Brazilian Air Minister Expresses Appreciation Of Embry-Riddle Work

Brazilian Air Minister Joaquim Pedro Salgado, Jr., with his staff and Army and Navy officers Sunday made a tour of inspection of Embry-Riddle, where many Brazilian students have been trained as service and instructor mechanics during the past two years.

John Paul Riddle, in introducing Dr. Salgado, said that Brazil could be proud of its students and that the Latin Americans had been doing excellent work at the school.

Appreciation of his warm reception in Miami and of “the outstanding work being done by Embry-Riddle in the war effort” was expressed by Dr. Salgado. He said that Brazil was fighting strongly against U-boats and that a number had been sunk off the coast. He introduced Capt. Oswaldo Pamplona who, he said, had sunk the first U-boat. “We will defend our coast line with our hearts and arms,” Dr. Salgado declared through interpreter Adriano Ponzo.

Luncheon at Tech

The tour of the Coliseum and Colonnade divisions in Coral Gables and the Technical school was followed by a luncheon for 60 guests at the Technical school.

Guests at the speakers’ table included Mr. Riddle, Dr. Salgado, Brig. Gen. W. E. Hall, representing General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces; Capt. Edmund Brady, representing Secretary of Navy Knox; Brazilian Minister Dr. Fernando Lobo; Brazilian Consul General Alfredo Polzin, stationed in Miami; Col. V. A. Secco, Army Air representative from Brazil; Col. Armando Aragina, Air Attaché to the Brazilian Embassy; Col. Charles G. Mettler of the Army; Lt. Col. John D. Gillett, who is acting as Dr. Salgado’s aide; Col. J. C. Selsor of the Army; Major Faria Lima of Brazil; Capt. Len J. Povey, Joseph R. Horton, George Wheeler and James E. Blakey, Embry-Riddle officials.

Dr. Salgado will leave the first of the week for an inspection tour of the United States.

(Pictures appear on pages ten and eleven)
Letters to the Editor

30 Langford Avenue
Southall,
Middlesex, England

Dear Editor:

We have today received the Fly Paper of April 2, 1943, with the Listening Out of Course Eleven, in which our son, John Anthony Clay, trained until his death on January 19th.

We should be very grateful if you would send a copy of this April 2nd Fly Paper and also one of October 29, 1942, and that of January 29, 1943, to his brother and to his great school friend: Lt. Peter Clay, R.A. Base Depot, Middle East, and Lt. H. Travis, care of the Imperial Bank of India, Bombay, India.

We have been very interested in the Fly Paper and hope you will continue to send it to us so that we may keep in touch until the time when we can visit Florida—especially Arcadia, where our beloved son and his inseparable friend, D. Clandillon, in life as in death, have remained.

I hope I am not asking too much, but we treasure these three Fly Papers especially and want to keep them for ourselves. It may be a very long time before the other boys can see our copies.

Yours sincerely,
Mabel W. Clay.

Editor's Note: We are very happy to comply with Mrs. Clay's request, and we extend deepest sympathy to her on behalf of the entire Company.

23 Queen St.
Arbroath
Angus, Scotland

Dear Editor,

I feel positively ashamed of myself not having written a few lines to the Fly Paper to show my true Scots appreciation for the Fly Papers sent to me. I read and digest them from cover to cover. Many new names come in the eye, but the good old "family" spirit it aye there. When I'm finished I pass them on to Sjt. Ron Bodley whose letter to Syd Burrows was printed in a recent edition, so Embry-Riddle fame is all around.

Who is this sergeant who writes to you? I was one of Course 4 who left America returning home about this time last year, and how often I have spoken to fellow students of Course 4, of the happy home.

Doc Robbins and Mr. Westmoreland were the good chaps to see me through, not forgetting Mr. Bing and the final check. Doc Robbins has left Embry-Riddle Co., but do give my kindest regards to Mr. Westmoreland from one of his "dim" pupils.

I am writing from my base though I give my home address. Here I have been a staff pilot on medium bombers for ten months and expect a posting on to operations in September.

I couldn't write without mentioning Jack Hopkins who was richer for a few dollars when he had finished playing tennis with Walters, Greer and myself. Gee, those were happy days.

My deepest regret is for you to tell Jack that Bobby Walters, the early headed Yorkshireman, was killed while flying his beloved fighter two weeks ago. I am sure Mrs. Walters wishes me to thank all for his joy in training and his many friends in Florida for their goodness. I personally am writing to our friends in West Palm Beach and Ft. Lauderdale.

I have promised myself to return to Florida in the early future to reaffirm my many friendships.

I end this short epistle wishing Embry-Riddle in every good work it does all the very best to end this bitter struggle for peace.

Yours sincerely,
Ronald A. Sturrock

Editor's Note: We certainly appreciate your kind words about Embry-Riddle and the Fly Paper, Ronald; and we sincerely hope that we can say hello to you when you return to our country for a visit. It is with deep sympathy for Mrs. Walters that we learn of the death of her son, Bobby. We are relaying the news to his many friends through the medium of the Fly Paper, and we have written a personal note to Mrs. Walters.

Clewiston, Fla.
July 6, 1943

Dear Mr. Riddle:

I am writing to thank you for everything done to make our Royal Air Force Dance such a success.

We were all pleased to see you present and trust that you enjoyed it as much as we all did.

Please extend my thanks to everybody who helped in Miami in this cause.

Yours sincerely,
George Greaves,
Wing Commander, RAF
Office Commanding

Editor's Note: All who attended the Royal Air Force Beneficent Fund Dance wish to thank Wing Commander Greaves for a very delightful evening. We are very happy indeed if our small efforts helped to make it a success.

HONORABLE MENTION

Mrs. Stanley Balcauskas, Mimeograph Clerk, has received honorable mention in the Miami Daily News' Heroes of Production Contest for her "exceptional morale building, efficiency, dependability and thoroughness."
RED-LETTER DAYS
IN SOUTH AMERICA

Now that the South American countries are engaged in the War effort with the United States to whip the Nazis, Fascists and Japs off the map, the thought of freedom will come stronger than ever to the citizens of several nations of the South: Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, on account of red-letter days in this month.

For instance, everybody in my Country will recall the passage of a declaration of independence by a revolutionary congress at Caracas on July 5, 1811.

In 1806 the precursor of South American independence, Francisco de Miranda, a native of Venezuela, led two expeditions to the Venezuelan coast, but both of them failed because of popular indifference and upper-class hostility, having to flee to the West Indies.

In 1810 Miranda again returned to Venezuela, after leading citizens and the Cabildo (Corporation) of Caracas on April 19th that year had deposed their Captain-general and had set up a junta as a movement to break with Spain.

Most of the provincial cities followed the example of the capital city and then as a result of Miranda's activity a congress proclaimed a year later the independence of Venezuela, being the first formal declaration of the sort to be made by any of the Spanish American colonies. That declaration was followed by more than 10 years of war.

The other red-letter day this month is July 24th, a holiday widely celebrated throughout the Americas to commemorate the birth in 1783 of Bolivar, “The Washington of South America,” who once said: “The freedom of the New World is the hope of the Universe.”

Bolivar was born in Caracas, Capital of my Country, and this holiday will be specially celebrated in Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia as nations liberated by him.

by Federico Zerres
Venezuelan at Riddle Field

INTER-AMERICAN NEWS
by Eric R. Sundstrom

If it is possible to be sorry and happy at the same time, there are several people at Tech School who are just that after last Saturday, the reason being the departure for the University of Texas of our Brazilian friend, Sertorio Arruda.

We were sorry to see him go but happy for his sake, because when he completes his course at the University of Texas he will be an Aeronautical Engineer. Good luck to you, Sertorio, and let us hear from you soon!

There are three happy faces among the Inter-American boys this week, two from Chile and one from Cuba, the occasion being their selection for three scholarships in Instruments at the Sperry Gyroscope Company in New York.

The lucky ones are: Gonzalo Fortun of Cuba; and William Tartacevsky and Enrique Arcaya of Chile. Happy landings, boys, and be sure to drop in and see us on the way back from New York.

FLY PAPER PARTY
HELD AT CLEWISTON

Fly Paper associates quit their pens last Friday to meet in Clewiston for dinner and shop talk. Union City editors, the only ones not present, were sorely missed, and we hope they will make a point of attending our next get-together.

Dinner was punctuated with extemporaneous talks, such as Cara Lee Cook’s “Life Among the Landeras,” Jack Whitnall’s “Horse Laughs,” Gladys Goff’s “Life in the Doghouse,” and Bill Waters’ “Ducks in General and Annabelle in Particular.”

Special guests whom we were very happy to have were Aviation Cadets George Morse and Peter Hardware, co-editors of Course 13’s Listening Out, which will be published in the Fly Paper next week.

Staff Photographer Charlie Ebbets was on hand with his trusty camera. His handiwork, picturing our 17 smiling faces, appears on this page. Yes, these are the girls and boys who keep you posted on the doings of Embry-Riddle.

The ink from their pens reaches every Allied and neutral nation in the world and every slate in these 46. It’s their willingness and ability to cooperate that makes it possible to bring you each week news of your friends and associates.

Drop by and have a chat with the associate editor of your division, Embry-Riddleites. Drop him a note occasionally. The better he knows you, the better he can serve you. The Fly Paper is your paper, and we want you to enjoy it to the fullest extent.
UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Ken Stiversen, Editor

B. C. Humphries, Howard Cooper, T/Sgt. Cannon, A/C Ralph Clifford, Associates

It looks as if the Personnel Officer and the Adjutant are going to get a work-out before long, what with all the enlistments in the ACER and the commissioning of Flight Instructors for service pilots.

The series of pictures known as "The Prelude to War" are being shown to all Military Personnel on the Post. The first two in the series were very interesting, if a bit gruesome.

Cpl. Bodle seems to be doing all right in spots since he has that cream colored convertible to buzz around town in.

You Guess

John Brannon comes from a certain state on the eastern seaboard. Not wanting to mention it by name for fear we might hurt some of the natives' feelings, we are going to let you guess.

The state is made up of mountains, hills and valleys. That's coal in them there hills and little towns in the valleys. The place has schools, I think. Other than the above, not much can be said for the country.

Then we have Florida, the land of sunshine and flowers. Beautiful lakes, palms and sub-tropical climate combine to make this a nature lover's paradise. A place where you can reach languidly out and pluck an orange from a tree and then lie in the shade of the tree to eat it.

A place where you can toss a hook with a bit of bacon rind attached into the limpid waters of the second largest fresh water lake entirely within the boundaries of the United States and have a 15-pound black bass snap at the bait gratefully.

Now I leave it to you, gentle reader, which would you prefer? So would I.

Alas, the worst has happened. Mr. Brannon, being of the noisy type, has peeked over my left shoulder and read these few lines of copy. Nothing will do but that he must offer a few words "writ by hand" in answer to my little quip. Here he is.

Lucky People

Brannon says: The state is made up of beautiful mountains, healthy mountains, shady knolls, and rich valley farm lands bestrewn with wild flowers.

There is coal, oil, gas and other rich stores of natural resources hidden by the splendor of age-old trees in those mountains. There are prosperous modern cities in the green valleys. The state has all modern facilities for the education of its inhabitants (lucky people) with no danger of molestation from still unconquered tribes of Indians and "Swamp Crackers." Space does not permit an adequate description of this "Switzerland of America."

Then someone else (not we) has Florida. The land of the rainy season, beautiful parasitic growth and innumerable fungi. Gloomy swamps, treacherous cypress and year around muggy weather.

A place where you can reach languidly out and pluck a coral snake from the nearest nook and lie about it in the shade of Spanish Moss (the red bugs' haven). Where a hook with a bit of shoulder fed boar attached can be tossed into the stagnant, scum-toppled solution of the largest mosquito breeding grounds within the boundaries of the U.S.A.

Which would you, gentle or otherwise reader, prefer?

In case anyone is bursting a blood vessel, this is all in fun.

Flight Line News

The girls in the Tower are taking up flying in a big way. Two of them are starting to learn to fly these "flyin' machines" and several others are going to start in a few days.

Bob Boyle is the proud father of a baby girl. Honest, I never saw a guy strut so. Bob is all worn out over the ordeal, but happy. Congratulations.

Charlie Sullivan's new Cadillac is a beauty. If it wasn't for the restriction on speed, Charlie says that it would pass anything on the road but a filling station.

Our good friend Jimmy Glover, formerly a Fly Paper associate, has entered the Refresher School. Sorry to lose you, Jim.

It's a good natured fight to see which Squadrons get to move into the new hangars. May the best and loudest win.

It's nice to see James Stegall back after a siege of rheumatic fever. James had a pretty tough time of it for a while.

Cecil Caldwell's vacation came along just in time for him to catch up on his cotton chopping or whatever it is they do to cotton. Now, that's my idea of a nice way to spend a vacation.

Anne McCord is looking for a roommate. If any young lady is interested, apply thru this column to box 405763-345.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD EDITORS

Our only "editors in absentia" at the Fly Paper party in Clewiston were the above correspondents from up in them there hills of Tennessee. Preparing their copy for this issue are T/Sgt. John Cannon, Howard Cooper at the "mike" and Editor Ken Stiversen, who has pushed aside the Flit gun for a fling at the typewriter.
Because of conditions beyond our control, this detachment was unable to have a Field Day program at the graduation of 43-J. After reading of the super-duper affair that Carlstrom put on, we are determined to stretch every nerve and muscle to do our stuff when 43-K graduates.

Kussrow and Sellers' favorite headache: Finding and keeping a janitor for the Instructor ready rooms. Seems that the last colored boy they had turned out to be only 13 years old. Boy, they raise 'em big here. Irv says the next time he hires one he is going to look at his teeth.

The Tower twins have been torn asunder or something. Renna Joyner left us for Memphis and poor lil' Myra has two new partners in crime. Your life is not worth a plugged nickel in the Time department when they are busy.

**CADET NEWS**

"Don't shoot, Mister," cried Wee Willie Keeler, "this is tape, not reveille."

To the Class of 44-A: Here at Embry-Riddle and in Union City you will be treated courteously and kindly. The previous classes that were graduated from here created and enjoyed a more than friendly relationship with the town folks. Remember this in your contacts and govern yourselves accordingly.

Yesterday I met a fellow correspondent. He was Brown from the Daily Sun. Don Bracht is doing chin-ups where angels would fear to race. In other words, Don is waiting for clearance on the papers that will make him a PT Instructor. Good luck, fellow; we are all for you.

**A Good Man**

Here is a tip to all concerned: In the Class of 44-A there is a Cadet named Richardson. If ever the occasion arises where a good man is needed, to do work of any sort that is, just call on him.

Further tips to innocent bystanders: The Class of 44-A includes in its roster A/C Wolf, Lester W., and we are not fooling. Honestly, if the movie talent scouts ever come to Riddle there wouldn't be any of those beautiful creatures left. I mean the Cadets of course.

And then A/C Bellis climbed out of the Link. "Why, that's easy, I don't see how anyone could get dizzy in a simple machine like that," said he, falling on his face.

**First Rule**

One of the first rules of a newspaper is never to use the columns for personal reasons. Because of this, it is impossible for me to thank the young lady who finally smiled. However, some day that rule will be broken and I'll thank the gal who sits so calmly by the window.

Maybe your War Bond will buy the last bullet.

**MOST ACCIDENTS ARE PILOT ERROR**

The United States today is turning out more airplanes than all the rest of the world combined.

This was the conviction expressed by President Roosevelt at a recent press conference in which he estimated 1944 production at one billion, 417 million pounds of airplanes of all types.

It's the job of the Army Air Forces to see that these planes reach their final objective. To do this pilots must be trained and the planes must be flown to the advanced posts where they are needed. Sabotage of this program cannot be tolerated any more than can sabotage he tolerated in the factory or in the mine.

Accidents, we know, are the worst enemy agent we have in our midst. Accidents are the saboteurs which destroy morale and cause rejoicing in the enemy camp.

What causes accidents?

In 70 percent of all accidents the pilot erred in some way. Most such errors were the result of pure carelessness.

The pilot may have the courage of Superman, the training of Joe Louis, but unless he concentrates those talents on the job at hand—the intricate task of flying his plane, he and his plane may never reach the Berlin or Tokyo target.

Failure to check weather, running out of gas, landing with wheels up, flying too low while doing aerobatics, failure to secure safety belt, and failure to check parachute are good examples of carelessness.

Don't let carelessness cheat you from playing a part in final victory.

**TWO STRIPES**

There is the story of two WAACS who puzzled over a dead animal they saw at the roadside.

"It has two stripes," said one.

"That settles it," said the other. "It is either a skunk or a corporal."

**THE BIG BOSSES AT EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD**

At the left is the retiring Commanding Officer of Embry-Riddle Field, Maj. Charles Breeding, standing beside Capt. Leo Poyay, Vice-President in Charge of Flying Operations. Next is T. E. "Boots" Frantz, General Manager of Embry-Riddle Field, and on the extreme right is Maj. Charles Parsons, new Commanding Officer.
**THE YOUNGER SET**

When the Rod Vestals gave a "kid" party at Carlstrom a short while ago, the guests arrived as pictured above. Top, from left to right: Rod Vestal, Nate Reese, George Mackie, Len Pavey and Roscoe Brinton were the "boys" of the party. Upper left are the hostess and host, Mary Helen and Rod Vestal with their young son, Roddy. Just below to the right are the little girls: Merry Lou Pirman, Jerry Reese, Lydia Sammon, Kay Bromilite and Ilia Lightfoot. The lower picture shows the party en masse.

**JACK SCHOPENHAUER IS MAINTENANCE CHIEF AT CARLSTROM FIELD**

*by R. W. Gray, Jr.*

Our new superintendent arrived from Clewiston last week. We welcome Jack Schopenhauer as our new boss. Although we haven’t had much of a chance to corner him, we have found out this much: Schopenhauer, a Hollander by birth, was living in New York when he learned of the Riddle Aeronautical Institute.

He arrived at Carlstrom Field in the early part of 1941, when the RAI was an infant. Later in the same year he was transferred to Clewiston to take over the duties of Engineering Hangar Chief and subsequently Assistant to Mr. Hutson.

**Lightened Burden**

The Maintenance department has been greatly enlarged. The Overhaul department was burdened with its job of keeping ‘em flying, so to relieve them a group of mechanics was appointed to do minor repairs and 24 hour inspections.

They are: James A. Akins, Claude C. Albritton, Johnnie C. Brown, John D. Denham, Harris R. Edwork, Barney Wm. Hollingsworth, Jr., Walter O. Price, James T. Simmons and Sammie Wilkins.

PT I’s have to be cranked by hand, the wheels checked and windshields cleaned. They are led in and out and also they are flagged in off of the field, so a sizeable crew of linemen and linewomen has been employed. If you don’t believe they have important jobs, just follow a good one some day.

**The Line-up**


The above mentioned are about half of the linemen and linewomen. Next week we will mention the rest.

The other day I stuck my head in the door of the mechanics’ locker room, located in Hangar No. 5. Charles L. H. was about to give a lecture to a group of linemen preparing to take an examination for CAM
FLIGHT TROUBLES

...wonder which direction the wind’s from?
—Mickey Lightholder

certificates, and I happened to hear that some lady had recently married a lineman—poor girl.

One of the sportsman mechanics in Hangar No. 5 was informing some of the other mechanics that he was planning to go fishing some place this week-end, so the "Rev." Paul Sloans was called forth to offer a prayer for his success.

"Oh! Help him to catch a fish so big that even I when telling about it will have no need to lie. Amen."

YOUNG PILOT GIVES ADVICE

"Keep your mind on your plane at all times and try to anticipate ahead of time what the next move will be."

That advice comes from a pilot young in years but old in experience—a pilot with 7,000 hours as barnstormer, test pilot, commercial airline and Army flyer. It can be accepted with the knowledge that its author knows whereof he speaks.

When the gas in one tank gets low, it’s time to check the position of the switch on the reserve tank. Don’t wait for the engine to sputter and then begin a fumbling search for the right lever. That’s just a simple example but it explains the point.

Mentally tabulate all the things which must be done to land before you reach the landing field. Then in case of emergency you don’t have to stop and think “Now what have I forgotten?”

The same can be said of the take-off—go over that check list, check everything that must be checked before you taxi onto the runway. As the experienced pilot who gave the advice above said:

"Plan your trip and know where you are going and when you expect to get there; then if an emergency occurs, you’ll know where you are and what to expect."

That’s keeping ahead of your plane—that’s the way to reach your final objective, Victory.

A-C FROST FREEZES ALL CARLSTROM FISH

Cadet Roger Frost proved there is something in a name as he froze out all comers in the Class 43-K swimming meet. Frost, a native of Long Island, totaled 17 points out of a possible 21 in crowning himself King Neptune of the Carlstrom pool.

Although he shattered no records, Frost registered good time in all three events, winning first in the 100 yard free style with .64, first in the back stroke with .35, and second in the breast stroke.

Frost swam three years for Jamaica High School, co-captaining his team 1937-38. Swarthmore College, Pa., was the next scene of his triumphs, and there he churned the water four years, serving as captain 1940-41 and as co-captain 1941-42 in addition to setting new college and pool records. He also participated in Lacrosse four years at Swarthmore, being named All-Pennsylvania attack in 1941, and starred two years on the gridiron.

Kirk Stars

Second in the meet with 13 points was Lt. L. Kirk John, student officer from Coakesville, Pa. John registered a second in the 100 yard free style, and a third in the breast stroke. A great swimmer even in his high school days when his team won the state championship in 1937, John also starred two years in soccer and track at Coakesville high.

Cadet Richard Dinmore, a Honolulu boy, placed third with a 12 point total. Having become a great swimmer on the Punahou Academy team in the land of waving palms, Dinmore capped first in the breast stroke with .54; 7, and third in the back stroke. He also formerly participated on the U. of California swimming and boxing teams.

The physical training department now enjoys its full force again as Harold Treadway returned from N.C.O.P.T.I.S. of Miami Beach to jump from Corporal to Staff Ser-geant, and Lt. E. L. Harling rejoined the fold after a 15 day leave.

ONE YEAR AGO TODAY AT CARLSTROM FIELD

One year ago today at Carlstrom Field . . . Capt. George Ola and Ruth Pemberton are married in Lakeland . . . the engagement of Lettie Stonebraker and Capt. Sid (Doc) Nohery is announced . . . the marriage to take place in August.

Dr. and Gladys Poynter are hounds at bowling in the local alleys . . . Lydia Sam-mons is leading lady bowler . . . Grind School League being organized . . . Jack Hobler as scorer keeper with the following as pin knockers-over: Joe Woodward, Roy Sterling, Harry Newman, Stinque Moser and Sid Pfugler.

Joe Woodward’s best gal, Edith Doenges, down from Baltimore . . . Anchors Aweigh heard sung at an Army Post to the horror of the gals in the Administration building.

Assistant Athletic Director Leslie Doug-las sports Second Lieutenant’s bars . . . Private-First Class Busby of the Dispensary now a Corporal.

Les Lewis, old timer in Miami Aviation, is introduced as divisional foreman in Overhaul at Carlstrom, Sid Pfugler writes story headed “What is this Ground School, Anyway?”

Riddle “Family Theatre” features “The Melody Lingers On.”

We really shouldn’t put Kay Brelmitt into the Dog House for failing to get Carlstrom Carousel in this week.

We know she has been busy with this Enlisted Reserve business. Maybe we should get a duplex and put Nate Reece in with her, for we suspect that he should have advised us of Kay’s busy state.
Dorr Doings

by Jack Whitnall

The Editorial Staff of the Fly Paper met in Clewiston last Friday and we all saw what the other fellow looked like. We took a definite liking to each other and had a swell time. Our roommate was none other than Bill Waters of the Seaplane Base in Miami. Bill is one swell fellow and one of the outwashingist guys I have ever met—every time I couldn't find him, all I had to do was look in the shower. He doesn't snore either; that was "Ding-Dong" Bell. All we hope is that Bill is a better typist than we are, though we doubt it; in fact, we think we're really improving.

Thanks

Wonder if "Cookie" gave Sterling Camden all the messages we sent to him. We want to thank "Boss" Riddle for the opportunity to meet all the rest of the gang.

Dorr Field was well represented at the Carlstrom Dance last Saturday night. George Young may be little but should have been a whirling dervish. We didn't know till we saw it but Floyd Cullers is right graceful on the dance floor.

Personally, we always dance on someone else's feet now that shoe leather is rationed. That's right, blame it all on us should Kay Bramlitt he a cripple for a day or two. It was our dainty little two-and-a-half's that did it—that two-and-a-half is two cowhides and a half bushel of nails.

The Army Side

Congratulations to Lt. Gailey on being able to wear a silver bar instead of the gold one.

Too bad that Lt. Anderson won't be here for the Dorr Field Dance on July 24th; we were hoping that we could persuade him to do his famous act. However, our new Athletic Officer, Lt. Sam Pinion, has an act that ought to be worth seeing. He says he can bulldoze and hog-tie "Buttercup" in 30 seconds flat. We hear that Capt. Palmer is gargling with salt water every morning getting ready for his grand opera.

Lt. Robertis is in the Infirmary this week—the only complaint we heard from him was the shortage of the weaker sex as nurses.

The Short Smoother's Log

The uniforms are here—C.O.D. We just can't wait to see the gold epaulettes on Sharkey.

Jackie Pickens of the Time department is all smiles this week. Thursday at the Baptist Church in Arcadia she'll become the bride of Arthur Villar, who is an Instructor at the Auxiliary Field. You see, folks, just what potent power that good old Egyptian Love Potion has—best of luck to both of them from both the Fields.

Don't forget the Dance at Dorr Field Saturday, July 24th—admission $1.00 per person. Tickets are on sale at the front gate at Dorr and Kay Bramlitt has them at Carlstrom. Transportation both ways, but don't forget, the last bus leaves the Field at 1:00 a.m. Sunday.

Tol'ably Yours,

Jack.

A-1 in the Army

I was one of those fellows who made the world safe for Democracy. What a crazy thing that was: fought and fought—but I had to go anyway.

I was called in Class A. The next time I want to be in Class B—he here when they go and he here when they come back.

I remember the day I registered. I went up to the desk and the man in charge was my milkman. "What's your name?" he barked. So I told him, "August Childs."

He said, "Are you an alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine."

He asked me where I was born and I said, "Pittsburgh." Then he said, "Where did you first see the light of day?" I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was so I told him 25 on the first of September. He said, "The first of September you will be in Australia and that will be the last of August."

The day I went to camp I guess they didn't think I would live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card "Flying Corps(e)." I went a little further and some fellow said, "Look what the wind blew in." I said, "Wind nothing, the draft is doing it."

On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as

Continued on next page
PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL
by Lt. Edward H. Johnson

In the busy, dry surroundings of this—our Pre-Flight School
Where days are long and weary and nights are seldom cool.
We run the Burma Road and sweat at calisthenics;
At night we stay in and buck to pass our academics.
In the morning we have physics, code and aircraft recognition.
But the time we look forward to is the noon hour intermission;
"Cause then we lunch and get our mail—
A! what an inspiration,
Then settle down for bunk fatigue till
the one o'clock formation.
We used to be off from one to three but this
only went on a few days
For they soon decided to spoil our time
in several assorted ways:
First it was high altitude lectures, then we
had Air Corps regulations,
After that came chemical warfare and
field set demonstrations.
We had Saturday inspections, waiting lines
and such
But most of us were used to that so it
didn't bother much.
I only mention our camp life which seems
rather dull and flat.
Now, there's another side to the story—
but we won't talk about that.
Now as we go to Primary—our next stepping
stone to wings
We'll show by test we're as good as the best;
by God, we'll get those wings!

A-1 IN THE ARMY
Continued from preceding page

you are in it you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes—too small and too large. The pants are so small I can't sit down; the shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move.

What a raincoat they gave us; it strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said, calling after me, " Didn't you notice my uniform?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about? Look what you gave me."

G-1 Headache

Oh! It was nice—five below one morning when they called us out for underwear inspection. You talk about scenery—red flannels, B.V.D.'s, and all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The Lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said, "I am up, Sir. This underwear makes you think I am sitting down." He got so mad he put me out to digging a ditch. A little later he passed and said, "Don't throw that dirt up here." I said, "Where am I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it in there."

Three days later we sailed for Australia. Marching down the pier I had some more luck. I had a Sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier and the Captain came by and said "fall in." I said, "I have been in, Sir." I was on the boat for 12 days—seasick for 12 days. Nothing going down and everything coming up. Leaned over the rail all the time. In the middle of my best lean, the Captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He said, "Has the Brigadier come up yet?" I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped the anchor." He replied, "I knew they would lose it—it's been hanging out ever since we left New York."

Well, we landed in Australia. We were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree, but there wasn't room enough for the officers.

Who's Will?

The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock and we go over the top." I said, "Captain, I'd like to have a word with you." He said, "Well, what is it?" I said, "I'd like to have a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it." Five o'clock we went over the top. Ten thousand Japs came at us. The way they looked at me you'd think I was the one who started the War. Our Captain yelled, "Fire at will." But I didn't know any of their names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement.

WASHINGTON FABLE

"Save me! Save me!" cried the drowning man.

A newcomer to Washington hurried to the edge of the Potomac River, and when he saw the man's head reappear, shouted: "Do you live here?"

"Save me first. We can talk later," stuttered the unwilling bather as he went down again.

"You'd better tell me your address; this is your last chance," the other called from dry land.

In no mood for argument, the drowning man managed to gurggle out the information before he went down a third time. Thereupon the witness raced to the address which, as he had hoped, was that of a rooming house. "I'd like to rent your vacant room," he gasped to the owner.

"There's no vacancy here," she told him. "Oh, yes, there is," he insisted. "One of your tenants just drowned in the Potomac."

"I know it," the landlady replied. "The gentleman who pushed him in has already taken his room!"
Brazilian Air Minister Tours Miami Divisions

The top picture was taken at the Coliseum when the Brazilian Air Minister, Joaquim Pedro Salgado, Jr. made a tour of inspection of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation with members of his Staff, Army and Navy officers and officials of Embry-Riddle Company. Seven minutes after Charles C. Ebbets, Chief of the Photographic Division, clicked the shutter of his camera, a 16 by 20 print was presented to Dr. Salgado and was autographed by all the members of the party. The lower picture, taken outside of the hangar at Engine Overhaul, shows Brig. Gen. Hall, Dr. Salgado, Mr. Riddle and Capt. Brady.
and Lunches at the Tech School With Notables

In the upper picture the Brazilian Air Minister, Joaquim Pedro Salgado, Jr., is listening intently to Adriano Ponso during the inspection of the Instrument Overhaul at the Colonnade, while other members of the party look on. The lower picture, taken in the Cafeteria at the Tech School, are, left to right, Capt. Len Povey, Vice-president in Charge of Flying Operations; Col. Armando Aranibar, Air Attaché to the Brazilian Embassy; Col. Charles G. Mettler, of the U. S. Army; Capt. Edmund Brady, who represented Secretary of the Navy Knox; Dr. Salgado and John Paul Riddle; Brig. Gen. W. E. Holl, representing Gen. H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces; and Brazilian Consul General Alfredo Polzin, stationed in Miami.
COLOMNADE CANNONADE

by Helen Penmoyer

Things are looking a little more normal on the first floor since Rae Lane has returned from her vacation. Of course we liked having Dee Miller pinch-hitting for Rae and wish them both well. However, so we can decide that we need both of them down here.

Poor Kay Weidman had a time digging up news for me this week... many of our friends upstairs are on their vacations. I was in hopes that she would be able to tell me they had all returned, but no... another has left. This time it is Fletcher Gardner, head of Accounts Payable. He hasn’t gone too far away, however, so we can expect him back very soon.

Now that Buzz Cooper is no longer with us, I had been expecting to welcome a new gentleman into our fold as Chief Link Instructor. I went back to the Link room to learn all and who should I find in Buzz’ place but Corinne Phillips... the selection is a good one, everyone will agree, and to see a member of the fairer sex capable of holding a position such as Corinne’s makes the rest of us feel very proud.

Whisked Away

Helene Jacobsen’s husband has returned from Brazil to take her away from us. Taking her place as secretary in the Link department is Mary Arrington whose husband is a Navigation student at the University... Welcome, Mary.

We also welcome Selma Alexander to the Colonnade as Link Instructor Trainee. Selma has been with the company for several months as an Instructor at the Coliseum... we are all hoping that you will like being here as much as you did over there, Selma.

The following was copied from the bulletin board in the Personnel department:

Notice

All Personnel Employees!

Let it be hereby known that one Margaret

De Pampillius has deserted her friends to lunch with a mysterious man. If this action be noted again in public, she will be excommunicated immediately by her friends.

(Signed) Herr Mullis

Heavens, with men as scarce as they are, I would say that the above is absolutely un patronistic... hold on to him, Margaret, don’t let Herr Mullis bluff you.

I was all set to welcome our Personnel Director, Emmet Varney, and Employment Manager, Donald Peck, back after a tour of the Fields, but before I had a chance to see Mr. Varney he had taken off again... well, Mr. Peck has decided to stay with us for a while, so welcome back.

CAFETERIA STAFF DESERVES APPLAUSE

When the Brazilian Air Minister, Dr. Salgado, was entertained at luncheon in the Tech School Cafeteria last Sunday, few realized that the beautifully served repast was the result of hard work done by a few for an unexpected many.

Malcolm Byrnes and Mrs. Grace Simpson, Steward and Assistant Steward, and Chef Toby Lanier deserve much praise for the perfect job they did in preparing and serving a luncheon long to be remembered by the 61 guests.

Appropriate Motifs

To Mrs. Simpson, aside from innumerable other duties, goes the credit for the beautifully decorated tables with the red, blue and yellow for our Brazilian guests, and the red, white and blue of the United States. She and Mr. Byrnes deserve thanks for their smoothly running, perfectly organized Cafeteria staff.

Others who came to the fore to help feed our honored guests were Assistant Stewards W. W. Sayles and Harold Soper and waitresses Nellie Raynor, Cheryl Otis, Hattie Kuyk, Vera Byrd, Ella Moore, Leah Butler and Peggy Hyde.

THE ALERT

You can obtain your copy of the Alert, pictorial magazine depicting the life of “Joe Jeep” in the stockroom at the Tech School.

The clever magazine, published by Basic Training Center No. 4, Miami Beach, is priced at 50c. Free of charge you will be given a stamped envelope in order that you may send your copy home.

“Joe Jeep’s” experiences during his life with Uncle Sam take you rollicking through page after page of snappy pictures and whimsical descriptions. The Alert is a “must” among Wartime publications. We enjoyed it, and we know you will.

MR. VARNEY ELECTED

Emmet T. Varney, personnel director, has been elected president of the newly organized Personnel Management Association. Donald Peck, also of Personnel, and Benjamin W. Turner of the Legal department are associate members of the organization.

Other officers are: Edward W. Baker of Consolidated Vultee, vice-president; Warren C. Gilbert of Eastern Airlines, second vice-president; Harry Ebright of the Florida Power and Light Company, secretary; and R. G. Williams of the Maule Industries, treasurer.

MARTY WARREN PROMOTED

Marty C. Warren, Aviation Advisor to Women, will work in conjunction with the Sales department and will report directly to James E. Blakeley.

Newest project of Miss Warren is a dormitory for women students. Situated in Coral Gables at 233 Ma- joreca, it will house three young girls to each apartment. A house mother will be on hand at all times, and one apartment will remain vacant to accommodate visiting relatives and friends.

Further information can be obtained from Miss Warren at the Technical School.

BOWLING

A lot of enthusiasm marked the opening of the Embry-Riddle League at Brunswick Bowlad. The bowlers took to the pleasant new surroundings and a good time was had by all.

The league leading Cincinnati Five took the measure of Transportation in two of their three games. Joe Keenan was the big scorer for the league leaders with a set of 527, while Andy Godfrey paced the losers with 457. Chapman Field No. 1 took two of the three games from Administration. Using a borrowed bowler in the person of Gordon Bowen, who knocked over 301 pins, they came through in the second and third games.

Jack Riley of Administration was high man with a 461 set, and an outstanding third game of 204. The Grenlins also won two of their three games from the Coliseum Amps. This leaves them in a tie for second place with the Chapman Field team.

Continued on opposite page
ARMY AIR DEPOT DETACHMENT

Aircraft Overhaul—"20th and 8th"—our "Cook’s Tour" for this week. Another off-spring of the Aircraft and Engine Division. Here we find our Army Inspectors... E. T. "Dune" Duncan and Willie Abrams... and we find them with grins... always. Good-humored... but intent on their jobs of inspecting every operation closely. They follow a wing, spar, aileron, or whatever else they work on through every operation... so you can be sure that when the work goes out of there... it’s good!

Final Assembly

We'll wander through the shop and get a faint idea of what goes on... for some strange reason we arrive at final assembly first. Here are wings being finished off with cat walks and having their inspection plates attached. Metal wings nearing completion with the white star in the blue circle carefully being painted on... and of course the ever curious human who must stick his fingers in the paint to see if it is dry! Wonder what will get it off my finger?

This hubbub of activity is the Wood Work department. They manufacture spars... these are inspected and initialed for, of all things, even grains of wood! Here this girl at a table is cutting out jig saw puzzles... look at all the different odd shaped pieces... no... they are "gussets" which brace the wing at strategic points.

Wooden Spider Webs

Row on row of wings on wooden "horses"... without the fabric... elaborate network of spider webs of wood... delicate to look at... of thin pieces of wood... you just can’t imagine that these things fly... but they do... and safely!

Women’s hands here do the work as competently as the men in repairing these wings. For instance... Pat Robinson... a dainty young miss indeed... but a veteran of the shop. There are a lot of wings laid out that are being worked on... but here are stacks and stacks ready for the workers. Plenty of work here, Quick! Watch that girl handle that wrench there!

A pilot need not be afraid to fly the plane that wing goes on. These people are to be admired. Lots of ailerons stacked up too... they all look like metal for they are painted with aluminum paint... the fabric is stretched so tight it gives a metal appearance. You actually have to thump one to learn that it is not metal.

Fabric Department

This nice air conditioned room is where the women sew on the fabric with deft fingers. Needles of all sizes flying. Neat, precise stitches. Long needles handled by two women, one on each side of the wing. It’s still amazing how they set the fabric to fit the wings and ailerons so perfectly.

The Doping Room is where they apply the dope to the stitches, pulling the fabric even tighter... if that is possible... and it is, though it is hard to see. They cover the stitches with tape and dope them on. Mostly women here too, working silently and unceasingly. Those wires hanging from the ceiling are ground wires for protection from fire.

We can only go to the door of the Paint Shop... for here they are spraying aluminum paint on the wings, etc... and wouldn’t you look nice sprayed from head to toe in silver?

Sheet Metal

The Sheet Metal Shop repairs difficult metal parts. The finished product looks like new and I defy you to find the part that was damaged. Girls here do the riveting. They are so nonchalant about it... but do it so capably. Leo Courson, foreman, reigns supreme here, and he shouldn’t have much trouble... all pretty girls... and "not so dumb!" The man over there looking at the wings is Mr. Benson, supervisor of the Sheet Metal department.

We now come to the door of the Embry-Riddle offices... so in we go to say hello to Don Martin, Production Control... Miss Murphy, Don’s capable assistant and Miss Linford, secretary to Mr. Cornell, Supervisor of Aircraft Overhaul. We won’t disturb Mr. C. in his private office, as he is busy.

COLISEUM WINS AWARD FOR SECOND TIME

Michael Lejninger, center, department head of the Coliseum, proudly accepts the Embry-Riddle Efficiency Award a second time on behalf of his staff. From left to right are: Ralph B. Woodmansee, senior instructor elementary aircraft electricity; Mark L. Albury, senior instructor aircraft electricity; E. T. Duncan, senior instructor engine electrical; Michael H. Lejninger, Samuel H. Schliappich, senior instructor basic shopwork; Jean G. Helvey, senior instructor elementary engines; and Clarence Boultinghouse, senior instructor basic air corps fundamentals.

Lastly we go back to the Inspector’s office and find the Army Stockroom on the other side where our George Graves is working diligently. The bins are filled with mysteriously wrapped items, but he seems to know just what they are. So we wave a grateful farewell... and exit.

BOWLING

Continued from opposite page

Brosious of the Grenadias was their high scorer with a very fine set of 523. Dixon topped the losers with 413.

Aircraft defeated the Coliseum Volts in two out of three games to put them fourth in the league standings. Cecil Cook was their high scorer in the match with 478 pins, including a very fine third game of 216. Captain Ed Hadden of the losers turned in the high set of 540. He had a particularly fine first game of 209. The Piston Pins nosed out Military Engineers by taking two of their three games. Frank Perry was their mainstay, using a 223 first game to run himself into a 472 set.

Humphrey Helm was top for the Engines with 408. Chapman Field No. 2 took the measure of the Sandblasters in two of their three games. Tiny Davis, with a 472, was their best man, while Lester Dunn of the Sandblasters posted a 447. There will be a feature match this week between Chapman Field No. 1 and the Cincinnati Five, which may have a great bearing on the outcome of the league.

The Little League got off to a great start when Corpo Di Baco 6-7-8, whose name is arousing the curiosity of all the spectators and opposing bowlers, defeated Instrument Overhaul in three close games, the second of which ended in a tie and had to be played off. The Continentals from Engine Overhaul took the measure of Purchasing in two of their three games.
KEEP WORKING
STOP TALKING

from Col. Don L. Hutchins
Air Corps District Supervisor

The Axis, forced into defensive strategy—their “blitz” halted, still holds a powerful and dangerous weapon. Knowing this weapon is deadlier than bombs or torpedoes, the Axis is firing it—full blast—24 hours per day—at each of us Allies!

Propaganda—lies—rumors—false reports—gossip. We have been warned many times to beware of enemy propaganda. Most of us do try to watch for it, but the danger of Axis-inspired propaganda is that the coating is so sugary we often swallow the rumor—whole—before we realize the pill is a deadly poison.

Divide the United Nations is the Axis goal. Turn us against each other to make us lose our combined strength. The dictators are devilishly clever because they always pick a sore spot in our Allied make-up and then pounce on it! To England goes a Nazi broadcast, “Be careful of the grasping Americans. They will take your colonies from you after the war is over.” To America Goebbels says: “Why do you let your fine young men die for Britain? England is only using you to protect her Empire.” To Russia the Japs say: “Why fight on the side of the capitalistic, self-seeking democracies?”

Stop Listening

To anyone who will listen—the Axis whispers: “Did you hear the real story of Allied losses in Africa?” or “Be careful of the rich. They are making huge profits out of this war and will sell out to the side that wins!” or “Why do you in America trouble yourselves over a European problem? What do you Yankees care about the French, Chinese or Danes?”

Propaganda—sinister—dangerous. We must be on guard against it as constantly as aircraft spotters watch for enemy bombers. A foreign plane, getting past our anti-aircraft defenses, might drop a few bombs, causing thousands of dollars worth of damage. But one well-planted enemy lie can, by spreading, disrupt our morale and cause damage to lives and production beyond the million dollar mark!

How to fight enemy propaganda? Bullets, depth charges or ack-ack fire are powerless against rumor. You can blast enemy lies to bits by following this rule: Do not listen, believe or repeat. Don’t be a sucker by falling for Axis propaganda. When you hear a juicy rumor, you can be almost positive it started in Berlin or Tokyo. So don’t believe and don’t repeat.

Keep on working. Stop talking!

FIRST ARTICLE OF WAR

Don’t trifle
With your rifle.

Former Students
Write Teachers

“I am assigned to the hangar, building up engines for installation. It is the P. & W. 2800 hp. engine. I like the field a lot—it’s a new camp and everything is clean.

“I went for a ride in a plane Sunday afternoon; we were gone a little better than five hours and I think we went all over Texas. Monday afternoon they put on a show for a General and thirty-six planes came over in waves of nine planes each. It was a sight, but what a racket! They came over quite low and then circled and came over one at a time, one behind the other. Those babies were really moving.

“Again I wish you luck and success and tell the boys to learn all they can because they will need it. It surely has been a help to me.”

The above is an excerpt from a letter to William W. Nolting of the Colehouse from Pvt. Gaynor E. Lander, a graduate of 15-43-A.

“We left Chicago June 19 (Feldman, Fava and I are still together) and came here to General Mitchell Field just outside the city of Milwaukee, Wisc.

“The three of us have been recommended as flight engineers and now are waiting for our assignments. The last A.M.C. class out of Embry-Riddle arrived at this Field last week and are to be sent out for special airlines training, the same as that we had in Chicago.

“When I left Chicago, the United Airlines offered me a wonderful opportunity as an employee, and I promised to keep in touch with them. When I have a chance I’ll go back and see what they have to offer. We also learned a lot there and they too were a grand bunch of fellows to work with.

“Best regards to all our Instructors and thanks for everything.”

Editor’s Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Mr. Harmer of the Electrical department from Pvt. Fritz Edlund, a graduate of 4-43-AMC who is now stationed in Wisconsin.

“I am sorry I haven’t written sooner but I have been busy. I am feeling swell and hope this letter finds you the same as ever. I am in Australia now. The rest of the fellows are not with me.

“We get plenty to eat and can go into town nights. I like it here because I get a chance to learn a lot. I got my first pay here in Australian money. Give my regards to all.”

Editor’s Note: The above is a letter to Mr. Bouldinghouse from Pvt. Frank Alkainis who was graduated with 3-43D. Pvt. Alkainis is now overseas.
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

Another week gone quickly by and here we sit wondering where it went and why so fast. Everyone is tearing around like mad here and the whirling wheels of progress must be heard far above the clouds.

Elementary Class 43-I has come and gone, thus adding another chapter to the NAVY Flight Training program sponsored by the CAA War Training Service. Following the Elementary is the Intermediate Course which provides for a minimum of 18 hours in Primary Trainers and includes all those who successfully complete their first course. In this connection, we wish to welcome back to the Field the fellows in our new Intermediate Class, to be officially known as 44-A.

No Advertising

With the exception of commercial advertising, your fellows are cordially invited to submit any and all items of interest to ye editor. Cartoons in India ink will be appreciated especially (Which reminds me, Pat Wolfe, you have an obligation to pay. Give me the cartoon of Chapman Antics on the Baseball Diamond.)

A portion of our Elementary and all of our Intermediate Personnel are now on six-day furloughs between programs, going fishing, swimming and being merry. (Local S.S. Boards: I’m just kidding.) Those who haven’t been carried bodily away by the mosquitos promise fish stories to end all fish stories.

“Hairless Joe” has a head start, however, with his “Banana Fishing” methods. Live bait being what it is, he says, you lure the fish out of the water with a live shrimp (put down that Line Boy) and quick in a flash plug up the hole with a non-rationed banana. Thusly the stranded fish will die and you’ll still have your bait. Constant practice is guaranteed to insure perfection, providing madness has not already completely destroyed your brain.

Voice of the Prophet

An answer has come from the deeper intellects and visualizing prophets as to what will remain of Chapman in 1950. They say that come fire, wind, or high water, there will always be a coke machine and Curly Narrow. Comforting thought.

Congratulations and all the trimmings to Martha Alexander on her recent engagement to PAA Pilot Charles Pankow. They have set an early date and we wish them all the good luck in the world. Who is that heckler who asks if Charlie knows that marriage is only a book length novel where the hero dies in the first chapter? Sure, he knows, but he’s willing to take the consequences.

“You Are My Sunshine”

Besides Martha there are many other bright and shining faces around the Field, such as Helen Webster, who was left speechless over the perfectly darling wristwatch her five fledglings gave her when they completed. They used the excuse that it was just because she was a darn swell Instructor. Pretty nice, huh?

Then there’s Bridget Kuluczki of Maintenance who can hardly wait for that well earned vacation she has so carefully planned. And then there’s Martha Brosnan who is extremely happy about her new Instrument rating. Congratulations. The rest of us are happy, too, because we just don’t know any better.

Helen Cavis

This week’s interview is with Primary Flight Commander Helen Cavis who is number one on the Flight Instructor seniority list. Helen was born on September 25, 1913, in Boise, Idaho.

Flight Training consists of two refresher courses in Washington under C.P.T. when it was then open to girls. She received her Instructor’s rating on April 15, 1941 and has over a total of 2,300 hours to date. Helen also holds a Secondary rating and an Instrument rating.

She was employed by Embry-Riddle Company on June 12, 1941 and has until now instructed on Elementary and Secondary programs. Her duties at present are to supervise instruction of Navy Cadets in her flight and give progress checks and final flight tests.

One Dependent

Helen is well liked by her students and we often hear them exclaim, “She certainly is an A-1 pilot.” I can remember one in particular who sung her praises to high heaven and all because of those wonderful slow rolls and acrobatic maneuvers.

Helen has one dependent, Hugo, our dachshund mascot. We tried to contact Hugo for a statement but he was much too busy annoying the litter of wild cats under Mr. Hadley’s office (we lose more dogs that way). So we’ll leave them all in peace (or pieces) until next week.

With Violet cuddling in his arms, He drove his Ford—poor silly. Where once he clasped his Violet, There now is clasped a lily.
Special to the Engine Overhaul department: This humble reporter wishes to thank you for your kindness of last week and assures you that each and every one of you holds a warm spot in her heart. Happiness and luck to you all!

Salutations and welcome to our new employees: Harold Solomon, Frank Cuning, Thomas Cox, Florence Ohi, Charles Mullikin, James French, Herbert Rosenbloom and Donald Graham.

What Is It?
Someone is always confusing Wally Tyler when he comes to Engine Overhaul. They told him the new sandblast cabinet was a barbecue oven. Now the boys are working on another mysterious-looking contraption and so they told Wally this one was a “cider mill.” Looks kind of like a roulette wheel, too. We don’t know what it really is, either, but we can guess it isn’t either one of those two.

Bruce Hadley came up from Chapman Field to pay us a visit, and Mr. Horton was seen escorting Miss Helen Cavis, flying instructor from Chapman Field, around the plant. We’re pretty popular today.

Engine Propwash: The Godfrees getting together for a quick “hello”; Mr. Edwards making change for all and sundry; Kathryn Bruce happy because “the fleet’s in” again; the feminine touch has come to the Cleaning department, and Brady has installed traffic lanes; Jimmy Yacullo busier than the proverbial bee.

Pixies Again
Mr. Graffin trying to drink out of a cup with a hole in it (“pixies” again?) Nellie Diamond pinch-hitting in the Propeller department; “Shorty” Muzzio back from a short leave, ready for more punishment from the Final Assembly boys; the swanky—and we do mean swanky—sign on Gate No. 9.

Anxiety note from Magneto-Starteer department: Lost, one Oscar, handsomely decorated, member of turtle family, probably stolen by jealous Crankcase depart-

ment. (Foregoing contribution by courtesy of “Sam, Sam, the Barbasol Man” Constance, Supervisor of the Turtle-Lovers.)

In regard to the Fly Paper party at Clewiston last week-end—we enjoyed it and we were surprised to find that as after-dinner speakers the whole crowd really excelled—such scintillating humor! Ah, me! Anyway, fellow reporters, we won’t say any more, but suffice it to stand that a good time was had by all and many, many thanks to Mr. Riddle and company for a grand time!

Doin’ All Right
Beatrice Monroe is enjoying a short vacation and Otis Terrell has just returned from a short trip. Did we mention “Georgia Boy” Bavard’s vacation and trip to Alabama? Did we say sumpin’ about Engine Overhaulers getting around? Indeed they do!

Margaret Howell has transferred from Purchasing to learn the ropes in Mr. Graffin’s office, and very welcome she is, too! We might add that the Superintendent, liking red-heads, approves.

We are wondering just what is so interesting out in back of No. 2 building lately. Whatever it is has the complete attention of Messrs. Varier, Woodcock and Tubbs. Looks like a truck to us. Maybe the boys are going to solve the transportation problem (ha!).

See you next week!

INVITATION TO SUBMIT BID

Bids for the furnishing and installing of complete plumbing and electrical system in the Fly Paper Dog House will be considered by the undersigned, who expects to reside therein for an extended period of time.

Competent contractors are invited to obtain details and specifications from Emmitt B. Varney, Personnel department. (Unpaid advertisement)

Yours for a little good, clean fun. (From Fred B. Eve)

Assistant General Manager
Aircraft & Engine Division

Cleveston Inn

Wing Flutter
by Otto H. Hemple, Jr.

Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, the battle of Appomattox; “Remember the Maine,” the battle of the Argonne; Bataan; all famous battles. There is another, however, to add to the list. The battle of Clewiston is over.

The preliminary skirmish began about 4:15 p.m. on July 9th as the invading army advanced over the high road from Fort Riddle in Miami. As the move was expected, the enemy, entrenched firmly in the Clewiston Inn, was not taken by surprise and had enough food to withstand a long siege.

Foraging Party
The first maneuver was to send out a foraging party. After a brief rest and a change of uniform, a general assault was made on the quartermaster’s depot. Next scouting parties roamed the inner bastions of Fort Clewiston attacking with gusto, clamor and will.

At this time the stout defenders of the Inn mustered their forces, and made one desperate stand which almost succeeded in ejecting the invaders from their positions. A rapid rally of the invading force and the attack was repulsed. At long last, the invaders settled down for a few hours rest, well protected by sentries.

Near Catastrophe
At the crack of dawn, with much work to be done, the troops were awakened by reveille. A few stragglers were almost caught when a dam above town was opened and the onrush of water caught them napping. Fortunately, they escaped with only a wetting. Again a sortie was made on the food supply with as much success as the night before.

After a minor skirmish at the enemy air depot, the invaders entered their mechanized units and returned to Fort Riddle in Miami.

Seriously, we enjoyed our trip immensely, especially the chance to meet our co-workers who are too apt to be just by-lines. We are looking forward with eager anticipation to the next meeting.

Gremlins On the Job
In our absence many things happened, but, as we have told you, our loyal helpers, the termites and gremlins, were on the job.

Summer and romance certainly work wonders these days. One of our newest employees came to work on the 9th of July, and at noon he was going out to lunch hand in hand with our youngest typist. Fast work.

And after a month of trying, we can’t even share a cocoa-cola with her. It must be age creeping up.

We have many new faces here and we take this opportunity to welcome into our midst W. R. Galvin, Jr., Richard Totten and W. C. Kinsey, Jr., in Final Assembly: James Collier, C. Burnet, J. C. Smith and...
ADA PUCKETT in Sheet Metal; R. Adams and Alice Allen in Finishing; and Thomas Snaith in Plant Maintenance. May your stay with us be long and happy.

We were forced to place chivalry above the duties of the 4th estate today; then discovered one of our co-workers here is planning to take that fatal plunge, but she asked us not to reveal the fact nor the date until she gives the word. We will extend her our best wishes.

Mrs. Norelius in our sewing department claims she can't wait to get out of Miami and get back North. We have a bet with her that if she does go back for one winter up there she will return to Miami permanently.

First Aid Room

We are glad to report that our new first-aid room is now complete and ready for a job we hope it will never have to do. We have been tempted to collapse many times since we saw its comfortable looking bed.

The work here is all progressing with that settled routine pace. After some little confusion, the organization is making itself evident and the process is rapidly becoming smooth and sure.

We must express our appreciation to Mr. Cornell and Mr. DeShazo, Asst. General Manager and Overhaul Superintendent, respectively, for their untiring efforts on the behalf of the reorganization. It is quite apparent that they have not worked in vain.

Our belated appreciation to Aileen Starner, Mary Murphy and Gunhild Johnson who lead the singing at our flag raising on the 3rd. Although it is a little late, it is nevertheless sincere.

GYRO NOTES

by Walter Dick

We have been very busy as usual out here at Instrument Overhaul. To the writer the highlight of the past week was the party given the associate editors of this paper.

I know it is a mean thing to do, but just to make you a bit envious, here are a few highlights of the party. We assembled at Tech School at 1 p.m. Friday and shortly thereafter took off for Clewiston.

Stop at South Bay

A most delightful ride was made more so by songs from the gang and reciting of poems by Otto Hemple in his own characteristic manner. There was a stop for refreshments at South Bay; then on to Clewiston where we arrived, who cares what time, at the Clewiston Inn.

Nice place this Inn. People go there to fish and rest, we learned. Shortly after 7:30 a delightful dinner was served, photos by Charlie Ebbets assisted by Art Runshe, chit chat and a great deal until.

At Clewiston we were joined by others from Carlstrom, Dorr and Riddle Fields—Continued on Page 19

ALLOVER OVERHAUL

by Bleeka Kistler

This bit of news really shouldn't be a surprise to any of us: Hazel Crews, our attractive blonde in Timekeeping, and Bob Priest, our Test Pilot, quietly slipped away Saturday night and joined hands in matrimony. Bob and Hazel are well known to most of us at Carlstrom and I'm quite sure that I speak for all when I say, "Our most hearty congratulations to both of you, Mr. and Mrs. Priest!"

Jeanne Mack celebrated her conquering of another year. Many happy returns of the day, Jeanne. Marion Stephens left Saturday on a two weeks' trip to New York State to visit relatives. We shall miss her —brads, smile and all.

Snazzy Bonnet

Florrie Brewer is attending the wedding of her daughter, Estelle, this week. Pearl S. is sporting a snazzy new bonnet. Very becoming, Pearl.

Someone reports a lost Will and Testament and this said that it's more interesting than the last Will of high school fame. Finder please return to hangar 1 and receive reward.

Congrats to Sgts. Hersherger, Livangood and Treadway upon receiving their new stripes. Sorry I don't smoke cigars, boys. I hope I'm not speaking out of turn or stealing someone else's thunder but these boys are so well known and liked among the workers in Overhaul that we had to take the liberty of congratulating them upon their promotions.

Visiting in Orlando

Louise Crossley spent a few days in Orlando visiting her mother and her brother who is home from the army on furlough.

Frank Zeterouer back none the worse for wear, except for his new sun tan, after a week at the lakes. He returned with the weirdest of fish stories, some of which I could relate, but Frank's modesty will not permit more publicity. But he does say that anyone desiring lessons may get in touch with him in the Inspection department and the necessary arrangements will be made at once. Diploma guaranteed in six easy lessons.

We are happy to have Isaac Brooks (The good humor man) pushing the ice cream and drink wagon around. Knowing his past record of never missing a day, we know that he will always be on the job with drinks for all. Let's help him out, folks, by trying to have the correct change. Let's not pull any big bills on him.

The folks down in Hangar One want to know why Dave Pearce enters with a broad grin on his face these days. They like it but are at a loss to know the reason.

What is it that comes to Hangar 1 and is gone soon but not forgotten? The answer next week.

At last some news from Dog Patch. Someone advises Daisy Mae M. to have her tonsils removed. Yokum Cross, the hard working engine wrecker, is busy with a hammer in one hand and a coke in the other. Pappy finds conversation lacking these days. Wonder if Hattie is the reason for the unusual politeness between Lanier and Skates.

Happy Days

Happy Days—Jeanne Mack is all smiles today—the reason being that the soldier sweetheart is now stationed in Ft Myers. Did you find a rabbit's foot, Jeanne? Louise Crossley is spending a few days in Orlando with her mother. Her brother of the armed forces is home on furlough. Mary and Earl Garrett spent the fourth at Hendricks Field in Sebring.

Sgt. D. F. Ponder, brother of this correspondent, and his wife are spending a few days at home. The Sgt. is a former Overhaul employee, prior to joining the Army.

Miamians Attend Rodeo

Not a person seems the worse for wear after spending a very exciting day at the Rodeo. Miami was well represented by "Joe" Horton, the Fly Paper editors, G. Ralph Kiel, members of the Transportation department, and a group from Tech.

Rames attended the Rodeo in full regalia, excluding horse, boots, spurs, etc. In other words, the regalia consisted of one yellow ten gallon hat picked up at Scholes before the sum of sixty-nine cents. The bullet hole in it was received at no extra charge.

Helen Hill was busy at the Rodeo trying to persuade her horse to jump a ditch—without success.

hee hee Mackey has been beckoned by Uncle Sam. We shall miss his cheerful greeting at the front gate. Good luck and best wishes, George.

Remember the old days when we had to yell for an office boy every time we had to change a typewriter ribbon?
RIDDLE ROUND-UP
Continued from Page 1
If any stray AT's should come your way, please return them to Riddle Field as they are probably Course 14’s solo cross-country ships. Cadet Egley says, “In the event of a forced landing, your vital actions should be (1) open canopy; (2) remove dentures and place them carefully in a crash proof box and carry on as usual.”

Here and There
A gala event took place at the Clewiston Inn last Friday when Wain, Yadah and all their Associate Editors got together for a dinner party. It was nice meeting some of the other pen-pushers, and before the evening was over, everyone was well acquainted with everyone.

Special guests were Cadets Peter Hardware and George Morse, Associate Editors of the Riddle Field column from the Senior Course. We were happy that the party was held in Clewiston and we hope that all these folks will come back for a repeat performance again in the near future.

Succeeding Mary Brink as secretary of the Co-Pilot’s Club, and consequently replacing her as Associate Editor of this column, is Doris Archibald. We are very grateful for your past help, Mary, and we want you to know that we appreciated it very much. And, we are happy to welcome Doris to the staff.

On Inactive Duty
A great percentage of the Flight and Maintenance personnel are now in the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve and will remain at their stations here on inactive duty. All of these fellows flew to Camp Branch last week, where they were given their physical examinations and inducted.

Carl Ziler, former Link Instructor, is the new Link department head, succeeding Joe Obermeyer, who resigned recently. May we wish both of these gentlemen the best of luck.

Cadet George Morse and his Course 13 helpers have completed their Listening Out copy, and it is now in the hands of the printer.

Mr. Tyson lost a darn good secretary and we lost a darn good Associate Editor when Nelva Purdon left this week to go join her husband who is serving with the Army in California. Good luck, Nelva.

Natalie Reese is now in Mr. Tyson’s office, while Lois Mae Hefflin will be Mr. Durden’s secretary. Phyllis Flanders has been transferred to the Personnel department.

Visitor at Riddle Field
Margaret Morgan, former employee in the Administration office, visited friends here this past week.

We were happy to hear from former hospital attendant Howard Kemp.

Mr. Kemp says, “Congratulations on your second anniversary, and I trust Riddle Field will have many more years of prosperity—I surely look forward to the Fly Paper each week and enjoy reading it, as it seems like a paper from home.”

Thank you, Martha Dowd of Moore Haven, for your contribution. We will use it if we can make a print from the pencilled copy. Next time use ink if at all possible.

“TAM TELLS EM”
There’s work that must be done And our boys are out to do it; British, American—everyone, With one goal—to beat the Axis to it.

Learning to fly at Riddle-McKay, Giving the best that’s in ‘em Cause the Nazis are across the way And they’re going out to skin ‘em.

Our Riddle Field athletes split with the Morrison Field tennis and softball teams last Wednesday, with the local tennis team winning 6 sets to 2 and the Morrison Field softball team winning 20-1.

Winning the tennis competitions were

TROPICAL SCENE

Lt. Kline and his baby alligator

The Maintenance department staged a Fourth of July celebration of its own Sunday, having a big barbecue at “Fish-eating” creek near Palmade. A large percentage of the employees were present for the feed, and all reported a good time. The feature attraction of the entertainment was the diving act put on by General Manager Tyson and Director of Flying Hunziker. It is rumored, however, that these two men received some assistance from several of the Maintenance department.

Fred Allen, Link Instructor, last week for his home in Missouri, where he will take a rest before accepting another position. Good luck, Fred.

A Truer Word . . .
With all the blood tests being made last week, Capt. Wilkins, Medical Officer, came up with the prize remark—“What the mosquitoes don’t get, we do.”

Fred Young of the Instructor’s Club was taken to a Miami hospital this week for treatment.

The Editor is happy to have as his guests his sister, Miss Jane Hopkins, and Miss Marian Sakel from Huntington, Ind.

Word has been received from several Course 9 boys. P/O Wilson is on Army Coop; P/O Pollard and P/O Fishwick are on fighters. P/O M. W. P. Clarke, Course 6, is now flying heavy bombers and has seen some action over the continent.

W/C Fanstone has been visiting here at the Field this past week and attended the celebration activities. W/C Fanstone was attached to this Station when it was first started, and it was a pleasure to have him see the growth of the School in its two years of existence.

One Year Ago
July 16, 1942—Course 6 wins Track and Field meet, and General Manager Tyson presents Riddle-McKay cup to Captain Tony Hawley. The Instructor’s Club is organized, with the first officers: Ray Morder, President; Charles W. Bing, Vice-President; Willard King, Secretary; Frank Veltri, Treasurer—A section of the new homes recently built in Clewiston has been called Riddle alley, since many Instructors and other employees are living there.

THE “AT” SONG
from Course 13
Tune: “McNamara’s Band”

You get your ship, you start her up And when you put your pitch in face; You taxi down the taxi-strip And the taxi wheel’s out of line. Oh, the brakes go on and the wheels they squeak And the basket fly around; You think she’s straightening out ok, But the right wing’s on the ground.

You turn her forty-five degrees And start your cockpit check, You try to find your wireless lead, But it’s wound around your neck; Oh “Riddle Control, Riddle Control, This is two two three” Taking off on a local flight, And bound for Tennessee.”
BRITISH AND AMERICAN PERSONNEL AT RIDDLE FIELD

Seated are W/C George Greaves and F/Lt. John Croasly. Standing are former instructor Stan Reeder, F/C George Mason and Advanced instructor Warren Reid.

Oh, the tail strikes first and then the wheels; She bounces and she shakes; She’s yawing, pitching, rolling, As you start to work the brakes.
The right wheel catches in a rut And she swings around and ‘round; The inter-com begins to roar “Don’t loop her on the ground.”

Now you’re handsome, young and clever, And have quite all it takes And with the fair, young ladies These qualities cause the ‘quakes, But when you’re flying in the sky Don’t try to thrill your mate, Cause there’s many a brave, hot pilot Who’s knocking at The Gate.

GYRO NOTES
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a most happy addition to the party. We met W/C George Greaves and a number of the British boys training at Riddle Field—fine chaps these.

Morning came and a trip out to the Field was both enjoyable and educational. A lunch was much enjoyed.

The return trip was mostly through rain, but we did see a formation of Navy planes in dive bombing practice. I am sure all voted a wonderful time was had.

Night Shift Inspector

We again have Mr. Merritt as inspector on the night shift. Mr. Hill is returning to days this coming Monday. Our girls in the paint shop have been observing “do those dials week” and the dials have really been pouring out. Fine stuff; we were needing them.

Mr. Reilly is back with us after several days illness. Glad you are with us again. Now, get those “turns” rolling. We hear Raudenbush is to be returned to us again soon. We hope so, for we need him worse than the army, we think.

Mel Klein is really busy these days. With altimeters, rate of climbs and electrical instruments it would seem he has his hands full. Careful you don’t blow a fuse.

AFRICAN MOUNTAINS AND PACIFIC ISLANDS

Cold nights in the mountains of Africa,
Hot nights in the Islands of the Pacific,
All of them dark nights with no light after sun down.
All of them lonesome nights.
Hot days in the desert,
Steamy days in the jungles
All of them lonesome days with yearnings of home.
American music can help pass those days and nights,
But radios are often taboo.
Records and record players can go any place the troops go.
But new unscratched records are necessary.
You can help the men in the far off lands have records.
Go to your attic, into your cellar, clean out the cupboard
Get out those old records of yours and give them to the guard at the gate
Or to the American Legion Post in Coral Gables.
Who will sell them and buy new records for our fighting men,
The will go to Records for Our Fighting Men
Draft every old record in your community and send it to war.

MORE RECORDS FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN CAMPAIGN
JULY 3rd to JULY 31st, 1943
TECH TALK

by Joe Ellis

Gleanings from the Tech School: Mr. Terry of the Radio department has a new Instructor, Henry Rehe. Welcome to the fold, Mr. Rehe.

Mary Mitchell of James Blakeley’s office has received a letter from Johnny Riddle, former employee in the Director’s office. Johnny says he is going to try for a commission in the Marines.

He also says that nothing much happens where he is except the mail call and that is seldom. It might be well for all of us to realize the importance of mail to the boys in service—how about the letter you owe him, huh?

Victory Gardening

Bill Burton believes that Florida will soon be owned by the ragweed and the chinch bugs. He would like a remedy for the blisters on his hands resulting from work in the garden.

Interest runs high in the Portuguese and Public Speaking classes. I am not alone in believing that the company is due a vote of thanks for offering the courses under such capable Instructors as Donald Sprague, Adriano Ponso, Sertorio Arruda and Mr. De Valle.

Harry LeRoy of the Instructors School says the Instructors taking the refresher course are “on the beam.” They are glad to have the opportunity to increase their store of knowledge.

The rumor has it that Mr. Stahl is expert at cultivating gardenias and also drives a hard bargain in the purchasing of same.

Mr. Hubbell of Aircraft Hydraulics is off for a week’s fishing trip—cruising around the keys.

Is It True?

Is it true that Donald Sprague is “in cahoots” with a certain chiroprist on Miami Beach?

Evelyn Doane, formerly of K. C. Smith’s office, has decided to stay in Knoxville, Tenn. Her cheery “hello” and southern drawl will most certainly be missed.

Bill Burton deserves a pat on the back for his efforts in the income tax switch over. As we understand it, the cards and all details went off without a hitch and everyone in Tech school was tabbed and tabulated in the time prescribed. Nice going, Mr. B.

Ethel Tennyson and Martin Tade of the “lines must be straight and to scale” department have moved from Tech and are now in Bob Habig’s department, G. and A.

WORD FROM ENGLAND

Ralph Ward, who is piloting a flying fortress in England, writes that he is receiving the Fly Paper. “The post office employees,” he adds, “would find you finally anywhere with anything that had your name on it. Fine fellows.”

Their department occupies the penthouse on the south side of the building which was formerly occupied by Mimeograph.

Latest addition to the test stands is an Allison engine equipped with a Curtiss electric Prop.

Hydraulic system of the B-34 is now complete, thanks to Mr. Barker of Hydraulics. Paul Elston grinned from ear to ear when that 2000 hp Pratt and Whitney was “fired up.”

New Equipment

Capt. Clayton is very happy at seeing so many new pieces of equipment going into use in the back of the building.

Things I won’t forget: How the girls loved to walk through the Instrument department to get to Mimeograph department when both departments were still on the 4th floor south. My feelings the day James Blakeley introduced me to 90 boxes of unassorted T. O.’s.

STAYING UP IS IMPORTANT, TOO

Sometimes the lure of short-cuts to big money and success is pretty hard to resist. But in the final analysis, there is no substitute for good, sound training. The person who doesn’t resist may find the going very smooth—up to a point. From there on, he’s stymied.

Why not build your future in Aviation the sensible way. It doesn’t take long. The cost is moderate. The dividends are tremendous. Ask us for all the facts and plan to enroll soon.

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