7-9-1943

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-07-09

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

Follow this and additional works at: https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper

Scholarly Commons Citation
https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper/167

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Embry-Riddle Fly Paper by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact commons@erau.edu, wolfe309@erau.edu.
FERRY PILOTS PAY VISIT TO DORR FIELD

by Jack Whitnall

The biggest excitement of the week came from the Flight Line with the arrival of several new PT's. Instead of the customary Army Personnel stepping out of the cockpits, we had several nice looking young ladies who are acting as Ferry Pilots. (Just see what you missed, Jim Burt, by being away on your vacation?)

Johnny Lyons was all for running up the red flag and had "Buttercup" hunting for it, but from what we gather Gordon Mougher had heard that the ladies were expected and had hidden all the flags. What was the Army doing all this time? Shucks, folks, you needn't worry about the Army. They had the situation well in hand.

This week we are using Dave Anderson's typewriter and confidencely we ain't doing so hot. One of these days we're going to assemble our own typewriter and all the keys are going to be in rotation from a to z—all keys to be spaced 2 inches apart and the space bar foot operated. It will be air conditioned throughout and mounted on a semi-trailer.

We understand that Mrs. Hucker has discovered a new high explosive put up in jars with the secret code name "Tomato Preserves." We understand that Doug was tampering with one of them with terrifying results to the walls of the room, the ceiling and himself.

Everyone has been asking about the next Dorr Field dance. Well, folks, Saturday, July 24th, is the day. Tickets will be on sale at the front gate at Dorr, and Kay Brammell will gladly take your $1 at Carlstrom Field. All employees at the various Bases are cordially invited (exclusive of Cadets) and we can guarantee you a gala night.

We have been trying to get Capt. Palmer to render a vocal solo accompanied at the piano by Lt. Buhertus, which would be worth the price of admission alone. Transit.

Continued on Page 18
Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Riddle:

Fo lo! these many months I have been receiving copies of the Fly Paper and feel that it is about time I let you know I enjoy the privilege.

The "make-up" and copy of the Fly Paper is such that it is interesting to an "outsider" and that is as great and appreciative a compliment as I can pay to the editors without going into detail.

I read every issue, line by line, page by page, and hope that so long as Embry-Riddle prints its paper, I will be on the mailing list.

Sincerely yours,

Don McCarthy.

Editor's Note: The above letter was sent to Mr. Riddle, who kindly sent it to us for perusal. Mr. McCarthy's kind words are greatly appreciated.

Chesapeake and Potomac Tel. Co.
Arlington, Va.
June 16, 1943

Dear Editor:

While looking over the last two copies of our Company paper, The Transmitter, I recalled the Fly Paper and thought you might like to see them. We think our paper is swell.

I also recalled the pleasant associations with the employees of the former and wished I could see them again. If transportation were normal I would come down on my vacation this summer, but it seems I dare not risk it at this time.

If you should hear of any of the people who used to know me, please give them my best regards, and "keep 'em flying." Embry-Riddle.

Alice C. Brawn

Editor's Note: The Transmitter is a "swell paper" and we thank you for sending it to us. We shall say hello to the Colonnders for you, and we know they will be glad to hear from their ex-file room custodian.

Memphis, Tenn.
June 20, 1943

Dear Editor:

Please note the following change of address for mailing my copy of the Fly Paper: From the 21st Recon. Sq., Wm. Northern Field, Tullahoma, Tenn. to Kennedy General Hospital, Memphis, Tenn.

Reason: One slight case of engine failure and a night crash of an A-20. Am in a body cast with a broken back but will get back to duty some six or eight months from now and will fly again to carry on for 42-K of Carlstrom Field.

Thanks for the back issues you sent me to bring me up to date; I'll be looking for the future issues and more news of all the Riddle Family.

Yours truly,

Lt. Charles E. Dearing

Editor's Note: Lt. Dearing's "spank" is what makes the American boy the flyer he is. We all know that Charles will be flying for Carlstrom 24K again, and we hope that it will be long before six or eight months have passed.

29th Cavalry
I Troop
Fort Riley, Kansas
July 1, 1943

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving the Fly Paper each week since I entered the armed service in November, 1942, and have enjoyed reading each and every copy very much. I look forward to it each week because I always find in it articles about my friends at the Riddle-McKay Aero College.

I would like to inform you of my present address and want to thank you again for sending me the Fly Paper so regularly. I am sure that all the boys of the Riddle family who are in the armed forces enjoy getting their copies through life.

A former employee,
Cpl. Teddy Greenburger

Editor's Note: The Fly Paper will continue coming to you, Teddy, at your new address. Your friends in Clewiston will be glad to hear that you are now a corporal—please write again soon.

---

CHAPMAN-TECH BUS SCHEDULE

- Leave Tech School 6:15 a.m.
  - Arrive Chapman Field 7:00 a.m.

- Leave Chapman Field 7:00 a.m.
  - Arrive Tech School 7:45 a.m.

- Leave Tech School 8:00 a.m.
  - Arrive Chapman Field 8:45 a.m.

- Leave Chapman Field 8:45 a.m.
  - Arrive Tech School 9:30 a.m.

- Leave Tech School 10:00 a.m.
  - Arrive Chapman Field 10:45 a.m.

- Leave Chapman Field 10:45 a.m.
  - Arrive Tech School 11:30 a.m.

- Leave Tech School 11:30 a.m.
  - Arrive Chapman Field 12:15 p.m.

- Leave Chapman Field 12:15 p.m.
  - Arrive Tech School 1:00 p.m.

- Leave Tech School 1:00 p.m.
  - Arrive Chapman Field 1:45 p.m.

- Leave Chapman Field 1:45 p.m.
  - Arrive Tech School 2:30 p.m.

- Leave Tech School 2:30 p.m.
  - Arrive Chapman Field 3:15 p.m.

- Leave Chapman Field 3:15 p.m.
  - Arrive Tech School 4:00 p.m.

- Leave Tech School 4:00 p.m.
  - Arrive Chapman Field 4:45 p.m.

- Leave Chapman Field 4:45 p.m.
  - Arrive Tech School 5:30 p.m.

- Leave Tech School 5:30 p.m.
  - Arrive Chapman Field 7:15 p.m.

- Leave Chapman Field 7:15 p.m.
  - Arrive Tech School 8:00 p.m.

- Leave Tech School 8:00 p.m.
  - Arrive Chapman Field 8:45 p.m.

- Leave Chapman Field 8:45 p.m.
  - Arrive Tech School 9:30 p.m.

There is a fare of 10 cents each way, which must be paid to the driver upon entering the bus.

-Sunday and all-out holiday runs.
Flag Raising Ceremony at Aircraft Overhaul

by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

Through the years as the United States has struggled through the industrial revolution to become the great world industrial power that she is, it was inevitable that many mistakes should be made.

Among the most tragic mistakes has been the past treatment of labor by capital. In a way it was only a natural step from the serfdom and slavery of the agricultural era to a similar attitude on the part of the earlier industrialists.

Labor was a commodity which had only one use. The industry had no other interest in this commodity than to handle it at a profit. It was valuable as long as it turned out a dollars and cents surplus in work over its cost.

In the early days when capital was king there was little open active rebellion. As the industrial revolution progressed, however, labor became better educated and was able to enjoy some of the fruits of its output in the form of commodities placed within its reach due to mass production methods for which it was directly responsible.

It was here that the mistake was made. Even as the laborer raised his standard of living there was no like response on the part of industry to raise the standard of his working conditions. Naturally, the reaction came and labor organized itself into unions to exert mass pressure in demanding those things to which it felt it had a right.

At this time, there was born a revolutionary idea. Industry awakened to the fact that satisfied, happy labor would perhaps justify an increased investment by producing more. Thus was born the modern industry with its fluorescent lighting, clean interiors, locker and shower rooms, rest rooms and cafeterias, landscaped grounds and recreational programs. In most cases, labor was well satisfied.

However, the ponderous pendulum was too heavy, had too much momentum to be stopped in mid-swing. We can see today the results of the swing in the opposite direction when a people, engaged in a struggle for all the principles they live for, can still stop work in those vital industries and strike because they are led by the exhortations of a few of their leaders who are the only ones who actually profit. Too many may have been augmented by the industrial interests. Maybe they have not unbent enough. Maybe they are still dwelling under the halo of "The Big Boss." Maybe even yet they are too completely surrounded by secretaries and office walls. Even this will have its end.

It is, therefore, most gratifying in these days of industrial turmoil to find that there are oases of sanity, charity and cooperation. We are fortunate to be working in one of these. The working conditions here at Embry-Riddle are of the best. The management-personnel relationship is the healthiest.

There is probably no more fitting example of this than the flag raising ceremonies here at Aircraft Overhaul. We all were there to pay tribute to that proud standard under which we work. We were there to pledge our fullest effort on the production front that she might never be humbled in the dust.

There was something else, however, more significant, more symbolic and more profound to us at Embry-Riddle. It was probably not so noticeable because we have grown up under it, but to outsiders it would have been a revelation.

Here were our President, Mr. Riddle, and our Vice-President, Mr. Horton, telling us with deep undoubted sincerity of their appreciation of the work that the Embry-Riddle-ites are doing. No one could help but feel that with this appreciation, out-side of the satisfaction of working for the armed forces, it had been worth while.

The most significant fact, however, was that they were not speaking from a platform enabling them to look down on the group. They were standing with two feet on the ground, the same ground, the same level on which we were standing and looking at us eye to eye. It lent great conviction to their words. In return for this, we, the workers at Aircraft Overhaul, pledge ourselves to continue and increase our production effort.

The flag raising ceremony opened most auspiciously under a beautiful Miami sun at 11:30, with a message of appreciation from our Superintendent, Mr. DeShazo, on our contributions toward the flag and on our efforts in helping to win the War. He then introduced Mr. Riddle, Mr. Horton, Lt. Bacon of the Army, Mr. Lennox, Manager of Purchasing, and Mr. Cornell, Assistant General Manager.

Mr. Riddle told us of his travels to and through the far-flung divisions of the Company from Union City, Tenn., to Arcadia, Clewiston and Miami. He told us that that which impressed him most was the cooperative spirit of everyone. He said he was most appreciative because without that the rapid growth of Embry-Riddle would not have been possible nor would its continued existence. He further expressed his appreciation of the ever-increasing efforts of Aircraft Overhaul, Engine Overhaul and Instrument Overhaul.

"Tomorrow is the fiftieth. Just as the flag is typical of American tradition, so is the growth of Embry-Riddle under almost insurmountable odds typical of American ability to do things the hard way." Thus did Mr. Horton open his speech in outlining the growth of the Aircraft and Engine Division of Embry-Riddle from nothing a year ago to its present status.

One year ago, Carlstrom Field in Arcadia was confronted with an emergency in regard to maintenance. There was increasingly more work to do and no available help to do it. All men and women able to work were drafted into service and trained to the exacting work of the Aircraft industry. Still the work accumulated and finally in July, 1942, Engine Overhaul was born in Miami, where more housing and a greater labor market were available. Starting with nothing, it was organized rapidly and the first engine was delivered to the Army in September of 1942.

In August, a building was sought to eventually become Aircraft Overhaul, and in September we moved into our present location. Mr. Horton closed with words of commendation and appreciation for the uncomplaining efforts of the workers here at Aircraft Overhaul.

Lt. Bacon, the Army Air Depot Detachment representative, was next to speak. He likens the United States government to a fine house built many years ago by those bewigged old gentlemen in knee breeches who were willing to die for the principles in which they believed. As our homes are modernized so has our Constitution been amended and modernized. This is fitting and proper in order to meet changing conditions. Our government is still the same government, however, just as our homes are still the same homes in spite of these changes. It is only when the upkeep and repair of the home has been neglected that there is danger of decay and collapse.

He cited France as an example of a fine home which had disintegrated due to carelessness and neglect. Mount Vernon and Monticello were examples of old houses which were still sound because of the good care they had received.

He went on to say that when the storm warnings had been sounded in this country, the American people had responded nobly, and with great zeal and determination they had closed the shutters and braced the house so it might not fall. This spirit, present all over the country, will still be with us when the War is over and we will still have a gorgeous home to live in.

The flag goes up
CARLSTROM VERSUS DORR

Dorr was host for Carlstrom athletic teams on Tuesday, June 29. Lt. Weiner brought over a formidable set of five teams. Again the competition was held in five sports — basketball, softball, volleyball, swimming and tennis.

Basketball suffered from glare of the cement courts and from the exhausting heat of the sun. The score was low for the usual game — twenty-five to twenty. Carlstrom won this with a definite stride in the third period. Robinson, Hyland and Steier were the basket makers for Carlstrom. Weinigh was a last minute substitute who was a ball handler.

Taking nothing away from the winning, the game seemed to be a case of mediocre competition. Carlstrom’s passes and shots were fair. Dorr’s dribbling was too frequent, the shots were misses and passing was usually from guard to forward to Carlstrom.

Even in the rout Dorr’s spirit was there, but the play was not efficient enough to overcome the victors. Staaf was only lukewarm for Dorr. Hopper uncovered many balls from the board, but to no avail. Rhoads, Bierne, Wiggins and Walker were in there fighting for the ball. Practice was the real need of both teams—but “orchids” to the one Carlstrom team to win in the competition.

Swimming

Swimming was Dorr’s by a close margin of fifteen points to thirteen. Frederick of Dorr was outstanding in his spirit to go on and win the relay. He took the touch several lengths behind and drove ahead to give Hamel a lead never lost. For the few practice sessions plus the short time to condition for swimming, both teams were above expectations.

100 Yard Freestyle: Dorr: Frederick (2nd), Ross (3rd), Carlstrom: Keller (1st) 61.9.
50 Yard Backstroke: Dorr: Frederick (3rd), Carlstrom: Redman (1st) 35.1, Keller (2nd).

Freestyle stroke Breast Relay Total
Carlstrom 5 8 0 0 13
Dorr 4 1 5 5 15

TELEVISION PLAY BETWEEN FIELDS

Tennis was under A/C. Flack’s supervision. As captain of Dorr’s team he won his match from Jackson of Carlstrom by 6-3 and 6-2. Trapp of Dorr who has been playing softball and baseball was overmatched and lost to Weinigh 1-6 and 1-6. Hayden took the third singles from Carlstrom’s Steinwedel 7-5 and 6-3.

Hunt teamed with Grubb for Dorr to win the first doubles at 6-3, 4-6, 6-1 over Carlstrom’s Harris and Swankowski.

Dorr lost the next doubles match 6-4, 4-6, 6-4. Bragis and Bradford won from Connelly and Johnson of Dorr. Good work! Fine supervision from Mr. Flack.

Softball

Lt. Richards’ softball team from Dorr won nicely without his speed ball pitching. The game was hard played throughout. Dorr led at 4-2 for the longest lead of the game. Final score was Dorr 5 to Carlstrom 4. Dorr’s line-up was the only one turned in.

Catcher—Della Selva
Pitcher—Cunningham
1st—Carney
2nd—Diener
3rd—Jones
Short stop—Posseboom
Short field—Core
Left field—Campbell
Right field—Kihm (Dearborn)
Center field—Sannes
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

The personnel of Carlstrom Field would like to take this opportunity to welcome Class 44-A to our Field. We sincerely hope you will be happy during your stay here; and if there's anything any of us can do, just let us know! Best of luck to you.

Flight Instructor George F. Hamner has been passing out cigars in honor of his new daughter, Jacqueline. We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hamner.

Squadron Commander T. Seymour Jesup had a bad fall from his horse recently and is in the hospital with a broken jaw. All Carlstromites send best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Instructor Tex Williams has been transferred from Cadets to Refreshers. Look out, you Refreshers! Tex is a hard man. Don't say we didn't warn you.

I'm sure many of you Carlstrom readers will be interested in the conclusion of the argument between Squadron Commander George Dudley and Group Commander Carl Dunn. The discussion led to a responsible bet and the Physics department of the University of Florida was called upon to give aid. The question was this: "Is there a terminal velocity to a falling object in a vacuum?" The winner—Carl Dunn! Not to forget the most important item, Mr. Dunn's reaction to the question was a negative one.

A party for the Instructors of Squadron 1, Class 43-K, was held Saturday night, June 26th, at the home of Instructor Lloyd C. Whitney, the former Eagles Nest at Punta Gorda.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

The personnel of Carlstrom Field would like to take this opportunity to welcome Class 44-A to our Field. We sincerely hope you will be happy during your stay here; and if there's anything any of us can do, just let us know! Best of luck to you.

Flight Instructor George F. Hamner has been passing out cigars in honor of his new daughter, Jacqueline. We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hamner.

Squadron Commander T. Seymour Jesup had a bad fall from his horse recently and is in the hospital with a broken jaw. All Carlstromites send best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Instructor Tex Williams has been transferred from Cadets to Refreshers. Look out, you Refreshers! Tex is a hard man. Don't say we didn't warn you.

I'm sure many of you Carlstrom readers will be interested in the conclusion of the argument between Squadron Commander George Dudley and Group Commander Carl Dunn. The discussion led to a responsible bet and the Physics department of the University of Florida was called upon to give aid. The question was this: "Is there a terminal velocity to a falling object in a vacuum?" The winner—Carl Dunn! Not to forget the most important item, Mr. Dunn's reaction to the question was a negative one.

A party for the Instructors of Squadron 1, Class 43-K, was held Saturday night, June 26th, at the home of Instructor Lloyd C. Whitney, the former Eagles Nest at Punta Gorda.

CARLSTROM CADETS MARRIED

Marlene Mae Schoneman of Iowa and Cadet Bernard Faught of Carlstrom were married June 26. June 27 saw the wedding of Sue Keith of Illinois and Cadet Robert Gale. May we extend congratulations and best wishes on behalf of the Company, Cadet and Mrs. Faught and Cadet and Mrs. Gale.

The Flight Instructors are reporting back from their vacations now, and from the smiles on all their faces, they certainly enjoyed themselves.

Instructor Kitkowksi reports that he flew a Cub back down to Arcadia and only had three forced landings on the way—one in Virginia, one in South Carolina, and one in Athens, Ga! He also reports that Buster Birdsong is getting along nicely after his appendectomy (after having the incision stitched twice!). Gee, I hope it wasn't the pictures of the Kid Party that caused the damage.

John Duris still insists that Skaneateles, N. Y., is the most beautiful spot in the country! Jack Dresser reports that he nearly got married while at home, and when asked why he didn't, replied: "Well, you have to be engaged first!"

"Bing" Crosby says he lost six pounds, but he doesn't look worried! "Ike" Mc-
Riddle Field News

by Jack Hopkins

If our copy is a little short this week, and it definitely is going to be, we beg to be excused, offering as our one and only alibi the long weekend of the Fourth. Embry-Riddle "good neighbor" policy, which started well over a year ago with the training of many South and Central American mechanics, welders, etc., at the Tech School in Miami, has been expanded to this Field, where several of these former trainees are working in the Maintenance department. These lads are "very competent and reliable in their work," according to L. M. Hutson, Maintenance Superintendent, and are a big boost to the manpower situation in that department. Keep up the good work, fellows. You're doing your part to "Keep 'em Flying."

From Nicaragua comes Sam Bodden, Ladislao Guerrero, William Rivas, Juan Menes, Israel Silva; from Chile we have Sergie Eberhard, Chester Galena and William Tartacco; from Uruguay is represented by Adolfo Sasco; Manuel Poveda is from El Salvador; a Venezuelan citizen is Federico Zerres; from the Argentine comes Reno Bono.

Week-end Quite Successful

"A success in all phases," is the remark that can be made about the second anniversary and Independence Day celebrations last week-end.

The dance on Saturday evening was well attended and the band from No. 9 BTC in Miami Beach was excellent. They and their leader, Sgt. Maritato, are to be congratulated for a darn "good show." "Rajah Raboid," the entertainer, was also well received.

On Sunday a large number of people visited the Field and were entertained by several athletic events, the results of which appear elsewhere, a color hoisting parade and march past, some formation flying and aerobatics, and a concert by the dance band.

We didn't get the names of all the visitors, but we did check up on the Tech School gang and found that "Boss" Riddle, Wain, Vadah, Florence Gilmore, "Pinkie" Church, Naon Kraft, Marty Warren, Connie Henshaw, Margaret Walker, Ruth Fisher, Myllion and Phyllis Webster, Lt. Miller, Phyllis Hester, Dottie Wells, Betty Bruce, Bob Causey, Art Rhinke and C. Ralph Kiel were with us for the celebration. Our good friend, "Frosty" Jones, former Riddle Field Flight Commander, was also here as was "Ma" Wadlow from Palmdale.

Co-Pilots Elect Officers

The regular election of the Co-Pilot's Club was held at their last meeting, and the following are the new officials: Roma Hardin, President; Gay Brazell, Vice-President; Doris Archibald, Secretary; Frances Westmoreland, Treasurer; Rachel Ellis, Social Chairman.

Tonight, Saturday, July 10, a "Kiddie" party will be staged at the Instructors' Club, with a prize for the most appropriate costume. Games, refreshments and dancing will make a very enjoyable evening for all Instructors, their wives or dates who care to join in the fun.

In charge of the various arrangements for the party are Gay Cuthbertson, Ethel King, Loretta Baker, Janet Reid, Helen Hall, Roma Hardin, Lucille Binkley, Dot Woodward, Grace Taylor, Helen Ziler, Mary Brink, Doris Archibald and Edno Schneider.

Course 15

With the end of the month the Time office has been kept very busy proving to many just how much time they have put in: the Timekeepers are invariably correct. Maps of this district are being covered in pencil lines radiating in all directions from Riddle Field. This activity is in preparation for the first cross-country flights next week; here's hoping for good visibility and the right landmarks!

NOTES TO INSTRUCTORS

by "Tam"

If you find yourself too mad
To pick your words with care
When Cadet is flying bad—
Just be sure you're off the air.

'Cause if you start to cussin'
And say a bit too much,
Someone else will do the jussin'
And you'll really get in Dutch.

Athletic Results

The Officers and Instructors really took a beating from the Cadets last Sunday. In the tennis competition the Cadets won four matches to one, and the Cadet softball team defeated the Instructors 7-5.

On the tennis front Cadets Cummerman and Payne (Course 15) defeated W/C Greaves and S/L Hill 7-5, 6-2, making the first loss of a match by C/O Greaves since he has been at Riddle Field; Cadets Hill and Cox (Course 14) won over F/L Trevise and F/L Crossley 6-2, 6-3; Cadet Muraille (Course 13) whipped F/O Keach 6-4, 6-3. The lone win for the Staff team came when P/T Sgt. Moyes defeated Cadet Harris (Course 13) 6-4.

In the softball game the Advanced Instructors on Course 13 staged a belated rally, but it wasn't quite enough to win, as they dropped a 7-5 decision to the Cadet team. Playing on the Instructors' team were Taylor, Garcia, Leapline, Velti, Place, Brinton, Brink, Obhinger, Woodward, Arnold and Feigel.

Included in the Cadet line-up were Cook, Johnson, MacGowan, Williams, Maloney, Burling, Stewart, Thomas, Koff and England.

The exhibition Soccer game resulted in a 2-1 win for "Jock" Moyes' team over Cadet Under Officer Cox's outfit. Jones scored both goals for Jock's team, while Bourne made the lone tally for the losers.

Playing on Moyes' team were Cadets Bennet, Shaw, Renvoize, Muraille, Stone, Jones (Course 13); Payne, Tizard, Stubbings and Kelley (Course 15).

Cox's line-up included Crooks, Beale, Fryer, Wilson, Bourne, Egley, Packham, Lillis, Sealby and Bright, all of Course 14.
John Paul Riddle is seen in the upper right-hand picture with W/C A. B. Fanstone, who not only was the first C/O at Riddle Field, but also was at Carlstrom with the first group of RAFs. Just below are pictured A/C Douglas Cole of Coulston, Surrey, England, A/C Leslie Fountain of Manchester, England, and Federico Zerres of Maracaibo, Venezuela. At lower left are W/C George Greaves, Riddle Field's Commanding Officer, and Mrs. Greaves. Second from left is Marty Warren, Aviation Advisor to Women, who came up from the Tech School, and S/L Frederick Hill. Lower right, shows the Flag Raising ceremony at the Field, while planes, upper left, circled above. In the center is a scene at the dance.
First Anniversary at Union City

KEN STIVERSON, Editor


A YEAR AGO, July 6, 1942, the first Primary Flight Class at Embry-Riddle Field started flying at 7:50 a.m. A handful of Stearmans, a dozen Instructors, new mechanics, incomplete buildings, dust—that was our infant school.

Where a few short weeks before there had been farms, there now stood gleaming white barracks, gravel roads winding through the area and on the flight line, incomplete hangars, tower and a bed of dust for a ramp. When the planes taxied out to the field, huge clouds of dust rose for a thousand feet into the still hot air.

In order that the new Field would have a firm foundation, experienced men from Carlsstrom, Dorr and Clewiston were sent to train the new personnel necessary to the expansion of the organization.

Roscoe Brinton came as General Manager, T. E. Frantz as Stage Commander, and Charlie Sullivan as head of the Refresher School. Seasoned Instructors, including George Jones, C. B. Clark, John Braham, Potter Smith, Ray Ryan, Hunter Galloway, Bob Boyle, Joe Cain, Bob Watts and Bob Swennes, arrived the latter part of June. Bill McRae and your editor, among the first, assisted in setting up the dispatching system.

The first man on the spot was E. H. Kusrow, Superintendent of Maintenance, J. B. Sellers, Bill Colbert, John Cobylack, “Porky” Pardue and Ed Boatwright soon came as hangar chiefs and mechanics.

Frank Haynes, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds; Mr. Baker, Mess Hall steward; George Lobdelle, Chief of Material Control; and Connie Young, Purchasing Agent, had just arrived on the scene and were busy getting their departments into shape.

At first there was not a single building at the Field available for offices. A filling station and garage were rented in Union City. The Union City citizens passing by to look over the new establishment asked questions, questions and more questions . . . interest ran high over these strange “flyers.”

“How many Cadets do you have?” . . . “How many planes?” . . . “Are you an Instructor?” . . . Then the people became accustomed to seeing airplanes over the country side and curiosity changed to pride over Union City’s new “Airport.”

The Refresher School under the direction of Charlie Sullivan was gorged with Instructor Refresher Jesse Tate, Roy North, Nellie Rabun, Mickey Lightholder, Chuck Waldren, Sidney Bennett and Charlie Vowell. A stream of others were rushed through the School and received their certificates of proficiency. Instructors flew Cadets for a half-day and Refresher the other half.

One Dispatcher, Howard Cooper, worked from a packing case beside the hangar. He had a large flight to dispatch but he learned quickly and enjoyed the novelty of contact with this strange enterprise.

Capt. Weldon James, now Lt. Col. James, the C.O., Lt. Kleiderer and Lt. Kominic instructed in the first class in order that they might qualify as Supervisors. “The Katzenjammer Twins,” Capt. Payne, Adjutant, and Sgt. Williams and his men were in the Medical detachment.

Little by little there were more buildings, grass began to grow, trees were planted. There were Cadets, new Instructors and Dispatchers, new Flight Commanders, rapid promotions; things were taking shape rapidly. We moved into the Tower and the Field grew by leaps and bounds.

Mr. Brinton was transferred back to Carlsstrom as General Manager, “Boots” Frantz became our new General Manager, and Charlie Sullivan, Stage Commander, was promoted to Assistant Director of Flying and now is Director of Flying. Sam Sparks was our genial and likeable Assistant General Manager, putting his years of business experience into the thousand and one things that must be done to get the Field rolling.

As we look back we can be proud of our record . . . starting from scratch, building, working to make this new venture successful, undertaking new jobs and responsibilities to make this Field measure up to the rest of the Fields. We have attained our goal, I think, and none of us would trade places with anyone.

“Off We Go . . .”

Squadron I

HERE is a group of fellows who come from all over the United States, from Washington to Florida, and the orneriest bunch you would want to meet. Some of us were strangers to each other, but working side by side we have come to know each other better and have made many new friends.
Let’s get acquainted with a swell bunch of fellows.

At the top of the list... “Billie” Wetzel... our first Captain, well liked, and with the toughest job on the field. He hails from Rossville, Ind.

“Baldy” Ballenger, Walhalla, S.C. ... A tall, lanky southern boy with a drawl, who likes his sleep, but definitely.

John “Eight Ball” Caram, Cleveland, Ohio... One of Lt. Smith’s boys... He was our ground loop expert but came through o.k. with just a slight case of “check-itis.”

Jack “Herky” Coonan... A Connecticut lad built close to the ground, good natured and the butt of all our jokes. His theme song seems to be “Let’s get lost.”

John “Ole Man” Crowe from Tennessee (It could happen to anyone)... Our guide Sergeant, easy going and always throwing us out of step.

William “Bill” Davenport... A big North Carolina boy and a former tobacco man... A credit to his State.

D. B. “Slick” Damron, Webb City, Miss. ... He is our Squadron Sergeant and a Hot Pilot. Is his wife proud of him.

“Blacky” Hopfensperger, Manasha, Wis... A darn good man with the trumpet. Full of pep and married too!

William “Bill” Labonte, Marquette, Mich. ... Our cross-country man? A real buddy and lots of fun.

Robert “Doc” Lawson, Akron, Ohio... Your reporter... Who is just trying to get along.

William “ Limey” Kirkbride, Maryport, England... Here is a good steady lad who almost joined the RAF... Their loss is our gain.

Ralph “F. O.” Shore... A Florida boy whose taste runs to Pontiacs and girls named Doris. Incidentally, he is an “Eager Beaver” when it comes to callis-thenics.

Next we have “Tom” Thomson... Minnesota’s contribution to the Air Corps and a credit to any organization.

Carl Yerian... A Columbus, Ohio boy, a handy man to have around. Married life seems to agree with him.

Early in our training here at Embry-Riddle Field we had an addition to our Squadron of five Glider Pilots.

First we have “Billy” Walkup... An Oklahoma boy and one of our best flyers.

W. S. “Wally” Winter... A small quiet fellow from Chicago and our 100-yard man.

H. S. “Tullerman” Tuller from way up in Seattle, Wash... My, does he have a way with women.

“Al” Oncidi, Mahanoy City, Pa... A small, well built lad from the coal mine district and another one of our Hot Pilots.

Last but not least, “Dutch” Veeder... A tall boy from Schenectady, N. Y., who takes everything in stride.

In Memory of...

Squadron II

When we started out in this “flying adventure,” a gross and gaudy lot we were—but time and work have helped iron out those untidy wrinkles. During this stretch of work and toil we have made new acquaintances and have cultivated new friends.

Buddies we call them, and as time goes on they are bound closer... and now when one is gone or missing it’s as though we’ve lost a close relative. That’s because we’ve been trained to work together as a team, companionable where’er we may be, whether at work or at play.

So in days to come we will have these friends and memories and will feel proud that we did our part for that cause, yes, that great cause... Humanity!

Our humble leader, Marvin “Casey” Castleberry... The “Mayor” of Baldwin, Miss., and his faithful cherubs, namely:

Leon C. “Porky” Higginbotham... Jacksonville’s gift to the Air Corps... The busiest man that ever trod the sod of dear old Embry-Riddle!

Bob Kralk... A quiet and reserved fellow from Chicago. An asset to any man’s outfit!

Robert McDonald... Good ole Mac!... Willie Barners’ ace of smoothness... Another Chicago boy.

Samuel T. Pilkinton, Jr... A fellow with deep thoughts, kind words and stern character... Hails from Artesia, Miss.

Pete “Ground Loop” Fisher... Instructor Paul A. Moore told him on his sixty-hour check, “Just land without ground-looping and you’ve passed.”... Maryland’s exhibit is still with us!

Charles “Shorty” Gill... A hard working Buckeye who had two strikes against him but came through with flying colors... Making thirty hours in twenty!

Max “White” Slifer... A glider pilot who can actually fly a Stearman... But let’s not mention the hurdles, eh what, Max?... A swell boy from Oklahoma City.

Red “Curley” Tippets... Another glider pilot who made good!... Did you sweat, Curley?

John Wall... A Medford, Wisc., lad, and our best check blues singer!... Good boy, John!

Al Streitenberger... An “Eager Beaver”... And a fifteen-star man from Milwaukee!

Roy Lee... Our bugler—poor boy, you know how soldiers go for buglers—but he tried hard! Better stick to your flying, Lee!

Leland Ford... Another Wisconsin boy from Gaye Mill and you can bet those folks back home have something to be proud of!
Albert J. Griffin . . . Your reporter . . . A Miami boy, just trying to figure how he got this far along!

If you will permit it I would like to mention a couple of swell guys who had tough luck and went their ways with chins still high:

Jim Femail . . . One of the whitest fellows there ever was! Good luck, Jim!

William “Bill” Epsy . . . They don’t come any better . . . He gave his all! . . . The best isn’t too good for you, Bill!

“Hot Pilots . . .”

Squadron IV

NOW that the trying days of Primary have passed and have become history, we find that we can look back with amusement and downright fear at some of the wild antics of Squadron Four.

When we arrived at Embry-Riddle Field we were, in our minds, a bunch of H.P.’s who were all ready to show ’em how these Stearmans should be flown. This feeling remained with us for a very, very short time! In fact, it only took one ride to cool us off nearly to the freezing point.

Our most illustrious organization includes such distinguished members as are listed below; however it is definitely and unanimously agreed that there is not a single H.P. in the whole bunch. We have:

F. P. “Birddog” Anderson who hails from Louisville, Ky. “Birddog” is the Squadron “loan shark,” being always flushed with “dough.”

B. E. “Calisthenics” Berean, who always talks about his athletic achievements but who can’t be found when the time for “PT” rolls around. He came from Barker, N. Y. G. J. “Romeo” Balstetter, the boy who sweeps em off their feet, comes from New York. W. W. “Windy” Kulberton, the agitator of the Squadron. He starts all the fights and then stands back and laughs at the other guys. He was dug out of one of the Pennsylvania coal mines.

J. H. “Hurdles” Harrison, the boy who thought the object was to land on the hurdle. He is the only man who ever had the Post C.O. work on his engine. He was brought down from Savannah, Tenn., by the “Revenue.” W. T. “Knute” Kalbacker, who hails from Long Island, N. Y., is the “Worry Wart” of the Squadron. If anything needs a good worry, just tell him about it.

J. H. “Pekan” Lester, a “Rebel” from Rome, Ga. He is the little fellow of the Squadron, but he is by no means unnoticed. In fact, his snores are heard all around the barracks. J. H. “Mad Russian” Lisansky is one of the Glider Pilots who was transferred to the Cadets. He hails from Baltimore, Md. E. M. “Everglades” Powell comes from down in Florida. He is our candidate for the annual “Rubber” medal.

E. H. “Bags” Risher is Mississippi’s contribution to the AAF. For a while after he arrived there was an acute shortage of paper bags on the Post. F. P. “Tree Top” Schmitt from Franklin, N. Y. It seems that he figured that the hurdle stages would be much easier if the trees at the end of the Field were out of the way so . . .

S. E. “Major Al” Smith, our Squadron Lieutenant, comes from down at West Point, Miss. He is noted for his abundant supply of girl friends, which it seems is due to his extensive knowledge of music and poetry which he discusses with them at length (I wonder?)

“The Fighting Third”

Squadron III

A H, YES, another Class prepares to leave the portals of Embry-Riddle Field, Union City. And with them go the Fighting Third Squadron. We arrived here two short months ago—strong, happy and excited young flyers-to-be.

In the Fighting Third we have, to top the list, “Old Man” Stevenson, so named because of his grey hair. The feminine population of Union City says that he treats them just like a father.

Then there are the ground loop experts: “Bud” Halbeisen, “Smitty” Smith and “Fuzzy” Fausnaugh—also H. P. Edwards who was going to teach his Instructor how to fly. “Hot Glider Pilot” Veal who cruised around for half an hour before talking himself into a spin.

“Washington” Garcia who really doesn’t love the hurdles, and, oh yes, I almost forgot . . . Krueger and “Sampson” Allesi. No matter what the subject is, those two must discuss it for hours on end. Hotel manager Robbins and “Candid” Bensley, our photo fiend.

“Brooklyn” Seasted, with a drawl as thick as the London Fog, but he says that these southern belles like it. “South Dakota” Comstock, who makes 100 degree turns in his snap rolls. “Overseas” Buckles, who really likes it over there. Hmmnn. I’ve always heard that those English girls were nice.

“Buckeye” Klotz, who hails from a great city in the mid-west; you can almost find it on the map. Hap Hep Robertson, our Squadron Lieutenant, who for some reason or other can never get his men to fall out on time. “Sleepy” Hollman, who sleeps so soundly through reveille that even Maj. Breeding hates to awaken him.

H. P. Tully, who doesn’t know which way is down halfway through an Immelmann. “Wonder Boy” Baskett, the first one to solo. And last but not least, “Red Blazer,” the boy who could never quite keep up on his hours.

After introducing all of our boys to you I will bid you a fond farewell from the Fighting Third.
K. R. “Deep Purple” Unland blew in from San Francisco, Calif., by way of the Glider Pilots. He is the only man on the Post who can go 500 miles on an overnight pass.

H. L. “Sarg” Watlington from Jackson, Tenn., is a boy whose devilish nature keeps him in “hot water,” well, anyway, it keeps him in the water, hot or cold, because about half his time is spent in the showers as punishment for his pranks. R. E. Wilkinson comes from down at Leary, Ga. He is the Squadron “Wolf!” and we all give up if he manages to get into town first. H. L. “Early Bird” Woodson comes from Dayton, Ohio. He was known as the official time-piece of Embry-Riddle Field. The bugler always waited for him to fall out before blowing the bugle.

Last but not least is W. P. “General” Wood, the Group Captain, who would like to breeze back and forth to his home—Atlanta, Ga. Ask him why. He will long be remembered for his harrowing experiences while trying to teach Instructor Mickey Lightholder how to thrill or scare everyone and everyone else without getting caught. His “outside snaps” at fifty feet are truly keen.

Well, there it is, the story of Squadron Four. As plainly can be seen, a bunch of swell fellows who all will contribute greatly toward keeping the AAF the finest branch of Army Service.

“**A New Game...**”

**Squadron V**

**W**E ARRIVED in Union City one bright, pleasant morning about two months ago, a little apprehensive as to what experiences we could expect in this new game of flying, but endowed with a spirit to give it our best. We were met by the bus and station wagons which whisked us to the Field, where we were to make our home for the next nine weeks.

Our first view of Embry-Riddle Field presented us with a picture of neatness and well-planned surroundings; all available space had been used to its best advantage, thereby saving much valuable time, as we were to learn later.

Our first ride was perhaps our most thrilling experience and we were doubtful as to our abilities to learn to handle the trainers. Our Instructors, however, proved themselves to be past masters at the art of flying and their earnestness to impart some of their knowledge at last began to bear results.

We soloed and then our work began in earnest. Landings soon proved to be harder than we had supposed, but after much practice we soon were able to set ‘er down without too many bumps. As one Student remarked to his Instructor, “That field is exactly nine bounces long,” and he wasn’t far wrong.

We lost some of the boys on each flight check, but those who remained carried on with a grim determination to learn to fly the Army way. Their efforts were rewarded by the Check Rider’s comment on the last ride, “Well, I guess you’ll make it okay.” Those were welcome words, indeed. Our Instructors had proven themselves to be men of immeasurable patience and each Student realized the task that had been theirs.

To the Citizens of Union City the Class of 43-J wishes to say, “Many thanks for being so nice to us.” Your friendliness toward us is deeply appreciated and it is with regret that we say “Adieu.” We’ll come back some day in the near future and renew again the friendships that have been made.

The boys in Squadron V are a cross-section of the average American youth—fun loving, ambitious and possessed with a keen desire to see this War brought to an early victorious close. One of them is from Canada, one from Washington State, another from Arizona, one from Florida and others from many States too numerous to mention here. We’ve shared each others joys, worries and hopes, and friendships have been formed here that will endure for many years to come.

Cadet Neal Williams has the distinction of having had a forced landing. With skillful handling he set his plane down on the home field with a perfect three-pointer. Cadet Graham Sweet was the first man of Class 43-J to solo here and also the first to pass successfully the third periodical flight check.

We’ve had much fun kidding our romantic friend from South Carolina, Cadet John Rainsford, our Squadron Lieutenant. Cadet Louis Dicks is noted for his ability to fly a plane without seeing where he’s going; size (5 ft. 4 in.) accounts for that. A/C Jack Cook is undisputed master of that difficult maneuver—the ground loop.

“**Roll Call...**”

**Squadron VI**

**L**ET’S get a birds-eye view of our never-to-be-forgotten Squadron Six. Wherever there was trouble we were well represented. Our Squadron Leader, A/C Carmen, was referred to as “Con” Carmen and we earned the title of Carmen’s guerillas. When the gig list, confinement card and tour list were posted, Squadron Six was never caught standing short; yet we always managed to send a sole representative to tour for Open Post. When the “gold-brickers” roll call is read off some day beyond the “Pearly Gates,” again the spirit of Squadron Six will come to life. Get acquainted, good reader, for you will more than likely hear of us again:

E. T. Carmen, McIntosh, Ga., our Squadron Leader, gave up the well-earned stripes of S/Sgt. for a try in
Cadets. He was engineer, navigator and gunner with an A-24 outfit.

J. D. Butts, Eupora, Miss., Sergeant of the Squadron. Had three years previous service in such branches of the service as Infantry, Cavalry and Fighter Squadron of our Air Forces. Better known among the boys as “88 Keys.”

R. P. Haderer, Buffalo, N. Y., the musical end of our team. He squeezes a mean accordion, has a knack for playing tunes that bring back pleasant memories. If you care to learn how to fly under telephone wires, just ask Haderer.

R. L. Hinman, Buffalo, N. Y., the only Cadet we know who supposedly was eliminated and then was given a re-check that put him in good standing again.

J. J. Martell, Milwaukee, Wis., a year and one-half as a G.I. “Grease Monkey” with our Air Forces, five months of which were spent in England. Wolfin in Pica-dilly Circus and Martell really are all one word.

J. W. McCullough, Nashville, Tenn., our Group Adjutant, is really one of the boys. What I mean is that we really have to be nice to him because he knows the right people. Jack is backed-up with two years’ service in the Air Corps. He held a S/Sgt. rating and was with the Eighth Air Force for six months in England. When he first started flying his Instructor told him to look at the “T” but Jack just couldn’t locate the darn thing on his instrument panel. Someone forgot to install it.

G. J. Bostetter, Jackson Heights, N. Y. Fourteen months’ previous service with the Infantry, he became tired of office work and turned toward Cadets. Long Island’s gift to the “Flying Gadgets.”

H. A. Higgins, Rochester, N. Y., left a good position with Eastman Kodak to be in our Company. Now it can be told. When he was supposed to be walking tours you’d find him some place close to Camp at a picnic with other colleagues who supposedly were confined. He originated the idea.

J. C. Haimzer, Ellinier, Pa., as a S/Sgt. earned glider pilot wings. Previous to that he had three years’ service in the Air Corps. A regular fellow and not at all hard to look at. He never did put in a full working period of calisthenics.

K. R. Unland, Berkeley, Calif., another one of us who earned glider pilot wings as a S/Sgt. after putting in a year’s service in the Air Corps as a buck sergeant.

C. H. Jernigan, Dublin, Ga., out of his fifteen months with the Air Corps, four were spent in England. He thinks a check-ride is given just to convince the Check-Rider that there are a lot of maneuvers that you need to practice.

H. I. McCracken, Lorain, Ohio. Six out of eight months were spent in England while with the Engineers. Gave up being a machinist for the service uniform.

I. H. Lisansky, Baltimore, Md. The first one from our barracks to solo; turned to Cadets after earning the attractive wings of a glider pilot.

E. L. Hager, Lansford, Pa. Two years as a G.I., he spent seven months in England with a tank destroyer outfit, a job I wouldn’t want for it means working. About the only one in Squadron Six who is on the ball.

B. G. Campbell, St. Matthews, S.C. Quote, “Lucky to get through here.” Unquote. Don’t believe him, he’s an H.P.

A. J. Ball, Erie, Pa. For seven months he had very few G.I. friends for he was an M.P. at Fort Meade, Md.

H. Krawiec, Williston Park, N. Y. Spent five out of eighteen months in England. Was connected with the Eighth Air Force. Took up flying because it doesn’t include walking. “He thought.”

We are leaving Primary now to go on to bigger things. Before we’re forgotten we want to thank each and every person for his kindness, help and patience. What you started we’ll carry to all parts of the world. Those of us who have been in the War zone are now hoping to get back as fliers. Those who have yet to see it for the first time wish to see it from the air while at the controls of one of our best.

Before we came here we thought that the air under the wing kept the plane up. They say here that the air that isn’t above the wing keeps the plane up. What next?

To our Officers, Flying Instructors, Ground School Instructors, Dispatchers, Line Men and all concerned we join in saying “Thank you.” May you be proud of us some day and feel that your efforts were not in vain.

"Snoopyin’ About..."

CAPT. LEN POVEY, our Vice-President in charge of Operations, visited us last week for several days. As usual, our superb mechanics had to overhaul his Stinson Reliant. Teh, teh, teh, can’t you Florida boys do better than that? (I’m ready to dodge the bricks.) I fixed the radio in his plane the last time he came up. If we can prove to him that this is the best Field of the lot (and it is) maybe he will visit us more often.

Charlie Ebbets, Chief of the Photographic Division, has been all over the Post snapping at this and that. “The Great Ebbets,” to use his own words (You didn’t think I would, huh?), has taken numbers of pictures of everything of interest here. We hope to see them in the Fly Paper soon. There’s one in particular...

What happened the other day during or just before the fire drill? A certain department head, whose name I won’t tell, was going to set fire to a can of waste at exactly 10:14 to make the drill more realistic. At 10:12 he started to the vacant lot to light the fire. But what was this? His secretary came running to catch him. He had forgotten the matches.

Grace Dietzel had a date. She was at the “Moon Pitchers” with... Jim Long is back from his vacation
and is hard at work guiding the destiny of the Refresher School, "The backbone of Embry-Riddle."

Ray Ryan is going to have his picture taken. How these guys hate publicity. "Reluctant" Ray had to be blackmailed before he would consent. It looks like Dixie High School has taken over the Canteen. They sure raise them good looking out in them hills.

T. C. Cottrell and his henchmen, the Grind School Instructors, are ready to give instruction in the fine art of ping-pong between the hours of twelve and one in the Canteen. T. C. has a "wiggle ball" that is taking all the paint off the tables. It curves over the end of the table and hits the top from underneath.

It was with regret that we said "good-bye" to our Commanding Officer, Maj. Charles N. Breeding, who left us June 30. Maj. Breeding was transferred to Smyrna, Tenn., where he will take a transition course for B-24's. And so another of the original Army personnel has gone.

Speaking of the "original" Army personnel (meaning, of course, the ones who were here at the opening of the Field), very few are left. Those who saw Embry-Riddle Field grow from a pup to its present size are: 1st Lt. Eugene L. Kleiderer, Jr., W/O Homer C. Dickinson, T/Sgt. Perry Cannon, Sgt. Sammy Williams and Corp. Ray Hughes.

New faces are appearing every day in the Army headquarters. Capt. E. Stanley Cromwell reported this week from Vichy, Miss. and T/Sgt. David Jenkins, in the Engineering department, reported from Ocala, Fla.

"How about someone's telling me why it is that Mary Lou Joyner is constantly singing "There are Smile(y)s that make us happy"?"

S/Sgt. Larquis W. Cunningham left Wednesday for Waco, Tex., where he will start his training as a Liaison Pilot. Looks like the Link Trainers will have to fix themselves when they go haywire as Cunningham was the maintenance man in that department.

"Peck" Guest: Buy a new knife and get traded out of it before you can find out if it is sharp—cheated, says he.

Crutchfield: On crutches with a broken ankle.

Robert Barton: "I can't spray chairs; no paint, no aid and no cool place."

Whipple and McNeil "Where, oh where, can I find an oil can?"

Leon Caldwell: "Who broke my mower?"

43-K Chatter
... at Union City

A/C Ralph Snyder took one look at the latest Reader's Digest essay on cigarettes and promptly went back to chewing tobacco.

Do you know how to punctuate? Well, then, read this and put in the commas: That that is that that is not is not.

The man who really can write is the fellow doing the publicity blurbs for the wonderful Reelfoot Lake. Boy, oh boy, what an Alice in Wonderland he could do.

A/C A. Keeler is the man who plays the bugle, though he would much rather listen. Just mention Beethoven's sixth symphony and watch him perk up.

WAAC is no more. It has been changed to WAC. We men in the service don't care how you spell it; to us it means, Miss, you're tops.

The entire Cadet Corps extends its sympathy to Instructor Burgess. It seems that he undertook the project of teaching A/C Clifford. Too bad, too bad.

A/C F. I. Sharp, Jr., got his Army check today. That's a shame, too, because "Sharpy" was one of the best liked men on the Field. Now that he has all that money he will go in hiding.

For my money, A/C "Bud" Whiting wins the all time prize for understatement. Yesterday his propeller stopped turning when he landed. That was understandable due to the high wind, but "Bud" calmly writes in the 1-A form, "Prop idles too slow."

If Simon Legree ever feels in need of lessons on how to be tough, let me give him a little advice. Sit behind one of the Dispatchers for a day. Simon, you're a sissy.

A/C "Daddy" Craig returned from furlough. There ought to be an isolation ward for anyone that's so darn happy—he is as obvious as a B-17.

If you think you can get a better investment than War Bonds, run, do not walk, to the nearest doctor; you are balmy.

The Mourners' Bench

KATHERYNE McVAY: A new Ford and already needing spark plugs and a mechanic's care.

Ed. Boatwright: A beautiful garden, a nice home, lights for croquet playing and the owner says move.

Buster Humphreys: Buy a home and have to visit all his friends for two weeks until the processor can find a place to move.

J. B. Sellars: A few more additions to the crash truck and it will be overloaded, says he.

Hop of the Canteen: Trying to be a Cashier instead of a cook.
SCENES AT CHAPMAN FIELD

The upper left-hand picture shows Dudley Rasmussen on a step ladder and Melvin Brown kneeling. Both are working on a secondary ship, Fairchild M-62-A. At upper right is "Tiny Tim" Heflin, Chief Pilot, and Superintendent of Maintenance Bruce Hadley. (Looks like he's getting a parking ticket.) At the lower left a cub is being serviced by Clarence Clark. In the lower right-hand "pic." Line Girls Briget Kulczycki and Mary Sylvester are giving a Fairchild a facial.
CHAPMAN CHATTER
by Cara Lee Cook

We from Chapman wish to thank those at Carlstrom for the courtesies and assistance rendered last Sunday. The trip, the rodeo and everything was swell. I still claim, though, that Arcadia doesn't have all the bull-throwers.

And now for that rambling interview we promised last week. The first-degree victim of this grueling cross-examination happens (just his luck) to be Flight Commander of Private Students Gerald V. (for victory, no doubt) Cook, no relation to yours truly, although it has been said that we look alike; he's got 2 arms, ears, eyes and six toes too! But then on the other hand Gerry is about 5 ft. 11 in., good looking and built like Atlas Maidenswoon, (sorry girls, he's a family man).

"Cookie"

Here We Go

Now for the first question: Were you born? "Yes" (I always get the same answer) and in Georgia too, he says. When? "September 20, 1920." Why? (silence). Doesn't Gerry know that heroes are made, not born. First airplane ride back in 1927. Seasick. Undaunted, our hero took to flying like a natural born bat.

Gerry modestly admits few bad habits, doesn't spit, cuss, drink or whistle at the girls (it says here in fine print). Bill Fernandez volunteers the information that Gerry has the bad habit of knocking his pipe ashes all over Operations.

Gerry likes most sports, specially baseball, and is a smooth pitcher too, I might add. That same smooth coordination has also made a tip-top bowler out of him. Or have you noticed Chapman's bowling record? Gerry started instructing back in April, 1942, when we were still out at Municipal and now has over 1250 total flight hours. Gerry, you may step down now.

Victim Number Two

Next case: Dave Narrow takes the witness stand in defense of himself and all other honorable Primary Flight Commanders. His job is to flight test and progress check all Primary Navy Cadets in his flight. Dave virtuously confesses he has no good habits. (What a martyr.) He is envied for his good nature and curly hair.

Once Dave managed his own Flight Operation with wife Helen on the Delaware River in New Jersey and also at Pelican Island. Has a darling two year old son known to all as "Chippy." Dave claims he looks just like his dad. But Chippy has hair on his head.

Curly Narrow is the man with the hat when there's a collection to be gathered and the fellow with the English shorts when it's hot in the summer. He's been with the company since September, 1941, and rates very high in seniority.

Next case comes up in a following issue when Helen Cavis and Jungle Jim Pollard take the stand.

WHITECAPS
by Betty Bennett, Guest Columnist

While starting this week's copy we came across some witty sayings of Betty Bennett and promptly selected her as this week's guest columnist.

Well, here tiz, hot off the Riddle Girdle.

... Splash!

Lt. Alva Lee Hefty, pride and joy of ATC, soloed this week. Believe it or not, but chivalry reared its ugly head and we refrained from the customary immediate dunking because our fledgling was all dressed up. Frankly, I don't think that anyone had the heart to ruin those pretty new coupon 17's. However, tradition won out, and the following day Hefty was properly dunked by Jerry (Woo Hoo Blimpy) Wright and Little Willie Waters officiating.

By and by, if you're by any chance contemplating a visit to this sanctum sanctorum of sanctum sanctornns, you had better be sure that you have your short snorter with you cuz we've got some brand new members that are just oh, so anxious to get their hard earned shackles back.

Addenda ... Have you ever noticed that hammered pewter effect that is so prevalent on the top of our cab dashboards? Well, if you run the tips of your fingers over it you will find that is flight instructor language in Braille, meaning "get that nose down!" Tst! Tst! Temper, temper.

Has this letter, purported to have been sent by a Navy man to his mother, come your way? If not, I think you'll enjoy it.

"After leaving where we were, we left for here, and not knowing we were coming from there to here we could not tell if we would arrive here or not, but nevertheless we are here and not there."

"The weather here is just as it is at this season, but of course unlike the weather we had before we came here."

"From there to here is just as far as from here to there. I feel just as I should for this kind of weather here, but of course I felt all right there for the kind of weather there.

"So there is nothing to be alarmed about. The way we came here is just the way everyone comes from there to here. In short, where I am is where I am. Your loving son . . ."

Guess you've had your ration of corn for this week, so until next week, will make like Superman and be Up, Up and A—way.

S'long

NEW BOOKS
Ways of the Weather, by Humphreys.
Mathematics in Aviation, by Ostbye.
Elements of Radio, by Hellman.
Chile—A Geographic Extravaganza, by Subercaseaux.
Building Model War Planes, by Stieri.
Physical Science in the Air Age, by Manzer, Peake and Leps.
The Airport, by Arcy.
Elements of Pre-Flight Aeronautics, by Aviation Education Research Group.
Aeronautics in the Industrial Arts Program, by Wilber and Neunhardt.
Lubricants and Lubrication, by Glower.
Flying Squadrons, by Johnston.
Safety in Flight, by Jordanoff.
Call to Battle, by Lull.
High Courts of Heaven, by Hewes.
Stolen Squadron, by Leonard.
Bombs Away, by Steinbeck.
Happy Landings, by Herzberg.
Biography of Aviation Education Materials, by Cartwright.

ANOTHER BOEING?

It'll revolutionize the industry. Not only can it outfly a bird, but it can lay eggs and land on telephone poles.

—By Bill Bruce
We thought we heard a high wind this morning—instead, it was a “stacker.” To those of you who don’t know what a “stacker” is, it’s a very small truck used for lifting and carrying heavy objects such as our engines and engine boxes. The stacker is a tricky little truck that navigates about like a beetle. Needless to say, Griffin could hardly wait to drive it and acts like an old hand now. How about a few driving lessons, Griff?

Overhaul Birthdays

Of course July is the best month in which to be born, but maybe we’re prejudiced. However, best wishes to these people in our shop who celebrate birthdays this month: Milton Dickerson, Edith Kirtland, Ted Kunkel, Mary Thomas, Jimmy Wheeler, Charley Thompson, Johnny Adams, Joe Haley, Bill Woodcock, Martha Snodgress, Johnny Bush and yours truly. Many, many thanks to the Spark Plug department for the birthday cake and the huge candy sucker. No personal aspirations, we hope.

Trixie Henry has been away on a vacation visiting her parents in Virginia. We, like Joe, do miss our Trixie and hope she will hurry back. Martha Snodgress has also left us for a short vacation to visit her parents. “Cassie” has speeded northward to be with her father who is very ill. We hope he will be much better soon.

Get Well Quick

Ruth Bradfield has been out taking care of her husband, “Jack” Bradfield, a former employee of Engine Overhaul, who has just come home from the hospital. Our best wishes to Jack for a speedy recovery.

Ruth Hamilton has gone on her vacation to be with her soldier husband for an all-too-short time. We do miss Ruth’s friendly ways and hope she’ll have a nice trip.

The Fourth of July was a real Independence Day—with the shop going all-out for freedom by working all day, getting out those engines to “Keep ‘em Flying.” Didn’t we say “Look out, Schinkelgruber”? We meant that!

Ruth Ingram went fishing and Flo Reeves and Eleanor Swan went visiting, we hear, several weeks ago. These Engine Overhaul people really do get around.

Petified Frogs

Mae Heacock has a very un feminine liking for bugs, toads, scorpions, grasshoppers, etc. Bill Ehne and Joe Henry contribute to her collection practically every day, hence she has quite an assortment of petified frogs and the like. We’ll never understand it.

Pat Drew is back with us again after her operation. She is working in the Stockroom office now and says she is glad to be back.

Talk about changes: the Cylinder-Valve department had a big alteration and face-lifting the other day. Harry Froelich can thank Bill Ehne for his new working angle, and the new space is a time-saver par excellence.

Through the Keyhole

Engine Overhaul Sparks: Ruby Pafford’s preference for Texans; Walter Barrie “wolf ing”; Margaret Haws in a shocking pink bandanna; Judy Tatum rounding everyone up for physical exams; Ruth Behes’s charming smile and “come-hither” personality; Lona Cochran looking glamorous the other night; Jack Hale absent-mindedly leaving his notebooks around; Mr. Nelson’s quaint habit of lifting his eyebrows at people; the top of Arthur Rubin’s desk always occupied by one or more Inspectors; the popularity of the ice cream truck.

Ray “Pop” Huber is a four-star father now. We challenge any other department to find a father or mother who has given more sons and daughters to the service of their country. We’re proud of “Pop” and wish the best of luck to his young Americans.

Time to leave, G’bye now.

Papa: “Mary, if there were four flies on the desk and I killed one, how many would be left?”

Little Mary: “One—the dead one.”

GYRO NOTES

by Walter Dick

It is a busy place out here in Instrument Overhaul these days. The day and night shifts are turning out lots of instruments which are badly needed. Our pilots, navigators and bombardiers are the best trained men in the skies.

These boys need instruments in perfect condition while they are training as well as after they get their wings. This is where we come in. Let each of us do our jobs as well as we can as quickly as we can—it will help keep them flying.

Battle Wagon

Charles Austin has just found the boat he wants—one of Uncle’s battle wagons. Charlie left June 26th for a Maryland port after his induction into the Navy. Good luck, sailor.

Yep, he made it—Hugh now has his pilot’s license. Congratulations, Shinner.

Mr. Ridgeway from Tech School paid us a visit last Friday. He is back from Pioneer Instrument Co., Philadelphia, where he completed a special course in instruments. We were very glad to see him again.

New Scorsy

The boys in the shop downstairs have about completed work on our new scorsy. We need another one badly, and as the new one will accommodate five instruments at one time it will speed up the checking of instruments wonderfully. They also have other equipment which should be coming up soon.

The cartoon this week is by Mr. Rothchild.

In keeping with the times and the War effort, Mr. Hinton has written another poem which will be published next week.

Whatever makes men happier makes them better.—Goldsmith

GYRO WISDOM

Avis: “Calculating Airspeeds isn’t much fun, is it?”

Anne Lee: “No, but it is a lot better than collaborating with the Axis, you can bet.”
**COLONNADE CANNONADE**

by Helen Pennoyer

Maxine Hurt was not one to be bribed, as you can plainly see, so here I sit typing away trying my best to get the copy in before the deadline ... which is 11:00 a.m. It is now 1:00 p.m. ... Wonder if I’ll make it. Oh well, I was always told, “Better late than never.” Hope Wain feels the same way about it.

No more Minnie Cassel but only for a little while, we hope. She and Fred are visiting his father in Houston, Tex. I hope they checked their luggage before they decided they might have found a stowaway in the form of Maxine Hurt. Max is rather fond of that part of the country and gets an occasional urge to go back. We have to keep a constant eye on her for fear she might get the idea just once too often.

**Second Floor Mourning**

The second floor is in mourning. They have lost their favorite person, Harry Rinhard, now Ensign, USNR. I went upstairs to see how they were taking Harry’s departure and Kay Weidman was spokesman, “We were all plenty proud of him in his whites and have no apologies to make for the lipstick decorations. Who could have resisted? Poor Harry, it will take him a month to get all of those tattoos off his face.

Ensign Peter Ordway left Saturday for Texas, taking Harry as far as Pensacola. Also accompanying Ensign Ordway to Texas was our Brazilian friend, Happy (Sertorio) Arruda, who has a scholarship to the University of Texas. I have an idea Mary Francis Quinn of Accounting is going to be missing Happy “Mucho,” but aren’t we all?

**Good Trips**

Louise Nelson, Mr. Hillstead’s red-haired secretary, is back from her vacation and reports a wonderful time, Ditto, Ray Lipe of Payroll.

Laura Burgess of the Bond department has gone to New York. Now who am I going to annoy about my bond? Have a wonderful time, Laura, but hurry back.

Ed Christmas is also on his vacation in North Florida.

Marion Moran has taken over Betty Poague’s job as Harry Roberts’ secretary. We’re going to miss Betty.

Leonard Brown of Auditing left us to go back into the hotel business. You have left many friends behind, Mr. Brown, so come back to say hello occasionally.

Personnel is welcoming Gladys Lewis to the Record office and in behalf of the Colonnade I add to that welcome. Gladys’ husband is an Aviation Cadet stationed at the University of Miami.

Texas Newbold of Advertising had her week-end cheered up considerably. She received a wire from her husband, Bob, that he would be flying to Ft. Myers, Fla. from Goldsboro, N. C., for the Fourth, so Texas wanted no more worrying about getting to Ft. Myers. Bob is in the Army and is stationed at Seymour Johnson Field in Goldsboro.

The Advertising department is boasting a very charming addition. She is Suzanne Bryan who came from Palm Beach with Betty Ordway and with Betty became one of the first occupants of the new Embry-Riddle dormitory for girls here in Coral Gables, which Aviation Advisor Marty C. (C for Chloé) Warren has been busy interior decorating.

I went back to Paul Baker’s Parachute department to find out what I could about his parachute rigging class, but he was so busy I wasn’t even able to get his eye. I will catch him when he is off guard before next copy time.

Martha Cooper, Mr. Jackson’s secretary, has deserted us to go into the dental business. We wish you a lot of luck, Martha ... and while I am wishing you luck in your new job, I’ll wish me luck in your old job.

**ARMY A.D.D.’s**

Tachometers ... Manometers ... Aneroid Barometers ... Altimeters ... Mercurial Barometers ... Indicators ... Gauges ... Ratio ... Demagnetizing ... Straboscopic ... Gyroscopic ... Vacuum ... Pressure ... mumble ... mumble ... H’lo, nice of you to meet me over here at the Colonnade in Coral Gables. We’ll go right upstairs to Instrument Overhaul as I promised.

Don’t know whose turn it is on day duty ... Army Inspector, I mean. They have two shifts and they take it turn about. Important people these two. Their job is to personally inspect and test every instrument the shop turns out. We may find Bill Hill, who is very quiet and seems to have a faint longing for Memphis, Tenn. ... or we may find Fred Merritt ... who will speak to you very seriously and then in two or three minutes have you laughing uproariously.

We want to say something about Bill Beckwith, E.R.’s superintendent of Instrument Overhaul. He has an easy confident manner that soon puts you at ease. We shall pause to admire this man because of the fine job he has done and is doing. Do you note how well the shop is arranged? Mr. Beckwith did it. He also designed all the equipment ... cabinets ... benches ... tables ... test fixtures ... some of the test equipment. They were all made downstairs in the machine shop ... and the whole thing is amazing.

**UNCLAIMED LETTERS**

Letters addressed to the following persons can be found in the Tech School Mail Room: Leo Aserdock, Frank Cuttle, Joseph Holladay, Floyd Hamm, Katharyn Knnieshe, John McDougal and Arthur Mockray.

We also note his able and competent secretary, Peggy Maynard ... a former Instrument student herself, she is well equipped for her job. And little Marian Smithson has her share too ... little jars filled with minute instrument parts as delicate as a hair spring ... she has charge of the stockroom.

**Roving Around**

Let’s rove ... this machine with the whirling orange disc and black dots ... gets you dizzy looking at it ... it’s for Tachometers ... calibration. This huge glass tube ... is a Water Manometer. This black object with the very thick glass which looks like a search light without the light is a pressure chamber for Altimeters ... only it vacuums.

These funny glass things that look like the glass covers your grandmother used to have in the parlor over some treasured article ... they are Bell Jars for the testing of Altimeters, Rate of Climb, Compasses, etc. This huge green eye in the box ... staring at you ... is a Bank and Turn Indicator calibration stand ... or Turn Table ... and here is a little pressure chamber for manifold pressure gauges ... this is one of the many pieces of test equipment made in the shop downstairs.

Row upon row of tables with people sitting at them working with fine small tools on delicate precision work. Delicate as watch repairing ... and many of the parts similar to those of a watch. This thing moving around like a drunken man is a

**Continued on Page 18**

**HIGHER, BROTHER, HIGHER**

“[The next time we bomb Italy I'm gonna fly higher over these Alps]”—by Bill Bruce
CARLSTROM
Continued from Page 5
Cracken is back and ready to take Dorr Field on in a Golf Match! 
Mrt. Gould bought a new car (blue Plymouth) while at home in West Virginia and brought his mother back to Arcadia with him. Also accompanying them was Dale Fishel's mother, and from what we hear she looks more like his sister.
Weir Williams also returned from his vacation yesterday and took an active part in the Square Dance held at the Tourist Camp last evening.
Letters have been put out to all employees at Carlstrom Field inaugurating a War Bond drive, and from early reports it appears that spirited competition between departments already has started.
Slim McAulay, head of the Field Maintenance department, whose department was at the bottom of a good report on Lt. Frank's drive, reports that his department is now signed up 100 per cent for Bond purchases of 10 per cent or more. Congratulations to Slim and his crew! This is a mighty fine showing.
C o ngratulations are in order for Bill Henderson, who has been promoted to Squadron Commander, and Byron Shouppe, who is now Assistant Squadron Commander.

DORR
Continued from Page 1
portation has been arranged, so make a date for Saturday night, July 24th.
Note to Major Boyd: Lt. Ports does not request A O duty August 1st, as it seems that he is taking the final plunge into matrimony. The young lady is Betty Townsend of Arcadia. All Dorr Field wishes them both the best of good luck and lots of happiness.

Lis, McLaughlin and Gailey squiring two very attractive gals around the Post last Sunday. Him, seems that our Egyptian love potion is doing OK.
We have been trying to think up some sport at which we can beat the Army. In the future we're going to ask all Army Personnel if they can swim. Should their answer be yes, we're going to invite them to race us across the deep end of the pool. Some fun?
Over in Sarasota the other day we met Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Netherly who are spending a couple of weeks at the beach. We gave a very good report on Lt. Frank's behavior for which we hope to collect in the very near future, we hope.
The addition of two new 2½ ton Army trucks to the Post alleviates transportation difficulties considerably.
The new semi-trailer bus on the Dorr Field transportation fleet, complete with conductor and driver, overcomes another transportation difficulty. The seating capacity is 54 persons, but with Saturday Gym. P. I. for Cadets, what it will hold is a military secret.
Don't forget the buffet supper dance at Carlstrom Field tomorrow night, July 10. T'fably yours,
Jack

ARGENTINIAN RECEIVES AWARD

A specially built aviation watch was presented to Reno Bono last Friday night when he was named the outstanding Latin American student at Embry-Riddle. James Blackler, Director of the Tech School, made the presentation at the Town Meeting in Bayfront Park last Friday night. He is seen above with Adriano Fonse (left) working hard over a flat tire.

A Vida Na Classe De Portugueses De Portugueses

by a Student

Joao no fala Portugueses e Maria no trabalha na cidade ... H o je temos as seguintes informações: Algumas verdades, outras como diz o Sr. Smith, são mentiras. A Senhorita Bosley atualmente enterra as flores secas que o ... dá para ela no jardim da casa com a esperança de que elas cresçam outra vez, e por esse motivo não guarda mais no livro.
O Sr. Burton, que todos conhecem como o pescador "in the market" com acento à la Baltimore, vae a pesca todos os dias "Sorry, but again in the market," desde a aurora até luso fuso e nunca pesou um peixe pois elle pensa que "in the market," é mais facil.
O professor de verbos irregulares except "vir e ver" Sr. Stahl severo e com os olhos negros vives a penetrantes, e de agradável presença, quando de bom humor, porem terrível quando irritado e sempre diz: Quero ficar so, quero ficar so. A Sra. Smith e o Sr. Miller mais conhecidos por "Goldie and Dusty," sempre juntos e muito agradáveis, mas o importante é que ao lado deste lindo par, sentase o Chunk, tambem conhecido por Sr. Larimer, como é que elle nunca ouviu uma tal cousa mas saberá muito bem quando souber a diferença entre vir e vir.

DORR FIELD WEDDING
Ruth McCoy of Wilmington, N. C., became the bride of Lt. James V. Conroy of Dorr Field Saturday, June 26. Best wishes, Lt. and Mrs. Conroy.

Esta semana tivemos a visita de nossos amigos os Turistas, que chegaram de sua viagem do Norte e pensamos que ja foram para o Sul pois não apareceram mais em claro: importante é que estas estavam e sem passaporte nao e verdade Sr. e Sra. Beaty? Elles sao turistas mas gostam muito de Miami.
Perguntei ao nosso sabio e sempre pen-sativo Sr. Maydwell que gostaria de fazer? e este período foi rápida simples e em Portu-gues: Oxala que fale Portugues fluentemente.
O Sr. Wells, parceiro do professor de verbos, nunca saberá porque o frango atravessa a estrada mas mesmo assim esperamos que em muito breve elle no conte uma longa historia, sobre o que ainda é segredo.
Temos agora o Sr. K. C. Smith o primeiro a escrever um artigo para este jornal, sempre risonho e gentil e sempre gosta de usar palavras difíceis e estranhezas porem muito delicadas. Sem duvida a Sra. Hendrickson é a que responde as questões mais depressa na classe sempre usa frases curtidas e muito interessantes.
O Sr. Goncali Coca Cola parece ser o maior vendedor de bebidas neste condado e tendo muito ganho; todos sabem quem o Sr. Burrell.
Quem sabe o que o Sr. Sack e o Sr. Ridgway fazem pois neste tempo nada posso dizer delles pois os mesmos sao muito reservados e calmos. Sera que a Sra. Foot sabe que o seu esposo conhece mais Portu-

PORTUGUESE CLASSES
Portuguese classes are being conducted by Adriano Fonse at the DeSoto High School, Arcadia, at 8 a.m. every Friday. Seventy students already are enrolled. All personnel of Dorr and Carlstrom Fields are invited to attend.

gues pois sempre entretém os aviadores brasileiros de visita aqui na Escola Embry Riddle com muita graçiosidade e a Sra. pena que elle estudou muito mas isto e verdade, Sr. Foot?
H o je ficarei aqui mas para a proxima semana prometo cousas muito mais lindas e talvez alguma cousa de min mesmo.

A.D.D.
Continued from Page 17
Scorpy for a Gyro, for the yawl, roll, and pitch ... interesting? They're building two more of these downstairs that will hold five instruments each.
An assortment of odd looking fixtures for calibrating. All around are lots of big and little glass tubes that look like big thermometers ... but are various kinds of Manometers. This long bench in front with the built-in machinery is for the calibration of electrical instruments ... this kind of meter and that kind of meter ... all very interesting ... but confusing to say the least, to the average person.
Come again .. we'll go over to Aircraft Overhaul next week.
BOWLING

The Emsley-Riddle Bowling League moved into its palatial new quarters at Brunswick Bowland, 220 N. E. 13th St., last Wednesday night. Matches are scheduled to start promptly at 8:00, and the bowlers are cordially invited to bring their families and friends to these pleasant new surroundings.

The summer league of twelve teams will complete six more weeks of play to determine its champion. A new league for four teams has been formed and will play a two-round schedule for prize money and a department trophy. After these leagues are finished a new fall and winter sixteen team league will be formed, and play will continue at these new same alleys.

The Cincinnati Five increased its lead to three games by taking the measure of the Chapman Field No. 2 team. Keene, with a 516 and Uffenorde with a 505 were the top scorers for the league leaders. Tiny Davis was top man for the Championites with a 449.

Chapman Field No. 1 took a two-game thumping from the Coliseum Volts team. The Chapman Field boys had strengthened their team by adding Mel Goellke to the squad. He made his debut with a 528 set which marked him as high scorer for the evening.

The Volts were a little too consistent, though, and captured the first game by 55 pins, the second by 85, and then dropped the third by 39 pins. Capt. Ed. Hadden was their best scorer with a 409.

The Gremlins fought their way up into a tie with first place with Chapman Field No. 1 by making a clean sweep of their series with Administration. Critchfield was their high scorer with a 453 while Jack Riley topped the Administration five with 388.

Transportation moved up into the first division again by defeating the Sandblasters three straight games. Andy Godfrey, with a 494 and Web Webster, with a 444 topped the driving department, while Hugh Williamson with a 452 led the losers.

Aircraft was toppled down out of the money class by the Military Engine division, the Engine boys winning all three titles by considerable margin. Cecil Cook was the high scorer for the match with a 433 and Humphrey Helm led Military Engines with a 411. The Coliseum Amps took two of the three games from the Piston Pine team. Harry LeRoy with 421 was the high scorer for the Piston Pins, and Hornick topped the Amps with 410.

ORDERS IS ORDERS

"Privy Smith, I distinctly told you to go out and bring me a jeep"—by Bill Brown

ARMY BOXING

The fistic spotlight was turned on again last Friday evening at the Gables Coliseum Field after being out for three weeks due to inclement weather on those nights.

The leather fire works were supplied by the final contestants, Alger Ambrase from the Gables and Carl Hudson, light-heavyweight from Tech.

In the opening round both boys started off with an exchange of two handed blows, one of which caught Hudson off balance and sent him reeling into the ropes. Had Ambrase immediately followed up his advantage he may have won in that round, but Hudson managed to shake off the effects and boxed Ambrase the rest of the session. Hudson, not losing heart, went back into the second round fray and tried to stem the tide of battle, but Ambrase's straighter punches and better condition were too much for Hudson with the nod easily going to Ambrase.

The semi-final bout also provided its quota of action with Charles Intrabartolo winning a decision over his spunky welterweight opponent, Edward Dalkiewicz.

Intrabartolo's unique collection of blows that he lets fly from all angles with a good percentage of hits proved too puzzling for Dalkiewicz to solve until the closing seconds of the fight when he began to reach Intrabartolo with uppercuts and stand off his aggressive attacks with long left jabs.

William Agnew's superior boxing skill gave him an easy decision over his welterweight opponent, Richard Mann. This was also Agnew's third win for which he is the fourth boxer to receive a pair of boxing shoes.

Welterweight Clair Beauman's willingness managed to earn him a draw with Chalmers Helble.

In a novelty show that was immensely popular with the spectators, Vernon Eldred weighing seventy pounds, eked out a pillow decision over his sixty-five pound opponent, Neil Anderson.

The Athletic Program is under the direction of Lt. Martin Meyer and the officials of the evening were: Ray Cicone, Chief Second and Boxing Coach, James Foley and David Lawrence, Judges, and David Hartman, Timer.

FOUND

A red sweater found on the fourth floor of the Tech School has been turned in to the Mail Room.

VALUE OF COURTESY AND DISCIPLINE

"Tell your trainees to make military courtesy and discipline a habit... they mean a lot."

Those are the keen words of wisdom extracted from a letter written recently by a former Jefferson Barracks soldier to his old commanding officer, Maj. Joseph W. Meglick, C.O. the 25th Training Group.

The writer is CPL Robert A. Scott, now on duty with a repair squadron beyond the boundaries of the United States. When he was here he was a member of the old 315th Material Squadron of which Maj. Meglick was commander.

Another part of his letter shows the value of hard training and rigorous drilling as a means of assimilating the difficult work ahead. He writes: "We went through a couple of weeks ago that really separated the men from the boys! Nine miles in a little less than three hours with one eight-minute break... the heat ricocheted off the pavement and hit us like the well-known kick of a Missouri mule. When we came in I felt like a Model T Ford that just completed a cross-country hop."

(Taken from "Jefferson Barracks HUB")

We too receive frequently letters from former students, but we would like to hear more yet. Let us know when you get out on the line in various parts of the country how the training received at the School here compares with that of other schools and how much value it was to you.

Somewhat belated congratulations go to Pfc. Maurice Pierre, Class 3-43-B, who got married almost two weeks ago.

High men in the physical fitness test given at the Tech School up to July 4th are: Pfc. Charles B. Hager, 22-43-E, with a score of 78.


Pfc. Wm. C. Severson, 22-43-E, with a score of 70.

Many of you will be missing the tall figure and snappy voice of Leonhard Chance who left to attend Officer Candidate's School in Texas. We all wish him the best of luck.

The following men who are graduates of Class 1-43-AMC have reported as Aerial Engineers to the Homestead Base:

Pfc. Thomas C. Hughes, Jr.
Pfc. Robert W. Groes
Pvt. Harvey Sisson
Pvt. John H. Musa
Pvt. Charles Simpson, Jr.
Pfc. Scott M. Benegard
Pvt. Richard R. Ruhnke
Pvt. Charles N. Reavis, Jr.
Pvt. Raymond M. Odoirne
Pvt. Donald E. Stone
Sgt. Walter O. Bergh of the Homestead Airplane reports that the above men are the best they have received for their final training.
PETER ORDWAY RECEIVES ORDERS TO ACTIVE DUTY

by Helen Pennoyer

I had been racking my brain about how to get Dean of Admissions Peter Ordway to start talking about himself. . . then I remembered he had promised to give me the “scoop” when he was ordered to active duty as an ensign in the Navy. Now he has left to report at the U. S. Naval Air Base at Dallas, Tex.

Peter Ordway was born in St. Paul, Minn., on Feb. 26, 1916. We didn’t learn about his early life, so we shall start with his graduation from Dartmouth. Upon graduating, he went to Hollywood as a reader for Walter Wanger Productions and became story editor.

Later, seeing greener pastures, he went with United Artists, and greener pastures they were, too. Not only did he sell a story to that studio but it was while he was there that he met Mrs. Ordway. The story he sold, “So Gallantly Gleaming,” is to be produced after the war.

Next he went with M.G.M. as a writer, and among his many successful pictures while with that studio were: “History is Made at Night,” “The Great Waltz” and “The Wizard of Oz.”

In 1940 the studio sent him to Charlottesville, Va., where he did historical research for a picture and wrote, directed and produced radio shows.

Coming to Miami to spend the Christmas holidays of 1941, he and his brother, John, enrolled in Embry-Riddle—John as the first aircraft student and Peter as one of the first flight students.

Before the close of that year he became Dean of Admissions and Sales and Advertising Manager of Embry-Riddle. His record has been the best. Advertising, for instance, is rated on a point basis and Embry-Riddle is sixth highest in the country. Last December Peter won the monthly award given by the trade journal, National Ad Fliers.

He produced the Aviation Round Table, heard over WKAT, and recently he has been teaching American history and customs to the Inter-American Cadets. He also has served the Civilian Air Patrol as a lieutenant for eight months.

Peter Ordway is not the first member of his family to join the Armed Forces. His father, Col. L. P. Ordway, is Chief of the Intelligence in the Eighth Air Force, somewhere overseas, while brother John, a first lieutenant, is attached to the Eighth Air Force as an Engineering Officer.

While their “Men Folks” do their part, the feminine members of the Ordway family are not idle. Peter’s lovely wife is in the Navy League in New York, his mother is a nurse’s aid, his sister, Betty, is working for her commercial and instructor’s license at Embry-Riddle, and cousin Patty is a flight student at Chapman Field.

John Robin, Peter’s baby son, who will be the “Man of the House” now that the big boss won’t be around, has been enrolled as an Aeronautical engine student and a transport pilot in the November class of 1962 at Embry-Riddle.

I SEE BY THE PAPER . . .

Aviation needs trained people—needs them by the thousands to do today’s job and the tremendous post-war job ahead. Now is the time to get the training which will enable you to build a successful career in a field which offers unlimited opportunities for those who have what it takes.

Embry-Riddle, with a choice of 41 different courses, can give you exactly the training you need—no matter what branch of Aviation you may want to follow. Get all the facts and plan to enrol soon.

Embry-Riddle

SCHOOL OF AVIATION

360 O. W. 27th Avenue - Miami, Florida

Mfrs., Aircraft Assn., Inc.
Attn: Mr. Michulak
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N. Y.

SEC. 342, P. L. & R.