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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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MAJ. GEN. YOUNT DELIVERS FOURTH OF JULY MESSAGE

AMERICANS FIGHT AGAIN TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS THEY DIED FOR IN 1776

"In 1776, Americans fought with muskets. Today, they fight with machine guns, aerial bombs, and heavy artillery.

"But that is the only difference. The things they are fighting for have not changed. The same freedom; the same independence—the same life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are just as important, in just the same way, as they were in 1776. And, too, the same personal courage and sacrifice are demanded to preserve our heritages of national honor.

What Independence Means

"Independence is not only a word. Independence is the translation of a word—its translation into the lives of millions of people who for 167 years have been willing in fight, and to die if necessary, that their way of life may be perpetuated.

"The Army Air Forces Flying Training Command has been delegated the serious responsibility of helping prepare America's young men to fight with skill and understanding in the best tradition of their forefathers.

"Our task as an agency of war is a serious one. We are the keystone of the greatest air force in history. We must train adequately the men who will use this nation's principal weapon in democracy's greatest hour of peril.

Remembering by Doing

"Ours is a grave responsibility, one which deserves the last ounce of effort. I feel that July 4, 1943, is a fitting occasion for me to congratulate all members of this Command on the splendid manner in which they are remembering the tenets set forth in this nation's Declaration of Independence. You are 'remembering' by 'doing,' and that is in keeping with your heritage.

"I feel certain that we shall allow no obstacle to come between us and the attainment of our objective. To that end, each of us today should re-dedicate ourselves and all our energies to victory—victory in the pattern of 1776."
Letters to the Editor

Department of Commerce
Civil Aeronautics Administration
Washington, D. C.
June 24, 1943.

Dear Editor:

Once again the writer is about to bother you in connection with the May 28, 1943, edition of your house organ.

On page 16 of the above mentioned issue is a splendid picture and one that all in aviation should see, read and ponder over. It is the writer’s opinion that a pat on the back, such as is set forth in the subject, should be on bulletin boards at every airport in these United States.

Understand, the above is just the underlined’s personal opinion and endorsement of long-awaited recognition of Flight Instructors.

Very truly yours,

Earl R. Souther, Assistant Director,
CAA War Training Service.

Editor’s Note: The picture to which Mr. Souther alludes is of a pilot on combat duty paying tribute to the Primary Instructors whom he believes “are the guys that are really winning the war.” This was one of a series of advertisements glorifying the civilian instructors that the Embry-Riddle Company placed in leading magazines all over the country.

U. S. Naval Training Station
Newport, R. I.
June 22, 1943.

Dear Wain:

Well, I’m in the Navy now and I love every bit of it. It’s a bit harder work than behind the counter in the Canteen, but I still love it.

With the training I received at Embry-Riddle I’ll be right up there punching when my test comes up this week for Aviation Mechanics School.

Give my best regards to Vadah and I wish you would print the following in the Fly Paper:

To all my friends at Embry-Riddle I want to say that I miss you all a lot. If I ever come back I’m going to pay you all a visit. With the training I received at Embry-Riddle, I think I will.

Sincerely yours,

Henry J. Desjardins.

P.S. I miss the dances most!

Editor’s Note: Henry was a familiar figure around the Tech School during his student days. We miss his cheery whistle and are looking forward to that promised visit.

Dear Editors:

I have been receiving the Fly Paper here at Keasler Field for several months and I enjoy it tremendously.

When I sent my address to you I must have made a mistake—I have received the paper by a round about method so thought I would give you the correct address.

I took a civilian A&E course at the Tech School during ’41 and ’42 and I was just starting out as an Instructor when I was drafted.

I am now a little more than half way through a B-24 Mechanical school here at Keasler. However, Embry-Riddle is still the best school in the country! Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,

Pfc. John M. Foreman

Editor’s Note: Thanks for those kind words, Mr. We heartily agree with you. We have corrected your address so the Fly Paper will reach you directly. Best of luck and write us again soon.

The following is a letter from Pfc. Herbert M. Brown, a graduate of 17-43-A, to Mr. Ireland. Pfc. Brown is now stationed in Ohio:

To the Instructors, officers, officials of Embry-Riddle and many other friends I made I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks for the knowledge and kind treatment I received during my brief 15 weeks. “Keep em’ Flying.”

“Enclosed you will find a poem. It was written to help people realize that it takes all of us to fight a War. I dedicate it to a friend of mine who lost his life “over there.”

“I was told any more contributions would be accepted after I left school. So here is what I consider my best to this date. If you like it well enough to print it, please send me a copy. Thank you in advance. I remain,

Respectfully yours,

Pfc. Herbert M. Brown.”

Editor’s Note: Pfc. Brown is the author of “Cooperation,” “After the War” and “War.” His poem appears on page 3.

TO ALL EMPLOYEES

In accordance with the War Department Directive there will be no holiday Monday, July 5. All employees at all Fields and Divisions will work full days, and those ordinarily entitled to overtime will be compensated accordingly.
HOME PRODUCTION
by Pfc. Herbert W. Brown

I came upon a soldier
In the fox-holes of Bataan,
His chin was down upon his chest
And his mouth was filled with sand.
He tries to speak
But instead of words
Blood trickled from his lips.
Then leaning back upon my arm
He from my canteen sips.
Refreshed, he spoke in faltering words
How just the other nite
Those slyly, filthy, yellow rats
Had tried to show some fight.
Outnumbered? Yes, but three to one
And ammunition low
The soldier stuck right to his gun
And was the last to go!

A spasm shook his manly frame.
His time was very short.
But summing up his ebbing strength
In one big last resort
He said thru lips turned white with pain:
"We could easily have won,
If we had just a few more shells
To fight the rising sun!"

I saw a question in his eyes.
Did he quite understand
That two-thirds of the folks back home
Were doing all they can?
I'll never know the answer
For this soldier found his rest
Up there above in tender hands
Of one who knows him best.

Could you have made another shell?
Or given a helping hand,
By doing work that could have kept
That soldier on Bataan?
I do not ask that question!
But I leave this thought with you,
"Did you fail to make that shell
That would have pulled him thru?"

SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF NO. 5 BFTS AND INDEPENDENCE DAY

Saturday, July 3, 1943, 8:30 p.m.
Dance at the Sugarland Auditorium
in Clewiston. Public invited. Music
by the 15-piece Army Dance Band
from No. 9 BTC, Miami Beach.
Special entertainment—Cabaret show,
Rajah Raboid, the Mental Mystic
(Bali and Drum Clubs, Miami).
Dress, optional. Refreshments available.
Admission $5.00 per couple.
Benefit RAF Benevolent Fund.

Sunday, July 4, 11 a.m.—Tennis
match, Officers versus Cadets; and
Swimming Gala. 2 p.m.—Colour
Hoisting Parade, 2:30 p.m.—Softball,
Advanced Instructors versus Course
1/4 Cadets; soccer game. 4 p.m.—
Cricket Game, Officers versus Ca-
dets. 5:30 p.m.—Formation Flying.
All Day—Everyone invited to Riddle
Field to inspect the Field and witness
these activities.

G. RALPH KIEL
WRITES HISTORY
OF EMBRY-RIDDLE

The story of Embry-Riddle and its primary training, 1917 and now, as published
in the June issue of The American Pilot
and Aircrafter, makes one's blood run
warmer as it unfolds the importance of the
work each of us, as a part of this organization,
is doing.

A 5,000-word story by G. Ralph Kiel,
Director of the Public Relations department,
illustrated with 47 pictures taken by
Charles C. Ebbets, Chief of the Photographic Division, covers 12 pages packed
with evidence of the materialization of one
man's dream, the dream of John Paul Riddle.

VITAL WAR WORK

Beginning with organization at the Seaplane Base in 1939, the Company's growth
is traced to the present day. Carlsbom, Dorr, Riddle, Embry-Riddle and Chapman
Fields, the Seaplane Base, the Miami Technical Divisions, the vast Aircraft and Over-
haul Divisions—all doing vital War work
now and pointing toward a new and pro-
gressive peace-time world.

Accompanied by the pictorial resume of
Charles Ebbets, Ralph Kiel's detailed history
of the Embry-Riddle Company and
its affiliates is complete and accurate. The
information it presents should be read and
assimilated by each of us to further our
ability to work together toward a common
cause.

CONGRATULATIONS, MAJOR HUNT

Word has just been received that Jack S. Hunt, one
of the "originals" at Carlsbom Field and former Di-
rector of Flying, has been promoted to Major. In a
letter to Mr. Riddle from Ft. Worth, Texas, where he
is stationed with the AAF, Major Hunt requested
that his best wishes be sent to every pilot, ground
school instructor and mechanic in the organization.
In turn, all of Carlsbom, yes, all of the Embry-Riddle
Company send congratulations and wish him the best
of everything.

OLOHOS EM
DIRECCAO
DO BRAZIL

Quatro classes na escola tecnic Embry-Riddle estudam a lingua Portugueza diariamente, porque todos os alunos desejam o bello Rio visitar. Os alunos creem que o Brazil e um paiz magnificiente e romantico. E verdade Sr. Ponso? Os professores e alunos contam em aula um grande numero de historias acerca do povo brasileiro ou tambem de compridas e grossas cobras que devoram ate bois inteiros. Tambem elles afirmam, todas sen-
horas e senhoritas sao doces e belas, enquanto todos os senhores sao cavalheiros fortes e generosos.

Ate nosso encontro no Brazil, professor Ponso

K. C. Smith

Editor's Note: The above, written by Super-
intendent of Technical Training, Kirby C.
Smith, is the first of a series of articles to
be written in Portuguese by the students of
Adriano Ponso, Instructor Extraordinary.
Each week one of Senhor Ponso's pupils
will submit an article for publication in
the Fly Paper, and each pupil will at some
time write something, long or short, to prove
his or her ability in the Portuguese
language.
July 4th, 1943, Is At Hand

by Otto Hempel, Jr.

News Flash! July 4, 1943. The colony of Moravia declares herself independent and sets up her own government. “So what?” we say. It makes an interesting news item but only in passing and is soon forgotten.

It is perhaps with that same passing interest that some portions of the world heard of the announcement on July 4, 1776, that the English Colony in the New World had declared herself free and independent, How much that has come to mean since then.

Our forefathers came to the New World for Freedom and Freedom in its broadest sense. The right to worship as they choose; freedom of speech; freedom of government; the right to live a peaceful life and bring children into a world of opportunity.

It was these principles which were being threatened that led to the Declaration of Independence. As a document it is a model of clarity and conciseness. As a symbol it represents the principles upon which the new liberty was founded and the underlying basic structure of our country today.

A Fateful Day

Yes, it was a fateful day in 1776. To the colonists it meant the beginning of a long arduous war, a fight against friends and relatives in the homeland. It was a day of destiny.

Through the years we have celebrated that day with picnics, fireworks and flag waving speeches by local officials. It might almost be that it is lost its significance as the anniversary of the birth of an idea which was to impress itself on the world.

To the school child it was the first real celebration of school children. Well, to them that may have been a celebration of freedom.

To the adults it has meant a picnic, a day at the beach, or a long auto ride. That too may represent a type of freedom.

Today, however, the school child is helping on the farm, young men and young women are serving in our armed forces, mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers are working on the production front. Gasoline and rubber are precious war materials and cannot be wasted in idle driving. Explosives used formerly in fire works are needed for a grimmer end.

Now July 4, 1943, is at hand. There will be no celebration of freedom, no picnics, no auto rides. It is many months since Pearl Harbor, the day of flag waving hysteria is past and we are settled down to the business of protecting and fighting for that basic principle of democracy, Freedom.

Yes, there will be a celebration; individual celebration; each of us will rejoice in the fact that that declaration made so long ago can still be repeated and still have meaning. Each of us can rejoice that we are free.

No, we don’t need the beach, the picnic, the ride or the speech. Rather this year will more nearly resemble that first Fourth of July as being a fateful day.

A day of destiny because again that declaration means war. A war to protect those basic principles which we hold so dear.

Then tomorrow we may once more enjoy the privilege of going on a picnic, riding and listening to the bang of firecrackers instead of bombs, seeing skyrockets instead of star shells. Yes, July 4, 1943, is indeed a day of Destiny.

Birth of an Idea

To us in aviation that day in 1776 is represented as the birth of an idea for a new plane on the drafting board. The intervening years are the gradual growth of the idea into a material thing and today the test-hop. Our faith is in our test-pilot, the armed forces, the ground crew, the production front. We know it will survive the pull out on the steepest dive and return with a “Happy Landing.”

The Fourth of July this year comes on Sunday, making Monday the legal holiday. This year the most fitting way to spend this day is on the production line to bring that day of final Victory that much closer. With that end in mind, Monday will be just another work day for us but a day which we will celebrate by just a little extra production.

Saturday will see the new flag raised over Aircraft Overhaul. It is indeed a fitting time for this event. As we told you, we are being honored by the presence of Mr. Riddle and Mr. Horton.

Happy Days

These days are especially happy ones for our women. Mrs. Johnson of the Covering department is rejoicing that her husband is safely home again. He is captain of a tug which was torpedoed. He and the entire crew were adrift in their lifeboat for 25 hours before rescue. We certainly rejoice with you, Mrs. Johnson.

Continued on Page 17
Charlie Sullivan, Bob Watts and Jesse Tate are growing mustaches. There's talk of wax, dye and hair restorer. Where's the moustache cups? We have a present for Bill Reese. A brand new telephone directory. The other day he wanted to call the Time department on the Field, when he lifted the phone to get the operator on the Field he got the Union City operator without being aware of the fact.

Operator: “Numba plizz.”
Bill: “Three O, please.”

There followed a series of buzzings and clickings.

Female Voice: “Union City Clinic.”
Bill: “How much time does Joe Blow have?”

Female Voice: “Ah, uh, well, huh?”
Reese: “I said, how much dual time does Joe Blow have?”

Female Voice: “Well now lady, smawty pants.”
Bill: “Say, 8% is this the Time department, or ain't it?”

There was a muffled shriek and the party hangs up on Bill.

Operator: “Operator.”
Bill: “You gave me the wrong number, Toots. I want number thirty.”

Operator: “I will connecter.”
Again there is a slight pause for station connection.

Same Female Voice: “Clinic.”
Bill bitterly: “You again, Where's Miss Taylor?”

Female Voice: “Look, Doc, are we gonna go through all that again.”

Bill nervously hitched his chair forward. His face is wet with honest sweat.
Bill: “I beg your pardon. I must have the wrong number.”

Female Voice: “Well now ain't you a quick one to catch on so fast.”

Bill (to himself in a mumbling monotone): “Now feller you must hang up and get the operator again and explain carefully to her just what number you want.”

Bill: “Ahhh... say Myrt... I mean uh whose operator are you anyhow?”

Operator: “I will give you the Manager's office, you Beast.”

Bill (to himself): “Well, I jus' wonner whether you is our operator or is you ain't. I don't know... I is just a mean widda boy... All I ast wuz one lil' simple question.”

He hangs up and stares at the phone a moment... then with a vicious snarl snatches it loose from the wall, hurls it out the window, and staggers out into the hall to take the steps up to the Time department.

Now The News

Now that I have that off my chest I'll try to give you a little news.

George Jones, Group Commander, just returned from a short vacation in Virginia. He flew his Culver up to act as the best man at his brother's wedding. George said that he was more nervous than the groom.

Riddle-McKay is strutting it's stuff. Sue Simpson of Operations won first prize at the beauty contest as Miss Ohio County and Betty Whitehorne walked off with the second prize. Congratulations from all of us to both of you.

Lt. Thomas Smiley from Maxwell Field replaces Lt. John Tolar as Intelligence Officer on the Post. Welcome, Lieutenant. Lt. Tolar was transferred to Cochran Field, Ga.

1st Lt. Norman Goulker of Nashville has arrived to assist Capt. Boukard in the Medical Detachment.

Pvt. Gerald May has been transferred from 6th Statistical Control Unit, Maxwell Field. He will be assigned to clerical duties here at Headquarters.

The Post baseball team suffered a stinging defeat at the hands of the Dyersburg Army Air Base team. The score... eight to one, my friends. Practice may not make perfect but it sure helps. (Alibi).

Lt. Frank Harrison has assumed the duties of Adjutant at Headquarters.

Gordon McCann's Tennessee Walking Horse in the two-year-old class won the blue ribbon at the Horse Show the other p.m. in Union City. Two Socks was ridden by Ralph Stubblefield of Union City.

### CADET NEWS

Reid Voelker decided to give the boys a few lessons in the gentle game of basketball. Reid played hard and long. Reid played well. Yesterday the entire squad went to the hospital to visit Reid. It seems that while we were playing a knee got slightly bent. Oh yes, Reid's knee.

The Union City Junior Chamber of Commerce gets the prize as our favorite organization. It was through their efforts that the entire Cadet Corps was invited to attend the Annual Horse Show and Beauty Revue. Through Mr. Clifford Houser we would like to thank the Board for a wonderful time.

### Hifi Sarge

A/C Sharp, F. I., Jr., wants to meet the lug that was Hitler's sergeant.

According to all the latest information the Army does not issue vocal cords or give elevation lessons. When one or both become available please notify A/C Vavra and J. C. Appleton.

A/C Clifford's comment on PTs is not printable!

The Class of 43-J has gone to Basic. One step closer to those coveted wings. Good luck and save some of those little monkeys for us to shoot at.

What is there about the WAAC that gives
Dorr Doings

by Jack Whitnall

How Tempus Fugit. The gals in the Ad building wondering how they are going to get from the Ad building to the bus without getting drowned. We have a suggestion that will solve that problem - remove shoes and stockings and go to it, it has been done here before by some of our office force.

Suggested penalty for absenteeism ... $1.00 fine and a pint of blood for the Blood Bank - sort of gruesome but very effective any way you take it.

The Army Side

By the time you read this we will have said goodbye to Major Barry, Lt. Don, Principe and Bennett and W/O J.G. Talley. Where they are headed we don’t know, but we wish them all the best of good luck wherever they may be located.

Seems that we have the losing edge when we play Lt. Sheridan a game of pool. That also goes for Lt. Frank in the bowling alley. The Lieutenant is a wow with a bowling ball.

One of our most embarrassing moments last week was when we were in the bowling alley and all set to let her fly down the alley and lo and behold we got our thumb stuck in the ball.

We had visions of flying down the alleys stretched out flat behind the ball; but after a hard struggle and a lot of percussiveness we finally got our thumb out. In the future we’ll be particular which ball we choose.

Now Lt. McLaughlin, for instance, we almost had him whipped to a standstill in a game of table tennis. After playing eight games and losing them all to the Lieutenant, he said he was tired and if he played us one more game he might lose. Just when we had him all whipped down and were feeling pretty confident.

The Short Snorter’s Log

Ed Bishop and Billy Purser left the latter part of the week - Billy to the Navy and Ed to the Army. Welcome to two new Assistant Dispatchers this past week - Grace Hale and Irma Thrower. Promoted to Dispatchers are Buddy Cornelius and Edna Blount.

Tommy Permenter and Badger Langford, two of our Dispatchers, are entering the Army around the first of July. Instructors entering the tower in a continuous stream asking the inevitable question, “Have our uniforms come yet?”

Jim “Hopalong” Burt is on his vacation for the next two weeks. We understand that Gordon Mougey will have charge of “Susie-O” while Jim is away. Jim’s description of “Susie-O” to some innocent bystander, “She has the prettiest pair of legs you ever saw, beautiful brown eyes and the softest hair imaginable” — then the look of disgust on the L.B.’s face when he finds out that she’s only a horse.

Albert Fredette is now eligible to belong to that exclusive company, “Horse Lovers Association,” since he held the lucky number on the raffle held by Jim Waterman the other day and won that prize piece of Dobbins-Burger.

We hear from the flight line gestapo that when “Battercup” was being measured for his uniform the measurements went something like this: waist 35 in., length 32 in., “all wool and yard wide.”

Airplane Maintenance

Mary Edna Parker opening her mail from somewhere in Virginia and the self-satisfied smile that comes over her face as she reads it.

Mr. Cullers and Bill Ellard getting their heads together. Must be cooking up another improvement. Did you see “Doc” Rude all dressed up last Saturday night in Arcadia? We met him on the street corner, greeted him with the familiar “Hi, Doc,” and he comes back with “Mr. Rude to you, you jerk.”

Robert Owens of the colored cleaning crew heard murmuring, “Listen to that rain on the tin roof, how I could sleep.” So could we, Robert.

Tol’ably Yours,
Jack.

P.S. When you read this don’t forget the buffet supper dance that is to be held at the Auxiliary Field on July 10th from 8:30 p.m. till 12:30 a.m. Tickets are on sale at the front gate of the Main Field (Dorr) for one buck per customer. Also tickets are on sale at the front gate at the Auxiliary Field (Carlstrom). They can be purchased from those two very handsome gentlemen, Jake Newsome or George “Gable” Mackie, for the same price. We say the same price because we can’t say what George or Jake might try to get.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS

Letters addressed to the following persons can be found in the Tech School Mail Room: Lawrence Carraro, Margaret Hill, Walter C. Hunter, Earl L. Jourdan, Allie Law, Arthur Machintine, Robert Reid, Louis Staff and C. W. Tullos.
by Pauline Powell & Bill Waters, Co-Eds.

Well, here we go again, late as usual, so Avast and Ahoy and all that there.

Congrats to the "Little Fledglings" who graduated last week from this fine institution of learning and are now known as Private Pilots. They are: Hugh Skinner, well-known instrument repairman for Embry-Riddle, L.t. Oscar Clark and Maj. Tompkins, both of whom are connected with the ATC at 36th St. Also congrats to R. Powell and S. Selby who received their water ratings on the same day. A very fine job was done by all.

"Well done," Virginia and L.t. Rex Branch. Those Ground School grades were really nice.

Welcome to the Seaplane Base, Mary Jane D'Ambrosio, Betty Jane Sullivan and Mary Frances Dressing. We hope your stay is pleasant and you achieve your goal.

"Rhumba-line Denzel" has just returned from furlough and seemed very glad to get back to Miami. We're always glad to see you, Andy.

Just as this issue was being prepared we were visited by Frances Manning of Accounting. Hope we were of some help, Frances. We do hope you had a nice time and will come back soon.

This week we welcome Herb Shultis, our new Maintenance department executive, who will be most efficient in whipping the Gremlins back into line. Here's to a long gray beard with good ol' Embry-Riddle.

There seems to be a strong cross-wind coming up; the spray from these Whitecaps is getting in my eyes. Water rudder up, stick back, full throttle, we're off!

by Cara Lee Cook

It seems like a blue Christmas since I've knuckled down to paper work, having done nothing in the past month but lie on my back and pity you poor slave driven creatures. But it's back to the salt mines for me too, so here goes nothing on what's what at this outpost.

Before I start, however, I'd like to thank everyone for the beautiful flowers and wonderful gifts I received while at the hospital. The anonymous letters from "The Eye" also were duly appreciated, although the results were almost disastrous, for I laughed until it hurt. The root of all this evil was Dave Narrow's cute little wife, Helen. Thanks, pal, for helping to break the monotony.

Sweet Peace, or, If I Had the Wings of An Angel: Notice to all law-abiding Chapman employees. If you value your lives and the peaceful sanctity of the Field, please don't raise Mr. Brook's blood pressure any higher by neglecting to show your identification badges when breezing through the gate. He's reached that dangerous stage and that gun doesn't shoot water.

He's threatened me with chains and solitary confinement 17 times this week. Several others have been released on suspended sentences, but next time it's into the guardhouse, and thens' orders!

The honorable Navy is the cause of much ado here in the near vicinity. Several of our key personnel are anticipating a merger with Uncle Sam's Naval Forces seeing as how Seaman 2nd Class sounds much better than Private Buckaroos, don'cha think?

The line-up in this war of nerves displays such celebrities as W. Sheffield, M. Campbell, E. Tierney and Lois Leitner.

Land Crab Commandos

The fiendish Landcrab Commandos have landed and have the situation well in hand. The office force stays in a perpetual state of frustrated frenzy trying, but vainly, to avoid these crawling, creeping creatures. Their glory has been short lived though, for open crab hunting season has been declared and great losses can be accounted for, especially when the wind changes.

The petite little face behind the switch-board is new addition Harriet Van De Veer. We hope you like us.

Mr. Stahler did the honors this week with an Open House party at his lovely new apartment. Most of the CAA personnel was present, including Martha Alexander, Hank and Mrs. Faller, Jack and Mrs. Bivings, Instructors Narrow, Davis, Tierney, Campbell, Muller, Pearlman, Bronsan, Kayser, Moxley, DaBoll and Chef DeMarco.

Then there was Willbur Sheffield, but that's such a painful subject. The Bakers came as did Billy Fernandez, Babs Beekwith and Bobbie Lethbridge. There were many others but space won't permit. 'Twas a nice party and thanks, Charlie, for a good time.

Flying is going on as usual, but Operations being such a strange place with all those new faces, we haven't the details. Am going to take a personally conducted tour through some day and find out why we don't see more of the Maxey brothers, Instructors Willett, Kay Knesche, Hayes, Lambros, Haygood and Curtiss at our weekly get-togethers.

Next week we'll also give due fanfare to those unsung heroes of the production line, namely Flight Commanders Curly Narrow, Jungle Jim Pollard of "My Wild Irish Rose" fame, Gerry Cook and Helen Cavis.

Can't think of any further news now. My mind's either maturing late or rotting early; the wheels just refuse to go. See you next week.

LT. G. T. HARRIS

LOST AT SEA

It is with deep regret that we learn all hope has been given up for the life of one of our former students, L.t. George T. Harris. “Bud” had been reported missing in action off the coast of Africa since last April, but his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Harris of Miami, recently received a letter from one of his friends that blasted all hope for his recovery.

Harris, who had been on active duty in northern Africa for about seven months, was returning from a bombing mission when he met heavy ground fire. His plane was hit and eye-witnesses said he made a good landing, but the plane sank at once. His companions circled around for some time, but “Bud” never came to the surface.

Harris received his primary training and obtained his private pilot's license at Municipal Air Base in 1941. He also trained at Bonham Field and Randolph Field and received his wings at Victoria Foster Field in April, 1942.

We wish to extend sincere sympathy to Mrs. Harris from the entire Embry-Riddle Company.
Tomorrow (Saturday, July 3) marks the beginning of a series of activities at Riddle Field celebrating the Second Anniversary of No. 5 BFTS and commemorating Independence Day. Elaborate plans, presented elsewhere in this issue, have been made to entertain the many visitors who are expected. We wish to extend a hearty welcome to all and we hope they will enjoy themselves and return to see us again.

No. 5 BFTS in celebrating its Second Anniversary can look over with great pride its two years of existence. Many graduates who have left this school have distinguished themselves in practically all theaters of World War with the Royal Air Force, whose great work needs no publicity. The United States Army Air Forces soon will benefit from the excellent training received here, since several AAF Cadets are now training at Riddle Field.

Celebration of American Independence Day at a British Flying Training School is absolute proof of the unity and good-will that exists between these two great countries. Today, right here at Riddle Field, British and American Cadets train side by side as brothers, just as British and American soldiers and sailors fight side by side as comrades.

It is this open-mindedness, this spirit of unity, this spirit of cooperation, that is making our two countries great partners in winning the Victory and Peace. And it will be this same fellowship that will make leaders of these two great democracies in administrating to the Post-War World the doctrine of the Four Freedoms.

Instructor's Feast

Form one errors really paid big dividends for the Advanced Instructors of Jimmy Cousins' Squadron. For, through the money collected from said errors, an old-fashioned fried chicken dinner with all the "fixin's" was served these men at the Instructor's Club last week.

Lawrence DeMarco, Primary Instructor, once again reigned supreme as "king of the kitchen" and was presented with a leather license holder in appreciation of his services.

Joe Garcia was on hand with his moving picture projector and showed several interesting scenes taken here at the Field and in this vicinity.

All in all the fellows really had themselves a good meal and an enjoyable evening, and in order to have a repeat performance, some intentional form one errors might be in the offing. Those present at this "shindig" were:

Squadron Commanders Cousins and Cockrell; Assistant Engineering Officer Bob Walker; Flight Commanders Brink, Perry and Woodward; Dispatchers Ollie Lynch and Tom Berkary; Assistant Flight Commanders Place, Garcia, Brinton and Day; Instructors, Caris, Brazell, Butler, Taylor, Ahern, Bright, Feigel, McGeehe, Baker, Mangold, Chaffin, Leapline and Darby.

RAF'S AT RIDDLE FIELD

Flight Sergeants Woodward and Kennard, Ground School Instructors at No. 5 BFTS, Clewiston

Failure to win more first places cost the Riddle Field swimmers a 46-29 loss to the Morrison Field swimmers at Palm Beach last week.

The winners took first honors in every event except the 800 yard free style relay; however, the Riddle team kept in the running by taking the majority of second and third spots.

Scoring for our team was: Watkin (12 points), Hardware (3 points), Slater (3 points), Finch (1 point), Fisher (1 point), Brahe (1 point), Ogden (1 point), and the relay team of Fisher, Craven, Slater and Ogden racked up seven counters.

In this their first experience in a competitive swimming meet, the local swimmers put up a good show and are to be congratulated on their efforts.

Know Your Departments

We were accused of forgetting one Department on the Field—the Timekeeping gals. So here they are—the persons who are not too excited about the tune "As Time Goes By."

Katie Crawford, Department Head, Lola Asbell, Edith Daughtrey, Orval Dixon (hey, how did you get in here?), Bernice Kawka, Eleanor Ratley, Florence Ruelbeling, Sylvia Snell, Esther Walker, Evelyn Wester and Virginia Dwyer.

Another of our very important departments is "Doc" Fess' radio men. These lads and lasses service all the radios in our planes besides operating and maintaining the Control Tower. In Doc's department are Grace Hampton, John Parker, John Crow, Sydney Bronson, Virginia Smith, Bob Hlavety and Milo Jones.

Here and There

Surprised last week were the many friends of T/Sgt. and Mrs. Bob LaFlower, who announced their marriage in Palm Beach on Saturday, June 19. Mrs. LaFlower is the former Emily Stender of Clewiston, while Bob is the senior man on Captain Persinger's administrative staff.

After "eating out" for the past 19 months, Continued on Page 13
FIELD DAY AT CARLSTROM

by Merry Lou Pirman

On ground usually guarded with gun and barbed wire there trudged at Carlstrom thousands of expectant, eager civilians. Old men with futile dreams of action and young boys with air fever running hot in their blood. There was the gaiety and excitement of a fair—pop bottles littered the lawns and young girls promenaded in their Sunday clothes. But over all hung the feeling that this was the real thing; they were on the inside for a day and the curtain was about to go up.

The occasion was Field Day at Carlstrom, and in order was an exhibition of the achievement and power of a small part of the men and planes of the U. S. Army Air Corps.

Young fliers who wish some day be accorded the respect due a combat pilot were put en masse through the rigorous Army drills. Hot, two, three, four, red faced and sweating, while their proud wives and sweethearts watched from the sidelines.

Competition

There were athletic forays and compe-tition between the Cadets in the training planes. Here the spectators got a glimpse of what the Cadets and personnel at Carlstrom work and plan for day in and day out—the ability of the fliers to master their ships and pilot them with confidence.

Capt. Leonard Povey, founder of the Cuban Air Force, gave a brilliant exhibition of aerobatics in an advanced trainer, and Clem Wittenbeck, popular head of the Instructor Refresher School, was in his glory putting a primary trainer through its paces. As an open mouthed Cadet said, "Boy, he really wrung that one out."

Next came Group Commander Carl Dunn, in slowly Cub, giving the crowd a lesson in how not to fly an airplane! This exhibition brought down the house and even the most uninstructed in the audience appreciated his wild antics.

Joe Brown, Assistant Flight Coordinator, and Ray Farwell, Chief Parachute Rigger, had a chance to test the efficiency of Ray's work when they parachuted to the field from over two thousand feet.

Thrills

Biggest thrill of the day to many of the spectators, however, was the show put on by four officers from Bartow, flying the Air Corps' fastest pursuit planes—the P-51. Spellbound, the crowd watched as they executed difficult maneuvers, zoomed and "strafed" the field for well over an hour.

Rat racing, or playing tag at upward of 400 miles an hour, was especially exciting. But the crowning event came when the four planes, scant feet above the ground, raced between the Operations Tower and Hangar No. 3, causing the persons in the Tower to all but retrace the building.

After these acts of daring, anything further would have been an anti-climax. Lt. McCormick presented the awards for the day's achievements, and with the entire field standing at attention, Retreat was sounded.

a goodly crowd turned out. Thanks, Miami gals, and come again!

We welcome Bob Bullock back from his vacation. We thought he would have had his fill of fishing by this time, but he's already trying to figure out some way he can "go fishing" again.

Lt. James L. Wharton, Jr., one of Carlstrom's boys, paid a short visit to his Alma Mater during the past week. Wonder if that accounted for the sparkle in Roberta Dudley's eyes!

Tom Davis received a card from Bill Air last week. All old-timers will remember Bill as working for C. F. Wheeler when Carlstrom was being built. Bill's address is Pvt. William Air, Jr., 534th TFEFS, Williams Field, Chander, Ariz.

Another of those Super Carlstrom Dances is being planned for July 10th. That's Saturday evening, folks, and all personnel of both Carlstrom and Dorr Fields is invited—Army and civilian (excluding Aviation Cadets). Admission is $1.00 each, buffet supper will be served, Chi Desidero and his orchestra will play, cool evening with Florida moon has been ordered. So come on out and join in the fun.

Get Your Tickets

At Carlstrom tickets may be secured from Eva Mae Lee or Peggy Brown in the Operations Tower, or from Kay Bramlett in the Administration building. Jack Whitnall or Doug Hocker will be glad to handle your requests at Dorr Field.

Plans are being formulated for a school of instruction for Volunteer Fire Fighters under the able direction of Capt. Davis of the Miami Fire department. It is hoped that a good class will be enrolled from Carlstrom, Dorr, Arcadia and Nocatee. Watch

CARLSTROM R. A. I. NEWS

by Kay Bramlett

We welcome Jack Schopenhauer who has been transferred from Cleveland to Carlstrom Field to take Hal Emrick's job of Superintendent of Maintenance. We hope you'll like it here, Jack, and know you can count on every person in the Maintenance department to give you all the cooperation you want.

George C. Gibson is Engineering Hangar Chief with offices located in Hangar 2, and George D. Kennedy, Flight Line Hangar Chief, has offices in Hangar 4.

Elice Cross and Mary Garrett (whose husband is a mechanic here) are the two young ladies who handle the numerous office details in connection with the Maintenance department.

Another person important to the proper running of the Maintenance department is William J. Humphrey, Stockroom Clerk. He is the guy who has to listen to all the troubles of the mechanics besides keeping them supplied with the various articles from his stockroom.

Just in case you haven't heard, the Field Meet was a huge success. All who took part in the various events are to be congratulated on the excellent job they did. The audience seemed to enjoy thoroughly the entire day, and many inquiries already have come through as to when the next Field Meet will take place.

Next Dance

The Graduation Dance for Class 43-J took place on Friday, June 25th. Five lovely lassies from Embry-Riddle divisions in Miami arrived to help entertain the Cadets, and from reports everyone had a marvelous time. The eleven-piece orchestra from Ft. Myers rendered the music—both sweet and swing—and in spite of the rainy weather,
THE SPECTACULAR AIR SHOW

Scenes at Carlstrom's spectacular air show. At the left in the upper right hand corner, Group B. winners of the drill competition, are pictured. First place for 180 degree side accuracy landings went to Cadet C. W. Caldwell of Sunbury, Pa., center. Winner of the hurdle landings was Cadet W. R. Beyer of Danville, Pa., center right. Cadet Robert Swinehart of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, center left, capped the honors for 2000 feet accuracy landings.
Swimming and diving competition, volleyball, and baseball resulted in almost as many thrills as did Carlstrom’s air show. Two thousand spectators thronged the sidelines as Cadets and Personnel demonstrated aerial and physical prowess. In the center picture are, left to right: Clem Whittenbeck, chief of the refresher school, who demonstrated how to fly a PT; Capt. Len Pover, famous acrobatic flyer and vice-president in charge of flying operations, who staged a breathtaking show in an AT; and Group Commander Carl Dunn, whose exhibition demonstrated how not to fly a cub.
CARLSTROM ATHLETICS

by Lt. Roy J. Weiner

Track-minded Cadets of Class 43-K displayed their prowess individually in their cinder classic which saw Doug Reinhardt cop top honors with a total of 22 points.

Reinhardt placed first in the broad jump with a leap of 18 feet 11 inches and first in the shot with a 44 foot 8 inch toss. Reinhardt, an outstanding all-around athlete, captained his football and basketball teams.

KAY ON VACATION

Kay Bramlitt, our efficient reporter, Secretary to Mr. Povey and first girl employee at Carlstrom Field, left Saturday night for a well earned week's vacation in Georgia (yes, she is a Georgia gal). Here's hoping she has a wonderful time.

at Brecksville, Ohio, high school in addition to starring in track.

The climax of his athletic career was with Ohio U. of Athens when he participated in the National Invitational Basketball Tournament at Madison Square Garden in 1941. Reinhardt also graced the gridiron for Ohio U.

Tied for second place in the meet with another contestant was Howard Davis, who registered a third in the high jump with 4 feet 9 inches to his credit. Davis, a Philadelphia youth, played football, basketball, baseball and tennis in his prep school days at Germantown Academy and participated in football and soccer at Temple U.

Deadlocked with Davis in the runner-up position was Albert Hood, former track star at Duluth, Minn. Hood placed second in the half mile with 2:19, third in the hundred yard dash with 11.9, and third in the broad jump with 18 feet 1 inch.

In third place with several other participants was Bob Hopkins of Leesburg, Va., who totaled 19 points. Hopkins walked away with honors in the dash by running the 100 yards in 11.2 and copped first in the half mile with 2:13.5. He formerly starred in football and track at Episcopal high of Alexandria, Va.

John Clifton also garnered 19 points, placing second in the dash with 11.3, and second in the high jump with 4 feet 10 inches. Clifton participated in football and track during his high school career at San Diego, Calif. He was a member of the Southern California track championship aggregation in 1940, a team which still holds the 660 relay record in its class.

Class 43-K now eagerly awaits the opening of the tennis tournament and the swimming meet, both of which will be under way soon.

CARLSTROM

Continued from Page 9

for later announcement of time and place.

Lt. Haring is leaving today for a two weeks' leave in Kansas. Pfc. Benjamin Lane of the Intelligence office and Cpl. Jesse Townsend of Headquarters are hereby extended an official welcome to Carlstrom Field. We hope you'll like it!

New order put out by our Commanding Officer this week enables the girl employees at the Field to use the swimming pool from 12 noon until 1 p.m. every day—Monday through Saturdays. Needless to say, all the girls appreciate this opportunity to get a little sun, and that swim in the middle of the day is just the thing to pep one up in the summer time!

Employees here at the Field are entertained every noon by some of the leading orchestras in the country. Yes sir, recordings of all types are played in Mr. Britton's office in the Operations Tower and are then amplified over the public address system so that the music may be heard all over the Field. Just one more reason why people like to work at Carlstrom!

ALLOVER OVERHAUL

by Bleeka Kistler

I just received word that Jimmie Miller is making plans to build an extension onto his Luscomb. This, my dear readers, is to be a special room for Charles Bethel to use when it's "Siesta" time at Carlstrom.

News Flash! Joe Garman has a beautiful cat of which he thinks someone is trying to deprive him. Marian says Joe need not worry, that one wants the cat—all they want is for Joe to have a swell time on his vacation.

Mae Nelson, Ernie Sykes and husband, Bud, went to Punta Gorda last week and spent a week. While there they attended the weekly dance at the Community Hall. Mae and Ernie report a swell evening. Marian, who is in the know, says everyone always has fun at those dances.

There's something about Carl Shugars and a bob cat or a hunting or fishing trip that we cannot fathom. Perhaps he just went swimming, who can tell.

Why did Eugene Scarborough's face turn so red when she had to pull an upper wing cover? Dean Harshall has definitely decided that he cannot keep pace with "Muffa" Rames. Elizabeth and Helen gave their Spray room the cleaning of all time Saturday.

Ah, to be Scarlet O'Hara, to make myself invisible in order to hear the conversation between Mildred H. and another companion in Hangar No. 3 Saturday. The rapt expression on Mildred's face denoted great interest.

Don't forget the box for the cigarette fund for our boys overseas. Up to now we haven't enough cash to buy our first shipment. Remember, the most we can do is the least we can do.

All are hoping for a speedy recovery for Evaline Westberry and W. L. Sutton.

Wilma Holloway has received word from her husband, Pvt. John, who is stationed at Saulte St. Marie, Mich., that he expects a furlough some time next month. Wilma says that the time can't pass quickly enough. Let's all pray that nothing happens to prevent Pvt. John's furlough for the sake of Wilma's sanity.

AFTER THAT FIRST SPIN AT CARLSTROM!
SAFETY
by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

The Embry-Riddle safety training program is ready to begin functioning under a coordinated and specific plan. It is designed for the benefit of all employees—to make their working hours as free from danger as humanly possible—free from the likelihood of painful injury or the loss of time and money.

Under this plan, supervisory personnel are making careful study of their departments and listing all possible hazards. These lists are being studied for remedial action which may take the form of mechanical safeguards, better equipment, or more complete understanding on the part of employees. It is planned that foremen, crew chiefs and department heads hold weekly meetings with their groups, at which time these hazards will be discussed.

Help your own Supervisor in this program. If you recognize any hazards to life, limb or health, call them to his attention. Be prompt and regular in attendance at his safety talks. This program is for your benefit; be a part of it; help make it a success. Let’s see if we can set a perfect safety record.

SAFETY AIDS VICTORY.

RIDDLE ROUND-UP
Continued from Page 8

it was a real treat to taste some “home cooking” last week. We had the privilege and were very grateful for the opportunity of dining with Primary Instructor and Mrs. John Raynor, Link Instructor and Mrs. Neal Dwyer, and Advanced Instructor and Mrs. Jimmy Taylor.

Another of those mysterious contributors to our column, a person who calls himself or herself “Tam,” has sent us some bits of verse which we shall be delighted to use from time to time.

It’s a gambler’s chance at the Mess Hall now—under a new system recently inaugurated, you now pay your check before you eat.

Lt. R. A. Dobbs is the new head of the Army Supply here, having succeeded Lt. Sissmundo.

Dora Bjornson, sister of C.G.I Cliff Bjornson, has accepted a secretarial position in the RAF office. Jeanne O’Neill is a Link Dispatcher.

1st Lt. Tommy Gowin, former Medical Officer here, visited friends at this Field recently. The new emblem at the head of our column this week is the excellent work of Al Garrone, the clever brush wielder.

From Harry Lehman’s refresher school comes word that Messrs. Dozier, Langhorne, Van Petten and Coleman have completed their refreshers and are now instructing on the Primary Flight Line. George Ferrell and Sydney Golden are new refreshers.

Household Hints—To add flavor to your spaghetti, try rubbing it in the sink before serving—a certain member of Timekeeping, recently transferred to Accounting, can verify this statement.

Correspondents Rest

Our Course 14 and 15 Cadet correspondents are taking a well-earned rest this week. But, Messrs. Bourne, Egley, Lillis, Fisher and Rose, we shall expect you to come in next week with some copy.

The Advanced Instructor softball team again took the measure of the Primary Instructors the other day, by a 17-9 count. The winners are confidently looking forward to their game with the Course 14 Cadets Sunday.

Assistant General Manager and Mrs. Baxton have returned from a short vacation in Miami.

The Intelligence room of the new Ground School is practically finished now. And what with comfortable easy chairs and a Schwartzkopf setting (paintings to you), the place takes the appearance of a country club where it’ll be a pleasure to study.

Morrison Field Athletes Here

Tennis and softball teams from Morrison Field at Palm Beach were here last Wednesday to compete against our Riddle Field athletes. The results will be included in the next issue.

Playing for the No. 5 BFTS tennis team were: Cadets Parks and Muraille (Course 13); Bange and Craven (Course 15) as doubles partners; and Cadet Cox (Course 14) and P.T. Sgt. Moyes, the singles players.

Course 15’s softball team played the visitors, with Cadets Hunt, Goodwin, Brasch, Jackson, Turner, Young, Myers, Murg and Korbanks included in the line-up.

One Year Ago

July 2, 1942—Jeanette Eastman of Miami takes Link course here—Roger Weeks and Doug Day are new Link refresher—Group Captain Carnegie and Group Captain Airie from the RAF Delegation in Washington inspect Riddle Field—Instructor Bob Walker takes Cadets Baker, Twelftree and Pegg of Course 7 on a week-end fishing trip to Miami—K. L. Walter, Mess Hall Steward, is Man of the Week—Many Cadets and Instructors spend the week-end in Miami at the Macfadden-Deauville.

Special to Fly Paper: Born to Chief Instructor and Mrs. Harry Lehman a son on June 29, 1943.

AT CLEWISTON

Primary Instructor Howe

PAN AMERICAN CLIPPER

New to the family of aviation house organs is the Pan American Clipper, published monthly by the Eastern Division of the Pan American Airways and edited by Vernon Van Ness.

The magazine is written by and for the personnel, which stretches from Miami to Buenos Aires, and its purpose is to provide a meeting place for the exchange of ideas and news.

The first issue, making its appearance July 1, gives promise of a superior publication which will promote greater unity and singleness of purpose within the Division it represents.

Our hats are off to the Pan American Clipper and Vernon Van Ness.
SOFTBALL

The second phase of the Embry-Riddle Softball League was again won by the Permanent Party team. With Pvt. Don Santman on the mound, the Army boys cracked out a 5-2 decision over the Instructors to win the championship of the five-team league.

A new league started at the Coliseum field last Tuesday night. The play will continue on Tuesday and Friday evenings with double headers being staged each night. The league will consist of four teams which will be known as Permanent Party, Chapman Field, Coral Gables Colonnade, and A & E Tech.

Greatly Strengthened

This new geographical split will find the teams greatly strengthened for this new six weeks' league. The Coral Gables Colonnade team has acquired the services of ace pitcher John Stumin, star catcher and utility infielder Bill Boddy, and infielder deluxe Sandy Saunders, who has been the batting star of the previous league.

The A & E Tech team will be strengthened by spinball pitcher Merle Lang, hard hitting infielder Cecil Cook, and slugger Mel Goecke, who can fill in either in left field or on third base. With Chapman Field adding a few navigation Cadets to their line-up, an interesting race for company honors is promised.

Wheeler Donates Trophy

George Wheeler, sports minded Vice-President of the Embry-Riddle Company, is donating a softball trophy to be presented to the department team either winning both halves of the league or winning the play-off between the separate victors of the first and second halves.

The Company has been fortunate in securing the services of Bob Field, veteran baseball and softball umpire, to handle the business of the league. He will umpire all games and see that the rules are strictly interpreted. He will take care of the equipment and be in complete charge of playing conditions.

YOUR PAY CHECK

Effective July 3, any employee who has had a change in salary since January 3 of this year will receive increased benefits under the group insurance plan.

Your attention is called to the fact that salary deductions from your next pay checks will indicate increased insurance benefits. This is all automatic and does not require the changing of your insurance certificate.

LT. LARKIN RETURNS

1st Lt. James A. Larkin of the AFTTC returned to the Tech School on Tuesday after an eight weeks' course in engine overhaul at the Pratt-Whitney School, East Hartford, Conn.

GYRO NOTES

by Walter H. Dick

Charles Austin is rather unhappy these days. He sold his sail boat and is now looking for another. Hope he finds what he wants soon.

Dean Cross has been very busy the past few weeks as he is balancing and finishing gyro rotors for both the day and night crews. Spin them up, Cross, but be sure they are "dead." Clements, Heid and Hinton must have a bit of friendly rivalry on as to which one can turn out the most flights. Keep it up, boys. It's good for our shop production and that is good for everyone but the Axis.

Now news is scarce and we are busy, So here comes that little ditty: You've waited long and patient too— So here 'tis—the mule.

"THE MULE"

The mule he is a funny sight, He's made of ears and dynamic, His heels are full of bricks and springs, Tornadoes, battering rams and things. He's fat as any poisoned pup; It's just his meanness swells him up; He's always scheming 'round to do The things you most don't want him to. The mule he lives on anything, He's got a voice to sing, And when he lets it loose at noon It sounds like buzz saws out of tune, He stands around with sleepy eye And looks as if he'd like to die, But when there's any dying done It ain't the mule, I'll bet a bun. Some folks don't treat mules with respect; They say he ain't got intellect, That may be so, but if you've got To go to heaven on the spot, And want a way that doesn't fail, Just twist the tassel on his tail. The mule he tends to his own biz— He don't look loaded, but he is.

Here it is the close of another big week at Instrument Overhaul. We lost a good mechanic to our Uncle, Leo Raudenbush reported the sixteenth for his trip to Blanding.

We hope that he will be back with us for a couple weeks after his examination, or better yet that they will decide he is better suited for what he is doing rather than army duty.

We also lost Virginia Cable who left to join her husband, but we gained a new mechanic in the person of Ben Schusser, who came to us from Warner-Robbins near Macon, Ga.

Speaking of gains, we of the night shift gained very much by having Sue Villeneuve join our nite crew. The paint shop also has a new addition, Freda Colby who is assisting Virginia.

HITLER PHONES FOR RESERVATION

Hitler called up the Devil on the telephone one day.

"Hello," 'twas Hitler speaking, "is old man Satan home? Just tell him it's the Dictator who wants him on the phone."

The Devil said, 'Howdy, Dolph,' and Hitler said, "How are you? I'm running he—on-earth, so tell me what to do."

"What can I do," the Devil said, "dear old pain-ovine.

You don't need any help from me—you're doing mighty fine."

"Yes, I was doing fairly well until some time ago.

When a man called Uncle Sam told me to go slow.

He said to me 'Dear Hitler, we don't want to be unkind,

But you've raised H— enough, so you'd better change your mind."

I thought his lend-lease plan was bluff he'd never get through.

But soon he put me on the spot, when he told me what to do.

So that's why I called you, Satan, I need advice from you:

For I know that you can tell me exactly what to do."

Satan said: "Dear partner, there is not much left to tell,

For Uncle Sam will make it hotter than I can here in H—. I have been a real old Devil, but not half as mean as you. So the minute you get down here the job is yours to do. I'll be ready for your coming and I'll keep the fires all bright, And I'll get your room all ready, as soon as Sam begins to fight; For I know your days are numbered, and there's nothing left to tell, Hang up your phone, put on your hat, and come on down to H—."
BOWLING CHATTER

With the Aircraft team filling the role of upset ter of top ranking teams, Chapman Field was temporarily dethroned and Cincinnati Five ascended to the league leadership. Cincinnati Five was much too powerful for the Military Engine team. In spite of a 106 pin spot they won by an average margin of 130 pins.

Joe Keenan was their heavy pin getter, with a set of 539, while Fred Wignall with 537, and Ott Sabin, with 521, were close at their heels. Joe Murray, with a 389, had the best score for the losers.

Cecil Cook was the spark plug of the Aircraft attack on the Chapman Field No. 1 team. He posted a 515 with a high second game of 191. George Rynd capably supported him with a set of 486 and a high first game of 193. Jim Pollard of the Chapman team was their best scorer with a 446.

The Gremlins took the second and third games of their series with the Piston Pins to hold their tie for third place. Critchfield, with a 458, was their leading scorer, but Harry LeRoy of the losers was top man for the match with 494 and a high third game of 194.

The Coliseum Volts moved up into the top half by taking all three games from Transportation. Duncan and Hadden of the victors, with 468 and 465 respectively, were their top pin getters, while Andy Godfrey of the losers continued to lead his team with 473.

The Coliseum Ams made it a big Coliseum night by sweeping their series with Chapman Field No. 2. Brown was their high scorer with a 435, while Hughes of the losers was close on his heels with a 454. Chapman boys couldn’t maintain their terrific pace of the previous week, the mighty Arthur Gibbons coming up with a 90 to offset his high game of 243 of the previous week. Jerry Cook, the team’s leading scorer, turned in a 111 for his third game to hit an all-time low.

The Administration team was the surprise team of the evening, as it scored its first two victories of the league. The Sandblasters from Engine Overhaul were the luckless victims. Eric Sundstrom was the big scorer for the night with a set of 492, and two good games of 196 and 163. Hugh Williamson was tops for the losers with a 451.

Joe Keenan’s set of 539 was high for the evening, while Ott Sabin’s 199 game was tops for high individual game honors. The 381 team score posted by Cincinnati Five in the second game of their contest with Military Engines was the best team effort.

ARMY CHATTER

S/Sgt. Harry Christner, who makes up the payroll for all enlisted personnel, and Sgt. Lowell Altshuler of the Message Center are celebrating their recent promotions.

S/Sgt. Benvenuto is anxiously awaiting shipping orders to Aviation Cadet School. The members of Class 20-45-A-1 were awarded a prize for maintaining their barrack's in top-notch order while living in Coral Gables.

Pfc. John D. Sterline, who scored 161 during last week’s rifle instruction now being given to all students at the School, was high man of the group.

The scores made were very encouraging, as 95% of the group qualified as marksmen. This is a very high percentage and the remaining classes will have to do some mighty fancy shooting to better it.

Lt. and Mrs. Franz Moch have returned from a visit with relatives in Minnesota. Chamber of Commerce please note: The Lieutenant reports that the temperature way up there was higher than in Florida.

Lt. Charles Moore left last Friday for Butte, Mont., where he will visit his parents.

From the way events are moving in the Gables it looks as though Lt. Schwab is trying to get the Solana Hotel in shape to win the “E” Award. He will either make them win it or break their backs in trying. So far, Sgt. Zemer says the backs are winning.

What is it, the food? From the looks of two Gables permanent party men and their toothless smiles they must either be eating bones or glass. It doesn’t matter if they can’t eat but when they can’t talk it is very quiet around the office.

ARMY PERSONNEL AT TECH SCHOOL RECEIVE PROMOTIONS

These four officers of the AAFITC are receiving congratulations on their recent advancement from 2nd lieutenants to 1st lieutenants. Sporting their new silver bars are (reading from left to right): Lt. Robert S. Cline, Lt. Jay S. Cooper and Lt. Walter H. Schwab, all of Miami, and Lt. Paul Brown of Kansas City, Mo.
ARMY A.D.D.'s

H’lo ... we’re back ... promised you could get a better look at things didn’t we? Want another “go round?” Get a pass and come on ... guess we’d better get out of the Main office ... lot of visiting dignitaries around.

The man in the lieutenant’s uniform is none other than Lt. Bruce Bailey of Wright Field, Materiel Command ... don’t crowd, girls ... he’s married and has eyes for no one else. The civilian is Frank Klein of New York Standard Oil Company ... Aviation Specialist ... pleasant people ... both of them, but we’ll leave them before we get in their hair.

“Calling Signals”

We’ll take “Supply” apart a little more thoroughly ... Hmmm ... what have we here? Here’s a “team” that seems to be “calling signals” ... strange language they speak ... they sound “class conscious” ... Class 04-A ... Class 25-B ... etc., must be a language all their own for they are the “Stock Record Unit.” Meet Mildred Brooks, Marie Keilitz, Lois Whitnack and Dorothy Keyser who make up this huddle.

By the by ... we have three Dorathys in the outfit ... confuzioing at times ... we’re thinking of numbering them ... or we could call them Headquarters Dorothy, Supply Dorothy and Inspection Dorothy ... we’re open for suggestion ... but be warned that all three refuse to change their names.

Vicious Whack

H’lo there ... it’s Florence Love ... nice that your department (Shipping and Receiving) is consolidated with Supply ... or you would be the lone girl among the S. & R. Wolves—the Messrs. Stone (the boss), Davidson and Akopian. They surely can give a crate a vicious whack with a hammer or what have you.

Hi there, Mr. Roush! How’s the inventory going? (Quiet, congenial fellow ... but ... a twinkle in his eye!) A never ending job is yours. Counting ... counting ... always counting ... keeps us straight though, as to what we do have and don’t have.

Important Looking

Wonder what the Stock Tracing Unit, Sally Squarcia, is doing? A peek over the shoulder brings to light a curious letter edged in red ... we’re informed they are Messageform ... whatever they may be ... looks imperative ... like they want special recognition.

Our apologies to Sally ... seems last week the bit about her led people to think that she only played at being busy ... honestly it’s not so ... she really is ... and constantly ... it’s another one of those round-robin never ending jobs. For those who have been wondering ... she expedites ... all Air Corps Supply.
ON SCHEDULE

I don’t care if we do have a schedule to keep—I’d feel a lot safer if we hadn’t waited till she finished.——By Bill Bruce

I’ve heard a lot of bunk talk since I’ve been in the service. I’ve heard all sorts of reasons for joining but none of each and every reason came the one word duty.

The men didn’t come right out and say so, but you could sort of listen behind the words they spoke.

Not everyone wanted to join the service but they all took the attitude, “Here is a messy job, let’s get it done.” It was their duty to help in the cleaning of this mess. Duty, that’s the word.

Buy Bonds—Batter Bums

JULY 4th
Continued from Page 4

We are in receipt of a postcard from Howard Ashley, a former employee who is now in the Seabees. He sends his regards to all and wants everyone to write. He also asks us to remember to “Keep em Flying.” He did his part while he was here. Now it is up to us to take over for him while he is serving us. His address is:

Howard F. Ashley, M.M,1/c
Plat. 3636, Aroa D 8

Our Army Inspectors, Messrs. Abrams and Duncan, certainly graced last week’s Fly Paper with broad smiles. Who says it takes Bob Hope’s smile to sell Pepsi-Cent?

Smart Fish

Mr. Steward hasn’t come in lately with that wind and sunburned look. Must be the fish aren’t biting any more.

We tried to get a confession out of Jack Pepper as to why and about whom he was whistling “You’d Be So Nice To Come Home To.” Maybe it is only coincidence that it is Aileen’s theme song, Quien Sabe?

One of our Guards has the meat situation well in hand according to latest reports. He’s raising pigs, raising, and knowing their reproductive ability we predict that he is supplied for the duration.

Gene Perkins, our Template department leadman, is sporting a new car and is quite proud of it, too. Does your wife let you use it once in a while now, Gene?

Just quelled a private rebellion by a group who thought they would like to take over this column. After threatening to let them take it permanently, most of the opposition weakened.

We are writing a recommendation for our Senorita Roja, Secretary in the Superintendent’s office. Not only is she an exception secretary, office manager and everyone’s friend but she is now taking care of five small cocker spaniels, a cat and a few fish. She loves children, can cook and drives a car. Ah, if we were only ten years younger.

Oscar Reports

Our little stool pigeon, Oscar the wing spar termite, tells me there is romance budding in the Wood Wing department. He has his ear to the cap strip and will let us know when it bursts into bloom.

The co-workers in the Wing department are intrigued with a mystery. They want to know where some of their members hide when they disappear for so long. Must be jealousy.

One of the girls who was riveting seemed to be afraid to hit the rivet hard enough. We told her to pretend it was her husband coming home late. My, my, poor fellow. P.S. The rivets were well driven.

It’s A Wonder!

Our youngest typist is having all the usual date trouble of youth. We still marvel on how the more deadly of the species keep the stronger sex dangling so long without having them suspect that they are only one of the ten and only.

The Accounting department has been too much neglected by us in the past. They have been living in a fool’s paradise of silence, however, because we have Oswald the adding machine Gremlin recruited as our personal representative to see all, hear all and tell all.

And so to bed.

Blonde: “How can I get rid of this ringing in my ears?”

Doctor: “Stop giving sailors your telephone number!”

THOSE CRATES

There goes that Old Timer who told us he could fly the crates come in.—Bill Bruce
Purchasing Pointers
by Emily Conlon

I fully realize that these spurts of energy tend to exasperate my public but nevertheless—here I go again. Following is the Report from Purchasing:

Well, dear friends, one day last week the gals from the Purchasing department resolved to stage a tour of inspection among the various and scattered departments of Embry-Riddle Company. There were five of us: Gerry Holland, Virginia Pendleton, Jean Deringer, Margaret Howell and your truly. Our dear pal, Edna Calahan, piled us into a station wagon and our adventures had begun.

Thank You, Dee

The chariot was ably manned by delightful Dee Miller. Before this thing gets out of hand, right here I wish to express all of our sincerest thanks to Dee for the splendid way she managed to make our expedition memorable.

The first leg of our jaunt brought us to the Aircraft Overhaul department where we first met Mr. De Shazo who introduced us to our guide, Mr. McZaleb. He was most helpful in answering our silly questions and showing us the works. I learned a lot at which to be amazed.

Come 1950

We visited the Main office and renewed acquaintance with Mary Gamble and also met Maxine Stevens. On the way out we glimpsed an airplane which our guide said belonged to Lt. Bacon, who was doing all the repair work on it himself. By the looks of things he will still be working on it come 1950. Thanks so much, Mr. McZaleb, for your kind cooperation.

We climbed aboard our jiffy jeep and made our way to Engine Overhaul. On our arrival we went directly to Joseph Horton's office to obtain a pass and there had the extreme pleasure of meeting his charming secretary, Kathryn Bruce. She and Pat McNamara flipped a coin to see which one would write our pass and Kathryn lost.

Loser Pays Off

Oh wow! She brushed aside tears of annoyance, braced herself firmly and proceeded to write our admittance papers. We thanked her, our eyes bright with gratitude, and fumbled our way to the door.

We entered the main Engine Overhaul department with foreboding. How the heck were we ever going to find Mr. Charlie Grafflin, our hoped-for guide, amid all those huge black and silver things? We later discovered that those things were engines. Our search was short-lived for we ran into Mr. Grafflin almost immediately. He would be just too delighted to show us around his lovely department—he kept telling us. My, how nice he was and how informative. Our warmest "thank you," Mr. Grafflin and Engine Overhaul.

On to Tech School

We went to Tech School and there visited the Fly Paper office and said "Hi" to Betty Bruce. After seeing the Accounting department and Stockroom we looked in at the nice and new (to us) Canteen. We then had lunch in the Cafeteria.

Jean Deringer and I having wobbled our food down sooner than the rest, went down to the Mess Hall to speak with Mrs. Simpson. We met the others on the ramp in front of the building and strode blithely toward our wagon—off to the races!

We journeyed on to the Coliseum. Might I say here that Mike Lojinger gave us a royal welcome and was the perfect host. He and Mr. Sheffler said some perfectly wonderful things about our department, so we no longer have an inferiority complex. We send our genuine gratitude for a most enlightening half hour.

Colonnade Stop

From the Coliseum we visited the Colonnade, including the Instrument department with Mr. Beckwith and the Link Room, where we met Mrs. Jacobson. We wanted to see Corrine Phillips again but she was out of the office. (As I was whipping this up, Corrine walked in the door of our office. How about that?)

Off again! Our next stop was the Induction department where Mr. Hansen so kindly explained to us the intricacies of the carburetor. He was most obliging, and again, thank you. And here we had to fairly drag Jeanie away by the hair because her fiancé, Z. A. Nicholson, was there taking inventory. Ah, romance!

Hospitalable Chapman

On leaving the Induction department we began the long trek to Chapman Field. The guard at Chapman was very hospitable and seems to be the darling of the place. Jane Page, Cara Lee Cook, Billy Grindell, D. C. Vanderbeck and all the rest showed us good fun and here goes another big load of gratitude.

We dropped by the Seaplane Base and met genial Ruth Norton and Mr. Snipes. We returned to our office, tired but very happy.

There were many things, too numerous to be mentioned, that made our tour complete. However, I wish I could point out the many things I saw that our department had had a hand in purchasing and distributing. Almost everything you touch or use comes by way of the Purchasing department. We feel that we have a big job that must be done in the quickest and most convenient way possible.

Above the clouds that rolled on high, Soared an eagle thru the sky Pursuing his solemn flight As thru the realm of space he flew He saw the "Red," the "White," the "Blue," Reflected in the Light: He said, "Thou Land of Liberty, where humanity would peaceful be! Arise! A duty calls to thee— Arise! And join in unity And like a shower of sweet incense, I'll on thee shed benevolence While Concord the brightest, fairest gem, Shall crown this triple diadem." He said, "Behold your country's flag— No foreign foe in dust shall drag! Behold its stripes of scarlet red as blood which your forefathers shed Their arms were strong opposed to might, In your flag the brilliant stars are Brighter than the planet Mars And Thou, my country, glorious great Shall proudly ride the Ship of State, No danger shall thee overwhelm With Franklin Roosevelt at the helm From lakes to gulf, from coast to coast, We stand united, a valiant host— Upon our shores "Columbia" stands, With outstretched arms to desolate lands, And prays, "God, send safety back to me My sons, who fight for Liberty."

This poem won for Marie Bushgens in the National Four-Minute Speaking Contest in April, 1919, the title of Junior Four-Minute Speaker. This contest was in connection with the Third Liberty Loan Drive and was held in New York City. Marie won the contest with this recitation. (Slightly altered—"Franklin Roosevelt" instead of "Woodrow Wilson")
COLONNADE CANNONADE
by Helen Pennoyer

Never again will I complain about nothing to write, not after the long newsy column Maxine Hurtt wrote while I was in Virginia on my... you know what. How I looked forward to receiving the Fly Paper each week. Reading Colonnade was such a pleasure for a change.

Thanks, Max, you did a wonderful job. Maybe we can work out a deal whereby we can take turns... this suggestion will need a good strong bribe to go along with it, I realize that... o.k., I am willing to make a sacrifice... I'll give up a number 18 coupon... how about it?

Wrong Place

The changes which have taken place at the Colonnade in just a month's time are amazing. I felt sure I was in the wrong place when I started roaming around the building on my first day back... there were new faces in almost every department.

Of course the first new Embry-Riddle-ite I spied was Elaine Wegman in the Records office... I hope she is going to like being with us and I am sure she will because she has such nice people to work with, meaning, of course, Gertrude Bohres, Nancy Hawes and little Ann Park, all occupants of the Records office.

The first person I missed was Vic Mercer, Mr. Varney's former Secretary. I shared the office with Vic for many months and it just doesn't seem right not to have her around.

Bond Coming Up

I went upstair to the Payroll office to say hello and find out how I was making out on my War Bond and was pleased all the way 'round... not only did I find that I'll have another one any day now but found two new employees to welcome. One, Edna Pullen, who is in Payroll, isn't exactly new because she was formerly at Riddle Field in Clewiston. Riddle Field's loss is our gain.

Before I could finish saying "How do you do?" to Edna I spied someone else who didn't look at all familiar... I excused myself and walked over to the very attractive young lady with a, "How long have you been here?" She must have spotted me as a news-hound because in no time at all she had informed me that she was Ruth Nelson, had just arrived from New York, was going to start working for Mr. Hillstead that very minute (probably wishing I would go away so she could mean that literally) and was very happy to be with us... now that is what I call cooperation.

I went back to the Link room to tell Buzz Cooper how sorry all of us were that we were going to lose him and learned that the Link department had given a party at the home of Irene Thomas in celebration of Corrine Phillips' birthday, for Eleanor Newell who is going to an unknown destination to launch a ship, and as a farewell to Buzz. Happy Birthday, Corrine; Bon Voyage, Eleanor; and Good Luck, Buzz.

Quite Coincidently

Those who have been missing Rae Lane (meaning all of us, naturally) will be pleased to know that she is on her vacation in Jacksonville visiting relatives. Now, we happen to know that a very nice young man, Robert Foos by name, with whom Rae has been corresponding, is receiving his wings as a 2nd Lt. in the AAF at Marianna this week and that Marianna is a very short distance from Jacksonville. Strange coincidence, Rae.

TECH TALK
by Claude Miller, Military Engines

The Talk of Tech
Is Mister Sprague, Who isn't such An awful aigue When once you learn He knows his stuff And not to try To call his bluff. He teaches poise, Alert and free, And how to sell The cherry tree. He oposes your mouth Your jaw to free And also 'opes You'll 'outers be. Beneath his tu- Telage we learn The costly mid- Night juice to burn In finding how To crash ennui And giving folks The verbal bee. His points and rea- Sons educate And make your vic- Tims cerebrate. So be prepared, For go you must, To stir again Old Shakespeare's dust, And shout, like Booth, "Lay on, Macduff, And (censored here)"— But it's enough!

ATTENTION ALL EMBRY-RIDDLE STUDENTS

The following is an excerpt from a letter to Selma Hayden of the Engine department from Cpl. James G. Barr, a graduate of 1943-A who is now stationed in Alabama:

"I am now working on the Allison final assembly line with a few more boys of 9 and 12-43-A and am acting as line foreman of the soldiers. The Embry-Riddle students receive more ratings and better recognition here at this Field than do other students trained elsewhere, thanks to the better class of Instructors they have had."

Pratt & Whitney's Mister Keenan Ufemorde, out of Wright, Gruenschlaegler, Military, Soon will leave E.K to fight.

Weightman, Benison and Taylor, Shanahan of shirtless plight, Gone already for induction, Daring raiders of the night!

Plymouths, Chevrolets and others Placed in storage while they write Glowing pages in the records, Riding Thunderbolts that bite.

We all share with Cincinnati Pride in this bunch of dynamite, And will soothe their sorrowing sweethearts, In their solitary plight.

Those who think Miss Upham chilly Would be made to feel right silly, Were they to attend a party And hear her laugh out loud and hearty.

Hurryng by with mien Wellesleyan, (She really is quite Thespian) Her goal is all she'll ever notice, How' er we try to make her note us.

But even diamonds melt quite freely, And senators relax gently, Given conditions salutary, And situations light and airy.

Quite thus our Molly waxes jolly When Irish eyes, not melancholy, Are mixed with moonlight's silver sheen And hours lose minutes in between.

Mr. Budge's questionnaire Reveals ambitions high and rare, Some to archery aspire; Others take to the high wire.

The braw athletes check all the list That deal with muscle and with fist; And others of the most aesthetic, Choose diversions more effete.

But, at the bottom right-hand side, The frank and forthright just decide Which side the human fence they're on And check the other line anon.
COUNTRY CLUB CAPERS

by Yada Walker

Despite threatening cloudbursts, Saturday night was gala at the Coral Gables Country Club. Oldtimers and newcomers joined forces against old man weather and warded off any attack he might have had in mind.

Willard and Dorothy Burton, whom we hadn’t seen dancing for some time, appeared early and stayed late, much to the pleasure of us all. “Syd” and Tibby Burrows of lawn party fame, substituting dancing slippers for lawnmowers, definitely were up to par.

RAF Visitors

Guests of Mr. Riddle, whom we hope to see again this week-end at Riddle Field’s Anniversary Ball, were RAF Cadets Ronald Jones, Michael Hills and Johnny Brae. We hope they enjoyed our dance as much as we enjoyed having them.

From the lands to the south of us came Aquilino Machado of Uruguay and Gonzalo Fortun of Cuba. Unfortunately, there were few of our Latin American boys present. Farflung Divisions of the Company have deprived us of them with the brine of practical training in aircraft mechanics. Wending their way around our table to the dance floor were Eric Sundstrom and Ruth La Rue.

Mr. Riddle, Vice-President George Wheeler and Dean of Admissions Peter Ordway were at the table next to us. We understand that Peter’s lovely little sister, Betty, is now a student in radio and is the first occupant of our new girls’ dormitory in Coral Gables.

Transportation brought us Mylioni and Phyllis Webster, always fun at any party. Dottie Wells, adorable in a white summer formal, Phyllis Hester, old-fashioned in demure pink and white, Kay Dean, looking exceptionally smart, and Ruth Turner, blue setting off her blonde beauty.

Guessing Games

A bright spot at our table was auburn-haired Lorraine Bosley, who, backed up by Lt. Cline, conducted guessing games all evening. The subject? Ask Lorraine.

Adelaide Clayton, Secretary to Ben Turner, dropped by for a brief chat, and we spied Public Relations Director Ralph Kiel cutting a mean rug for the duration of every set.

Beauteous Jackie Dillard and Connie Henshaw arrived late with Cadet Robinson of Carlstrom Field. Let’s see more of you next time, girls. We missed you the early part of the evening.

We also missed Alice Richards, mother of Wain Fletcher and Florrie Gilmore. Little Miss Alice is vacationing in Philadelphia, but she’ll be with us again at the next dance.

Watch the Fly Paper for announcement of the next Embry-Riddle party. The time, place and tariff will be published well in advance, so plan to make plans. See you then.