excitement when the great Brazilian dancer, Carmen Mi­ randa,** appeared for a brief guest performance. She danced her famous Samba, with all of her characteristic gestures and gyrations.

The performance was in pantomime, however, as Miss Miranda did not have her Local 401 Singers’ Union card and was therefore unable to yelp out “The South American Way” which is originally planned. However, Carmen has promised to favor us with a return engagement some time in the future, after she has paid her Union dues.

The climax of the entertainment program was the beauty contest in which the luxu­ riously hirsute limbs of the lovely contestants were paraded before the admiring gaze of the awe-stricken guests.

These beautiful visions of loveliness re­ presented the various Departments of the Technical School. Among these gorgeous glamour ghouls were Señorita Vienica Vargas as Miss Ignition; Wilhelmina Rivas as Miss Fly Paper; Señorita Jorgina Moniz, lovely red head in a pink gown with spear and wing headdress, as Miss Aircraft; Se­ ñorita Adolfa Sasco as Miss Sheet Metal; the plump titian-haired Señorita Renee Bono, in a lovely striped creation, as Miss “Tia” (yours truly); Señorita Silveira An­ thony as Miss Caféiera; Señorita de la Peña as Miss Photography; Señorita Man­uela Pico as Miss Electricity; Señorita Aristidia Ferrin as Miss Engines; Señorita Patricia Geoghagen as Miss Propeller; and Señorita Gonzalita Lopez Garzon as Miss Radio.

Who was it that said that the most beau­ tiful girls in the world used to pass through the stage door at Ziegfield’s? Surely that bird had never been to South America.

Art Ruhke took the prize for the most original costume with his Victory Suit. We won a prize as an ostrich-hunter’s decoy. Grace Roome looked like Sweet Lelani her­ self.

Maria Dahms, of the Cafeteria, came as a lil’ ole mummy, and Mary McGriff came as a sombreed Señorita. Frances and Bill Kirkland came as a harem-girl and hill­ billy, and Mr. and Mrs. Petro ski were pi­ rates bold.

The Dicks, Robin Hood and Sonja, made a most attractive couple as the famous apple-shooger-offer and his mate. (We never knew that old Robbie’s wife was a Nor­ wegian, but every day we learn something.) Wain Fletcher was a wee bit o’ Scotch and her sister, Florence, a harem queen.

We always thought that people had more fun than anybody, and, since even us os­ triches are people under the feathers, we were having fun too. But, after we saw a Chinaman, a pirate, a boy in shirt tails, a devil, and a five-foot pussy cat, we switched to iced tea.

We saw some plain ordinary people too. Cute Marty Warren was there with Captain C. P. Zeiger; her sister, Connie Henshaw, and Syd and “Tibby” Burrows were at the same table.

Spread around here and there were: Ca­ therine Kerr, Ray and Hattie Keye; Anne Elrod with Bill Monahan; Cara Lee Cook, Thomas Shipes, and Denise Carnacias of Chapman; Tom Moxley, Helen Lynch, Jim­ mie Brown, Richard Heinovitch, Bob Lip­ kin, Harold Boudreau, Devaun and Bootie Kite; Kenneth Castletine; Anne Throck­ mond; Elaine Chalk (door watcher); Dottie Wells, Bill Shanahan, and Ruth Fisher.

Rather infuriant, but very welcome guests were George Wheeler and Bob and Mrs. Hillstead, also Bob and Mrs. Habig, Mr. and Mrs. “Transportation” Web­ ster, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Turner. We saw more folks from Clewiston than we’ve seen since Hector was a pup: Joe Ober­ meyer, Jack Hopkins, the Coes; R. Town­ send—LAC/RAF; N. Pereira; June Hook­ er; Lou Place; S. W. Reeder; and John A. Curtis Hayward.

Latin Americans besides those in the floor show were: Chileans, Bill Bustamente with June Creager; Jorge Robertson with Charlotte Dewey: Enrique Arcaya, Belfor Araya, and Chester Galeno; Pedro Barros of Brazil; Pedro Flores and Fernando Na­ ranjo of Equador; J. A. D’Amaras of Vene­ zuela; Ovidio Palma of Honduras; Agui­ lino Machado Pereira of Uruguay; and Samuel Woodrow Bodden of Nicaragua.

John Howard, Fifth Floor resident from Connecticut, and little Adele Heiden went to town on that jive stuff to walk off with Mr. Riddle’s jitterbug prize money.

We had the unique honor of having with us several Brazilian Naval officers who were guests of Armando Pro, and sev­ eral of the other Brazilian students.

Among those we met were: Lt. Luiz S. Ber­ niner; Lt. A. G. Gomes; Lt. J. L. Go­ yano; Lt. A. B. Vasconcellos; Lt. J. Faria Lima; Lt. Wallim; and Lt. A. R. Rocha.

The green and gold Brazilian flag was prominently displayed in honor of their presence.

We are slightly pixinlated after all those crazy doin’s Saturday night, and so we want to ask pardon and forgiveness here and now of anyone whom we have unwittingly omitted in this account.

We wish to say that it is as the best party we’ve ever had, we hope everyone there had fun, and that there’ll be more parties like it—and we suspect that there will be in the very near future. Let’s have more dress-up parties! What say, folks?

By the way, all you old maids, ourself included, get busy on your get-ups for next Saturday’s Sadie Hawkins party. However, this shindig will not be exclusively for us old maids because each and every one of the Riddle family is invited to watch, if not to participate in, the manhunt and the final killings.

* Luis Jaramillo
** Sectorio Arruda


**TECH TALK**

by Truman Gile, Jr.

Camouflage! Sabotage! Disappointment! Jo “Veronica Lake” Axtell has dyed her hair, and I did like that beautiful blond hair so much.

Jack Berry was in the Engine’s Office telling the fellows the facts of the Navy as related to him by his brother, Alfred, Al, at the age of 20, has been in seven major battles. He was abroad the carrier “Wasp” when it went to the bottom. Al was a guest of EMMRY-RIDDLE Company last week.

Mr. Brewer, Military Engines, returned from Detroit where he spent a few weeks at the Packard plant studying the Rolls-Royce airplane engine. Mr. Matre and Mr. Taylor are also at the plant studying the engine.

The fishermen of the year are in the Military Engines Department. The boys landed five saalfish in one day, plus a few small ones. They are: Friedman, Kemmer Magid, Uffenhof, Wayne, and “Rumba King” Gruenschlager, who recently left the Company to join the Army.

Willard R., “Zoot Suit” Burton has taken a trip to Washington on business. For my sake, I hope he’s still there when this is printed.

Sheldon “Satorial Elegance” Wells—a symphony in beige gabardine and apple green accessories—was seen returning to his childhood days when he took his toy airplanes out for a flight around the classroom.

Al Spangenbarto, Military Engines, has joined another branch of the fighting forces. Here’s to you, Al, and I hope you like the Navy as much as we enjoyed working with you.

Sheet-metal Department really have their Instructors tagged. Yes, sir! All the boys have a little sign with their names in big black letters on their desks at all times. Red Duncan even carries his to dinner with him.

Rachel Lane and Elaine Chalk, station wagon drivers, have completed their advanced first-aid courses. When Elaine was asked what she remembered most about her course, this answer came back: “Rule seven, Keep the crowd back!”

Dottie “360” Wells took Tuesday off in order to go to Key West and see her pride of the fleet. Some fellows have all the luck!

Mary Mitchell’s very grand husband, Lamar, has been accepted as an aviation cadet in the C.P.T. at the University of Miami.

Howard Herman, formerly of welding, is now a second class petty officer in the Navy.

Paul Baker, Parachutes, is now at the Colonnade. How that man gets around and do we miss him at Tech!

If you ever put your hand into the pocket of your chosen jacket and find a slip of paper discouraging your choice of color, just look up Mr. Warren Howell and you’ll have the culprit who doesn’t like your colors.

EMBY-RIDDLE has a new plane spotter! Mary Jo Milligan has taken up the study of airplanes. She has a complete list of terms in her desk; and if you don’t believe it, just ask her what BT-9 or A-20-A means.

Harry Rinehart has the whole sixth floor for an office and doesn’t mind it at all. When the sixth moved to the Colonnade, they just forgot Harry.

Mr. Palence, formerly of Military Engines, is now in the Research Department.

Mr. Wolf, and that’s his real name, is the new instructor in Military Engines. He comes to us from some unknown city called Cincinnati.

In closing, I hope I have retained the quantity, quality, and efficiency for which this column is noted?

P. S. Pedal-pushers! Please take note. EMMRY-RIDDLE now has a private parking place reserved for your own exclusive use.

“A Bud” Visits Tech School

It was a delightful surprise to see our old friend, and former editor, “Bud” Belland—pardon me, Lieut. Belland.

The ever exuberant “Bud,” all smiles, brown as an Indian and boasting a few inches off his girth, blew in—and we mean blew in—to the Tech School last week to say hello to “Boss” Riddle and his former associates.

He had just completed a course of training—as a junior grade Lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve—and was on a short furlough before reporting for duty at another Base.

It was nice seeing you, “Bud.”

Let us hear from you—how about a letter to the editor from the ex-editor?

ARMY

Sunday morning Class 4-43-E of EMMRY-RIDDLE School, Miami, defeated the here-tofore undefeated Softball team of Coral Gables 8 to 3. The game was a very brilliant pitching duel between Pvt. Kapuscinski and Pvt. Glasser of the Coral Gables Team.

Both teams showed brilliant defense, and the game was climaxed in the last inning by a smashing Homer with 2 men on base by Pvt. Vincent Beal of 44-43-E.

Class 4-43-E is looking forward to a return game with this same team and would be delighted to have a game with the R.A.F. boys.

Class 4-43-E

Barnhardt, C.
Beal, R.F.
Carmichael, 1st
Tony, S.C.
Adamo, L.F.
Ali, S.S.
Altherp, 2nd
Kapuscinski, P.
Fogelberg, 3rd
Bacheloor, C.P.
Mgr., Pvt. Alot
Asst. Mgr., Pvt. Boston

Class 3-43-E PRESENTS . . .

Although we have yet to raise our voices in this paper, we feel that we must make one parting shot before leaving. Class 3-43-E departs soon, destination unknown and with sorrow weighing their brave hearts. Sorry we are indeed to leave Miami and the friends we made here.

Let’s take a look at the Crew Chairs of the future and see for ourselves what makes them a group set apart. First, there is Roy Greer, our Class Leader and Sergeant of the Guard, referred to affectionately as “Bother Greer and her wandering chickens.”

The Baron of Boston’s Back Bay comes next—Walter Dobie, our C.L. and Mess Hall footer, whose favorite expression is “In the future.” Then the baby of the Class, “Junior” Aniol—just 18—mascot and future pilot (we hope).

Benny Aponiowitz would rather fish than eat. Two-time offender Frank Bresh is jinxed every time inspection comes along. Every Class has one and we are no exception.

So! Meet the Wolf of the Class, Ed Bergin, the Bronx’s gift to women. “Battlin’” John Benosky, our white hope of the Universe. Strange as it seems, the next member of our Class is a Yankee from Alabama. Meet Fay Carter, pronounced

Continued on Next Page
VITALLY IMPORTANT

The Rationing Department of the Transportation Committee, located in the Tech School Personnel Office, wishes to make the following important and urgent announcement:

A small questionnaire is now being distributed, through Department heads, to the entire personnel in the Miami area. In order to facilitate the issuance of all future gas ration books, on the dates they become due, your cooperation in carefully and completely answering the questions on this questionnaire is earnestly solicited.

Your attention is particularly called to the line asking for the EXPIRATION DATE of your supplementary gas book, if you hold one.

Obtaining this expiration date will enable us to renew automatically your book and have it available for you at this office immediately prior to that date.

This procedure will eliminate any necessity on your part of having to make any effort in this connection, except calling at this office when notified that your book is available.

Obviously, if you neglect to supply us with this information, you will fail to avail yourself of this service.

—Donald F. Peck

CLASS 3-43-E
Continued from Page 18

"Caataa." Our Golden boy, Thadius "Q" Drone, is a Midas come to life.

"Porky" Ellis, Bostonian gift to Hollywood, paging Mr. DeMille, John Ernst and Red Fisher are the Gold Dust Twins. If Gold Dust is a new kind of drink.

The New Jersey mosquito, Tom Fallon, wants to revise the theory of flight. Rudy Glasman is successor to Rudy Valentino. If you doubt me, ask Maud.

Next we have Paul Lipson with his thirst for knowledge. Joe Iapichella, alias "Joe Ward," keeps complaining, quote, "Nobody loves a fat man," end of quote.

In this corner we have the Mannassa Mauler from Maine, Buck Jones. Nopc, no relation to the movie star. O. J. Kelley claims he's from Kansas, and with a Brooklyn accent like that.

Alton Kerr — pines for Vermont — the Republican! "Cutter" Murphy, the best cable cutter in the Air Force. Ken Pearson keeps his knowledge under his pillow along with a lot of other junk. Pal Rakas, Mr. "Sky Club," looks good in that certain tan.

Bill Stevenson is the one who is responsible for the increase in the P. O. Personnel. "Father" Waitkwich, Parson of the Class, will listen to all our troubles for a small fee.

Last on our list we have Pat Weaver — the 5 and 10 cent kid — Woolworth's gift to the Army. There you have in a nutshell the greatest Class to leave Embry-Riddle and the sweetest bunch of fellows you've ever met. Farewell to Miami — Hello to adventure.

GOVERNOR'S WIFE HEARS VICTORY MESSAGE

Mrs. Spessard L. Holland (center), wife of Florida's governor, listens in on a radio code lesson at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, where she inspected war work being done by women at the technical division. Mrs. Rosemond Jordan (left), instructor in the radio class, sends three dots and a dash, the V for victory. Mrs. Elizabeth Z. Smith, wife of Col. Horace B. Smith, executive officer of Brig. Gen. H. Wooster's staff at Miami Beach and a radio student at the school, also receives the message. Florida's first lady made a tour of various war projects while in Miami and was impressed with the training work at Embry-Riddle. She plans another visit to the school when she returns to Miami later this year.

MATERIAL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry

Let's all go to a party! At Clewiston this past week everyone at Post Supply let down his hair and had himself a good time. Those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. J. Roberts, Mrs. Langin, Charlie Sheppard, and last but not least, Mr. Buxton.

Now from what I've heard, the party was a howling success; and I am a bit jealous that I missed such an event.

Sky Club Bennie Sniffs

Sky Club Bennie has been suffering with a terrific cold but has managed to stay on the job. And he has plenty of company, our most attractive Pat and our charming Mr. Buxton.

All those who know "Peanuts" will be glad to learn that he is doing nicely after his operation at Jackson Memorial Hospital.

Best Wishes

Mr. Vandebeek's wife is very seriously ill. She has been brought from Arcadia to Miami for treatment. We extend our wishes for a speedy recovery.

Abbie Mercer has been transferred to Carlstrom Field to take over her duties as card clerk for Dorr and Carlstrom. Now, Abbie, be a good little girl, and remember what I've told you.

Long Distance Calling

Mr. Lobell calling Mr. Buxton from Union City. "I just wanted to tell you Winter has certainly set in; so when you come up, be sure to bring along your long handles, you sure do need them. Brrrr!"

Operator: "Sorry — your time is up."

There are many stars in our flag and each one has a special meaning. In Mr. Buxton's flag there are two very shiny stars, one for his daughter, Mrs. Marjie Meyers, who has been accepted by the WAACs. She left October 31st for training at Fort Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.

Star Number Two

The second star is for his son, Donald W. Buxton, who has been inducted and left October 29th for Camp Blanding.

So, Mr. Buxton, we would like to extend our most hearty wishes and praise to you, and to your son and daughter.

You see, it is your son and your daughter and many more sons and daughters that will keep "Ole Glory" waving. So, hats off folks!
Dear Fly Paper Pals:

Each week for the last two or three months, we have tried to include in our correspondence to you from Embry-Riddle Field a few new notes about some particular department in our organization.

This week we are submitting for your reading pleasure a few notes on the head of one of the most frequently visited departments of the Field, the Mess Hall.

Mr. A. L. Baker, our Steward, is a native of Boston, Massachusetts, having spent many years in the management of hotels and dining rooms throughout the Eastern Seaboard of the United States.

During that time, he was in charge of such places as the Hollywood Beach Hotel, Hollywood, Fl., the Shawnee Country Club, Shawnee, Penna., and many others. His last before becoming employed by the Riddle-McKay Company was the Jefferson Court Hotel, Orlando, Fla.

Mrs. Baker is a Southerner, from Virginia. They have one daughter, Dorothy.

We at Embry-Riddle Field in Tenn. have been enjoying one of the best Mess Halls in the entire Company.

Mr. Baker realizes that he has not done this alone. With the aid of his head Chef, Bert Taylor, who boasts of many years of experience, the task was made much easier.

Chef Taylor has only one thing in mind, and that is, as he says, "To feed me boys."

"Send me more to feed so we will have more pilots," is his desire. "Nothing is too good or requires too much work to prepare for 'me' boys."

Another person who has contributed to the smooth operation of the Mess Hall is the Assistant Steward, Gerald Woosley, with his friendly attitude and jovial smile and laughter.

Not only these, but everyone, even to the boy who keeps the floor clean, contributes to the smooth running of this organization.

And Pretty Uniforms

The new fur-lined flying suits have felt very comfortable here at Embry-Riddle Field this week since we have been having some typical Tennessee fall weather. The Cadets and Flight Instructors look like men from Mars, but we are becoming reconciled to the fatness of their appearance when they are covered from head to foot.

Many large flights of ducks and geese have been observed at the Field, and the 'old timers' tell us that "Winter is surely on its way."

Mother Nature is putting on her best act of the year with the trees changing their green beauty for a great variety of shades of red and gold. The personnel at the Field has likewise put on its wool's in exchange for summer weights.

The new uniforms for the instructors are arriving daily, and we must say they are very pretty as well as warm. Even the Stearman Trainers are migrating south and are being replaced with the sweet little Fairchilds. It should not be long now until the former are nil here and the Fairchilds are plentiful.

Clubs For Pilots and Cadets

We enjoyed the opening of the Pilots' Club up town last Saturday night with a Masquerade ball and a good representation of club members and the fairer sex.

And speaking of clubs reminds us that the good people of Union City are opening a club for the Cadets to use on their weekend leaves. This is a fine move on the part of those responsible, and we feel sure that the Cadets will enjoy the use of this Club Room.

The Army Officers have again challenged the Flight Instructors to a game of anything. Maybe if they win they won't have to pay off the debt they made by losing to the Instructors in Volley Ball last summer.

'Course there's no hurry, as we hope there will always be a few steaks around anyway. To show 'em our hearts are on the right side, we did invite them to the Ball at the Pilots' Club.

Impersonator

And do you know, the "Spider" did turn out to be the one we suspected; but it was not his voice that has been heard several times over the public address system. Don't know just what charges the Spider will prefer against this impersonator, but we think it should be plenty.

Did somebody say one of our Flight Instructors, Hunter Calloway, is getting married the 18th of next month or were we just dreaming things. Anyway, if it's so, congrats, Hunter!

We could get very little news from our Associate at the Post Supply this week, 'cause they are up to their necks in ins...
ventory and everybody is busy. That place surely is nice with all the new fixtures and stuff.

And that's not all that's new around here, either. A new Flag adorns the flag pole in the middle of the Post, adding to the beauty of the place.

Well, that's about all we can think of right now, except "You-all come to see us."

**Program**

**The Riddle**

**"Family Theatre"**

**Feature Picture**

"CITY OF MISSING GIRLS” with H. B. Warner

Monday, November 9th

RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, November 10th

DORR FIELD

Wednesday, November 11th

CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, November 12th

MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

**Feature Picture**

"HEADLINE CRASHER" with Frankie Darro

Thursday, November 12th

RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, November 13th

DORR FIELD

Monday, November 16th

MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

**WHITECAPS**

by Bill Waters

If this column is terrible, and it probably will be, do not worry, as it will be the last I will have to write, I hope.

I start with some students who will no longer be around to heckle us. They are fine upstanding young men, form your own opinion, and we point with pride to this achievement, water rating.

They are Murray Foss, Mark Parrott, and a gentleman from Pan American by the name of Al Burnham. Also Lt. Fator dropped in for a few minutes and did a wonderful job in acquiring his rating. That guy certainly can fly.

**More Bouquets**

All of Embry-Riddle has heard of Lanny "the great" DeMarco—if not, I will now take this opportunity to introduce him. De, as he is called, is about 5 ft. 6 in. and weighs around 175 lbs. (Certainly takes these cubes a long run to get him off the water).

He has dark wavy hair and a round face, "Jolly Boy Kite," and he certainly has a way with the ladies. Don't crowd guys, he has a full schedule and I really mean full.

De is probably the most energetic and optimistic fellow that you have ever seen. He is always smiling, and will do anything to help a student get along.

He says it's because he had such a tough time getting through himself. Anyway the students all swear by him. And if these students all like you, you are certainly all right.

While handing out the bouquets, I want to drop one on our line boy, Al McKesson.

He received an average of 95 on his private exam. And boy that ain't hay.

Also congrats to the other students who passed the private, all with averages over 90; Bailey Balken, Lt. Flack, Carol Loech, and Clarice Woods. Nice going gang. Also want to cry about Buddy Shelton going to Clewiston. Our loss but certainly a large gain for them. Well, good luck, Bud, and keep using your two iron.

**Dream on, Win**

Winifred Wood just declared herself to Ad Thompson with these words, "I have made up my mind to marry a millionaire and lead a life of ease." So we will make this notice to all of those unlucky people with a million dollars or over.

These words of Winnie's are sure to cause a lot of broken hearts. Well, that is the way it goes; now we will have to listen to a lot of weeping and wailing, but it will soon pass over, we hope. After all, there is that old saying about street cars and girls.

In parting I will give you one of my terrible thoughts put into (I don't know).

FROM BISCAYNES LOVELY WATERS

(That's me)

FLY OUR LITTLE CUBS

TO YOU WHO LAND DOWNWIND

WE GIVE THE TITLE "DUBS!"

WERE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

Bum Auto Mechanic: "You car's at the door, sir."

Owner of Old Car: "Yes! I hear it knocking."

**WING FLUTTER**

by Catherine W. Kerr

This is one Division where the "Boss" doesn't have any time to sit in his Swivel Chair, read the Morning Paper, and start the day with a Cigar.

Along with his numerous tasks, and they are numerous, Mac, has gone back to his old tricks and now has a class of about 50 students, just to help them to a better understanding of the work.

This is foresight on the "Boss" part as the job must be done and done right in order to Keep 'em Flying. The classes are from 5:15 to 6 p.m. They are not compulsory, but everyone seems to understand that efficiency is necessary.

**Detective Division**

A certain D. W. was 25 on June 18th, 1942; however, she would rather talk of dates instead of ages and has said that she has had only one birthday and the rest were anniversaries.

Wait until you see the face lifting at the Aircraft Overhaul Building. Its sides have been bulging and once anything gets unshapely, it also gets unsightly; so we are building a large addition and the grounds are being graded.

We are glad to welcome Miss Evelyn Jordan to our ever increasing office Personnel. Welcome to our new Inspector, Lawrence McDonald, Lilly Davis has been released from the hospital and is back at work.

The Sewing Machines started to buzz bright and early this week, the answer is a stitch in time saves nine. (Do you have any accidents?)

There must be an overabundance of flies, as there sure is a shortage of Fly Papers down this way.

Editor's Note: We'll see that that menace is corrected by doubling your order of Fly Papers.
Dorr Doings

by Jack Whitnall

How many people just flip away their lighted cigarettes, never looking where they may land? We experimented the other night just to see how fast one would travel with about a ten-mile wind blowing. The results were 400 feet in five minutes, not in the direction we flipped it, and still burning merrily.

We wonder how many cigarettes have been flipped casually and how many landed in a “no smoking” area. It’s not much trouble to throw your cigarette on the ground and put your dainty size 15 on top of it.

Fingers were made before forks, ’tis true, but the sidewalks were laid before the grass was planted—so-o-o let’s use the sidewalks and give the grass a chance to grow.

The Old Stand-by

Once upon a time in the city of Detroit, there came off the assembly line a bouncy little Model “A” Ford. Boy was she a pip! Four wheel brakes, curtains on the rear windows (which no doubt were used quite often), an arm rest in the middle of the back seat that retracted when not in use, and for three or four years she was the pride of any man’s Navy.

When her paint started to peel off and she was just another “flivver,” but she plugged faithfully along in and year out through California rain and Florida sunshine.

Then came the year 1942—restrictions on gas, tires and speed. We gave her a coat of paint and a pint of oil, and now she’s known as “Miss Automobile of 19—?” and she’s ours, all ours, bless her.

Link Luminaries

The two veterans, Martin and Lofgren, have been promoted to corporals. Last week we made them sergeants. Congratulations, fellows, and welcome to the eight newcomers:


Rumored from the Link Department that Mr. Hooker has been doing his best to ground loop a trainer.

“The Crew Chief’s Rest” is now located in the east end of hangar 2. We certainly have to hand it to Mr. Cullers and his Department for fixing things up nice.

Sub-Canteen Completed

Just in case you’re wondering what we have been talking about—it’s the new location of the Sub Canteen. Considering the little material they had to work with, it’s turned into a very attractive Canteen.

Miss Francis Parker left today to make preparations for her coming marriage to Lt. Dekle on November 7th in Plant City. Best of wishes and good luck to you both.

A request from several of the Hangar bunch for somebody to teach Jimmie “Football Hero” Davis the rest of the words to “It’s so Peaceful in the Country.” We would suggest Walter Davis or Ally Hulingsworth as singing teacher.

We did our best to get the low-down on the fish fry held on the banks of Peace River last week by the Maintenance Crew, but one sent us to another.

Every one said to find Bill Ellers—he would tell us ALL about it. Funny, we never could catch up with Bill!

Anybody having any news about your job or your fellow worker, send it in not later than Saturday morning. All contributions thankfully received.

Don’t look at the sign, look at the bowl!

From the PX

It is with the deepest regret that we bid a fond farewell to two of our closest friends; namely, Mrs. Kittrell and Leater Mae Pipkins. To them we extend the best of luck and success in all their future undertakings.

The gloom aroused by their leaving is somewhat dispelled by the addition of Mrs. Barbara Bryant and also by the knowledge that Dora Jean Baum has been promoted to the responsible position of General Manager of the Canteen, with Jimmy Mills as Assistant Manager. Best of luck to these two.

—We’ll Rule the Blue in ’42—

Short-Snorthers Log

Johnny Fredendall, stage commander, engineering officer, director of instructors school, and director of instrument school (in his spare time he does a little flying), moved into his new office this last week.

That little man being led around by an oversized St. Bernard dog is M. M. Driver. Them is the dawg that the Monks in the Swiss Alps used to locate lost travelers in the snow, said dawg having a small cask of rum slung under his neck.

We’ve looked under his neck and no rum, not even a pound of coffee. Incidentally, the dawg weighs 188 lbs. stripped.

That man who is built on the same proportions as Gerald Taylor is none other than Gerald Bailey, mighty hunter, teller of terrific fish tales and an all-round good fellow.

H. W. Albersmeier spent his vacation with the Bardols at Miami Beach.

“Chuck” Zema and his bride paid us a short visit last Friday, renewing old acquaintances. “Chuck” is with the Pan American Airways.

It’s “Pappy” Lee Pike now, and it’s a daughter. Father and daughter are doing nicely. Congratulations, PLP.

“Baldy” Peters went on his vacation and returned with a wife and convertible Ford with four good tires. A long and happy married life to both of you.

Congratulations to L. E. LeBrake, who is now Assistant Flight Commander to E. J. Sharkey.

Thanks, Ruthie, any doit or news you can dig up will be appreciated.

To’l’ably yours,

JACK

P.S. We suggest Carlsrom Field get an up-to-date C A A map.

We’re in it—Let’s win it!

More Doings

by Freddie Lewis

Does Lt. Randolph like to swim as much as we’ve heard—or was it just the hot weather in Sarasota?

Have you noticed that look in Sgt. Lambeil’s eyes when Virginia Smith is around. Who was the Lt. with “Peaches” last week-end. Could it be serious?

Kate Sandusky was at the dance with Cadet Conner Saturday ... You’re doing O. K., Mr. Did you see Marge Lightfoot and Lt. Richards (Carlston Fielder) cutting the rug at the dance.

Did you notice that line that formed right behind Lt. Phillip. He couldn’t even dance with his wife. Say, boys, you do want to stay at Dorr Field for a while don’t you?

Seems as though business was good Saturday afternoon at the swimming pool. The cadets were paying $1.25 to any one who would swim the length of the pool and back with his clothes on.

If you would like to take lessons on horsemanship, see Cadet St. John on Sunday afternoons between three and six o’clock.

Wonder why Lt. Price likes Sarasota. Is it the nice climate over there?

Cadets Sheets, Dugan, and Flaherty were doing all right for themselves Saturday night.

Have you noticed—S/Sgt. Brunner riding that bike to work in the mornings? There’s a man for you, girls.

Marge Pierce returned from her trip Saturday, none the worse except that she had lost her voice.

We, the girls of Dorr Field, want to extend our thanks to Lt. Frank and the Cadets of 43-C for the swell cooperation they gave in helping us with the Hallow’en Dance. It was a real success.
KAYDETS KAVORT
IN KANTEEN
by A. Kaydet

On October 28, 1942, Miss Freddie Lewis, a most versatile lass, set out upon a hazardous mission—to decorate the patio outside of the Mess Hall at Dorf Field. The purpose—a Hallowe’en dance.

On her tour through the Canteen, she was able to rope in three cadets; namely, David R. Doll, Ashton J. Heinecke, and Emson B. Gremillion. These unfortunate victims were elected unanimously by Miss Lewis to assist her in Hallowe’en ing the patio.

After hours were spent hanging the grim Jack O’Lanterns, inflating balloons, only to hear them burst minutes after, and futile attempts to master crepe paper, our goal was finally reached.

And then came Old Man Wind! The results—complete devastation, chaos, and finally the dance was held in the Canteen. Ah me—poor Freddie. Following the devastating wind came another hard blow, that is, to the cadets.

What An Event!

Ah, what an event! Many a heart fluttered as the queens of Arcadia flowed exuberantly out of the bus into the line of eagerly awaiting “kaydets.”

The orchestra having arrived, another line began forming around the dance floor, centered about such belles as Misses Prevette, Campbell, Lewis (she’s in again), Parker, and others too numerous to be mentioned.

At this point, we’d like to know where Miss Vera Prevette acquired the corsage. We hope it’s not a military secret.

As our lovely young couples glided o’er the floor to the strains of lovely melodies, the enchantment was broken by the entrance of two hideous creatures, hideous even without their masks.

Of course, we mean Cadets Reinecke and Gremillion. Miss Wilson, whom we all know or should know, was greatly intrigued, or should we say attracted, by these two sinister Jekyll and Hyde characters.

However, Lt. Duke was there to protect her. This article would be very incomplete if we did not mention such masqueraders as our exotic Hawaiian girl, those alluring gypsies, and last but by no means least, little Daisy Mae. Incidentally, we’re wondering as to the identity of the gentleman who filled in as Lil’ Abner.

Mighty Fine Party

Well, all good things come to an end, and so it was with the dance. Once again hearts of hitherto eager “kaydets,” as our queens boarded the Arcadia-bound vehicle. Then, against a background of “Good night” and “Happy Hallowe’en”, the bus slowly pulled off, and we Cadets began our slow trudge back to the barracks with an unforgettable Hallowe’en remembrance. Thanks a million—everybody!

Chapman Chatter
by Cara Lee Cook

As if awed by a beautiful evening sunset, we stood utterly speechless when Dare-Devil Scholz and Charles Presbyre unexpectedly flew in from out of nowhere, each manning a neat looking Piper Cub.

The only statement I’ve been able to get is in incoherent one-syllable words such as: Cold, sleet, ice, fog, trouble, flight plans, wurr a wurr a, planes, ferrying, again?, huh, not me, well, not for another week anyhow!

The brass bands had only played the first chorus when in walked Frank Page, who had been out West summing up the plane purchasing situation. Nonchalantly following was Jinkie Eastman, who had been in New York.

Jinkie brought back assorted pieces of airplane fabric and it looks as if she might be going into the upholstering business. Maybe she plans to introduce to the general public what the well dressed line boy will be wearing this spring.

Anyhow, we’re glad to see them back, and with appropriate gesture, the delegation committee was about to blow the key note when the door opened and our grounded Cross County trainees, Nit Bennett, Bailey Philips, and Preston Wiggins promenaded through the office door.

The committee greeted each and everyone and believe me it was great to see them back at Chapman again. The three are planning a homeward trip but will be back for the next Cross Country program.

Ferry Pilot Page, Chapman Field (that’s a military secret), is not only causing comment here, but is receiving wide-spread publicity by the Associated Press.

A small item of November 1st informed us that she’s still going strong in spite of several forced landings in the near vicinity of Hartford, Conn. She’s ferrying Instruct-

or DeMarco’s ship down from Maine; will give you further reports soon.

Speaking of DeMarco, praiseworthy reports have it that this former Chapman Field Hand (Instructor to you) is doing things up pink at the Seaplane Base where he’s head man in the firm of DeMarco, DeMarco, and DeMarco, Seaplane Base Instructors.

And speaking of water, while in my rambling mood, we say adieu to Instructor Baumgardner who has gone the path of all others (shall I be nautical and say “drips”?) to apply for a commission in the U. S. Navy.

His one last good deed was to check yours truly out in the low-wing Fairchild, and “checked-out” he tried too, but I would not let go! Lots of luck, my fran.

Welcome

As Chapman grows and expands, many new faces appear kith and yon; for instance, Kathie Loft, Secretary to Lt. Fator and also a private pilot no less. Then there is Evelyne Keelan, pinch-hitting for our missing switchboard operator, but ultimately destined for Operations.

Elaine Devery paid us a much delayed visit Monday to say hello and to introduce Mr. & Mrs. Shonegevel to the gang. Also, welcome to “Charles” Stahler, who’s spending half days here helping Wilbur Sheffield in the Ground School instructing phase of things.

Well, MY DAY, has been a busy day. I breakfasted in the Canteen, lunched in the Canteen, and supped in the Canteen. In between, I wrote memo’s to everybody I could think of.

Next week I plan (ahem!!) to bring to your attention the merits of the scorched shirt policy, but for now, I’ll take myself off for much needed rehabilitation.

JACK HOPKINS’ PARTY

As the “Fly Paper” goes to press we regret that the report on Jack Hopkins’ party at the Clewiston Inn last Thursday (October 29) hasn’t arrived.

Jack gave a beautiful dinner at that charming hotel, in honor of the Associate Editors of the Riddle Field News.

Excellent food, bright speeches, and scintillating music lighted an interesting and enjoyable evening. Even if it is old news we’ll run it next week—cause we know our reporter can WRITE.
CARLSTROM
FLIGHT LINE
by Tom Watson, Jr.

Naturally enough, it is the purpose of your Carlstrom Flight Line column to print all the news that’s fit to print (plus a modicum of assorted gossip that does not necessarily qualify under said classification) while it is still red-hot news—and even, from time to time, to come through with a few items before they get around to happening.

Strange Meeting

We must confess, however, that this time a matter of not-to-be-ignored importance failed to show up in last week’s fine-tooth combing of the flight line.

It concerns the tragic happenstances of the meeting between mighty fisherman George Dudley and an as-yet-unidentified water mocassin to whom we shall refer, strictly to avoid confusion, as Clarance.

Serpentine Bill of Rights

Brother Dudley, it seems, was advancing stealthily upon a fat and hungry five-pound bass, not noticing that he was wading through water a foot deep and grass twice as thick as Roscoe Brinton’s topnotch. After one particularly stealthy step, George pulled back a throbbing foot and announced in unprintable English that he had stepped on a cypress root. One good look at the situation, however, changed his mind.

The cypress root turned out to be Clarance, the unidentified (and very, very young, according to Hub McAnley) water mocassin, who was merely standing up for his own personal Bill of Rights—which same included the inalienable right not to be stepped on by George Dudley.

Lesser of Two Evils

Quick as a flash, George bound himself in a tourniquet. He yelled for help from Ray Clements, and Ray (so he swears) carried him all the way to the car, pleading with George to loosen the tourniquet to restore circulation. None of that for Dudley.

He was even seriously considering having his rescuer slash the bite to ribbons with his fish knife; but Ray, who hates the sight of blood (not to be confused with blood-money), refused to oblige—choosing to carry George instead. (The Doctor says Ray will recover).

Via the Grape Vine

Other than having to limp painfully about the Flight Line for nearly a week with his foot swathed in several pounds of bandages, George suffered no ill effects from the episode—but not so Clarance, the forgotten snake.

According to Sam Worley, who got it from someone else, who got it from someone else, (you know how gossip spreads) who got it from Ray Clements, when the remnants of the fishing party returned to the scene of the crime, poor Clarance had “swol’ up an’ busted wide open.”

Such things can happen.

Mental Snapshots

Don Hawkins losing track of a cadet on last week’s cross-country flight and meeting with the strangest explanation ever heard around Carlstrom.

“Well, I went entirely by the map, sir, just like you told me, and I looked for everything to be just as it was on the paper. But when I got over here near Myakka City and looked for . . . well, you see . . . well . . . gosh, sir, is that road really purple?”

Class 43-C ending its two months session at Carlstrom and looking forward with a new burst of anticipation to that first ride in a Basic Trainer. Best of luck, fellows, and don’t forget—be a live wire, but better yet, be a live flyer!

George Eckart overshooting Carlstrom in the early morning fog. According to George Mackay, though, it was in a tan and maroon V-8 instead of a PT. Friend Mackay recommends a check ride with Buford Curry, local State Trooper.

No Substitutes

Tried and true, no matter how hot the pilot; there is only one substitute for carefulness—that’s taking a chance. Nine times out of ten, taking a chance is a short cut—but on the tenth time you’re cutting your own throat.

Your tenth time may turn out to be the first time you step out of line. Lite to say of yourself, “I was careful.” Don’t leave it to friends of the deceased to say, “He took a chance.”