CADET DANCE
AT DORR FIELD

by A/C F. Care and A/C D. Lepine

Under the guidance of Lt. McLaughlin, preparations are being made for Class 43-K’s Graduation Dance on Monday night.

Already functioning is a Cadet Committee which is attending to the publicity, invitations, dance arrangements, entertainment and novelty gifts for the lady friends. Unlike past graduation dances, Class 43-K promises to give out and present a worthwhile spectacle of dancing, entertainment and frivolity.

The Dining Hall will be bedecked in attractive decorations, and musical background will probably be furnished by the orchestra from Buckingham Field.

Contact has been made with the V-Ettes of Areadia to act as official hostesses. Other groups will also add to Dorr’s fun. We also hope that John Paul Riddle will let some of the Miami lovelies come to the gala occasion.

‘Novelty dances will be prevalent, as well as refreshments and punch. The highlight of the evening will be the selection of Miss Dorr Field.

All in all, it adds up to something new and different for all concerned, so what d’ya say, 43-K—let’s take off!

DRAFT YOUR RECORDS

Employees of all Miami operations of the Embry-Riddle Company are being asked to take part in a second nation-wide campaign to collect and salvage old phonograph records.

This second campaign, prompted and made necessary by the fact that millions of men have been added to the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard since the last campaign a year ago, will operate under the slogan “Draft your old records and send them to war.”

As in the 1942 campaign the actual work of collecting old, unused and unwanted records will be done by the 1,600,000 mem-

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Letters to the Editor

J. S. Sennett
3, City Road, Haverfordwest
Pembrokeshire, South Wales
June 17, 1943

Dear Jack,

Once again here is one of the old gang with all the news fresh from home for those who read "Ye Olde Fly Paper" and all the gen for the many friends I left behind out there in Florida. As there's no better place to begin, I'll start from the time I left Riddle Field in February.

We spent a very miserable three weeks in Canada amidst the snow and slush and then homeward bound. A safe and fairly uneventful crossing was the next item on the list, and we were soon back once again filling up batches of forms in triplicate, quadruplicate, etc., ad infinitum.

After a fortnight's leave, which was mostly spent shooting a horrible line to all and sundry at home and displaying the photos of Florida and the Georgia beaches John Wilkinson and I met when we left in Atlanta, we returned to the Reception Centre. The first thing we saw on the notice board was a posting list containing West, Miller and myself! To our disgust, we were off on a Commando course to the South Coast.

Many and wonderful were the tales of people who had done these courses driven to suicide by the binding of fearsome Army sergeants, so it was with a great amount of trembling that we entered for our holiday.

To our surprise, we were greeted by Wing Commander George Burdick who turned out to be our C.O. After the first few days when we were sure every bone in our bodies were broken, we found, to our amazement, that we were grooving quite fit and didn't grumble when P.T. came around.

Shades of Course 10!

After several weeks of running around mountains bristling with barbed wire, etc., we were posted to an Advanced Flying Unit. Here we learned to fly, Miles Masters and I had quite a good time there. After six weeks there, I was posted to a Hurricane O.T.U. and it is from there I'm writing at the moment. By the time you get this, and all being well, I should be on fighter "Ops."

West (Co. 10) is here—also Jim Turner (Co. 8) sleeping across the passage and at the moment he is giving forth with some weird noises which he fondly imagines is the latest swing hit. Miller (Co. 10) is going to be a single engine instructor.

Just before I left A.F.U., Janissie Seddon, Wilkinson, Taylor, Moody, Spragg, Townsend (all of Co. 10) arrived there for training for Army Cooperation and day fighters. Cannon (Co. 10) has been ill with pneumonia, from what I've heard, and is still awaiting posting.

Crawford (Co. 9) is training to be an instructor; Roland Temple (Co. 9) for Army Cooperation. By the way, Temple is now a very proud father! I've also seen "Red" Lacey (Co. 9) and G. Smith (Co. 9) but I don't know what they are going on for.

Dixon and Donnell (Co. 10) are going on night fighters. Dave Roberts is on twin engined stuff. Reg. Pryce is an instructor. A pilot by the name of Blue, rather famous, I believe, is also somewhere around here!

Many thanks for the Fly Paper which I receive regularly. Please carry on sending it. I have been plagued with requests for our "passing out parade" photos which were taken by Charlie Elbert. I was the "Joe" who collected the 50c for them, so I'd be grateful if you could find out from F/Lt. Nickerson if they've been sent off to the home addresses of Course 10.

The weather around this part of the world has been lousy and I surely miss the Florida sunshine. How about my coming back out there as a check pilot? I jumped into S/Ldr. MacLaughlin at a dance in our A.F.U. mess and we had a few words regarding Clewiston—happy days! I may get back there in time to shoot a line to Course 25!

My regards to Phil Coon, Lou Place, Warren Reid, Paul Badger, Noel Ellis, Bob Johnson, Lyndon, Ralph Thvng, Robinson, Bjorson, Cowlishaw ("arold") and to all those who helped me during my stay at Riddle Field. I owe them a tremendous lot and the things I learned there have been and will be useful right through this effort. More power to them.

My regards to you, Jack. I've all the latest gen of you as Turner had a letter from you today. I'll look forward to hearing from you soon.

Sincerely yours,
John

Editor's Note: The above letter was sent to us by Jack Hopkins, Riddle Field correspondent, in order that John's "thank yous" may be passed on to everyone.

July 14, 1943

Dear Editor,

I would appreciate it if you would send the Fly Paper to my new address. Please continue sending a copy to my home address as my folks enjoy reading the paper.

I spent last evening with Ensign Dave Hendrick, who used to be the company's assistant attorney. He is getting along fine.

Good luck with the Fly Paper. I'll be looking forward to reading it every week.

Sincerely,

Harry Rinehart

Editor's Note: Harry Rinehart, formerly of the Accounting department, is now in training at Pensacola as an Ensign in the Navy. It's great to hear that he and Dave Hendrick have bumped into each other, and we hope that both of them will drop us lines from time to time.
DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitmull

Monday surely does roll around regular. Afore we know it here she is and we haven't even started our copy. That must have been Kay Bramlitt's picture in the Dog House last week. Ha, Ha.

The past two or three days we have been travelling with the Carlstromites to and from Punta Gorda. We might add that we know every hole in the road and that we have a pet name for each and every one. The first one's name is censored, the second likewise.

Carl Dunn, the man of rattlesnake fame, had the Coca-Cola concession on the flight line until the doctor put a crimp in his method of operations. For full information, ask Carl.

No Safety Belt

On one trip Johnny Ayala rode in the front cockpit with us, said front cockpit being the front seat of a 6-f0 Army transport. About the only complaint we heard from him was the lack of a safety belt.

Bob Davis told us a pretty good yarn about our own Director of Flying, one Gordon Moguey, Seems that the latter mentioned and Carlstrom's Bob Davis make a perfect clean up team, one with a dust pan and the other with a broom.

We wonder if Margaret Tracy has found her cow. This week seems to have been wandering animal week, what with Margaret's cow straying off and Jim "Hop-a-Long's" horse going on a sightseeing trip. They say that Jim kept the City of Arcadia awake all one night knocking on doors asking "Have you seen my horse? She's got the prettiest pair of legs you ever saw."

The Army Side

We hereby do swear that Lt. Farmer did catch that fish he was displaying to the Army crew last week. We saw him do it; the weight is a military secret.

Lt. Rubertus up and about again as attested to by his appetite. S'funny that little people always have to eat so much, now ain't it?

All Dorr Field wants to know whether Lt. Generales' automobile top is built that way on purpose or did the Doc get mad and jump on it.

The following story was told us by a certain Dispatcher. It seems that a couple of twin engined mosquitoes were talking over their recent catch of a fine juicy Flight Instructor.

The first TEM was all for taking him down to the creek and washing him off first before eating him and the second says "Shucks, pal, if we do that, the four en-

gined boys will come along and take him away from us. Let's eat him now."

GOLDBRICKING

by Lt. Edward H. Johnson

You go over on sick call
Just to pass the time away
They put you in the hospital
For two weeks and a day.

You tell them you ain't sick
There's nothing wrong with you,
Try to get out of the hospital
That's one thing you just can't do.

The usual procedure is
To keep you fourteen days,
And then give you examinations
In a hundred different ways.

Then if they find
There's nothing wrong with you,
They send you to a specialist
To see what he can do.

If he finds there's nothing wrong
He pronounces you okay,
And sends you back to bed
Another week to stay.

NOTICE!

The Dorr Supper Dance that was advertised for the 24th of July has had to be postponed because no Orchestra could be procured for that date. It is expected that the Dance will be held the following week. Ample notice will be given. Anybody having bought tickets can try to get their money back at the front gate, heh, heh . . . or we'll give them credit on the next dance or we'll sell them some war stamps or somepin'.

When they try to get rid of you
And take you off the shelf,
You know they have another patient—
A victim like yourself.

So they take your temperature
For three days in a row.
And if they always find it normal
They decide to let you go.

You wait two days for a discharge
And then you're on your way,
Just to be placed in quarters
One more goldbricking day.

If you think this is Bull-oney
And don't believe it's so,
Then take it straight from me
I went thru it all so I should know.

WE MUST OF HIT IT!
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

We were glad to see such a good turnout for the last dance at Carlstrom. Because of a few showers (?) during the afternoon it was necessary to have the dance inside the Mess Hall instead of in our beautiful, tropical patio.

In spite of the wet weather, however, a goodly crowd attended and enjoyed an evening of excellent food and rhythmic music. We were happy to welcome so many of the personnel from Dorr Field and hope you'll come back to our next dance.

While we're on the subject of dances, the Dorr Field dance scheduled for the 24th of this month has been cancelled. Further announcement of when the dance will be held will be made later.

Old Timer

George Mackie, who has been at Carlstrom Field as Captain of the Guards since the inception of the Field in March, 1941, left us this week to enter the service as a member of the U.S. Army.

George's parting phrase, to all his friends here was "If you all miss me as much as I miss you—well, that'll really be something 'cause I'm really going to miss you all a lot."

Best of luck, George, and when you send your new address we'll promise a lot of correspondence from readers of the Fly Paper.

Mr. Carden, our genial mailman, advised us this morning that he's leaving shortly to spend a week in Georgia (another proud G-wa cracker!). Have a good time, "Pop," but don't forget the way home.

My, Oh My!

The Blanding Trip! Who would have thought they'd ever see Bob Davis, Gordon Mougey or George Eckart picking up cigarette butts! Well, they did it and it seems that Bob Davis stopped the jeep in which he was riding in order that he might get out and pick up the remainder of the cigarette which he tossed outside. My! My!

Charlie McDaniels is of the opinion that airplanes aren't here to stay, so he's going back to his horse! Wonder if Johnny Daris could throw any light on this subject?

We also hear that Phil (P.S.) McCracken held up everyone's physical examination for quite some time—wonder why? He also has acquired a new nickname, but the writer was unable to find out what it is.

Seems that Gordon Mougey's name was pronounced Moogie (just like Boogie-Woogie) the entire time he was at Blanding.

It took Henry DonNeil too long to realize that it was he the Sergeant was calling when he read off the name DONnell. We also hear there was something about "learning to take orders."

The Sergeant also encountered some difficulty in the first syllable of Johnny Ayala's name.

After the physical examinations were completed and the boys were preparing to leave for Carlstrom, they were all called together in one group. They were then told that they had been sworn into the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve and could now return to their respective jobs with the Contract Flying School that employed them until called to active duty—and 'tis rumored that George Eckart swallowed a whole cigarette! Jack Hobler can give all details.

Graduates Decorated

So far as we know, Carlstrom Field has 13 graduates who have been presented with awards or citations of one kind or another. Following is the list of boys who have received awards; and if anyone knows of any other boys who have been presented citations of any kind, we would appreciate it if you would let us know:

Lt. Frank H. Beeson
Lt. Nelson P. Davis
Lt. Alexander D. DeShazo
Lt. Donald M. Morse
Lt. Marvin L. McAdams
Lt. Harold G. Leonard, Jr.
Lt. John Poole Bowman
Lt. John W. Gilluly
Lt. Allan Lathan
Lt. Robert Denning Eames
Lt. William H. Ivey
Lt. Woodruff T. Sullivan, Jr.
Lt. George F. Callahan

CADET AND ROYALTY MEET

A former Carlstrom Cadet, Sgt. Pilot Eric Hughes of the R.A.F. and his crew were chosen to be presented to King George and Queen Mary recently.

Sgt. Pilot Hughes, who completed his primary training at Carlstrom last spring and was graduated from Turner Field, Albany, Ga., said that the King shook hands and chatted with each member of the crew.

"The Queen," he said, "was especially charming and gracious. It was a really proud day for all of us."

Statia Dozier arrived back today from a week's vacation spent at Breeze Point and in Miami, and she looks very rested. Welcome back.

Merry Lou Pirmans' week's vacation started this week, but she won't tell where she's going to spend the time off!

Sgt. Treadway's girl friend is visiting here for a few days from Chattanooga, Tenn. By the way, the Sergeant made a very nice talk at the first anniversary celebration of the USO. Congratulations, Eager, we'll have to call on you for more speeches from now on!

Rodney Vestal proudly exhibits three (3) huge corn ears of corn as the sole results of his efforts towards a Victory Garden! Better luck next time, Rod!

Roberta Dudley is spending her vacation in North Carolina, where she will be maid of honor at her cousins', Estelle Brower, wedding. Margaret Kent is spending her well-earned vacation at home in Miami.

Where in the world do you suppose Carl Dunn obtained such a sunburn? Also, why did said Mr. Dunn find it necessary to dispose of a certain pair of G-I shoes shortly?
after a heavy rainstorm at Carlstrom last week?

Edna Poston is Chairman of the V-ettes Committee at Carlstrom Field. The purpose is to assist the Cadets in securing sufficient girls for any dances, or other parties the Cadets give. Assisting on this committee are Margaret Kent, Kay Bramlitt and Charline Eller.

**OKLAHOMA CITY DODGES BOMBS**

From Boise City, Okla., comes a story of the way the average U. S. citizen would react to a bombing - running like blazes every which way! Last week practice bombs were accidentally dropped on the city - bombs of sand and powder.

A pilot from a nearby air base miscalculated his navigation and dropped six bombs on the Methodist Church and on an adjacent garage, instead of on the practice target.

The 1,144 citizens of Boise City, awakened by the roar of the explosions, were certainly they were being blitzed and acted accordingly. One gentleman of the press was very happy in the safety of his position under a huge paper cutter, a member of the power company pulled the master light switch, and five girls with their dates ran helter skelter.

The Air Warden phoned the FBI and sent a wire to the Adjutant General announcing the bombing, and some oil company drivers flew to their trucks and made hasty tracks out of the city.

The following morning the local newspaper suggested that searchlights and anti-aircraft guns become part of the town's civilian defense.

**Whitecaps**

by Pauline Powell and Bill Waters, CoEds

Dodo Birds, in training for the WAFs, who sprouted wings this month and can now venture alone into the blue beyond are: Betty Jane Sullivan, Laura Eggleston, Mary Jane D'Ambrosia and Betty Ann Bennett. Fledglings from the military service are Ensign Floreine Slaxon W-5(S), U.S.N.R., and Lt. Frank Roslington, Army Air Corps.

When calls began coming in at the Seaplane Base for the “Chinese Judo expert,” the terra firma boys (ground crew to you) were getting nervous about the Fatso-razzing they had been giving Henri Chang, training here to be an Instructor.

A respectfully wide berth was given genial Chang ... but not for long! A vowel did it! Tech School’s judo expert is Joseph Chiang. The gleeful vultures welcome Chang back to the joshing-fold.

Leslie Moore and Robert Cummings enrolled for flight and ground school instruction this week. Mr. Cummings is Executive Assistant to Mr. Prior, Vice-President of Pan American Airways.

“Rosy” McKesson is still waiting for that surprise that Aircraft Overhaul promised over three weeks ago. We certainly miss Old “47.” To quote McKesson, “What do they mean, surprise?”

Pauline Powell wishes to thank Wee Willie Waters for taking over her ground school classes during her vacation. Thank you, Willie.

**Flying Chauff erette**

Dottie Wells, well known to all Riddleites, has started a course at the Seaplane Base to prepare herself for the WAFs. A case of tonsillitis has kept Dottie from the Base this week. Hurry back, Dottie. We miss your pleasant smile.

Three new recruits for the WAFs have enrolled in the evening Ground School class this week, namely, Lucille Wanser, Katherine Williams and Selma Alexander. These girls, along with those already here, represent a nice number of future candidates for the WAFs. The Seaplane Base is quite proud to have a hand in helping them start on a career of serving their country.

**NEW BOOKS AT TECH**

Aircraft Propeller, by Markey.

Human Geography in the Air Age, by Renner.

Stromberg Injection Carburetor, by Fisher.

Ground Instructor Rating, by Zweng.

Calculus Made Easy, by Thompson.

Parachutes, by Fechet.

Aircraft Hydraulics, by Adams.

Science of Pre-Flight Aeronautics, by Columbia University.
We have a very interesting letter from Sg t. John Henley, former Clerk in charge of Accounts here, who has been back in England for some time now. John says that he misses Riddle Field and wants to be remembered to everyone, "especially Leola Jacobs, Louise Roath, Julia Oglesby, the one and only Charlie Ebbets, Mr. Hutson, Doc Foss and Radio, not forgetting Jonesy in the Radio Tower, Joe Obermeyer, Bob 'Pretty Boy' Fowler, 'Bring 'em Back Alive' Gowlishaw—in fact, regards to the whole darn gang. Swell people, Jack, swell people."

John also is trying to contact his friend, Lt. Dennis M. McGuire, who was at Morris Field the last he heard of him. Anyone reading this and knowing Lt. McGuire, please have him write Sgt. Henley at 104, Southend Lane, Catford, London, S. E. 6.

We were also pleased to hear from Sgt. F. G. Clarke, who graduated with Course 5. We print a portion of his letter: "Many moons ago there came unto the place called Clewiston a young red-haired youth with most chastened countenance, the same having been eliminated from Ye Army School, Lakeland. (The youth as well as the countenance.)"

"At the place called Clewiston he was again tried with mechanical wings and assisted in departing from this earth. (Some still say, 'Indeed it is a pity he did return to same earth softly.') However, he was coaxed, encouraged, damned, cursed, browbeaten, cajoled and entertained, and eventually, on the 5th day of August, 1942, emerged from this place called Clewiston with arms and breast burdened heavily with cloth."

**Pinch-Hitter**

One of the busiest persons on the Field right now is S/L Hill. In addition to his duties as Squadron Leader he is Acting Commanding Officer during the leave of W/C Greaves; he is acting Adjutant due to F/L Nickerson's illness; and he is also Acting Armaments Instructor as F/O Keoch is also on leave. Some guy, what?

And speaking of F/L Nickerson, he has been removed to a hospital in Atlanta, Ga., where his condition is reported as critical.

Charles Bolton, Transportation head, is able to be back after a short illness.

**Clewiston**

*by Tam*

Yes, the town is very small,
And there isn't much to do;
The buildings are not tall,
And we often can get blue.

We don't claim to be a city,
Nor a perfect little town;
But, gee ain't it a pity
For folks to talk it down?

For, really, there's a spirit true
Of friendship, trust and cheer,
Wanting to begin anew
For each arrived here.

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COURSE 13

"listening out!"

JULY 1943
Course 13 has the Honor to Report...

At length comes this:
After the days in the sun, after the star-filled nights in the open;
The growing of dawn, and the edging of the long shadows of twilight:
After the long exposure to learning, the books and the compasses, the computers and instrument panels;
After the misunderstandings over vests and undershirts, suspenders and garters, crackers and biscuits;
After the ages of ringing bell in the early moments of deep sleep;
After the stamping and marching, saluting and inspecting, "dim-viewing," reprimanding, curtailing of privileges;
After the penalties and Jankers, long moist hours of Link in turning and banking, climbing and descending;
After the check rides and eliminations.

Here we are:
And we rejoice in our newly-earned right to "get mobile."
And, winged though we be, we remember
The Duty Cadets in armbands (and without), their innovations in flag raising, their diverse occupations;
The flight leaders with parrot vocabularies, filling the air with repetition and rejoinder, straffing with words;
The unwilling exercise of unimpressed muscles in the heat of the day;
The revolting sensation of handfuls of tarmac after pushups on the ramp.

And here we have measured out our life:
In empty swimming pools and broken tennis rackets;
In lost equipment and Form I errors eight days old;
In compositions of a thousand well-chosen words,
describing the art of putting two and two together—wheels and markers;
In ground loops, sand holes, and cross-tee landings;
In unorthodox broadcasts over the R/T;
In the applause-rousing racket of dishes crashing in the dining hall;
In red flashes by day, lightning flashes by night,
and now and then the rare mental kind;
In the moist thrill of the inevitable reward to the first man to solo;
In the mountains of empty bottles once boasting a nationally advertised product.
In the unrationed score of mosquitoes;
In the grass fires that started a pilgrimage of rattlesnakes;
In the curdling on-course signals of an electric razor intercepted by radio in the midst of a perfect program.
In the feminine consistency of the weather;
In the growth and demise of clouds;
In the stationary impertinence of flare on cross-wind landings;
In the struggle between the sun and hose for possession of the lawn;
In daily jaunts into the ready room (that annex of trivia off-stage from the flight line).

And we have waited:
Waited for coffee or sandwiches in the canteen—or both;
Waited for payday and the person who would discount half—and you guess which half—of what Bill Shakespeare once said: “Neither a borrower nor a lender be”;
Waited for busses that didn’t come;
Waited for weather reports, which we invariably misinterpreted;
Waited for buttons and shoes to break into a broad grin for our efforts;
Waited for check points that migrated up-wind, down-wind, cross-wind, or just vanished.
Waited for errant young feminine employees to first notice in blushing silence the “Civilians Keep Off” signs on the walks by the barracks;
Waited for “Wings Parades” to end so we could indulge in the joy of removing the ramp from our feet;
Waited for mail while wondering if our tricks of writing half as often and numbering our letters 2, 4, 7, etc., blaming the submarines, were yet undetected;
Waited for planes, for meals, for haircuts, for payment of debts, for compliments (fools that we were);
Waited to see if we were fortunate enough to have studied pertinent information;
To have placated the last check ride artist;
To have romped efficiently through the last air plot;
To have uttered the last meaningful words of prayer or condemnation to the right gods or gremlins;
To have carried the strategic trinkets to the last siege of minds;
Waited to weigh success or failure.

So it is now that for a time we gloat, as we have gloated in a minimized manner before;
Sprawled sublimely over a split beer in Pete’s Bar;
Talking glowingly, disjointedly, irrelevantly, of the past and present (tomorrow be hanged!);
Singing in the rasping, throaty, masculine way that only cadets can sing of England or barrooms;
Shooting lines to the uninitiated—tales of fake heroism, and wanton folly, unconquered maneuvers, unforgiven shortcomings.

And so it will be:
Till the last kit bag is packed;
The last pair of wings thrust a bit too deeply into the eager flesh of a cadet by a perspiring general, one hand pinning, one hand pumping;
Till the last train whistle is boastfully wasted on a lonely pair of rusted tracks outside of Clewiston;
Till the last goodbye is said, the last frayed bond that once held together an international colony shredded as diversely as the ways of the winds of Florida;
Leaving the memory of a situation at once artificial yet real, solemn yet comic, dispersing yet purposeful;
Leaving us little new that is tangible, little old that is repealed;
But knitting us a somehow broader spirit that makes us citizens
Not of New York or Sheffield
But of this world and time.

Robert Agne
Dear Jack,

I know . . . we've doubtless grown bald and paunchy since we last exchanged letters, even after all our promises. Nine, maybe ten years now, isn't it? A lot of water has gone under the bridge during those years, but I picture you, as myself, living in a world of peaceful work and home and family with all that fracas a thing of the past. A past that's fading, perhaps, but not forgotten . . .

Truthfully, writing wouldn't have occurred to me yet if it hadn't been for some snapshots. Came across them last night . . . yellowed things made during training and they took me back . . . back through a sort of kaleidoscope of the good days. Not operations, for there was always that tension . . . but the days when wings were the goal and combat was something unreal and far ahead.

On top of the pile was a snap of you, looking dam' silly, incidentally, with your first moustache. Remember? That was in Florida, when we first met. I sat back and thought, and it wasn't very long before the kids asked why I was laughing . . .

Remember the day we arrived there? "Number 5 BFTS" was all we knew about it. Hot and sweating in those blues and awkward as they come. A blaze of sun and a lot of old Stearmans in the air and for us they held more glamour than all the legs in filmdom. Compared with what the lads have now, I wonder how they ever flew? Groundloops and first solos and that big hot field . . . the sulphur water and mosquitoes and binding . . . remember it, Jack?

Then the week we spent in Palm Beach . . . wonder what happened to that blonde you spent so much time with? Wasn't she the one we told about the sweeps we'd been on . . . when all the "sweeping" we'd done was for those barracks inspections? There's one of you two sitting by a swimming pool, only I wasn't very good with the camera . . . think I had my thumb over the lens . . .

Then the Harvards and cross countries and night flying and rat-chasing and blathering over the R/T. I saw one of those Harvards the other day, in the Science Museum down at Kensington. Climbed up on the wing and the attendant thought I was crazy because I was muttering something about "Trim, mixture, pitch . . ." I'd be just crazy enough to try to fly one of them again . . .

Not many of the names come back, Jack . . . there've been too many new ones in the peaceful life since. But of those scattered ones . . . what ever became of Slater and Oettinger . . . Garland, who used to talk Kaffir through the intercoms? Hill, who stood one on its nose on the parking line and then laconically called the tower and announced that he was switching off?
Ollie, who dropped one in at that little Field with the funny name up north of us, then got out and watched it burn? The American chap... Bob Agne, wasn’t it, who radioed in and said he’d lost his Instructor? Operations looking for a ’chute floating down into the swamp, when all the time Bob was on the ground waiting for the Instructor to come out for a dual period? I wonder why I never wrote the names on the backs of these snapshots years ago?

And the Instructors... God knows I can’t remember many specific things they taught us, but they taught us well. Queer little things that stuck and will be somewhere in our minds for many more years, even if we are never nearer an airplane than an occasional glance upwards. “Pop” Ellis, wasn’t it, who once remarked that the most important thing to know in aviation was when to make a 180 degree turn? I wouldn’t be writing now if that hadn’t popped into my mind once or twice long after he was forgotten.

And “Hank” Middleton... “Mr. Middleton, sir,”... there’s a snap of him here... if he hadn’t caught me for a check ride and taught me a really steep turn I’d have cost the RAF a few more ships... last week I watched a gay-painted trainer nose into heavy cloud and I warned him with advice from somewhere in Florida... “instruments are to get you out of trouble, not into it...” I always did think those Instructors had a lot of courage riding those back seats with a lot of crazy kids up front trying to tear the wings off...

And that little town... Clewiston. Remember the Inn and the pub down at the other end and no money and putting up with that awful American beer? Took us hours to convince the Americans that our planes were better... or did we ever convince ’em? The Cadet Club and the local belles... the little American private who did all the wild “jitterbugging”... does it seem as long ago to you as it does to me?

Uh-huh... this letter is getting long and the fire is dying out and if this catches you at a busy moment I’ll be labelled sticky and sentimental. But write anyway and... as we used to say... “give me the gen.” Have you flown much since, Jack, or been back to that country? There’s another snap of you here when we sneaked the camera into the airplane and landed up at that place where we picked all the grapefruit. You have a silly grin and a pillow case full of the things... Wimonta or Wimauma or something like that...

Write, Jack, and we’ll see if our courses can’t cross somewhere on this island. Peace has its drawbacks, for how else could we have travelled half the world together and then lost touch when we’re but a takeoff and a landing apart?

As ever,
Bill

--George Morse
... we studied

... we crowded the canteen

... but more
mostly we flew

... we were briefed

... sometimes we danced
A Diamond in the Everglades

Ten thousand feet above one of the largest areas of perfectly flat country in all the world, we are on our final cross country flight, returning to our base from Crystal River. On our many flights we have seen nearly all of this country which four centuries ago was the scene of the adventures of Diego Miruelo, Pamfilo de Narvaez, Fernando de Soto and Ponce de Leon. We have seen the Suwannee River and the famed Tamiami Trail, a highway across the vast swamplands named after the two cities it connects—Tampa and Miami.

We have sped over the Big Cypress swamp, so wild that few white men have yet penetrated its fastness. We have flown over the Seminole Indian villages deep in the interior of the Everglades—and some have seen the Indians with their Fords...vintage of 1918...stacked high with boxes and packages, weaving along the sand trails. In sharp contrast we have visited the ultra modern cities along the east coast. The beautiful Indian River and the sparkling silver sand beaches...the ocean deep green as though artificially colored.

Ten thousand feet, where the horizon is formed by the cloud tops and the sky; we start to descend between the almost ever present giant cumulus clouds. As we glide beneath the cloud level, our visibility increases by many miles. Far ahead a small diamond can just be seen. As we draw nearer the diamond becomes larger, and finally we circle above it. We have seen it many times before but at this moment we realize for the first time what a significant part it has played in our lives.

This diamond is our base and our home. Here we have lived for the past half-year...men from virtually every corner of the earth: England, South Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand and America. To say that we have lived together is not enough—. To most of us this land was new, strange, and different. Snakes, Alligators, oranges, grapefruit, and cocoanuts were all topics for discussion.

Our ground school was work, wit, and humor. The swimming pool and the tennis courts were scenes of many happy hours of competitive sports and just plain fun. The barracks...
strongest bond to our friendship... here it was that we would sit up half the night in a “Gen Session”—dismantling and assembling machine guns, working out air plots, or discussing the tactical value of formation flying... or perhaps the “life outside.”

Then there were the Saturday morning color parades with all squadrons present... we marched out to the very center of our diamond where stands the towering flag pole and with all at attention, the Stars and Stripes and the Royal Air Force Ensign were broken to the early morning breeze and slowly raised. Every man felt proud—proud of his fellow men... proud of his Squadron... proud of his Wing... and proud of his Country.

And so we came to know each other... and in that lies our conclusion. From England, South Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand and America... we are men with the same thoughts and ideals. Beneath any veneer of youth or humor or sophistication we are aware of this, and we have, deep and sincere, an immense pride in calling each other Friends and Allies.

-- Robert Cole

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In Memoriam

FORBES M. ROBERTSON

April 24, 1943

Riddle Field    Clewiston
Thanks for the memory...
Thanks for the memory
Of hot and sultry days
Times when we could laze
Our backs and shoulders blistered
By the sunshine's angry blaze...
How lovely it was!

And thanks for the memory
Of bells that rang at dawn
Faces tired and drawn
The flag parades attended
And the mornings our long sawn
How lovely that was!

Times when we met some nice people
In Polau Beach and those other places
They took a "dim view" of our faces
So we shot them a line
And we got along fine...

And thanks for the memory
Of all the classroom lore
Harold Coolishow
It often was a headache
And it sometimes was a bore
How lovely it was!

Yes, thanks for the memory
Of throttles past the gate
Sundays sleeping late
And snacking lo and fri for meals
The food we always ate
How lovely that was!

Nights when our headdings were heavy
And flarepaths grew dimmer and shorter
Those trips over moon-silvered water
When poles in the back
Howled "We're miles off our track."

So thanks for the memory
Of friendly folks we knew
And there were quite a few
We mean it most sincerely
When we say It's Thanks to You
It's due to all your patience
That we managed to get through.
So Thank You, So much.

—KELLY
To the Officers, Directors, Instructors and all departments of No. 5 B.F.T.S; to the friends in Clewiston, Miami and Palm Beach .... from Course 13 .... simply and sincerely ....... "Thank you; we shall remember and be worthy of your efforts."
RIDDLE ROUND-UP
Continued from Page 6

Mr. Buxton, Chairman of the Safety Committee, has announced plans for the organization of a Fire Brigade to take care of any emergencies that might arise. Lectures, blackboard talks, demonstrations, etc. will be given to members of the Brigade, and in addition, all employees other than members of the Brigade are urged to attend these lectures, the date and topics of which will be announced later.

Special insignia will be worn by Brigade members and social activities will be held by the organization. The names of the members will be issued from Mr. Buxton’s office in the near future.

Course 14
This is station W B P L, Clewiston’s most powerful station, operating on a frequency of 1234 Kc’s. Here is a review of the battlefront for the past week. This week the front has been quiet, our sportsmen have not been in action and our enemies have not sought an engagement.

Those wise and venerable opponents from Course 13 have had no heart for the fight this week owing to their preoccupation with a number of quizzes sent down by their High Command. Our reporter on the spot tells of outbreaks of rebellion in the troops of General Oettinger due to the introduction of a secret weapon called Navi-Theory.

Friday night there was great activity in all the camps. Swords were ground, cannon were made ready and Generals Oett-
tinger, Hills and Jones were seen urging their men to great efforts. Cleanliness was the order of the day.

Our observers predicted a great battle on the morrow, and late on Saturday the troops were drawn up in readiness for the fight. However, just as the first shot was about to be fired, a great iron bird bore down upon the scene bringing Air Commodore, the Peace Maker, and his Arch-Angels. And there was great feasting and rejoicing and general fraternization amongst the Contestants.

Sunday saw the disarmament of Course 13, whose men withdrew to the farthest corners of the state, where they carried on guerrilla warfare against the local inhabitants. We might add that Course 13’s High Command was greatly pleased with their I.Q. and struck a medal in their honor known as W-I-N-C-S.

Wings Parade
This coming Thursday, July 29, the Wings Ceremony for Course 13 will take place on the ramp in front of the tower. The ceremonies are scheduled for 10 a.m. and a representative of the RAF Delegation in Washington will be here to present the wings. Friends of the Cadets and personnel here at the Field are invited to attend the ceremonies if they so desire, and in the afternoon several athletic contests will be played with Morrison Field opposing this Station.

On the evening of the 29th Course 13 will give its Listening Out dinner party at the Sugarland Auditorium in Clewiston, where they will entertain their officers and instructors.

Included in this issue of the Fly Paper is the Listening Out of the graduating class. This fine work is due largely to the efforts of Cadet George Morse, former Associated Press and New York World-Telegram writer, who, with Cadets Peter Hardware, Cyril Oettinger, Graham Kelley, Bob Agne and Tom Jones, is to be congratulated for a splendid edition.

Entertain Rudy Bundy
1st./O Bob Aherna and 2nd./O Lawrence DeMarco were hosts at a spaghetti dinner given at the home of Squadron Commanders Cockrill, Johnson and Cousins, in honor of the well-known orchestra leader, Rudy Bundy, his wife and daughter. “King De” served his famous dish to the following persons in addition to the ones already mentioned A/F C and Mrs. Roscoe Brinton, A/F C Joe Garcia, A/F C Bob Walker, S/C E. J. Smith, 2nd./O George Hall and Mrs. A. W. Archibald.

Here and There
A/F C Mc CRAVEY left last week for service in the Army Ferry Command.

A package containing a pair of shoes addressed to Mrs. E. B. Bell caused us to ponder the following questions: Who is Mrs. E. B. Bell and where did he get an 18 “shoepoon”?

For the next two weeks we are going to take a rest from the Fly Paper editing, and our good friend 1st./O Pat McGeehee will take over for us. No doubt the change will be most refreshing for both the Editor and you readers.

The lady whose typewriter we use each week and whose office we use each Monday and whose patience we try many, many times with innumerable questions and inquiries has been added to our Associate Editor list. She is Mary Leonard of the Payroll department, and we want her to know that we appreciate her kindness and patience.

Know Your Departments
We’ll catch up on four of the smaller departments this week, small only in the fact that there are just a few persons in each of them. Each has its important part to play in the smooth operation of the Field. The Power plant, where Gus Cantrell is the department foreman, assisted by Walter Christian, Peter Hall and Clayton Wells.

E. M. Williams is head of the Barracks and Yards, with Herbert Sealey, his assistant, and several colored workers under him. In charge of the Sewage Disposal Plant is Earl Summerall, Hubert Edwards, Robert Edwards, Cecil Maloy and Lewis Platt are in charge of several colored groups for Field Maintenance.

Sports Department
Course 13 has won the team tennis championship in the W/C Greaves Cup play. They defeated Course 14 six matches to 2 and scored the same victory over Course 15. Captain of the winning team was Cadet Hamilton, who, with the other players, Cadets Lyon, Muraille, Harris, Parks, Gaastra and Jordan, were presented with the trophy by W/C Greaves.

This week-end Course 14’s softball teams are to go to Miami where they will meet some of the Air Corps trainees at Embry-Riddle’s Coral Gables section. A game will be played on Saturday evening and one on Sunday morning.
We are going to take you on a little tour of the Link Trainer department this week. First we have Lt. Lawrence McRae, in charge of that department.

Lt. McRae was born in Arcadia, Fla., Oct. 10, 1916. He received all his schooling at the public schools in Arcadia, graduating from DeSoto High School in 1936.

He played football and is a devotee of the art of goggle fishing, which was started by somebody or other in the Mediterranean Sea several years back. “Pinky” says that it is a thrill to swim down among the rocks on the west coast of Florida and have an octopus reach out and shake hands with you. Brother, we agree.

Lt. McRae joined the Army in 1942 and was sent to Mcdill Field, Tampa, Fla., as a buck private. Eventually he was transferred to Carlstrom Field, where, by the way, he had been working as a civil service employee before he joined the Army.

OCS in Miami

Making application for OCS, or whatever it is you do want to get to OCS, “Pinky” got the appointment, finished up in Miami and then was kept for a short time as an instructor. As a second lieutenant he was sent to Union City to take over the duties of Link Officer.

We will give you names and a brief history of the enlisted men, who by their patience and hard work endeavor to give our Cadets a primary knowledge of the mysteries of instrument flying.

S/Sgt. Robert Bond was born February 27, 1919, in a little town of 75,000, Port Huron, Mich. His Link Trainer knowledge started at Greenville, Miss., where he attended a school of instructors. He was later transferred to Walnut Ridge, Ark., and after sweating out five months there was transferred to Union City, Tenn.

He has a nice personality topped with a genial smile, and his wife is a darling. His work here is strictly “on the ball.” He is always on the lookout for improvements and fully intends that his department shall be the best that he can make it.

He uses reams of paper and pounds of pencils figuring his finances, although his check tops any of the others in Link, and he generally begins to count the days about the 15th of every month. As this month has 31 days, I look for a nervous breakdown on about the 29th. I don’t think he’ll last the extra day. Take it easy, boy—you will get yours! Good luck, Sgt., see you again soon.

Sergeant Storms

Sgt. Robert A. Storms was born in Buffalo, N. Y., March 19, 1919. Sgt. Storms of Embry-Riddle has taken over the maintenance in the Link department since the departure of Sgt. Cunningham who recently was transferred to Waco, Tex. He received his training as a Link Maintenance man in Walnut Ridge, Ark.

Now let’s get into the finer details of Sgt. Storms’ life. His childhood days were spent on a farm in Sandusky, N. Y. He attended college at Houghton, N. Y.

His main ambition is to return someday to the great open spaces back on the farm. Here’s hoping you soon can, Sergeant, and thousands more like you. You’re doing a grand job here at Embry-Riddle; keep up the work.

Sergeant Baranyay

Sgt. Fred C. Baranyay was born in Elizabeth, N. J., on January 1, 1920 and spent his childhood days in Tom’s River, N.J.

In civilian life he was a theater manager with the Edmon Amusement Co. of Boston, Mass. He enlisted in the Armed Forces February 21, 1941 and went directly to Maxwell Field, Ala., where he attended a school for Link Training.

Since that time he has been in Link at Greenville, Miss., Walnut Ridge, Ark., and Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn. His ambition is to become a flyer some day.

Cpl. Harvey W. “Bungalow” Bissey—Pop to you—was born Dec. 23, 1912. He actually can be followed from place to place by eke bottle caps.

As a Link Trainer Instructor here at Embry-Riddle Field, he is doing a grand job. Cpl. Bissey received his training as Link Instructor at Cochran Field, Macon, Ga. His home town is Perkasie, Pa. His occupation? Will do anything, nothing barred. Married? He claims no. How about it, Bissey?

Pfc. Robert B. Stricklin is the latest addition to our Link Trainer department. He, like Pfc. Riddle, is fresh out of Chanute Field, Ill., coming directly to this Field. He has one year previous service in the U.S. Navy. Before entering the Navy he attended the University of Missouri for three years.

Stricklin’s Ambition

His main ambition is to return to college to finish his law course. Here’s hoping you can, Bob.

Stricklin is now an old married man of 40 years. Wait until you can say 40 years. No offense, boy, only joking. He likes Union City very much; it reminds him of home, only they can’t keep enough cokes on hand to supply him. (He and Bissey should get together.)

Pfc. William A. Riddle, one of our new boys in the Link department fresh out of Chanute Field, Ill., is now a member of Embry-Riddle Field. It looks like he’s on his way to being one of the best Link men we have; keep up the good work, Riddle. Pfc. Riddle hails from Savannah, Ga. (The good ole’ South) and holds an A.B. degree from Armstrong College, Savannah. He enlisted in the Army at its request on January 7, 1943.

Pvt. Donald Cunningham was born in
UNION CITY FLIGHT LINE

Here's a letter Myra Taylor received through the mail:

"Dear Myra:

"It has taken much time and nerve to write you this letter. You will probably be shocked at my frankness. I have tried time and again to bring up the matter but somehow I never could. Since it has been on my mind for several years, I have finally scraped up enough courage to ask you.

"When I first saw you, you were friendly, but that feeling seemed to grow into something beautiful and that is practically undesirable.

"I never thought such a thought would enter my mind, but here it is. I don't know whether it is proper to ask such a serious question because it might affect your future happiness and I wouldn't want it to do that. I know you have the mental ability, whatever your reply may be, and be true enough to never mention this to anyone.

"It has been months since I have seen you but I hope and pray that you haven't met any one that might prevent your giving me the answer I want. Remember this is just between you and me and I have never asked anyone else such a question. You must write me as soon as possible for this means all the world to me. In reply, be honest and truthful, and above all be honest in your answer.

"Do you think the Lone Ranger will sell his horse, if he is drafted into the Army?

"Your True Friend,
D.E.F."

Myra says that she didn't even know that the Lone Ranger had a horse. If the fellow wants to buy one, however, he might contact Jim Burt, Dorr Field.

Chic "Brain Trust" Clark, Group Commander, and his men have put in an order for more string to use on the hurdle stage. They forgot to cut the string when they put up a new line of flags and somebody came in and strung the whole ball of string ten miles over the countryside.

Larry Walden got into a croquet game with some "hotshots," it seems. Anyhow, he had a terrible time. Every time he would get into position for a good shot some other player would spoil it all by driving his ball into the next county. They finally left him muming to himself. At last reports he was still at the Pilot's Club measuring the distance between the wickets.

Eddie Kairil is in the Clinic recovering from an operation. We wonder why Irv Kussrow was wandering along the ramp, crying . . . he had a Tech order in his hand.

Cadet Chatter

I met A/C Harris yesterday after his last "Link" period. "Cliff," he groaned, "in theory, Chiang K'ai-Shek should have raised that hood, I was that far off."

Because of an easy program this week, our usual remarks about PT have been omitted. All we did this week was cross country, country, country, baseball, calesthenics, volleyball, tug-of-war, double time, races and a few assorted back-breakers.

You can't tell how far a frog will jump by looking at him. That seemed to be the tenor of comment as A/C Ransom, "Dickie" walked by with a girl.

Conditions prevent any sort of weather observations, so we can't say just how deep the dust is around here. One thing can be sent out though: Hapke wears snow-shoes to navigate.

We've got most of the "Boot" now. Buy those War Bonds and let's have a crack at the "heel."

43-K Takes Leave

The Class of 43-K leaves Union City with the almost impossible hope that our next stop will as pleasant. Our stay was short, and we must go, but it is not for good. The time will come when we can return and, you can take it from me, we will be back.

A/C John Appleton allowed his Dad to leave too early. John was the first man in our Class to pass his final check. Fast work, "Johnny."

Squadron V had its graduation celebration last night. A/C "Bob" Pfleger was voted the most likely to succeed. The only difficulty was that the Class could not decide at what he would succeed.

Time will tell but who can wait.

Time, like "Bob," is always late.

Short Memory

A/C Treble is the man with the short memory. At Maxwell he preferred brunettes. Here at Riddle he has lost his heart to a red-headed beauty. Come, come, John; let's be a little more stable.

We all have a good word for the rugged Commandos. However, let me give them a word of advice. If you ever come here to Riddle and apply for a "chute," make darn certain that there are no Squadrons waiting for the word dismissed. With all your training, you wouldn't have a chance. The only human (if that is the proper word) being that could stand that rush would be a New York daily commuter.

Man and Machine

Squadron Commander Roy Ryan

MAN AND MACHINE

Los Angeles, Calif., November 16, 1922 and now resides in Hollywood (only he's in the Army now)—how's the weather, Don? Ha! ha! Only kiddin', but really, folks, he's from Hollywood. Pvt. Cunningham attended University of California at Los Angeles (Rose Bowl, 1943). He left college to enlist in the Army Air Force on the 24th anniversary of the 1918 Armistice.

Couple of Stripes

On completion of his basic training he was selected to attend the Link Trainer school at Chanute. Upon graduation from Tech School he was sent to Walnut Ridge, Ark. After two months of instructing, he was transferred to Riddle Field of Tem. He likes to work, but definitely. Keep punching, Kid, maybe you'll get a couple of stripes some day.
Hello again. We'll start right off with items that we hope will interest all of you. Blessed event for Paul Meiners and his wife: a 7 lb. baby boy. Congratulations, Paul and Mrs. Paul.

Mr. Riddle came to see us this week and brought along another distinguished visitor, William A. Hayworth, head of Consolidated-Vultee, Inc., in Miami. Mr. Riddle complimented us on the appearance of the shop, and we were glad to hear "them kind words."

Society Gab: Ethyl Casson is back from her leave to report her father is doing nicely since his illness. Trixie Henry is back from her vacation in Virginia, only to have young "Buddy" come down with a well-known childhood illness. Martha Snodgress has returned to work after her vacation up North. Welcome back girls! Helen Warner is spending her vacation setting up housekeeping with her technical sergeant husband. When is the housewarming, Helen?

Where's Nebraska?

Deep bows and apologies to Louise Hamilton, whom we reported visiting her husband in the Army. We belatedly learn that we were misinformed, that Louise was visiting her father. Friend husband is "way out in Nebraska, wherever that is." Phyllis Farnham is back to work after a short illness -- there's another gal who changed her "spots." Marian McSwain is leaving this week for Georgia -- look out, Georgia; when our "blonde bombshell" hits you, you'll know it.

Several dozen of our foremen and lead men are attending classes on the theory of teaching this week and next at the Tech School. Informal and unpremeditated reports indicate engrossing classes, with "Instructors" and "Goats" ("pupils" to yose guys) and the fellows teaching each other how to read micrometers, inspect pistons, tie knots and other such useful occupations. Greg Gallagher is the Instructor of these sessions, and we must congratulate him on making his classes so interesting.

Shop Settings: "Mohammed Abdullah" Brady nosing around; Jack Hale revealing hitherto unsuspected talents for tap dancing; plug-setters Eva Morris and Rubye Bosley hard at work on the spark plugs; Dick Hourihan giving up smoking (he says), probably so he won't have to pay the tax.

The extra barrels of light and air in the shop since most of the stored engines have been moved out; the readiness with which newcomers fit into the shop work; Florence mowing down the Disassembly department.

The three charming "runners," Kay, Bee and Margaret; Mr. Grafflin hitching a ride to Flagler Street; Perry and Barrie contending for "outstanding wolf" honors; Oscar becoming notoriously famous, with an article in the Herald and everything; the way we ramble on and on.

S'long, everybody.

**GLADYS C. GOFF JOINS MARINES**

Gladys C. Goff, Secretary to Charles F. Grafflin, Manager of Engine Overhaul, has joined the Marines and is awaiting orders. Graduating from the University of Miami in 1942 with a Bachelor of Music degree, Gladys came to Embry-Riddle and worked in the Mimoograph department before becoming Mr. Grafflin's secretary. In addition to her regular duties she has served as an associate editor of the Fly Paper, columnist Engine Noises each week.

**Studied Voice**

She studied voice under Sarah Folwell and sang with the University of Miami Symphony Orchestra last May. She also was soloist at the First Presbyterian Church in Coral Gables.

Gladys expects to be sent to New River, N.C., for indoctrination and basic training. Aptitude tests will determine her future work, which she hopes will include music. The very best of luck, Gladys, in your forthcoming patriotic venture. Don't forget to write an occasional letter to the editor. All of us will be interested in your progress.

**UNCLAIMED MAIL**

Letters addressed to the following persons are at the Tech School Mail Room: Mrs. Wilma Berg, Slade Jones, R. G. Kotke, Frank Page, Morgan Ribble, Ernest G. Ruckle and Howard Scott.

**RECORDS**

Continued from Page 1

Members of The American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary, these canvassers will receive assistance from members of other patriotic organizations who have volunteered.

Employees of the Embry-Riddle Company are urged to bring their old unused records to the Guards.

Estimates of old, broken and unused records that are now in the homes of America run as high as 200,000,000. The Legion collectors will attempt to unearth as many of these as possible, will gather them and sell them to the record manufacturers who want them for the shellac content in order to make new records. Every cent of the net proceeds will be used to continue purchasing newly issued discs at lowest factory prices.

As the result of last year's campaign more than 370,000 brand new records have been distributed to American fighting men around the world. This year two million more records are needed. The records are made into libraries of 48 double-side records and cover the entire field of music from symphony to swing.

There must be many hundreds of pounds of unused records in the homes of Embry-Riddle Company employees. Your donation of these will lead to bringing happiness to our boys in far-flung battle fronts.

If you wish to take your records to the Coral Gables Post of the American Legion you will find a welcome for them at the Legion Hall, 300 Alhambra Circle, or telephone Harvey Mitchell, Payroll department, Colonnade building, 43-1771, and arrangements will be made to pick up the records at your home.

"Hey, K.P., kill that mouse running around out there in the kitchen!"

"O.K., cook, but wouldn't it be easier just to shut the door and let him starve to death?"
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

H’lo you unlucky people whom fate has directed to this gruesome column. Draw up a fit-gun and sit down. With a small amount of persuasion and a little bull-dozing, C.O. Pilot Billie Fernandez brings us up to date on what saith and doeth those comedy-book characters in Operations (with no thanks to heckler David Pearlman). First event of notice is that Billie took her first aeroplane ride with George Lambros at the wheel. She’s more sure than ever now that “lying ain’t safe” but says it’s lots of fun. Orchids to Lambros for missing all those bumps.

“Cookie”

Oh, Brother!

Billie tells us that Sr. Gay Selby’s party was very nice with one exotic thing after another. First there were strange imported concoctions; then there was heavenly music; and then (sigh!) as the lights went low, there was Tierney. Oh brother!

Billie has recently talked to former student and bright spot of the baseball diamond John Davidson. He’s back in town with the family and expects to join the ranks of Riddle Field at Clewiston soon. Good luck, Johnny.

Our Resident WTS Supervisor, Earl Jourdan, has arrived and a more welcome person there never was. His main duty will be that of coordinator between our Operation and the District and Regional offices.

Some Mystery

Mystery of the week: What party of mad pagans go hog-hunting every dawn for the romantic Heathcliff but always come back more skeptical than ever that such a creature, as first visualized, does or even could exist. And when the project was about to die a natural death, what adventurous pilot sighted the beast from 1500 feet and noted on his map that the position was Longitude W 80°17’, Latitude N 25° west southwest with 2° east variation and 4° west deviation.

And now with new zest and added zeal what trio is equipping a caravan with sun helmets and picture machines preparatory to stalking the beast and confirming the wild rumors as to the character and size of this hog monstrosity. Now the $65 question is: Will they find this character? We’ll bring you further developments later.

Blues in Technique Color

The major question and only topic of conversation is whether to sink or swim. Either float with the Navy or walk with the Army, and in line with this topic may I present Seamen 2nd Class Mac “One Falt” Campbell, Ed “Available” Tierney, “Jungle Jim” Pollard, and prospective enlistees Lil Davey Pollard, “The Great” Will-bur Sheffield, “Dangerous” Dave Pearlman, “Long” Tom Mosley, Grady Mcgarth and Casanovas D. Rasmussen and E. Masters.

The only victim of this transformation process I could reach for a statement was Brother Sheffield, who “Regrets that he has but one life to give for his country.” Dave DaBoll would like to go on record as being ready, willing and able to stay and protect all women and children. I love this fighting spirit.

ALLOVER OVERHAUL

by Bleeka Kistler

Congratulations to Momma Jean and Poppa Al Williams upon the arrival of a baby daughter by the name of June Alice. Al is surviving famously and is bursting with pride as he paces out the cigars.

Another star for our service flag: Freda Clark, secretary to Jan Klint, has passed her examinations and at present is awaiting orders to become a WAC. She is the second woman to join the WAC’s from Overhaul. We offer Freda congratulations and our best wishes for success.

Wedding Bells

It seems the wedding bells have swung into perpetual motion, entrancing the office girls no end. Following suit with Hazel Priest, née Crews, Jackie Pickens, first girl to work for Overhaul Inspection and Riddle-belle of long standing, has become Mrs. Arthur Villar. The event took place last Thursday evening at the First Baptist Church of Arcadia in the presence of her family and a group of close friends. Mr. Villar is a Flight Instructor here at Carlstrom.

Jackie is very popular at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields. She has been employed at Dorr for several months, having been transferred from Overhaul at Carlstrom.

The Bond race is growing from a “sure thing” for Overhaul to a very close finish. Coming down the stretch neck and neck with Overhaul is the Maintenance department which up to now was an “also ran.” We can still keep the lead, folks, if we stay in the race. Let’s all do a little more than our best so we can have reserved seats when we knock the Hit out of Hitler.

The Inspection department came through with a noble gesture today. It would seem that these boys and girls have a box in their office and when one of them has the urge to swear, he or she “ups” and drops a nickel in. This box was opened today and the findings put into the cigarette fund box. You can bet the fund swelled with this noble contribution.

Cigarettes for the Boys

Spurred by this act of generosity, Frank Zetrouer, Charles Bethel and I set out and soon had enough money for our first shipment of cigarettes. Now, “guys” and “gals,” don’t ever think we are stopping with one shipment, for the box will be in circulation again immediately. Be on the look out, and save your loose change for the cigarette fund.

Joe Garman, Mayor of Dog Patch, just returned from Miami where he spent a week’s vacation. Glad you’re back, Joe. Lil’ Abner Lanier of Skunk Hollow and his accomplice, Hairless Skates, haven’t much to say. They just keep plugging along.

TECH DRIVERS RECEIVE RECOGNITION FOR SAFE DRIVING

John Paul Riddle presents Dorothy Wells, an award for having driven for the Embry-Riddle Company one year without accident. Others who received this same award are Ruth Turner and Rachel Lane (behind Mr. Riddle and Miss Wells), Robert Causey (extreme left) and Stephen A. Godfrey just back of Bob’s left shoulder. E. R. Powell, Earl Robinson and W. C. Thornton are seen back of Ruth and Rachel. J. M. Stokes and H. A. Shepherd are directly behind Henry B. Groves, Safety Director, who is at the extreme right of the front row. Howard Hall, who is not in the picture, and former chauffeurette Elaine Chalk also received safe driving awards. Robert C. Pooley, Chairman of the Tech Division Safety Committee, is second from the right in the upper row. Myllion B. Webster, head of Transportation, is at the right of Rachel. Others pictured are members of the Safety Committee.
COLONNADE
by Helen Penneyer

Come Tuesday and nobody loves me... mainly my boss, Mr. Jackson... It is all because I dash around trying to get a guest writer and since Mr. Jackson is the first person I see every morning I start on him. One of these days someone is going to take me up on my plea and I am going to drop over in a dead faint.

Things are looking up 'cause Minnie Cassel is back from her vacation... we certainly did miss you Minnie and hope you won't leave us again for a long time.

L. D. Carlton and his secretary, Lois Johnson, are the newest additions to the Advertising department, having moved down from Tech.

Mr. Carlton succeeds Ensign Peter Ordway as Dean of Admissions. We are glad to have you with us, and though we know you will miss Tech, you will learn to like being at the Colonnaade, I betcha. Most of us were Tech folks at first too so we know how you feel.

Ensign Harry Rinehart wasted no time in writing to his friends upstairs... he reports that he likes the Navy life and also sends his regards to all.

Emmitt Varney, Personnel Director, is back from his tour of the Fields just in time to say goodbye to his secretary, Doris Hunley, who has left for her vacation. Jerry Bartholomew will pinch-hit for Doris while she is away.

There will be "big doings" today for us Colonnaade folks. We are having a swimming party at the home of Walter Wigman. It will be the first time we have had a "get-together" and we expect to have a lot of fun.

Harvey Mitchell of Payroll is a busy man these days... he is taking an active part in the "More Records For Our Fighting Men" campaign. We can help also by cooperating to the best of our ability.

I took my usual, weekly trip into the Identification department to try to talk Maxine Hurt into doing this column, but I took one look at her face and knew she would be of no help at all... "Max" received her first letter from her husband since he has been overseas. She is usually a big help with news (even if she won't do the whole "\"works") but under the circumstances I left her alone so she could spend the rest of the day in North Africa.

Let thy speech be better than silence, or be silent.—Dionysius, the Elder

EMERGENCY

Last week when a company emergency arose, twenty girls came to the fore, working all day Sunday to complete booklets containing all equipment, vendors, purchase prices, and priorities since 1941 for the Embry-Riddle company, the Riddle Aeronautical Institute and the Riddle-McKay company.

Typewriters could be heard half a block from the Colonnaade as the material, which was to be added to applications for Necessity Certificates submitted to the War Department, was compiled.

Our "Heroes of Victory" were: Emily Conlon, Gerry Holland, Aldra Watkins, Betty Jo Beller, Francis Manning, Bertha Hill, Mary Frances Quinn, Janet Perry, Josephine Wooley, Nataelea Simons, Elsie Lyon, Lorraine Blesly, Jo Axtell, Helen Manos, Grace Thompson, Mary Manos, Virginia Leov, Adelaide Clayton, Jean Carty and Fredda Pointe vint.

Someone said, "It was a production line which would make 'Joe' Horton jealous."

Working late Friday and Saturday nights in the typing were: Betty Bruce, Emily Conlon, Gerry Holland, Aldra Watkins and Betty Jo Beller.

Mr. Hillstead, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Koger and Mr. Wheeler wish to express their personal appreciation as well as that of the company to these girls.

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