Yes, Guys and Gals, here we’ve come with another “passel” of news for “you all” from good old Embry-Riddle in Tennessee. Everything still seems to be coming along o.k., in spite of the fact that all the Cadets have Gremlinitis.

These little varmints have invaded this place in good fashion, and are even peserin’ ye editor now. !!*!* I know I had some more copy for this spasm sheet somewhere!

After a vain attempt to secure news from Operations last week because of that brain-teaser, “Battleship,” we already feel discouraged before we start to again send our way in that direction for a few whins and whimlets.

We feel even more discouraged every time we visit that place, for we find more and more of the fellows getting into trouble. For instance, there’s Ed Straight who stepped into the bay of matrimony on the 16th of this month and then Bill Colbert of Maintenance who will follow close behind.

The latest development in the Flying Department has been the addition of booklets resembling the well-known Cadet Handbooks, filled with very interesting and important questions on flying, maneuvers, and various reactions to flight. These booklets were prepared here on the Field and we feel they will be very beneficial to all concerned.

Calesthenics on the line have really proved a booming success since the “skoits” have invaded the tower. Lieutenants Palmier and Matheson, athletic directors, have no trouble at all keeping the Cadets “on the ball” when weather causes the exercises to be carried on on the ramp.

We were sorry to lose Sid Bennett, Flight Instructor, to the Ferry Command, but we know Sidney will do a grand job for Uncle there. Good luck, Sid, and keep ‘em flyin’.

Via the grape-vine we learned that our Parachute Rigger, Melvin Carlton, has sworn off women again. It seems that somewhere down the line, Melvin heard that Romance was a man chasing a woman ‘til she caught him.

Ed Straight has organized a Basketball team with several of the males on the Post, and we expect to see one organized for the feminines soon. The boys’ team has challenged the local independent team to a game in the near future, and we look for a rough and tumble match—and of course—victory.


Man of the Week

After much thought as to which group we wanted to emphasize for your reading pleasure this week, we decided to enter a door over which we found a yellow sign with the words in black, “Refresher’s School.” Surely behind this door we could find an interesting note or two, because there we find the refresher head, our friend, Jim Long.

James E. Long, better known to us as Mr. One-Long Song, was born and reared in Clarksburg, W. Va. It was there that he obtained his high school training.

For about fifteen years, or the majority of his life, Jim specialized in the hobby of model airplane building. We include the word “specialized” because of the fact that Jim made this more than a hobby—building planes not only from plans received from other sources but also from his own designs.

He entered his model airplanes in at least four of the national air meets—coming out victor not only in many of those but in several contests both local and outside his own home territory.

Two Records

Jim can proudly say that he has won two national events by setting records in each of these and also is now proud possessor of at least 18 trophies, from other model airplane meets.

He stil looks back with sadness to the event of the secret plane he had designed himself, which got away on a test flight only to be returned after the meet had closed.

After soloing at the Clarksburg County

Continued on Page 15

THE INSEPARABLE FOUR OF EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD

Left to right: Flight Instructors Nellie Rabun, Ed Koirit, Sidney Bennett, Chuck Waldron
Letters to the Editor

46th A.D.G. Hq. Sq.
Robins Field, Georgia
January 13, 1943

Dear Editor,

I am writing you this letter on behalf of the boys of Class 5-42-A1 "Engines." The five of us left here are the last of the class that aren’t serving overseas.

We expect to be at our P.O.E. in a very few weeks. Our class was the best one the school ever turned out, even if we were a little hard to handle.

Give my regards to all the boys who show us how to "keep 'em flying."

Here's hoping I receive a copy of your paper.

Yours truly,

Richard Byrne

Editor's Note: We have placed your name on our mailing list, Richard. Let us hear from you again soon.

Dorr Field
Arcadia, Fla.
January 18, 1943

Dear Editor:

The Fly Paper has been a source of great pleasure for the ten months that I have been employed at Dorr Field.

It would please me very much if you would put my father on your mailing list: George O. Diggs, P. O. Box 562, Portsmouth, Va.

Thanking you very much, I remain

Sincerely yours,

G. T. Diggs

Editor's Note: We have placed your name on our mailing list, Richard. Let us hear from you again soon.

2811 S. W. 2nd Street
Miami, Florida

Editor of Fly Paper

6th Floor of Tech

Dear Editor:

During my stay here at Embry-Riddle, I have taken a great fancy toward the Fly Paper. I am leaving today, January 15th, and I hope that if it is at all possible, you will include me on your mailing list.

I have made many friends at Embry-Riddle, and I think the Fly Paper will help me in watching the progress of the school and following the activities of my friends.

Thanking you, I am

Very truly yours,

Deloris Wainscott

Editor's Note: We are sorry you are leaving us, Deloris—good luck to you. We will be glad to send you this paper so that you can keep in touch with your former associates.

Tech School
January 19, 1943

Dear Editor,

How’s about giving the Station Wagon Drivers some sort of Service Stripes to designate the length of time they have been with the company? One stripe, for instance, could be given for each six months period of service.

Anonymous

Editor's Note: A cute idea, Anonymous, and an easy one to carry out.

Letters From Former Students

"Well, it was swell there at the Gables and School. I miss it too, and all of you. We have fine warm new barracks here. This is almost a new place, not done yet. Swell bunch of officers here too, and a good clean-cut bunch of fellows.

"If the first Aviation Electrician up here, and believe me, I'm going to put my foot in the door and push, and push hard. I shall always remember how swell all you chaps were to us.

"Cold here nights, but not too bad days. I sure miss the palms, and also my sugar who lives there!"

"Well, regards to you men—Mr. Lojinger, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Boultinghouse and thanks to you all for the recommendation—perhaps later I'll get more schooling. I hope so, keep up the good work."

The above is a letter from Pvt. Jim Conway who was graduated with class 8-43-D, December 19, 1942, to Mr. Albary of the Electrical Department.

"I am now high in the New Mexico mountains. It is cold as the devil here at night and warm in daytime. I haven't done a thing except sleep and eat.

"Embry-Riddle seems to have a good record here; all the boys from there are graded as electrical specialists, while the fellows from other places are graded general electricians.

"Well, until next time, so long, and keep 'em studying. I am gratefully yours."

The above is an excerpt from a letter from Pvt. Orwyn Grant, an electrical graduate who is now stationed in New Mexico.

"Upon my arrival here my first job was to change 7 magnetos from modification 810 to No. 7 on our 7 ships.

"Sir, I am glad I have a good knowledge of mags through your competent instruction. If all the instructors were as free with instruction as you were, we would be real electricians.

"Sir, tell Mr. West we are using all carbon pile regulators on our ships now."

The above are excerpts from a letter of Pfc. Louis A. Michel, Jr., a graduate of the Electrical Department to Mr. Dosher, instructor.
MAYOR VISITS TECH

James E. Blakeley, right, Director of the Technical Division, accompanies Mayor Clifford H. Reeder on a tour of the School.

MATERIEL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry

The question is do I have some news for you. Well, as a matter of fact, I really don't this time. So if you will forgive me, I will gang up on someone next week.

Mr. Buxton went to Carlstrom Field for a few days and whom do you think he brought back with him? None other than Mr. Lightfoot. Mr. Kohler was doing the honors very nicely and I had met Mr. Lightfoot when he exclaimed, "I want to meet Joan."

"Well," Mr. Kohler said, "you have just met her." So now I'm wondering why he wanted to meet me. Well, anyway, whatever reason he had, I think he is a very charming person.

Colored Cards

In looking over our department he was very much impressed with our different colored cards. It so happens that we have eight different colors, and I must confess that there are two "rather hard on the eyes" colors, so he may have them if he wants them. Ha Ha—as if Mr. Buxton would part with them.

Our Inventory Crew has been away for the past week, and I am wondering if a certain Mr. B— was able to go home. The phone rang quite frequently concerning news of our roving boys. Yes, a letter does the trick every time. So, Bill, try your hand at writing.

I am really in the dog house with Frank Witchman at the Warehouse, but I do think he is a grand person for I never see him without his smile and a hearty hello. So come on, let's you and me be pals—what's you say?

Our Janet Perry has been a very busy person for the past forty days. Her boy friend has been home.

Henry Godfrey of Chapman Field had a birthday, and we want to wish him a belated "many happy returns of the day."

Name Our Pooch

by Aguard

Well, well, look who's crashed the news—none other than our erstwhile Guards, and they start out with a bang! A big contest open to all Embry-Riddle personnel, soldiers and students!

"Name our Pooch" is the title of the contest. An appropriate name is desired for this vicious, man-eating monster. To all of you who come in and go out the front gate—undoubtedly you have seen this ferocious beast prowling in and around the Guard's office.

This contest is unique, inasmuch as you don't have to send any box tops with each entry, nor are any dimes required; and the person selecting the winning name will not be so lucky, for he will not win a $5,000 cash prize.

Persons submitting entries must be at least six months old and not over one hundred years of age, can be either male or female and must show their passes or badges.

We have been forced to call this pup "yardbird," but he has just about graduated from that class and is approaching the "Teacher Fosdick" category.

NOTE—Entries must be submitted before pup has reached his 21st birthday.

NOTE—Selective Service rating of pup is K-9-B.

NOTE—Miss Lynne Fox barred from contest.

THE "YANK" IS COMING!

by Janet Silverglade

In order that our Embry-Riddle boys may keep up with the news of other Army groups, Mr. Riddle has subscribed to the "Yank," weekly Army news periodical.

There is a subscription for each Field, so be on the look-out for your copy.

ATHLETICALLY SPEAKING

by Janet Silverglade

Sorry to disappoint all of my eager fans (?) but there just is not much to relay this week. We did not have bowling last week as you all know, but there are bigger things in store for all of you enthusiasts, so just be patient!

We did play badminton this past week and had quite a turn-out. I never knew that it was so much fun; but I had a grand time too, even though it was my first time out. Under the tutelage of our athletic director, Lloyd Budge, I was soon playing a bad game of doubles and loving it.

Cecil Cook was with us again, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ordway dropped in too. As soon as some further arrangements can be made, we hope to continue, but until that time it's like many other things that must be curtailed for the time being.

BRASILIAN FLYERS ENJOY "BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY" IN MIAMI

This group of officers of the Brazilian Air Force, who delayed their journey to San Antonio, Tex., to enjoy a week-end visit in Miami, spent Saturday afternoon inspecting the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation as guests of Brazilian Cadets training here to become airplane maintenance specialists. The flyers, who are stopping at the Paramount Hotel, will leave Monday for brief stop-overs in Washington and New York before continuing on to San Antonio where they will pick up several Army training planes and by them to Rio de Janeiro by way of Mexico. Front row, left to right: Lt. Maria J. Francescutti, Lt. Roberto H. Costa, Lt. Jusino M. Assis, Petty Officer Jose A. Gurgel, Sgt. Mario Giraldes, Petty Officer Raul Santos, and Petty Officer Edilcio G. da Silva. Back row, left to right: Lt. Sebastiao A. Souza, Lt. Carlos A. Delomaro, Adriano Penso and Sertorio Arruda, Brazilian students at the Embry-Riddle school, and Lt. Umberto L. de Auglar.
FUTURE WAFS TAKE SPOTLIGHT IN NEW FLIGHT CLASS

This new class of civilian students, including three prospective WAFS, who started their flight training at the Embry-Riddle landplane base at Chapman Field last week, were given essential pointers in the art of piloting a plane by Herbert Hallor, an instructor. The birdmen are training for commercial and instructor licenses so they can qualify as ferry pilots and to instruct war-time flyers. In the semi-circle, left to right, are Eloy Villate of Key West, Fla.; John Davidson, Jenkinsport, Pa.; Miss Josephine Nophthen, New York City; Robert Mehornay, Jr., Kansas City, Mo.; Robert Lethbridge, Miami Beach; Joan Model, Greenwich, Conn.; Miss Marion Blum, Rutherford, N. J.; Howard Marshall of Louisi. Va., and Miss Helen Jones, Venosa graduate and radio script writer of New York City. The three girls plan to join the WAFS (Women’s Auxiliary Flying Service) next spring when they expect to have the required number of flying hours.

Finally took a jaunt down to the Seaplane Base Sunday to take a peak at “the little sister outpost.” I was speechless at the de-lovely and compact set-up and had a relapse when I saw Susie, the mascot.

Ruth Norton has many a tedious hour of work blooming forth in the landscape surrounding operations, which all goes to make the Base a very attractive nook. Ruth plans on coming down to take some landplane time and promises to help us start a few pothasereous vines and such.

Newly-weds

Congratulations to the newly-weds, Bill and Dale Grindell. The whole gang joins in wishing them all the happiness in the world, and may all their troubles be, well, you know what.

We bid a fond farewell Saturday to Instructor Bob Woodward.

This operation will surely miss him, for he had a winning personality seldom surpassed, notwithstanding his unquestionable ability as a Flight Instructor. Everyone, and especially me, wishes him lotta’ good luck.

In closing we want to issue a greeting of welcome to an old student but a new Instructor, Nancy Martin Graham.

WERE IN IT — LET’S WIN IT!

PERSONAL . . FOR GIRLS ONLY
by Joyce Booth

I have heard plenty about rayon hose, but until the present, have been fortunate enough not to have to wear them. Well, today I’ve donned my first pair, and I can’t decide whether they are stockings or boots. Guaranteed not to rip, tear, or snag, I wish they had included, not to bag in the knees or at the ankle.

I’ve heard a rumor something to the effect, “The Worst is Yet to Come,” so I fear that in the future, to look respectable, we will look like Florence Nightingale. You know; our shapely limbs draped in white cotton. Oh boy! Won’t we be dudes?

Remember two-way stretches? Well, these little numbers won’t go either way. Just up and down and no more. So keep your chins up.

The stronger sex has always classed us fair lillies of the valley vain. Well, if we can take and continue to take the let down that the shortage of silks and dyes have caused and still look well, I don’t think we should be classified as vain, but fortunate enough to have the imagination to know how our men like to see us.

We must keep up morale, and I think our appearance could corrupt things a bit. All our latest war songs are about dreams our boys dream . . . of those girls they have left behind. We have presence of mind enough to realize that they don’t dream of ugly ducklings, so I say to keep it up girls, and look the best you can; for altho they hate to admit it, they appreciate it from the bottom of their hearts.

If it comes to red ink and chalk for our cosmetics, we can do that, too.

Mother, Mother, Mother, pin a medal on us! Have you ever seen such courage?


WHITECAPS

John Carruthers, II

Hi, folks. I'm back. I hope you enjoyed reading Bill's and Bob's articles in the Fly Paper, because I know I did. Thanks a lot for your help, fellows; you did swell.

Bob McKay is no longer with the Seaplane Base. Dear old Side-Burns has gone back to the Alma Mater. Bob came down to get his private license and get it he did. Congrats from everyone, Bob. You did a swell job.

In case you didn't know, he is attending Loomis School, Windsor, Conn., preparing for M.I.T. That's really swell. He is taking pre-flight and all the higher mathematics that he can hold. That sounds like a tough schedule to me, Bob, but keep it up, you can do it.

Indispensable

Bob may be away for the time being, but our own Billy Waters is still here. I guess the Seaplane Base couldn't last if Billy weren't here. He always has an answer to every question and a come-back for every crack. We really put him through his paces while he is on duty.

We're always asking for clearances, the key to the Stock Room, the time, when can I get on the schedule, I don't want to fly today, so cancel my appointment (one-half hour before flying time). He really does a good job. But it's a wonder that he can and still worry about becoming a father. I bet it's a boy.

Dunkings

You all remember Ed Browder and his cold. Well, he soloed a few weeks ago and we couldn't throw him in the bay. Well, his cold is over and into the drink he went. He had about the prettiest dunking that I have ever seen. When he came up it was feet first. Kinda top heavy I guess. If you have ever seen a drowned rat, he was it.

There have been so many soloes around here I haven't been able to keep up with them. I guess Billy and Bob have kept you well informed on most of them. The latest ones are R. W. Colburn and Fred Macklin. Congrats, fellows, it was swell.

“Ramp Girl”

The Base now has a new employee—none other than the one and only Arabelle Leonard. And what does she do? She is a "Ramp Girl." What a hard working lass she is too. Monday was her first day and she really took it in her stride, plus a little kidding from the rest of the fellows.

But the way things are going, I think she will show them up in no time at all. That is, when she learns all the terms. She came up from the shop and asked Billy Waters for the key to the Stock Room, and Billy of course wanted to know what she wanted. "I want to get a bucket of prop-wash. The propellers are dirty. Anyway, that's what they said at the shop." So Billy obligingly gave her the key. I guess she's still hunting for the "prop-wash."

Back Again

You all remember "Speed" Snyder. Well, he's back again, but not on landplanes this time. He's hiding his time on seaplanes, giving out with some of that expert instruction. I hope you like the place and stay for a while, Speed.

Speed isn't the only one that is again at the Base—"Rog" Carley is back from Pan-Am. Air Ferries, where he ranked as a Captain. Rog is another one of those handsome dudes, but tough luck, girls, he is very much married, with four swell children.

Herman Garrigus has taken it in his stride again. Yep, he has another ship out that is a honey. There is a general fight around here to get that certain ship, and I sure have a hard time snaring it.

Floyd "Butch" Siefferman, as you all know or if you didn't you know now, is one of the Instructors and a honey at that. All the women around here are running mad to get on his schedule. Ah well, that's the consequence of wavy hair and a deep tan.

Genius

Have you heard about the so-called "club" that Arabelle Leonard and Daphne Banks have formed? All they do all day long is sit around and make model airplanes. Ah, the creative genius of the Seaplane Base.

I ran across an old member of the Base the other day—none other than Bailey "B.B. Eyes" Balken, all put together in a swell blue suit. Fashion Note. Drop around some more, "B.B. Eyes." We'd like to see you more often.

Well, folks, it's been a slow week for me, 'cause I'm not used to the new atmosphere yet, but I'll be back next week with some more news of the Base. So long.

Whole Family Gets Dunking

Proud Instructor Lawrence DeMarco of the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base solved both Lt. Joseph Estes and his wife, Barbara Estes, one day. Mrs. Estes aspires to the WAFS, while her husband wishes to obtain flying status in the service. Instructor DeMarco's goggles were a "gift" from Chapman Field.

WINGS OVER AMERICA

In Wings Over America Harry Bruno has written an extremely interesting history of American aviation, from the cumbrous Wright basket machine to the sleek, streamlined fighter of today.

Wings Over America follows the development of air travel from Kitty Hawk, through the puny Air Force of post-World War I, and through the flood of after-the-war flyers whose barnstorming did much to make the public air minded. It goes on to stress the wearsome, and often humorous, education of the people to the safety of flying by the amazing, and frequently unethical, publicity stunts of Bruno, aviation's first publicity agent. And finally it tells of the great airliners of today and the building up of our stupendous War program.

In a sense autobiographical, Bruno's association with flying running throughout, Wings Over America brings the great names of aviation into bold relief. Billy Mitchell, Vernon Castle, Wiley Post and many others were known to the author, and so the book is highlighted with intimate sketches that contribute to a book well and entertainingly written.

Bruno knew Charles Lindbergh from his early days. The chapter on "Slim" reveals much of the famous flyer's character and has all the earmarks of inviting much comment.

Wings Over America clearly shows the predominance part this country has played in aviation's progress and the brilliant role it is playing in the great show now being staged.

Fascinatingly illustrated, Harry Bruno's book is an illuminating contribution to the air age and deserves its place in every reference library and on the bookshelves of all air conscious Americans. (Published by Robert M. McBride Co.)
THAT OBLong BOX

There's a place six feet down
Where a long box is found,
Which holds all that remains of a guy.
Who was always cock sure—
Though his judgment was poor—
That he had to himself all the sky.
He was bold as a bear
When he flew 'way up there.
And he never looked 'round—
Which is why he was found
In a ship that had dug its own grave.
So give ear to the moral
With which there's no quarrel—
You're only one guy in a mob.
The chance you are taking
Ain't worth what you're staking.
For staying alive is your JOB!

Then there's the one about the private on guard duty in Australia who balled a solidly figure in the darkness. "Hey, buddy, he called—got a faq?"
The figure produced the smoke without a word.
"Thanks, pal," said the private—"How's about a light?"
The figure produced the match, whose flickering glow lighted up the serious countenance of a certain General Douglas MacArthur.
"Oh solly—oh gosh," stuttered the private, saluting four ways at once. "I'm very sorry, sir—I beg your pardon, sir—1 . . ."
"That's all right, soldier," said the General.

CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE

by Tom Watson, Jr.

ERIAL CAPERS

by Norma Tucker

Everything you say will be held against you, I've warned you, so here goes. Lt. Gillo wants to know why no one in Arcadia whistles, so the next time you think you are listening to the sweet melody of a bird, it's only Lt. Gillo.

We have a movie star in the Service Record Department. We don't know where she picked up that name, but you know who I mean . . . did you know we have a true Scotswoman in our midst? Mande Dyske tried to ride the bus on a penny the other day . . .

We are reminded of a story: Two Cadets walked up to the theater, one bought a ticket and went in. The doorman reached for the other ticket but the Cadet said he didn't have to have a ticket to get in. The indignant doorman asked the reason why, and he got this response from the Cadet.

"My name is Crime and crime never pays."

Good news—Arcadia is going to have a

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CARLSTROM CAPTION

by J. F. Downend

Received a very complimentary letter this week from The Arcadian, an Arcadia newspaper. Appearing this week and henceforth the column "Carlstrom Caption" will represent the Field in both Fly Paper and local Arcadian.

In a sincere effort to return good for evil it should be mentioned that there was a very successful dance at Dorr Field Wednesday night. They can be on the ball!

The red and yellow Ford (Vintage 1917) belonging to one of the Instructors, has been drafted. It is rumored that our other Field is now using the vehicle as a bus. Wonder which war they are training pilots for?

During lunch, the girls are becoming very quiet and close lipped. Several juicy hits for this print originated by a slip of their tongues. Statia Dozier, your eyes have been dancing for days. Wish I knew. Is it the Cadet with the same last name, Dozier?

S/Sgt. Sam (Be Eager) Mummy is back from a Christmas furlough, received a brown, blue and yellow necktie from his Uncle. Sam is leaving for Physical Training OCS this week. His wife and new daughter (she was born here in November) stay in Chicago for duration of OCS.

In the near future James (Scotty) Sears will be back from his furlough in Cleveland, Ohio, Yankee Land. He will take over voluntary position of Arnold (Orsen) Wells, who has presented to forlorn and frustrated persons this card:

I have never before heard anything like your trials and tribulations. They are unique, so pitiful, so touching. As proof of my deepest sympathy I have given you this card which entitles you to one hour of solace and condolence.

Chaplain's Hours
10-to-11—Pay deductions, working conditions. Clothes not fitting.
11-to-12—Furloughs. (This includes advice: To always ask for furlough before leaving.)

Lunch.
1-2—The food.
2-3—Promotions, appointment to OCS. Medical discharges.
3-5—Aches for all "off the ball" Cadets and uneager Soldiers. Also credit department for parachute failures.

The Army has had a smooth week at the Field. "We are all fighting for our home protection," said the fellow from Texas to the young man from Virginia, to the short stocky man from New Jersey, to an Upstater from New York, to a red head from Boston, Mass., to a Missourian, back to the Texan stationed in Florida.

Misters whose names appear upon schoolroom blackboard of Mr. De Bor are guilty of one ground-loop. Cadets guilty of more than one ground-loop, place for each a swastika to the rear of his name.

Jack Hoibler of Ground School is a dead ringer for singer Tex Benke who appeared with Glenn Miller's band in "Orchestra Wives." Listen to recording "I Got A Gal In Kalamazoo." Voices are identical.

Mr. Jayette, in charge of the Mess Hall, owned and operated Cottage Inn Restaurant at the Boulevard and Venetian Causeway, Miami. The war interrupted 21 years of continuous service, catering to people from all over the world. Recommended by Duncan Hines in the famous food and hospitality book, "Adventures In Good Eating."

We must admit that the food is good. Cadets are kicking because they don't get their ice cream on time. (Do they realize that the cream must be scooped after the meal to keep it cold?)

Mr. Jayette would charge $2.50 for dinner in the old days. Cadets are complaining to the Chaplain about gaining weight, but don't get any ideas of charging $2.50, Mr. Jayette, or we'll take you to the Chaplain.

Louise Crossley returned from three day trip to Miami. Dine, dance, and business.

The USO of Arcadia had a big week. Supper Wednesday night for Cadet wives, rib-roast for enlisted men Thursday night, and dance for the local high school Key Club.

DID YOU KNOW?
The average man whose respiration rate is 20 per minute will breathe a total of 630,720,000 times during his span if he lives to be 60 years old.

The world's largest landplane, the famous B-19, has a total weight of 161,879 lbs. or better than 80 tons, contains 10 miles of electrical wiring and a total of 3,000,000 rivets. Its tail surfaces stand equal to the height of a 5-story building. Just take a look at the 5th floor of the Tech School and get an idea.

This week, January twenty-fourth, is the first anniversary of Yours Truly's joining the Army. There has been rigid training, adventure in far places and a job to do.

During the year I was given a complete discharge and re-enlisted here at Arcadia under Major Hart. I did not feel as if a War could be left in the middle, even if I had washed out of the thing I liked best.

I have handled the mail at Carlstrom Field, done everything I could to help the Field advance during my stay, and hope for a good solid future in the Army because of first learning the basic fundamentals at this Field. What kind of a service ribbon may I wear, Major and Captain? I'm d--n proud of my year's service!
DORR DOINGS
by Jack Whitnall

We had another one of our noted cadet dances here at Dorr Field last Wednesday night, and to hear the Cadets and girls talk, it was one of the best yet.

An added attraction was the raffling off of a $25 War Bond by Lt. Cameron, which was won by A/C Bill Daniel, the lucky number being 16. Seems that said Cadet is a little superstitious since he has been carrying a four leaf clover and has just passed his 40-hour check. Good luck Mister.

What certain girl, a brunette, keeps calling the Field for A/C Kopcha? We wonder why A/C Goldsmith doesn’t want to leave Dorr Field. Could the Hospital Corps have something to do with it?

Who is Kat Sandusky interested in at Carlstrom? Seems he lost his voice last Saturday night. Our advice is, don’t keep him out so late.

Does Lt. Weisheit like ribs? Or could it have been Ada?

We heard a football game between the Officers and the enlisted men: “We couldn’t beat the Officers even if we had a better team.”

Capt. Pinkerton still trying to (still we might add) hit the jack pot in those cigarette machines in the Canteen.

“Airline Maintenance”

Dot Delo tells us that she spent the week-end in Nocatee. Now we know better than that. They don’t have a Navy in Nocatee.

Rosa Mae Sullivan observed her 16th (?) birthday yesterday.

Why is it that when you borrow something from George Proctor you always have to pay him back double or nothing (?) generally double.

The new addition to the Culler’s Cafe is Luada Romero, wife of A/C James E. Romero, Dorr Field Cadet.

Wing staggering in airplanes is not caused by too much alcohol, says Gene Levine. Owen Mercer looking in the Sub-Canteen for 10c worth of prop wash. Why do they call Roy Bellhower “Domino” and Bob Wertz “Briggs”?

Sorry to hear that Vance Tonkin is in the local Hospital. Mrs. Ruby Ross—new form clerk. Margaret Tracey—transferred to the Flaggers from the Sub-Canteen.

What’s the story behind J. V. Smith and the eggs and chickens? Seem if J. V. shuts the chickens up at night there are no eggs, if he lets them run loose he has plenty of eggs.

Yes sir, we have two compressors in the maintenance hangar now—at first we thought that some guy was the cause of all the hot air blowing about.

Mess Hall

The installation of a new steam boiler at the Mess Hall, plenty of hot water for every kind of a job. We even heard that Joe the Chef was wishing for it the other morning when he and Mr. Nicodemus went to Tampa on business on the coldest morning we have had this year. He says he’d like to crawl into the boiler and stay for a week and maybe get thawed out.

Certainly was good blue-berry pie that they had in the Mess Hall last Wednesday, we say so.

Around and About

Several years ago there was a rumor that Florida would have a closed season on hunting and fishing for five consecutive years. Did we hear any griping (?) not much. Not half as much as we do right now when we can’t get gas or tires for such pastimes.

“OBITUARY”

Freddie Lewis has been transferred to Carlstrom—we sure will miss her.

We gave her a map of Desoto County so she might possibly find the Auxiliary Field even if no one else can.

We know that all the rubber is needed by the Armed Forces to win this War. Well, just think, suppose we don’t get to go hunting or fishing till this War is over, boy, oh boy, the woods will be chock full of game. Let’s be logical, let’s grin and bear it—we still haven’t had to take up our belts three or four notches, and that’s what counts.

Last summer the Guards were saying “wish we could have some cold weather to drive these skeeters away” and now the chant is “wish there were a few skeeters to slap.” Ain’t human nature hard to satisfy?

Congrats, Carlstrom

Congratulations to Major Hart on his recent promotion. Carlstrom now has two Majors—just proves that Dorr Field leads the way. Congratulations, Auxiliary.

Wonder how O. B. Lightfoot is getting along at the Auxiliary. Better known as “Admiral” Lightfoot, he once took us aquaplaning, just once—we swallowed the lake.

Hazel Dishong heard singing “I’m jest a boid in a gilded cage.” What does Mr. Miller mean by a healthy looking girl? Wonder why a certain Lieutenant turned up at a party instead of a certain Sergeant? Sgt. “Bobby” seen with a girl last Saturday night.

We used to try and tell you of all the new employees at the Field—we still do but we can’t remember everybody.

A new addition to the Army is Marian Crosby. Yes, we knew her when she wore pigtails, and if you don’t believe us, ask “Grandma” over at Carlstrom. Grandma lives on North Orange Ave, and married a Carlstrom Field Sergeant.

Another of those beginning-to-be famous Saturday night parties, lots of the same familiar faces, some new ones, even some new combinations of the old ones. Who was it that kept saying “I’ve never been so humiliated in all my life,” because he wasn’t invited to said party? And all the time he was.

Sgt. Guidry almost didn’t come to the party, then turned up later with his cute date. Don’t blame you, Earl, I’d have been worried about bringing her out among the wolves too. And believe me, they were there.

Dobie having a wonderful time, as usual. Even had some beautiful harmonizing in the course of the evening. Lt. Sutherland has a surprisingly good voice. Let’s hear more of it at another party.

Can You Beat It?

Sgt. Brunner back from his furlough in Milwaukee, been up in all that below zero weather, then catches a cold when he gets back to sunny Florida, how’s bout that?

Sgt. Merrill leaving the end of this week for Miami, going to OCS. Congratulations, Merrill, we hate to see you leave Dorr, but are glad you’re getting this opportunity you deserve.

Margie Pierce getting letters every day from a Cadet formerly of this Field, could it be serious?

Picture of a perfect father—Lt. Webster—did you see him peddling his little son around on the bike Saturday afternoon? By the way, ask Lt. Webster to tell you the story of the 890 pound tuna.

Lt. Jennings promoted to a 1st Lieutenant over the week-end, congratulations to him.

That little man seen around the Administration Building is none other than Ben Megee, Accountant. His favorite hobbies—good-looking girls—money—horses—good-looking girls (we said that once before). Has a variety of nicknames—Gay—Fibber—Champ. We wonder how Kat puts up with him at times.

These California mornings we notice that the “red orse” stays in its stall, sissy . . . and you from way up Nawth too.

The Short Snorter’s Log

Robert Wuddke married at last, he was another fellow whom we had married once before, then single. In fact we had a hard time making up our mind as to what was better be right Ruthie?

Can you imagine the following changes—IF—Jim Burt took the place of Hop-along Cassidy . . .

Stanley Marzec—Tarzan . . .

Amos Hall—Lil Abner . . .

Kenneth Neville—Gene Autrey . . .

Herbert Fink—Hal Roach . . .

Johnny Fredendall—Flip Corkin . . .

Ruthie—Downwind’s lil de-icer . . .

John Doyle, Jr.—Dick Tracy . . .

Thomas Murphy—Casper Milquetoast . . .

Edward Sharkey—Desperate Dan McGrew . . .

Harold Sheppard—Joe Palooka . . .

Gerald Taylor—Daddy Warbucks . . .

January 22, 1943
“Buttercup” and his brother visiting around last Thursday — Earl is as tall as “Buttercup” is broad.

One of these fine days we are going to ring in a golf ball when we play ping-pong with Ben McGee.

Toally yours,
Jack

**FLIGHT 3 FLASHES**

*by A/C Frank Macomber*

Another week under the sun and palms. Many of the boys heard planning their future winters in this sunny climate.

Haven't heard any singing better than Flight Three's. It develops that we now have a quartet that performed nobly for a Vesper Service held in the USO on January 10th.

Incidentally, don't leave Arcadia without trying one of the famous home cooked dinners put on every Sunday by the Arcadia Woman's Club. They are something to write home about.

Your scribe managed to get in a bit of volleyball last week. Even Sgt. Merrill was surprised.

What did you pick for your choice? Liaison, observation, or link trainer?

Some mighty fancy Ping Pong there, Jack Westmeier. Are you open to all challenges?

All that's left now is to beat Carlstrom Field.

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**CARLSTROM SPORTS**

*Continued from Page 6*

the trophy and show you the “Dorr”—get it?

**Basketbers**

Saturday we again saw Squadron A Upper Class victorious. This victory wasn't an easy one. Outplayed by a fast passing Squadron “D” Underclass, “A” was held to a zero score in the first quarter and two points in the entire first half. “B” held an advantage of four points at the half, having six points at that time.

**Closely Matched**

The low score, rather than an amazing few points, definitely proved the close match of the two teams. Game time ended with both teams deadlocked at “B” all. In the overtime period of two minutes, McMeekin of “A” sunk a “bunny shot” to push “A” ahead 10-8 as the whistle ended the game. Game honors were evenly distributed among the players, no one man stood out.

**Height Against Speed**

In another game, “D” Squadron Upper Class went the way of “D” Underclass. Just wasn’t “D’s” Day. They lost 15-8 to the Upper class of “A” Squadron. The game was a case of too much height against speed—height winning out.

Harvey for “A” did a good job of player coach, his system of “slow break” with a “eat” did the trick. J. Beaulieu of “D” looked pretty flashy “out there.”

**WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT**

**LARGER DEDUCTIONS MEAN LARGER BENEFIT**

Many of us will notice that our Group Insurance deduction was larger this last pay-period. This does not mean that we are paying more for the same insurance. It means that our insurance benefit is larger and, consequently, we pay more for a larger benefit.

Each year, on January 3rd, our insurance benefits are re-classified according to our rate of pay on that date. Those whose salary had been increased sufficiently to put them in a higher benefit class are, automatically, put into the new benefit class in January.

At the same time the deduction is changed to correspond with the new benefit class. The Insurance Certificate that you have shows the benefits applying to each salary classification and the corresponding salary deduction.

**TAX WACKY**

*by Betty Bruce*

There's a sur tax, a V tax,
A gas tax, a tea tax,
A syn tax, a rum tax,
A gift tax, and thumb tax.

It's got me in circles
It's driving me mad
It's not getting better,
It's just getting sad.
However, if Victory
With taxes is won,
I'll pay till it hurts,
And I'll pay by the ton.
For what good is money,
And what good is fun,
If our boys are still fighting
The struggle not done.

No, I'll not go driving,
And I'll pay the tax,
And if worse comes to worse,
Well, I'll join the WACS.

**EMBRY-RIDDLE**

*Contributed by Harry Farr, Coliseum Stockroom*

Theory:

An Emery Wheel contacted with steel creates friction;
Friction creates electricity,
What is electricity?
No one knows.
Hence: It's a riddle
Therefore: An Emsry-Riddle,
Tech Talk
by Bill Shanahan, Military Engines

We all regret the resignation of Don Budge, our former athletic director, who is returning to the "sunny shores of California." However, we feel that his very able brother, Lloyd, can carry on in his stead. The Seaplane Base has collected several new students from Tech School in the persons of Robert Colburn, Clyde Taylor, and Joseph Keenan, all of Military Engines, Jim Patterson of Personnel, and Dave Beatty of Sheet Metal.

Bob Colburn has already collected darn near enough time to solo. Better watch out. Bob, that water is cold! I heard that our dear Editor, Wain Fletcher, is also in the throes of a flying course at the Seaplane Base.

Oh yes! I almost forgot. Your humble scribe is the proud possessor of three hours and 51 minutes of time. However, I prefer the good old "terra firma" of Chapman Field to the watery depths of the Seaplane Base. Elaine Devery says I'm a "Sissy," but I'll still take "terra firma."

Mrs. K. Fries (pronounced Freeze) is leaving the comparatively safe walls of the Military Technical Offices to brave the cold, cruel world as an Instructress in the Military Program. Mrs. Fries' husband, Captain James Fries, is in Uncle Sam's services in Africa, she thinks.

To replace her, we have a very attractive brunette, but, darn it, she's married too and will be addressed as Mrs. Barbara Bradfield.

As you know, Laurie Ebbets, former station wagon driver, is spending most of her time at home now. But do you know why? Well, it seems that the Ebbets' have a tiny newcomer at their home—Honey, a baby cocker spaniel, and Laurie just can't bring herself to leave the cute little dickens.

Have you seen the gold Navy wings Dottie Wells has been wearing lately? She insists they're only from a "good friend," but we wonder.

We welcome the return of Erwin Gruenschildner, former Military Engines Instror, who joined Uncle Sam's services some months ago and is stationed here as a member of the Military Staff.

Capt. Clayton of the Military Staff returned last week from a very successful mission to Brookley Field, Mobile, Ala., where he obtained several truckloads of modern equipment with which to further progress here at Tech.

Three cheers for Gloria Meyers, secretary to Mr. Estler, Aircraft Dept., for a speedy recovery from the clutches of "Old Man Flu." We're glad to see her smiling face again.

Ben Turner and Arnold Mims have been out of town on business, the former in Atlanta, Ga., and the latter in Washington, D.C. Mr. Greenfield, our fire marshal, announces that the recent fire drill was a complete success—the entire building being evacuated in two minutes and 15 seconds.

He also announces the appointment of Deputy Fire Chiefs in every department of the Tech School. By the way, the new fire drill signal is a series of short staccato rings followed by a long steady ring.

Hildreth Florer, that pretty brunette who served you luncheon in the cafeteria, has gone to join her husband, Harvey Florer, who was graduated last Saturday from the Tech School.

Two former members of the Military Staff, Officer Candidates Fred Cassel and Clyde Smith, will be graduated January 20th as Lieutenants in the Army Air Corps, while our former physical director, Girard W. Murphy, better known as "Mother Murphy," will enter training in O.C.S. on the same date.

Pedro Flores and Fernando Narango, Ecuadorian students, are now employed at the Inter-American Airways, Inc.

Congratulations are in order for W. M. Criddlebaugh, who now holds the position of Chief of the newly established Civilian Aircraft Department.

Ensign Robert Townsend, formerly of the Welding Department, has been graduated from his training course at Dartmouth and is now stationed temporarily in Kansas.

Lorraine Bosley, Kelly Newcomer's secretary, was favored Monday with a visit from her "Fella in Uniform" who came dashing down here on a 24-hour leave from St. Petersburg, Fla.

She has been wearing a very attractive diamond since then, but don't worry, boys, it's on her right hand, so that keeps her "in circulation."

To you single gals who love a uniform, here's a tip. The two new lieutenants you've been hopping about lately are Lt. Kline and Lt. Larkin, both single.

Isn't it a coincidence that "Jackie" Dillard always manages to get to the Canteen for a "coke" at exactly the same time the soldiers are on break period? Now don't be angry, "Jackie"; Junior Gile put me up to that.

Ensign Carlton Baumgardner paid "Boss" Riddle and the Tech School a visit on Tuesday just before leaving for Corpus Christi, Tex., at the request of the Navy.

Carlton was a former Flight Instructor at Chapman Field and was considered one of the "bright boys" while working for his instructor and Commercial ratings.

FIGHT WITH WORDS
All of us can't go out and fight shoulder to shoulder with our boys. But we can do our part toward the scrap drive, the fat drive, and the Tech School Book Drive.

Bring one of your favorite books to the Tech School Library and go away feeling that you've used it to slap the face of a Jap.
COLONNADE CANNONADE
by Helen Dillard

Last week we had “writer’s fright”. This week it is much worse than that. Our mind is a complete blank. We had better have a little talk with Wain to find out what her other correspondents are doing in a case like this.

Something has been added to the gate at the main entrance of the Colonnade, and we don’t know whether it is good or bad. We know that Betty Prinzell (there, Betty, I spelled your name correctly that time) is having a lot of fun with it. It is a button which must be pressed before the gate can be opened... and where is this button? Right by Betty’s desk.

Honestly, we never know when she is going to let us in and out. Did she make Paul Baker of the Parachute Department jump over it the other day? Well, if she did, that is all right for him because he has long legs, but what about us little folks?

Crysta Gazers
June McGill and Rae Lane have been comparing their futures lately. They have been dashing from one fortune teller to another to see if they are told the same thing by each one.

Undoubtedly each has been told there is a man wearing a uniform in her life... and who hasn’t at least one uniform knocking at the front door these days?

Speaking of fortune telling, Vic Mercer is a super palm reader. We think we will go into the business, with Vic reading palms and yours truly grabbing into a fish bowl disguised as a crystal ball. All readings by appointments only.

Boss Back
We are glad to have our boss, Mr. Varney back with us. He was gone for almost three days, making a tour of the Fields.

Muriel Obermeyer, one of our P.B.X Operators and bride of Joe “Link” Obermeyer, wants to know who the new man is in Personnel... calls come in at all hours of the day for a Mr. Peterson. We have checked and find that it is Mr. Patterson. Don’t tell us that you are leading a double life, Mr. Patterson.

We had a long talk with Henry Graves, our new Personnel Employment Manager, and we find that he is a very interesting person and is going to be very nice to work with in this Department.

Congrats, Lt. Cassel
We have missed Minnie Cassel the past couple of days. She has a leave of absence so that she may be with her husband, our former Sgt. Cassel, who becomes a 2nd Lt. before the Fly Paper goes to press. Congratulations, Lt. Cassel. We are very proud of you.

Jinny Mickel is keeping us all in a dither about her engagement... first she is and then she isn’t. Is you or ain’t you, Jinny?

Perhaps before next week someone will decide to jump off the Colonnade Building in one of Paul Baker’s parachutes, and we will make the front page, or at least have more to write about... but as long as nothing as spectacular as that happens, we will go on writing about the little things that happen here, things that make working at the Colonnade so pleasant for all of us.

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

ODE TO RAY LIPE
by Henry Carpenter

When in swivel chair, you're seated—
And all errors are deleted.
And your re-cap’s all completed—
Will you let me know?

You’re surrounded with such beauty—
Blonde—Brunette—all so cute—
So—when you have done your duty—
Will you let me know?

For to-night I long for bed—
But I’ll have to work, instead—
So I pray, when sheets are read—
Will you let me know?

Bill O'Neil says that he's needing—
All my figures—hence this speeding—
Will you heed my interceding—
Will you let me know?

NEW BOOKS AT THE TECH SCHOOL LIBRARY
The Airplane and its Components, by Sears.
Aviation From the Ground Up, by Manly.
Aircraft and Powerplant Accessory Equipment, by Webster.
Havana Manana, by Hermann.
Modern Camouflage, by Breckenridge.
Model Planes for Beginners, by Gilmore.
Principles and Problems of Aircraft Engines, by Farleigh.

Aerodynamics of the Airplane, by Millikan.
Airplane Structural Analysis and Design, by Sechler and Dunn.
Sheet Metal Work, by Daugherty.
New World Horizons, Geography for the Air Age, by Lawrence.
Aerosphere, 1942.
Plane Facts for Airplane and Engine Mechanics, by Kutakoff.
ENGINE NOISES
by Gladys C. Goff

This week I should like to present to my reading public (both of you) one of our Master Mechanics, a man who has been and seen and done. His experiences vary from getting a boat stuck in the mountains in Italy to operating a marine garage in Miami.

Meet Edward Danner. He was born in 1893 in New York City and gained his early schooling in Yonkers. He worked at Maxams Machinery Company, and it was there he learned the rudiments of motors and engines. He also worked at the old Standard Aircraft Factory, which was in Plainfield, N. J., at that time.

First Trip to Europe

When Ed was ten years old he took his first trip to Europe, accompanying his father on a trip to Belgium andAlsace-Lorraine. They traveled up and down the Rhine country.

In April, 1917, Edward Danner joined the National Aviation Corps. He was stationed at Mount Beacon, N. Y., Bay Shore, Long Island, Key West, and Miami. He liked Miami very much.

There were only about 12,000 people here at that time, and our part in Miami, the Tech School building area—was mostly a wilderness, with a dairy farm situated where our shop is now. Ed has been in Miami off and on for about 25 years and considers it a wonderful place.

To return to the Navy, Ed was a Chief Machinist’s Mate, and he served at different times under Admiral A. C. Reed (first to fly the NC4 across the ocean), Admiral Mitscher, and Admiral Mason, who weren’t Admirals then, but were commanding officers at the stations where Ed was serving his country.

After the War

After the War, Ed worked at the Dade County Repair Shop, the Atlantic Marine Boatyard, and other places in this city. He operated a Marine Garage in Miami for 18 years.

While he was running his Marine Garage, Ed serviced boats for Gar-Wood, international racing figure. He worked on Miss America IV and V, and on Wood’s cruisers.

At this time he re-meet Jack Rutherford, who is now Commander Rutherford of the Philadelphia Naval Reserve Station. Ed and Rutherford had enlisted at the same time and had been at the same naval station during the first World War.

Rutherford had about 10 racing boats at the time his and Ed’s paths crossed again. Ed became his mechanic, and they entered races all up and down the Atlantic Seaboard. They won the President’s Cup race in 1937 and the Sweepstakes in New Jersey in 1938.

They took a cruise abroad and traveled through Italy, racing against Count Rossi, among others, winning two races and losing two. They won the City of Vercelli trophy and were presented the Duca Trophy by Mussolini. Ed says they ought to give the latter trophy to the Scrap Drive.

Stuck in the Mountains

It was just outside of Florence, Italy, that the incident of the boat getting stuck in the mountains occurred. They were hauling their racing boat on a trailer, as that was the quickest way to get to the next race.

The roads were so mountainous they got stuck and had to send for a truck to pull them the rest of the way. They barely got to the race in time. We forgot to ask Ed whether they won the race or not.

Back in America again, Ed and Rutherford broke the world’s boat racing record in the “Juno” in speed trials, going 90 miles an hour on the water, which is plenty fast and rough. If you don’t believe it, try it sometime.

First Liberty Aircraft Motor

Ed put the first Liberty aircraft motor in a racing boat. That was in Gar Wood’s cruiser, and Ed says there were quite a few problems in that first installation. He also worked on the first “Hisso” experimental motor.

During the era following the War, Ed serviced the Liberty and other types of motors in the boats operated out of Atlantic City, N. J. He can tell many stories of the interesting things that happened to him during that period of his life, but time and space is short.

I know you’ve enjoyed meeting Edward Danner and hearing about his varied and colorful life. We can’t refuse a new introduction next week—maybe we’ll just ramble on with news and gossip (remember: contributions welcome)—but if you have enjoyed this meeting, please signify by saying “aye.”

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

Apologizes to “The Pelican” and “The Chaser”

YOUR BUNK MATE?

Joe: Lemme take your pen.
Moe: Sure.
Joe: Got some paper?
Moe: Here.
Joe: Going past the mail box?
Moe: Sure.
Joe: Wait till I finish this letter, will you?
Moe: Sure.
Joe: Got an air mail stamp?
Moe: Here.
Joe: Thanks. What’s your girl’s address?

LOOK AND WORK ALIKE

Wing Flutter

Guest Writer, Slippery Sam
(DoM Martin)

Well what do you know, here I am again, still tooting, with a few remarks gathered from here and there around McShane’s headquarters.

Slippery Sam, our Super Snooper, reports that Mr. Cuffel, our Day Guard, is now a big Rabbit and Guinea Pig man. Yes, he is now raising them in his back yard. Barbecued rabbit is very good. How about it, Cuff?

Sam also wants to know what Mr. Duncan and Mr. Salter have that he hasn’t got. Well Sam, try being nice to the ladies and maybe you’ll make a few hearts flutter too. Buying a few cokes now and then helps.

Super Woman

Agatha Drip, our personnel reporter, has been spying on the Division Accounting Office this past week. She reports: Eula Eskew, the new Keysort Operator, is one of those gals who don’t even know when they are hurt. She worked all day with a broken finger. Don’t get fresh with this one, boys.

The new pleasure driving ban has really upset the sporting element. Lou Allison misses basketball very much, and Mr. Thomas, Tommy to those who know him well, the golf expert, is inventing a special push cart to carry his golf bag to and from the course.

And girls, the new member of the staff is none other than Wally Tyler who has been transferred from Engine Overhaul Timekeeping Office.

Harold Malcolm is keeping trim by riding his bicycle to work from 7th Street, and Miss Wagoner’s desk is covered with diagrams of a special handlebar seat. Who says that two can’t ride as cheap as one.

Vannah Witmer’s husband is now a Seabee. He reports that they had no butter for supper—so we should squawk.
UNION CITY
Continued from Page 1

Airport in June, '40, our friend built up his time to become an Instructor in CPT,
at which profession he worked until coming to Embry-Riddle Field July 9th.

He entered Refresher's School as Flight Instructor and when he finished this course he began instructing aviation Cadets. It was not long before he was selected to be head of the Refresher's School, replacing Charlie Sullivan who was promoted to Assistant Director of Flying.

Not long ago Jim took advantage of a vacation and went back to West Virginia to bring back Mrs. Long, formerly of Pittsburgh, Pa. At this writing his wife is enjoying a vacation, but Jim says that in her absence he has started back to building model airplanes.

Working with Jim in the Refresher's School is Micky Lightholder, Fly Paper Staff Artist, who came here from Clewiston. Micky recently replaced Bob Watts.

The most recent graduates from Refresher's School, and Jim and Bob's tutoring, are Erick Boen, Roald Boen, Murray McConell, John Sheible, Howard Sheffrey, and Claude (the Great) Myers. All are now instructing Cadets.

KADET KAPERS

The past week at Embry-Riddle Field has been somewhat of a Gremlin week. The demons of the airways have been at their best and several fellows have come to blows with them. As usual, however, the Gremlins won in all cases.

The most outstanding of Gremlin tricks recently was played on one Cadet. This certain Mister, it seems, was coming in for a landing the other day when an extra big Gremlin sucked all of the wind from under his wings. Then a bunch of other Gremlins jumped down very hard on the top of his wing. Needless to say, he hit pretty hard.

The worst Gremlins of all, so far as the upperclass is concerned, are the ones who specialize in messing up what would be perfect slow rolls. They wait until the plane is inverted and then pull your feet off the rudders.

You can’t get them back on because there are too many Gremlins pushing back. To top it off, when you “split-S out,” they push against the throttle and guide your hand away so you can’t get to it.

Another pet trick of the Gremlins is one they play on planes when they are landing in high wind. It calls for team play, and that’s something they have a lot of. A pilot will no sooner set his plane and correct for wind than one of his wings goes down. He levels it off and the other goes down.

If the Gremlins are feeling particularly good, they might even push one of the toe brakes upon landing, and then they’ll all gang up on one wing and push it into the ground.

Yup, they’re a rough bunch of demons and the plague of the Air Corps, but in a way they’re liked by all who make flying their business. After all, it would be pretty lonesome up there without them and they do make interesting company. Then too, we can’t get rid of them, so we might as well make the best of it. Looks like they’re in for the duration and six.

“Herky”

HOW NOT TO GROW OLD

1. Never warm the engine up—it is a waste of time and gasoline.
2. Never look around for incoming planes before taking off—you are apt to strain your neck.
3. Always take off down-wind—you can run farther on the ground and make better speed.
4. Never use all the field; take-off as near obstructions as you can—it shows confidence in your equipment.
5. Never wait for fog to lift before taking off—it might get worse.
6. Always chandelle on a take-off—the rest of the trip is shorter.
7. Never pay any attention to an engine miss on take-off, keep right on going—you have too much power anyway.

P.S. FROM UNION CITY

The latest change in the Post Supply on the Field is the addition of D. A. Rowland in the Stock Room. Robert Cullom, who has been with Post Supply for sometime, has been promoted to the position of Chief Storekeeper, First Class. The newest task added to this organization is that of taking charge of Cadet laundry.

A part of the Medical Corps Officer personnel stationed on the Field recently played the local alumni basketball team. Since there has been great enthusiasm for this sport, we look for several of these contests to be staged in the future.
"Center the needle, center the ball, watch the airspeed, hold that altitude, etc." This type of instructing continuously used would be termed by the Airmen here as "binding," which is another RAF expression. Binding means to agitate, annoy, etc., and one of the favorite terms is to say "he binds me rigid."

One other expression used by the RA Fers is similar to one of our American terms. That expression is "shooting a line," which has the same meaning as our "spreading the bull." One who shoots a line is thus called a line shooter, and this type of individual is not few and far between at Riddle Field.

Roy Lacey, Sgt. Pilot Lacey, who was graduated with Course 9, did the following short short story for us before he left. Lacey, who was a journalist for a London newspaper, wrote similar stories and articles for several magazines in England.

A Short Short Story

Peter Bond dressed in flying-kit looked ridiculous. A loose limbed youth of 19 with legs of rather unusual length, he looked rather than walked. His actions were rough and clumsy, and his general untidiness gave the impression that God had made him as an afterthought.

It didn't seem possible he would ever master the mysteries of flight or stand the strain of aerial combat. He wasn't the type that made pilots.

He knew from the start he was destined to be a failure, and after seven or eight dual instruction hours at his flying school, his instructor lost little time in telling him he just didn't belong in the air.

But Peter couldn't afford to be a failure. What would Terry have thought of him? Terry had been more than a brother to Peter. He had been a protector, supporter, a saint.

Five years older than Peter, Terry had a comfortable job when their parents were killed in a motor-car accident. They had shared a room in a cheap lodging house. Terry had sacrificed to complete his brother's education.

Then War came, taking Terry into the Royal Air Force as a pilot, leaving Peter still at college. His brother's death a year later left Peter tragically aware that he was alone; alone in a world that laughed at him for his appearance, mocked him for his clumsiness.

As the loss of Terry left an ache in his heart that would never be healed, Peter made a solemn vow he would avenge his brother's death.

He too joined the RAF, facing failure from the start, but determined to succeed. Walking toward his instructor for what was, perhaps, his last flight, he lived again those anxious hours when he was told of Terry's death. He spent 30 agonizing minutes in the air, trying to fly his best—the figure in the front seat maintaining a grim silence. They landed and he watched, as if in a dream, his instructor climb out and fasten the safety-belt in the front cockpit.

"Do you think you can make it?" Peter stiffened as the significance of those words shot home to him. He nodded, and with last minute words of advice, he was waved off. He taxied into the wind, opened the throttle, and found the ground slipping away beneath him. Then in a blind panic he realized he couldn't make it.

"Oh God! if only Terry were here."

His instructor, waiting anxiously on the ground, watched his pupil's progress round the circuit. He watched him turn downs wind and begin his landing approach. For a moment he stood, scarcely believing his eyes; then he called another fellow instructor.

"Bill," he said, "I swear I can see someone in the front seat of my solo-kite."

"Don't be ridiculous," Bill said, watching the machine, "you must have it mixed with a dual machine."

Peter's instructor was silent as they both watched the plane make a perfect three-point landing. Together they watched the machine taxi back to the line. Peter sat tense and white in the back seat—the front seat was empty.

"Where the heck?" muttered Peter's instructor as he ran to his pupil. "Hey, Bond, I know I am getting old and my eyesight is failing," he said perplexedly, "but, who the devil was in the front seat?"

For a moment Peter remained silent; then, as though in a dream, whispered, "Terry."

It was eight months later that Peter's Instructor opened a daily paper and read:

"The Victoria Cross has been posthumously awarded to Sgt. Pilot Peter Bond, RAF, for outstanding courage and devotion to duty. Sgt. Bond was one of the members of a patrolling flight of fighter aircraft, which intercepted an attacking force of enemy bombers."

"He engaged and shot down two of the enemy machines before his own machine was severely damaged by return fire. He refused to bail out, however, and was seen to ram a third enemy plane. Both machines and their crews crashed in flames."

HITHER AND YON

Course 13 has now arrived in full force, with both RAF and Army Air Corps Cadets included in the Course. We want to welcome you fellows to Riddle Field, and we sincerely hope you will enjoy your stay here.

If there are any of you who would be interested in helping us as an Associate Editor, we would be more than pleased to add you to the list.

We do want several from your Course to help us with the news of your Flight along with other items. See Ye Ed if you would like to do something along this line.

With the new Course have come several changes on the Flight line in regard to
Flight Instructors, new Flight Commanders, etc. We hope to have a complete list of the new Flights, their Commanders, etc., in the next issue.

Squadron 1 had an easy time defeating Squadron 2 in soccer last week, hanging up a 5 to 1 victory. The game was played in Clewiston under the lights, and other contests are scheduled there for this week.

Several changes have been made in the Army Air Corps personnel. 1st Lt. Charles J. Bivona, who has very efficiently served as Medical Officer for this Field for the last few months, has been transferred to Randolph Field, Texas, where he will take an additional Medical Course at the School of Aviation Medicine. "Doc" Bivona and his wife made many friends during their short stay here and we all join in wishing them all the best.

A DAY IN THE LIBRARY
by Dorothy P. Burton

Continued from last week's issue of the Fly Paper

After a bowl of soup and "two crackers, no butter, please," business was resumed for the afternoon. (Note to patrons: librarians are not dyspeptic but do count calories.)

Well, at last I've found out why students are always coming in here wanting peculiar pictures like Li'l Abner, or a scorpion, but willing to settle for the Disney creations in the April issue of "Flying and Popular Aviation." Each class has to have an insignia, as was just explained by that last soldier.

"Yes, we can furnish data on the autosyn of selsyn direct current position-indicator. Have you used "TM 1-4137"? You'll find some information there. No, I have nothing at present on "Short Snorters" but will look it up for you.

"On the development of the Army Air Forces through the last World War up to the present I can send you the September, 1941, issue of "Flying and Popular Aviation," and do be sure to see that I get it back as it is the reference copy. You're welcome. Good-bye.

"I'm sorry, Corporal, that you and your superior officer disagree about your spending the weekend on the school premises but you won't feel the punishment very greatly if you are enjoying Dorothy Sayer's "Omnibus of Crime and Richard Hilary's "Falling Through Space."

"You are expecting to read a lot. Yes, you may also take Virginia Perdue's "The Case of the Grieving Monkey, but don't you think you should allow for a little time to repent your sins?"

"Walla Walla is in Washington State. Vadah."

"No, Rosemary, we do not have books on fortune-telling. Just look mysterious, and keep the lights and your voice low."

"Betty Jo, aluminium is the British spelling but no American dictionary gives it even as a second choice. No, it wouldn't be wrong but it would be just the same as spelling airplane, aeroplane."

"Mr. W., the formula for silver solder and also the flux for silver solder is in Lesley's "Airplane Maintenance." That book is a constant lifesaver, how we could function without it I don't know."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mrs. Lilge. Indeed we can use all the magazines you will bring us. When the boys leave they always ask for two or three to read on the trip. Mrs. Tateen of the Service Men's Club, also keeps us supplied with good stock."

"Here are two books which have good chapters on the potentiometer, but I'm sorry I find nothing on the ratiometer. You think that is a trade name. Perhaps you're right and that is why it isn't mentioned."

"Professor Claus of the Science Department of the University of Miami? Of course, you may come to see the Library any time and we will be honored to have you.

As a matter of fact, I think the Fly Paper will be pleased to hear that you read their publication so thoroughly as to see the lists of new books received."

"No, Mr. H., there was not an article on propellers in the November Readers Digest. Of course, I would have read it, remember aviation is my line of work too."

"Mr. Wells, will you come look at Wilson on Aeronautics? I believe it has just the experiments you want on radius of gyration. You were right about the O-49 being a high-winged monoplane, but the manufacturer is Vultee and it is also known as the Vigilant."

"You are getting married between 8:00 p.m. and 11:00 p.m., your first free evening this week and you would like the names and addresses of all the justices of the peace in Coral Gables?"

"Just a second, I will be glad to give them to you. Oh, there is only one. It won't be hard to choose, will it? Congratulations!"

Whew! Another day gone and nothing accomplished.
FORMER DANISH GIRL NOW RADIO SPECIALIST

It was love at first sight that made Mrs. Reginald D. Bailey give up her War work in the days not so long ago when Army nurses could not be married, and it was love again that played a part in the selection of her new War work as radio specialist.

For Mrs. Bailey, pretty blue-eyed blonde Danish girl, who is enrolled in the radio communications course at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, first became interested in the subject through her husband, Capt. Reginald D. Bailey of Miami.

Bailey, who participated in the invasion of Africa and is now stationed there, studied radio as part of his training as an observer for the Army Air Corps. His wife picked up the Morse code helping him with his lessons.

Mrs. Bailey is the mother of an 18-months-old daughter, Barbara Ann, and leaves her during the day with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Frances E. Bailey, with whom she makes her home at 275 N. E. 15th St.

It all began in November, 1939, when Mrs. Bailey, then Margrethe Philipson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thor Philipson of Pittsburgh, Pa., was given her commission as Second Lieutenant in the Army Nurses’ Corps after receiving her nurse’s training at the Columbia Hospital.

For seven months she worked as an Army nurse at Fort Bragg, N. C., and it was at Fort Bragg that she met her future husband, then a Second Lieutenant in the field artillery.

He asked her for a date the day he met her and proposed that night, Margrethe thought the matter over a couple of days, said yes, and before the week was over, they were making plans for their marriage. First she had to resign as an Army nurse, according to regulations, and after all arrangements had been completed, they were married at Key West on June 23, 1940. Their honeymoon trip was spent in Miami.

Everybody’s War

Soon after their marriage, Lieutenant Bailey was transferred to the Army Air Corps as an observer and was sent to Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas, for training. His enthusiasm for aviation and for radio interested his wife in the subjects, and, although she feels she can be most useful now as a radio specialist, after the War she wants to learn to fly as a pilot.

“This is everybody’s War, and the sooner women all pitch in and do what they are best suited for, the sooner the War will end,” she believes. “The Army and Navy are both in crying need of trained radio workers, and I believe that is the best place for me now.”

She Jumps from Mars to Venus, Back Again

Mrs. Reginald D. Bailey

Born in Denmark, she came to the United States as a small girl 24 years ago. Many of her relatives are still in the old country, and she has not heard from them since the invasion. She is looking forward to visiting Denmark after the War.

Join the Parade

Where did they come from? They came from Embry-Riddle. Where are they headed? Straight for successful careers in Aviation, one of the world’s fastest growing industries.

Why not join the parade? Can you think of a field which offers so much now and in the years ahead? Whether you choose to build 'em, fly 'em, or keep 'em flying, Embry-Riddle has exactly the kind of training you need. 41 different courses cover practically every phase of Aviation—from welding and riveting to celestial and radio navigation. Get all the facts now and plan to enroll soon.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It”
January 22, 1943

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