Aviation Advisor to Women at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation is the responsible position held by Karen Draper of Miami and New York. While vocational guidance is her primary duty, Miss Draper also acts as dean of girls, supervising the women's dormitory and lending a willing hand when personal problems trouble students.

Young and attractive, Miss Draper easily becomes friend and confidant to each girl who enters the doors of Embry-Riddle. She has succeeded in developing the sort of advisor-student relationship for which all schools training young people constantly strive.

Coupled with her spontaneous friendliness is an enviable technical background which immediately commands the respect of those who seek her advice. Miss Draper has studied radio, arc welding, sheet metal, engine mechanics and aircraft mechanics in preparation for her position. Firsthand information is the only kind which will be of worth to the girl embarking upon a technical career, she believes.

Miss Draper, who is Marty C. Warren in private life, became interested in Embry-Riddle and its work while she was giving her time to the Filter Center and the Red Cross. She decided that there was still more she could do for the War effort and promptly enrolled at the Tech School as an Instrument Technician student.

Peter Ordway, former Dean of Admissions and Director of Publicity and Advertising, who is now an Ensign in the Navy, recognized Miss Draper's capabilities and the need for an Aviation Advisor to Women and offered her special training for her present position. Delighted with the potentialities of such a project, Miss Draper donned slacks and shirt, concealed her blonde hair beneath a turban and plunged into her work.

After completely familiarizing herself with courses of most interest to women, she was placed for a short time in the Sales department where she learned the administrative workings of the company.

"Women are an untapped source of labor, and the field of aviation is unlimited for them," she states. "Both commercial and government fields will be open to them after the War, and those who begin their training now will be offered the best opportunities. Many young girls are trading college for Embry-Riddle, and we are proud to be able to give them a background and wealth of experience which will fit them for important and lucrative jobs in the coming world of aviation."

When asked if age is an important factor in determining suitability for technical training, Miss Draper came forth with an emphatic "No." "Women have a knack for aviation that is truly surprising until one has met it

Continued on Page 3
Letters to the Editor

Kodiak, Alaska

Dear Editor,

It's been a long time since I heard from you, as signified by my address as Aviation Cadet. Since earning my wings with Embry-Riddle in 1940 and the Navy in 1942, I've been up here in Alaska and the Aleutians and am at present Lt. (j.g.). What happened to "Web" Wiggins, my first instructor? Have you the whereabouts of Jackie Ott and Dudley Whitman? Please keep your Fly Paper coming. A little news from home goes a long way up in this country.

Regards to all,
Iving Glickman

Editor's Note: We've sent Lt. Glickman what information we could, but we were unable to ascertain the whereabouts of Jackie Ott and Dudley Whitman. If any reader can help us out, we should appreciate it if he would drop us a line.

Phoenix, Arizona
August 15, 1943

Dear Editor:

This message comes from a former employee of Embry-Riddle who joined up when Cardstrom was being built and stayed long enough to see the Field at Union City completed.

I am now working as foreman for Southwestern Airways at the Sky Harbor Municipal Airport in Phoenix, but I'm still very much interested in Alma Mater—Alma Mater because I was among the very first students to register when the school of aviation opened.

Will you please send me future copies of the Fly Paper as they come out? Some day I hope to return to Miami, possibly to Embry-Riddle, so it is with this in mind that I write to you.

Very truly yours,
Frank Pennock

Editor's Note: Of course we'll send you the Fly Paper, Frank. Let us hear from you again soon.

Dear Sir:

Since last writing you we have received a copy of the Fly Paper (Vol. 6, No. 5) with the "Roger Out" of Course 12 giving a photo of my son, for which I wish to thank you.

I should be pleased if you could forward me another copy to enable me to pass it on to a Mrs. Thomas (mother of the Cadet killed by my son) as there are several snaps of her son reproduced in it. Also the "In Memoriam" of both boys.

Thanking you in anticipation,
Yours faithfully,
W. A. Washer

Editor's Note: Thank you for your letter, Mr. Washer. Your request will be complied with immediately.

U. S. Naval Construction Training Center
Camp Endicott
Davison, N. Y.
August 10, 1943

Dear Editor,

I just received my latest copy of the Fly Paper and am very happy to be remembered by all of Embry-Riddle.

Your paper is always welcome, as it keeps me in touch with the nice people I know at Aircraft Overhaul. It helps us all of the Service to know that all of you are backing us to the limit. With our Seabee slogan, "Can Do," and your slogan, "Get It Done Today," we can't lose.

I am looking forward to all future copies of the Fly Paper.

Thanks and good luck,
Howard F. Ashley, M.M. 1/c

Editor's Note: Right you are, Howard. That combination of slogans is unbeatable, particularly when it is personified to the letter by the spirit of the American people. We can't lose—we won't lose!

ANTILLA ANTICS

Saturday night, September 25, will see the second gathering of Embry-Riddle-ites at the Antilla Hotel in Coral Gables. Dress will be optional and dancing will begin at 9:00 to the tune of Maurice Weiss and his boys.

Admission will be $1.00 per person, and "Red" Duncan will see that there are plenty of soft drinks and ice on hand.

Let’s see our friends from the Fields in attendance! You missed lots of fun last time.
Brazilian Social Legislation
Dates From Dom Pedro II

Dom Pedro II began in Brazil a tradition of social intelligence in government. Successors to the empire have observed and extended the tradition. Much of the social legislation now in force is more advanced than corresponding regulations in the United States. The provisions of the social insurance laws, besides pre-dating those of this country, include sickness and disability insurance, and, through a trio of complementary programs, cover medical care and hospitalization—which we ignore. Minimum wage laws are on the books as are measures providing for old-age pensions, accident insurance, worker's savings banks, low-cost housing, paid vacations for workers and an act forbidding child labor.

Latifundio System
Vargas has combined his interest in the welfare of the little man with a campaign aimed at ending the latifundio system. Government credits have been made available to aid in the purchase of small land units. With this encouragement, the number of small holdings has so increased that great estates remain only in the heart of the coffee-growing district, in the cane lands that adjoin the sugar mills of Pernambuco and the great island of Marajo in the Amazon delta, in the cattle country of Rio Grande do Sul, Goyaz, and the southern portions of the giant state of Mato Grosso.

The Government concerns itself seriously with public health. Here are problems greatly complicated by temperature and expanses of territory lacking adequate natural drainage.

Saude Publica
Slightly more than nine-tenths of Brazil's area lies between the tropics of Capricorn and 2 degrees north latitude. This tropic and semitropical zone is climatically productive of intestinal parasites: trachoma, malaria, yellow fever and other tropical diseases. In such regions, anopheles and aedes aegypti mosquitoes, dread fever carriers, breed in profusion.

Yet, in Rio de Janeiro there are neither window screens nor the need for them. The fact is a monument to Brazil's efficient and excellent Saude Publica—the Bureau of Public Health. With the aid of the United States Public Health Service and the Rockefeller Foundation, Saude Publica brought to an end the terrible toll malaria and yellow fever were exacting from the population of Rio de Janeiro and then repeated the accomplishment in Santos.

In general, Brazil's cities are as healthy as their North American counterparts, and health work continues to be pressed. Municipal water supplies and sewage disposal systems have come in for recent scrutiny and a number of cities have built new plants. The administration and private agencies have promoted general and specialized training for physicians and nurses and the centers of population are dotted with private clinics, sanatoria, church and mission-supported hospitals. The Oswaldo Cruz Institute in Rio de Janeiro is world famous as are the Guerre-Guilde Foundation and the Butantan Institute in Sao Paulo—the latter for its antitoxins for snake bite.

Difficulties
In the rural areas and the interior the Prophylaxis Rural, established to work exclusively here, has made slower progress under extreme difficulties. The Rio de Janeiro conference in January, 1942, however, stimulated hemispheic cooperation in health, nutrition and sanitation, and within the last few months projects have been started in the Amazon Valley, in the Brazilian "bulge" and other sections to improve the health of jungle workers and stimulate local subsistence food production.

These projects, undertaken jointly by the Brazilian Government and that of the United States, strikes at tropical and communicable disease and at the problem of supplying protective foods to regions which have had centuries of "cash-crop only" tradition.

Malaria Control
Malaria, prime scourge of the Amazon Valley, has always made the utilization of the resources of this area dangerous and difficult. Today, with rubber gathering centers reopened, malaria control is all the more important.

Following the Rio de Janeiro conference, Brazil and the United States allotted $5,000,000 for disease control and prevention. At bases in Belem and Manaus, nurses are being trained for work in the interior. Floating dispensaries ply up and down the Amazon, bringing relief to malaria sufferers and carrying inoculation against typhoid, smallpox and yellow fever. Local dispensaries and laboratories are planned for each Amazon settlement of a thousand persons. Swamps are being drained, and mosquito-control work is getting under way in sections where this tiny killer has ruled unchallenged for centuries.

Parasites
Not only the mosquito, but other diminutive man-killers such as ticks, which carry a fever similar to our Rocky Mountain Fever; fleas and lice, which spread typhus intestinal parasites like the hookworm; and germs which cause amobic and other forms of dysentery, are being fought. Sanitary measures, health education and preventive medicine join together in this attack.

Brazil's Ministry of Agriculture keenly aware that proper nutrition is a great protection against disease, is inaugurating

Continued on Page 19

YOUNG FLYER STUDIES RADIO

Most exciting thing that ever happened to Janet Williams of Lackawanna, N. Y., was when she soloed. Before that, she had planned to be a social worker, but now she's determined to become a flight instructor.

That's why she has come to Miami to study radio communications at the Tech School to better prepare herself while waiting for an opening to continue flight lessons at our Seaplane Base.

Miss Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Williams of Lackawanna, was graduated from the University of Buffalo in the class of '42, majoring in history and government. She was planning to go to the school of social work at the university, but started flying the summer she left college.

She read an article about Embry-Riddle in a national magazine recently and decided to come to Miami to study.

She is a member of the Woman's Athletic Association, a national organization for college women, the Woman's Club, composed of women graduates of Buffalo University, the Catholic Girls' Club, a Sodality Club, and the Newman Club.
Dorr Doings
by Jack Whitnall

Welcome to our new Director of Flying, Carl Dunn, one of the real old timers from the Auxiliary Field. Kay Bramlitt please note that we use a capital “A” in spelling Auxiliary.

Someone might ask Carl where he got the nickname of “Rattlesnake.” It’s been with him quite some time; in fact, way back when. We wish to compliment the Auxiliary Field on fixing their Burma Road from the front gate to the Ad Bldg. It certainly is a great improvement. We promised Kay Bramlitt that we would say something nice about the Field across the way once in a while, and this gives us a good opportunity to keep our word, especially when Kay keeps on bragging about how nice Dorr is.

The Short Snorter’s Log

Sight worth seeing in Arcadia last week: Brann zooming down the main street of town on his bicycle, mumbling in his head, “Boy oh boy, so long at last. If my cadets could only see me now!” We wish to point out to the gentlemen in question that the traffic pattern may be a little different in town than out here at the Field. Where-as at the Field we don’t have red and green lights, we noticed that Mr. Brann came down wind on a red light and had local traffic tied up like never before. This story is entitled “The Case Of The Missing WAG.”

Have you all noticed the diamond ring Virginia Smith is wearing? On the right finger left hand?

Welcome to Mrs. Evelyn Pine, Gerald Taylor’s new stenographer at operations. Evelyn’s husband is a cadet at the Auxiliary Field.

We also wish to welcome several new dispatchers, Gerald Garner, Lavonia Harris and Mrs. Frances Eatman, wife of one of Dorr’s veteran Dispatchers.

Lt. Austin, Mrs. Austin and Baby on a furlough up in Maryland. What with all the free advice from the enlisted personnel of the Arm Field Operations, Marion Crosby should be able to figure her income tax without any trouble at all.

It seems that last week Sgt. Martin of Link fame gave a party for several of his friends, eleven to be exact, and there were six chickens (feathered ones) divided equally which any fool can very plainly see should equal twelve. Sgt. Martin still casts a suspicious eye in Doug Hocker’s and Lee Spence’s directions.

Where?

Lt. Greene, we understand, is writing a story to be entitled “The Case Of The Missing WAG.” Have you all noticed the diamond ring Virginia Smith is wearing? On the right finger left hand?

Warrant Officer Rockett in the Field Hospital. Hurry up and get well, Mr. Rockett. We notice a gleam in the eyes of the two local sawbones. It’s been rumored that Lt. Generales was down at the machine shop last week trying to borrow a whet stone to sharpen his scalpels. We always did think he looked blood thirsty.

Prepare

The moito this week seems to be “Be Prepared.” We notice “Pop’s” crew busy putting up storm windows on the Operations Tower and repainting the hangar braces. Just in case we do get a blow, better be safe than sorry.

Welcome to Class 44-C. Dorr Field is particularly interested because in the Class is one of Mr. Call’s ex-ARM mechanics, Larry Poole, who is here taking his primary training. Good luck, Larry, we’re all pulling for you.

The Army Side

Lt. Hand is back from a furlough spent up Nawth. Welcome back, Lieutenant. Yes sir, that certainly is a nice automobile that you drove back, but we still like the red one that Lt. Generales has. We’re very partial to red. (Ain’t Webster a wonderful man?) We had a heck of a time spelling partial.

New C/O

Dorr Field extends a hearty welcome to the new Commanding Officer, Major Carnutt. Major Carnutt was assigned to Dorr as Engineering Officer when this Field was first put into operation back in 1941. To most of us he Major needs no introduction. We know him to be a very competent Officer and a good fellow. At the same time we all hate to see Major Boyd leave. Major Boyd has been assigned to Dorr as C/O ever since there was a Dorr. As yet we don’t know where he will go, but all Dorr wishes him the best of luck and happy landings.

To lably yours,
Jack

P.S.—Did’ja know that Robinson Crusoe was an acrobat? Well, at the end of a hard day’s work he sat on his chest.

Extra!

Jim Waterman was the recipient last week of a letter from Capt. Robert L. Gerrard, one of his ex-cadets who was in Class 43-D, the first Class of Dorr Field.

Capt. Gerrard was eliminated in basic and went to Bombardier school. He successfully finished the course and since then has been on 26 missions over Germany, North Africa and France. He is the wearer of the DSC—Air Medal with 3 clusters and the Purple Heart with 2 clusters—has spent over a year at overseas duty and is now located at McDill Field in Tampa. Capt. Gerrard has over 900 hours as a bombardier in B-24s. Not a bad record at that!
EIGHT MINUTES

A brief study of airplane accident statistics enables us to come up with some rather unexpected facts.

Of these facts two stand out as especially significant to young pilots who have a definite interest in becoming old pilots eventually.

Here they are, lads!

Fact No. 1: Nearly 70% of all accidents have been attributed to some form of pilot error.

Fact No. 2: Over 80% of all accidents occur during landings, take-offs or while taxiing.

Now if we scramble those two facts and examine the result, we find that more than half of the accidents occur because pilots make errors while in the process of going away from or returning to terra firma, or while getting from one place to another on the ground.

Someone with a penchant for figures uncovers the further information that a pilot averages two take-offs and two landings per day over the course of his training period. Time required for these four operations: eight minutes per day!

A mighty small piece of time but a mighty important one, too! A time in which if you “dope off” for a fraction of a second you double your chances of getting to know some pretty nurses or even having the undertaker get to know you.

It is a time, on the other hand, to keep in a “state of super-alERTness.” A time to use the proper amount of power on take-off. To watch your airspeed on landing and hit the first third of the runway. A time to anticipate by checking everything in advance—your plane, engines and instruments.

A time, in short, to work very very hard at the job of becoming a veteran pilot.

Flight Control Command

MAYBE YOU WONDERED

If you were curious as to why the insignia on the sleeves of the Cadets have been changed, here is the low-down. Headquarters has announced that aviation cadets, including enlisted men undergoing basic and college training preparatory to appointment as aviation cadets, will wear the authorized insignia on the outside of the sleeve of the coat, overcoat and shirt when worn without a coat, with the lowest point 4 inches above the lower edge.

August 30 was the deadline to comply with the above regulations and, needless to say, there was some mighty fine sewing done in a hurry.

Splash Mud on My New Uniform, Will Yal

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

Having just been threatened with everything short of premeditated annihilation, we, yours truly and the office force at Chapman, will attempt in the next ten minutes to transcribe our humble thoughts into a column which, if accepted, will keep my foolish face out of the dog-house . . . and says I to my cohorts, “Greater love hath no man.”

From all appearances the week-end holiday was just what the doctor ordered. Quite a few Chapman Fielders went fishing, swimming and boating, but the majority took a double dose of the shell on rest cure. Just note the revived look-alive countenances of the whole crew. Wonderful thing, fresh air and sleep. Couldn’t live without it . . . I wonder why so many people try.

The Great Gilmore

It was good seeing old-timer Jimmie Gilmore back, even though it was for just a short visit. Jimmie’s instructing on a WTS Cross Country Program in Winston-Salem, N. C., at present, and has enlisted in the Army Reserve, making him no less than a rebel in these parts. Personally, we think The Great Gilmore’s talents are being wasted in this quiet lil’ community.

The new programs, namely 44-C Elementary and 44-C Intermediate, have been checked-in and cleared for flight. The Instructors who will be on the Elementary Program, or the Dawn Patrol are: Jimmy Clark, Dave DaBoll, Tine Davis, Bill Gold-en, Bill McGrath and Edward (oh how I hate to get up in the morning) Tierney, Dave Narrow officiates as Flight Commander.

Bill’s Back

We wish to welcome former student Bill Golden back to our ranks as Instructor. The Intermediate Instructors are George Maxey, Lee Maxey, Tom Mosley and Kay Nihe-sche. Jim Pollard is the singing (?) Flight Commander. Lots of luck, fellows, and smooth sailing.

And in closing we’d like to say so-long to Instructor George Lambros who is leaving to become a Test Pilot with General Motors Corporation. He takes with him all our wishes for luck and many happy landings.

They say the Coast Guard has a new rifle which fires so rapidly that it shoots eight times before you didn’t know it was loaded.

C.O. “Now tell me, what’s your idea of strategy?”

Boot: “It’s when you’re out of ammunition but keep right on firing.”
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Eva Mae Lee

Here I am again—just like a bad penny. Kay Bramlitt, reporter extraordinaire, got herself a bump on the head which nearly resulted in a fractured skull and which did result in a week or two in a Miami hospital. The events leading to the bump might be interesting. How about it, Kay? Anyway, we surely do miss you here at Carlstrom and we send you herewith a barrel of get-well wishes. Hurry and recuperate.

Hall and Farewell

Seems like all our good friends are leaving us. The Accounting department loses two this week. Larry Roe is going back to the University of Florida at Gainesville to begin the fall term and Joe Gault is transferring to Accounting in Miami.

Veteran Commander Red McKendry has been released to the Air Transport Command and Cliff Quesenberry, his Assistant Squadron Commander, is leaving to enter the Navy . . . traitor! Best wishes of all Carlstrom go with them.

Instructor Jack Drescher has returned from sick leave in the nuthouse looking hale and hearty. Seymour Jessup has re-entered the ranks and is a member of Squadron IV. Ethel Bernstein of Gassney, S. C. has replaced Merry Lou in the Infirmary.

New Refreshers

New Refreshers recently are Maynard Long of Lake Helen, Fla.; William Newlon of Spencer, W. Va.; Nat Cutler of New York City; Edward O'Brien of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Edgar Look of Detroit, Mich.; William McMillan of Greensburg, Ind.; and James B. Davis, former RA mechanic. Welcome to Carlstrom, all you good people. We hope you'll like us. Welcome, too, to the Class of 44-C. May you all fly straight to Basic!

I do believe Cupid has caught up with Instructor Emory Mikell. He seems to be making numerous unexplained trips to Tampa. And what better reason than to go acourtin'. Instructor Kenneth Hallauer, recent arrival from Randolph, got himself hitched during vacation and we've heard similar rumors about David Platt. Myrl Kitchens was absent the other day, presumably due to illness.

We're going to lose our pretty Statia Dozier at the end of this month when she and a certain lieutenant from Miami walk the last mile. Statia has been at Carlstrom for two and a half years. We're going to miss her and we'd like to bet that she will miss us.


  Seen This Week

H. Roscoe Brinton asleep in the Canteen Lounge—Gordon Currier bumping along in his little red "puddle-jumper" (and speaking of red cars, take a look at that peacheroo Eli Hahan is sporting)—The entire Flight Personnel smoking "promotion" cigars. Note for the future: some of the fellows suggest that a little less wood and a little more tobacco would be appreciated.

Carl Dunn saddled with five checks at the Dorr Field Canteen (we sure do miss his familiar red head). All the Instructors sprouting brand new shoulder plumes of the 53rd FTD AAF CPS. Instructor Maydewell from Tech picking on J. K. Onsrud in Portuguese Class. And speaking of Portuguese Class, where has Brown been the last couple of weeks? To the uninitiated, Brown is the nickname given to Carl Dunn by Adriano Pomes—Heaven knows why. Peggy Brown with fiery red knees. Something went wrong with the tanning formula.

A most welcome visitor last week was Lt. H. O. "Himie" Kight, Jr. of Randolph Field, a former Carlstrom Instructor. His many friends here were surprised and delighted to see him. Other visitors were Sterling Camden of Chapman Field and Adriano Pomes with a couple of his Brazilian cohorts who wished to see the famous beautiful Carlstrom.

Clem Whittenbeck is of the opinion that some days it just doesn't pay to get up. He started to Lakeland the other day to take his wife to the doctor on the way, his car broke down and he had to be towed back. When he got back to Arcadia, he found his favorite bird dog gone; and besides that, Mrs. W. had to stay in Lakeland for several days. That meant that C. W. had to eat restaurant food. Well, what do you think? Should he or should he not have stayed in bed that day?

Bouquets go to Class 44-B who had only one ground loop last week. To the Flight Line Guard who tips his hat to the ladies. To Margaret Reaves of the Time department who serves with a smile no matter how busy she is (quarter, please).

The Army Side

Lt. and Mrs. John L. Frisbee recently journeyed to Miami to meet the missus' uncle, Gen. Ralph Royce, former Commanding General of Southeast Air Forces Training Detachment, who is now on his way to a combat zone. Capt. Norman D. Stuard is in a Georgia hospital recuperating from an operation on his jaw. Lt. and Mrs. John Connelly are spending a furlough in Rochester, New York. Upon Lt. Connelly’s return, our C/O, Capt. John E. Clouts, will take a much deserved leave after two years uninterrupted service.

Southin Belle

We hear by the grapevine that Sgt. Howe will soon follow the example set by Sgt. Hersperger. A South Carolina belle is expected this week. Could she be the party of the second part? We think so. Maude Boring of the Sgt. Major's office will spend her vacation in Charleston, S. C. Have fun, Maude!

The Cadets were court-martialled recently for violation of flying regulations. See the new tower bulletin board for details. Take heed! The oracle hath spoken!

And, in departing, I leave you the moron who thought that airplane dope was the guy behind the stick.

Bye now.

The wise does at once what the fool does at last.—Balthazar Gracian
EVERY FLIGHT NOW PLOTTED
BY NEW SERVICE

Activation of four more Flight Control Centers at strategic points throughout the United States has been announced by the Flight Control Command with headquarters in Winston-Salem, N. C.

The four Centers, which began operation on July 15th, are at New York City, Washington, Los Angeles and Oakland, Calif. Centers in Boston and Seattle were activated in June. Each center is staffed with between eight and ten specially trained officers. Centers will be operated on 24-hour schedule.

Expansion

Their activation marks expansion of Flight Control Command's Pilots' Advisory Service for military aircraft on point-to-point missions within the continental United States.

Hereafter five out of six point-to-point flights of the Army Air Forces have been on their own with instrument flights on the airways only being accurately traced.

Under the present program every flight is being plotted on maps in the Flight Control Centers. If weather develops or other obstacles to flight arise at any time while the pilot is in the air, the Pilots' Advisory Service may contact him through range stations at predetermined contact points which the pilot notes on his flight plan. In this manner a constant check of each flight is kept.

The Pilot's Part

The Pilots' Advisory Service not only advises the pilot but keeps him informed of changes in orders, conditions at the point of destination and various other helpful data.

Pilots can avail themselves of the service by:
1. Noting predetermined radio contacts on the Form 23.
2. Faithfully reporting at these points.
3. Immediately reporting at the first sign of trouble.
4. Maintaining a listening watch for advisory messages.

The program at present calls for activation of 23 control centers to be in operation by the end of 1943.

CARLSTROM ATHLETICS
by Lt. Roy J. Weiner

Carlstrom made it two victories in a row over Dorr Field in copping three out of five events in the recent athletic clashes between the members of Class 44-A. As a result of the triumph, Carlstrom retained the victory trophy, a cup emblematic of athletic superiority.

Drubbing

Paced by Herb Gunderson who garnered eight points, the Carlstrom eagles drubbed Dorr 20-15. The victors grabbed an early lead which was threatened but never endangered. Dorr staged a desperate rally in the closing moments only to have the Carlstrom defense tighten and prevent further scoring.

Vern Carlson, hurling for Carlstrom in the softball game, whipped an even dozen batters and allowed four scattered safeties as he pitched his mates to a 7-0 win. In the field the McCormickmen displayed stellar support to aid the cause, while from the batter's box they wielded the mace in run-producing fashion.

Victory

Carlstrom registered a third victory in tennis, winning two singles and one doubles match and dropping one of each. On the outcome of the tennis event hinged the result of the entire meet.

Dorr had little difficulty swamping Carlstrom in swimming, excellent in all events. Dorr's men's had complete command of the situation from the initial plunge to the final splash.

Dorr again came into its own in volley-ball, winning two out of three games by top-heavy scores, 22-11 and 22-12. Carlstrom sent two different teams into battle, but one fared no better than the other. Carlstrom's aggregation was composed of some of the best conditioned and most able athletics in the history of the Field. They were primed for victory and were not to be denied.

"These natives are descended from cannibal tribes and they're sensitive about their ancient customs," the C/O warned the members of his landing party on a South Sea Island. "If you meet the Chief, for the Iova Pete don't say 'What's cooking?'"

Mr. and Mrs. Carlstrom Cadet

With 14 of his classmates in attendance, A/C Raymond J. Wieloszynski of Carlstrom Field was married last Sunday to Virginia Carol Gena at St. Paul's Catholic Church in Arcadia.

After the ceremony an elaborate dinner was held at the Woman's Club, at which the Cadets and some of their wives were present. All of the Cadets and the bridegroom had been together at Maxwell Field.

Cadet Wieloszynski is from North Tonowanda, N. Y., while the bride is from the nearby town of Franklinville.
Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Presenting another super special contest for all Riddle Field personnel and cadets with cash prizes as the reward. Answer the questions below and send them in—remember, there is nothing to buy, no coupons to attach—it is all free. Here are the rules:

(1) Any person now at Riddle Field (employees or cadets) is eligible.

(2) The first correct entry received will win the first prize of $5.00 cash; second, $3.00 cash; third, $2.00 cash. In case of ties, the time and date of the postmark will be considered.

Here’s what to do: Fill out the answers to the questions, and mail your entry to Riddle Field Contest, Box 7309, Clewiston, Fla. Entries must be submitted not later than midnight, Tuesday, September 14, to be eligible. The questions are:

(1) Fill in the following blanks: (a) The normal cruising R.P.M.s for a North American AT6A is . . . (b) The normal cruising R.P.M.s for a Stearman P.T. is . . . (c) The normal cruising airspeed of a Link Trainer is . . .

(2) Who is the Assistant Flight Commander on F/C “Gunner” Brink’s Advanced Flight? Name

(3) What are the rates for the following rates of turns? (a) rate 1/4 of 40 degrees; (b) rate 1/2 of 30 degrees; (c) rate 2 of 50 degrees.

(4) Who is the Flight Leader of C-Flight in Course 16? Name.

(5) Place the letter by the name in column 1 in the blank opposite the corresponding or similar word in column 2.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Column 1</th>
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<tr>
<td>a Ground School</td>
<td>b North American AT6A</td>
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<td>b Miles Master</td>
<td>c Maintenance Dept.</td>
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<td>d S. L. A. C. Hill</td>
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<td>e R. Reese</td>
<td>f Tiger Moth</td>
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(6) Complete the following sentences with R.A.F. expressions or terms:
(a) He binds me
(b) Two types of gen are

(7) The Commanding Officer of the 75th AAF/FTD is while the Commanding Officer of No. 5 BFTS is Entry submitted by

Department or Course

We’re Doing This

In an effort to improve our news coverage of all departments on Riddle Field, we’re listing below the Associate Editors who are Fly Paper correspondents for the various departments. If you have any news item or anything else (pictures, etc.) that would be of interest to Fly Paper readers, particularly here at Riddle Field, hand or phone them to these persons. Help us to give your department its proper publicity and recognition.

Primary Flight Line—Bob Johnston; Advanced Flight Line—Pat McGhee and Roscoe Brinton; Maintenance (including Parachute and Radio departments) —Jerry Greener; Canteen, Transportation, Utilities and Power Plant—Leola Jacobs; Operations, Weather Bureau and Timekeeping—Ruth Bryant; Press Hall and Administration—Mary Leonard; Instructor Club activities—Lou Place; Co-Pilot’s activities—Doris Archibald; Course 14—Kenneth Bourne; Course 15—Kenneth Fisher; Course 16—John Manners; Sports and other cadet activities—Jock Moyes; Official Riddle Field Fly Paper photographers—Paul Badger and Neal Dwyer; Ground, Link School, Infirmary, RAF and AAF offices, and all other departments not mentioned will be covered by the Editor.

Now Read This

Our housecleaning of inactive Associate Editors has taken place, and some new blood has been added as you can see by the above list, which we hope will make this column more interesting for the readers.

And that brings up another point. We have been criticized on several occasions for publishing so much sports news and neglecting this department or that one, etc. Well, my good agitators, the reason we do publish the sports news is that P.T. Sergeant Moyes is kind enough to give it to us. If the Flight Line, Link department, Maintenance, Ground School personnel, Timekeeping, etc., departments are not getting the publicity you think they should, it is because no one in the department (and that might mean you) has bothered to pass any interesting news or camera snaps to his Associate Editor or to the Editor.

Do Something!

So, if you don’t see your department represented as you think it should be, don’t sit back and gripe about it—do something about it—jot the news down and hand or phone it to your Associate Editor. After all, we are only human and have only two ears and a very limited supply of gray matter (“Hear,” “Hear” from Link students), so it is impossible for us to get or hear all the news.

The Fly Paper is your publication and our Riddle Field section is for us here at Riddle Field. So, let’s make it a better and more interesting column with more cooperation and fewer gripes.

Course 16

Course 16 is still “Keeping them Flying” in spite of the remark we heard the other day that it wasn’t for our Course the hospital staff could take a well-earned furlough.

Some of the boys have started aerobatics but are still at the stage where they can sit back and enjoy it while the instructor throws the plane around the sky.

In their second match for the Commanding Officer’s Tennis Cup, Course 16 beat the Senior Course by three matches to two. The outstanding match was between Cadet Butt and Senior Under Officer Hills, which ended 6-1, 6-2 in Cadet Butt’s favor.

The remark of the week goes to UK/AC K. M., who was heard to say, quote, “I have no consideration for others,” unquote.

In the photograph of our Canteen the issue before last, we noticed that there was no service—as usual (no harm meant, Canteen ladies).

Here and There

Bill Watkins, Yank in the RAF of Course 6, who recently was forced down and

CONTEST WINNERS

Riddle Field Editor Jock Hopkins presents War Stamps to the winners of the first Riddle Field contest. First prize went to Julio Dyess of Maintenance and second was awarded to Link Instructor Paul Badger.
with over 100 persons in attendance. Election of Instructor Club officers was held Wednesday.

Mrs. C. A. Wadlow of Palmdale has written informing us of the following activities of former Cadets here. P/O Jimmy Wilson of Course 9 is posted in Scotland and writes that P/Os Patridge, Smith and Temple of the same Course are there with him. P/O Pollard of the same Course is in reconnaissance photography. P/O Dan Campbell, former Flight Leader of Course 9, has finished his instructing at Major's Field, Texas, and is leaving for home very soon.

Sgt. Ken Gowing of Course 12 announces his engagement. Sgts. John Curtis-Hayward and Mike Carroll of Course 11 are also stationed in North Scotland.

We thank you for your other contributions, Mrs. Wadlow, but regret to inform you that because of a space shortage in the coming Listening Out, we shall not be able to use it. However, we shall hold it for a future edition. Thanks again.

Sgt. Michael Haslam

We are also in receipt of a letter from Sgt. Michael Haslam, Course 9, who, after having been stationed in Canada for some time, is now ready to be posted in England. He sends his regards to all his friends and instructors here at the Field. His request for the Fly Paper also has been complied with.

We were pleased to receive a card from Mrs. G. A. Williams of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., this past week. Mrs. Williams is the sister of Bill Cashner who graduated with Course 13.

F/L W. Whitaker, Navigation Officer, and Lt. Taylor, Commanding Officer of the Air Corps Detachment, No. 3 BFTS, Miami, Okla., were visitors at this Field last week.

Cpl. Donald W. Buxton is now stationed at Orlando, Fla., and is instructing in the Air Force there. His parents, Assistant General Manager and Mrs. Buxton, visited him there last week.

New Fire Brigade Chief

B. H. Buxton, Assistant General Manager, has announced that E. M. Dull has been appointed Fire Chief to replace Mr. Bolton who has resigned. Earl Summerall has been appointed to the position of Assistant First Chief.

Effective immediately, all Fire Brigade meetings will be held in the Officers' Lounge of the Mess Hall at 5:00 p.m. and will be accompanied by a dinner furnished by the management.

Course 14

Well, there isn't much of interest these days, as everyone is much too busy binding for "wings" to come across with something worthy of note.

The long cross-country trip has, of course, its particular stories, but all we can print are already generally known. Long sitting navigators gazed in wonderment at the undulating countryside, no longer flat, whilst the poor cadet up front battled with the elements.

We are pleased to assure our readers that our two colleagues who landed in the hospital last week are doing fine and claim that the flight line will not miss them long.

Sports

P.T.I. Sgt. Moyes is in Washington this week on business after which he will spend a week's leave in the North.

Swimming: Camp Murphy won the invitation swimming meet at Casino Pool in Lake Worth on Labor day. Our team, competing with much more experienced and larger squads, trailed the other entrants, Lake Wales Coast Guard, Morrison Field and Fort Pierce Naval Station. However,

Continued from Page 12

SWIMMING MEET AT RIDDLE FIELD

Here is a delayed picture of the persons in the swimming meet held some time ago against Morrison Field. The Riddle Field team on the left includes, from left to right, Cadets RemoFrice, Koff, Hardwore, Gwokins, Grasch, Jordan, Hedges, Fisher and Splaks. In the center of the "V" are the judges, F/C Davis, S/C Smith, D/F Hunsicker and the starter, 1st/O Hopkins. The Morrison Field team is seen on the right.
Embry-Riddle Trains Soldiers at Tech School

Men of the AAFETTC who are being trained at the Tech School follow a well rounded, stimulating program which prepares them to fill an important niche in the Armed Service. In the upper row, left to right, our boys fairly bust from the Embry-Riddle bus as a new day begins. Engine instruction on the line located in back of the Tech School absorbs a handful of boys who will soon be behind the men who fly `em. A shot of the Engine Test Cell opposite the hangars explains the roar we in the Tech School offices hear each afternoon. Second row: The engines of a B-34 on the line are probed. An Instructor gives expert instruction in electricity. A P-39 is used for instructions on controls. Third row: Soldiers line up at the beginning of a calisthenics period. Par of war results in a few laughs and hardens young muscles. “On the double” around the field a few times, and the day’s physical training period is over. Bottom row: The best food money can buy, appetizingly prepared, is served in the Tech School Mess Hall as another day closes. Incidentally, if the boy whose head is circled in this picture will call at the Army Office, he will receive $5.00 in War Stamps. Back to the barracks, mail call causes chaos. Those letters from home mean so much. And that box of goodies sent by a thoughtful mother or sweetheart has many a masculine admirer.
Men of AAFETTC Work and Play in Gables

If your son is training at Embry-Riddle's Coliseum under the AAFETTC, these pictures will give you an idea of his activities. He is living in picturesque Coral Gables, and his day is as carefully planned as it was when you bought special baby food for him. In the top row, left to right, you may see him in fatigues filing into the Coliseum where he will spend part of the day learning the ground work of aviation. He may be in the Electrical department, or he may be one of the boys looking over that super-charger at Induction. The second row pictures a general view of Induction, a shot of your boy returning to the barracks after chow, and a sample of personnel inspection which is held on Wednesdays. Makes you proud, doesn't it, to see those straight, strong lines. Third row: Basketball for fun and relaxation, commando tactics for the stern business of War, boxing to build strong arms, and leg and to promote the sportsmanship for which we Americans are noted. The bottom row glances at the close of the day. Boys have a ball session in front of their comfortable barracks before changing from physical training clothes for the evening. Time out is taken to write those letters home, after which many stroll over to the Coral Gables U.S.O. to listen to programs specially prepared for them. Miss Lorraine Bosley of the Sheet Metal department is pictured at the mike.
UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

by Pfc. Oliver Teryz

Chief Dispatcher Howard Cooper gets in touch with us yesterday. Ken Stiverson, he explains, has left Union City and now Ken's capable editorship of the Union City News must fall heir to somebody else. Would we try to carry on?

We explain to Mr. Cooper that we are a soldier with only one month's experience at Union City, and there are hangars full of nice people we don't know yet. "Well, then here's your chance to get acquainted!"

As Pfc. Glenn Chamberlain puts it, there are many swell dolls and guys at Union City's Embry-Riddle. So, how could we refuse this chance to "get acquainted)?

We are still pinching ourselves to see if this is a dream after all. For detached service, as is the case at each Air Corps Primary School, is the soldier's dream.

What's Up?

It all started at Maxwell Field some five months ago. The tent city bulletin board, fearfully watched for little notices labeled K.P. and Guard Duty, announces that we have been assigned to the Flying Training Detachment at Union City, Tenn.

After a little research in the Post Library, we find an atlas map of Tennessee ... and sure enough, there's Union City tucked in the northwest corner of the state. But this word "detachment" is something new to our G.I. vocabulary. Well, we'll find out from an old Army man. We buttonhole a Master Sergeant.

"Detachment?" answers the Top Kick knowingly, "That's a WAC post. You're being sent up there to relieve some gals for active duty." Well, we knew we should not have asked in the first place.

Detached

We'll wait to see. And so we did, to our pleasant and tremendous surprise. For we are now "detached" from screeching 5 a.m. whistles of "Rise and Shine" GI's, from the hour-long chow lines of Miami Beach, 35 minutes waiting for a coke, and 60 minutes for a movie at Chanute Field. In the Army for seven months, for the first time we feel like a little more than a serial number and a service record. For the first time we get to know some officers. And they get to know us.

Withal comes a sense of community endeavor and intimate cooperation known only to relatively small units of activity.

Yes, Embry-Riddle at Union City is a d— good spot for an Army man.

Not G.I.

It's still the Army all right, with a few civilian touches. Ask Sgt. Lew Couver on Train No. 1 in the Link department. For the Sergeant sits but a desk's width away from L. L. A. McRae's secretary, Mary Lillian Harpole.

He claims that the delicate fragrance of her perfume is the best morale builder he has encountered in over two years of Army life. But the Sergeant is wrong. Our reconnaissance discovers that Mary's secret is not perfume at all but cologne. Coty's L' Origin to be exact.

Postmaster Cpl. Reginald Smith brings us a letter from Aviation Cadet Albert Willoughby, Jr., who shipped out earlier in the week with Class 44-A for Basic Training at Newport, Ark. Cadet Willoughby is happy at Newport, but we could understand his feeling when he wrote, "The barracks are tar paper and nothing is as good as Union City."

We would also like to mention that Class Leader Crider of Class 16-43-E stopped by to say "Hello." He, too, is stationed at MacDill Field, Tampa, and has promised to return soon and give us some details of his activities.

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

Continued from Page 9

Franks of Course 16 and Craven of Course 15 placed in the breast stroke and free style races to save us from a shut-out. Other swimmers from here were Ogden, Fisher and Guest, Course 15, and Lloyd, Orchard, Warburton, Brescia and Phillips of Course 16.

Tennis: Courses 14 and 15 were to have played in the final round of the tennis tournament for the Commanding Officer's Trophy this week.

Dance News: Next Saturday is the big No. 5 BFTS Dance, folks—don't forget—the Sugarland Auditorium at 9:00 p.m. As an added attraction, several WACS from Fort Myers and possibly some SPARS from Palm Beach will be present, in addition to the already-famous Embry-Riddle gals from Miami. We'll see you there!

One Year Ago

September 10, 1942—Another mysterious contributor to the Fly Paper is uncovered in the person of Cadet J. L. Kerr, Course 9, who is pictured, along with Margaret Morgan, Accounting, and Howard Kemp, Hospital Attendant. Sgt. Chappel is a new armaments instructor on the RAF staff. S/C Jimmy Cousins is Man of the Week. Clark Gable, training at Miami Beach, was an unexpected visitor at the Embry-Riddle party last week-end at the Macfaddlen-Deauville.
WING FLUTTER

by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

Labor Day, 1943. The day was still the same because it was still the first Monday in September. The weather was about as usual. Something was changed, however. Gone were the streams of cars on the highways, the crowds at the beach were thinned. The noon parade was conspicuous by its absence. The temper of the people was even different. Most people were working as usual. Others who had worked through the entire summer at increased speed were enjoying a day of rest so that they might work with renewed vigor during the coming months. There was a parade, of course, but it was at night so that all might attend.

As we watched the crowd drenched in the sudden downpour we were impressed immediately by the fact that in spite of the wet and the chilly breeze most faces wore smiles. Some to be sure were watching fathers, brothers, husbands and sons, but a majority were there to see the men who were fighting for them. Most people stayed in the rain until the entire parade had passed.

Yes, we had a Labor Day parade this year but a vastly different parade from years past. The representatives of the two largest labor organizations in the world were there. On the curb stood the members of the home front, the production front.

In the street carrying the standard under which they fought were the members of the fighting front. From the impartial skies above, with true democratic spirit, the rain fell equally on the people on the sidewalk as well as the man in the street. Over all was the spirit of cheerfulness, and lighting most of the faces there were smiles.

To Work

With the holiday over, practically everyone was back at work again Tuesday morning ready for another stretch of work. Still on our sick list are Pearl Nichterlein, Virginia Wainscott, Alice Hancock, Edna Leu and Elvia Robinson. We hope that they will have a speedy recovery and be back on the job soon.

Jewel is back after a few days spent with her husband who was home on leave. Mr. Fegan has returned after his tonsillectomy of last week.

Jack Pepper is off to increase the recruiting among the WACs. He leaves shortly to become an Air Cadet. Good hunting, we say, and a deep sigh for you Embry-Riddle-ites, or maybe the feminine would be Embry-Riddle-ettes here at Aircraft Overhaul.

We recommend as an afternoon's fun a ride out Route 270 which runs from Danis and Uleta to the Okeechobee Road. To enjoy it to the utmost, start at the Uleta end and travel westward. We will be glad to receive reports and compare notes on the flora and fauna discovered enroute. It has the advantage of no traffic.

Note: Jack Whitnall

An open letter to J. W. of Dorr Field: "Any resemblance to Jack Whitnall is purely intentional."

"France was stabbed in the back by Italy, the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor in a sneak raid, Et tu Brute." Out of the beautiful sunshine of last Saturday came a lightening stroke from one we had counted a friend. Like a pistol stuck in your back on a dark night, like being shot by someone shaking your hand, to publish an article like that, holding up our delicate appetite, our love of fine cooking and an inordinate predilection for exquisite comestibles to ridicule before the whole world. We are crushed, beaten and discouraged that anyone could stoop so low.

He forgot to add our telephone number, 9-1215, and our address, Aircraft Overhaul, so that we could receive invitations out to dinner. Personally, we wouldn't dislose that information on a bet.

Yes, we will gladly accept any and all invitations to breakfast, dinner and supper picnics, clam bakes, strawberry festivals and family reunions and will be glad to entertain our host or hostess with such feats as eating a four-pound steak very rare, six or seven dozen oysters, a peck of steamed clams, a whole chicken or any other given food. Or does someone want to bet we can't?

With the deadline staring us in the face we bid you fond adieu.
Grace Taylor is now back in the Tech Radio department, speeding up on her code. Grace has been working over in the Colonnade Bldg. with Rocky Le Gaye. Here's hoping you stay with us awhile now, Grace. It's swell having you. Fisher has returned to the "fold" to make up some work missed.

Happy birthday to David Yeomans on September 2nd. From the grapevine I hear tell the chances are Dorothy Williams helped celebrate it.

Henry Rehe has requested a want ad section to be added to the column this week. Anyone knowing of a high-powered microscope for sale, please notify H. Rehe. Purpose being to see the inside of some of the radios he's been getting lately.

Out Back

The draft board has caught up with Robert Blackwell; he got his draft notice the other day. You can get some pointers on drilling, Bob, if you look out the back windows of Tech.

At first it seemed sort of strange that all the male Maintenance students crowded around the table nearest the Code room. But the confusion was cleared up by "Bloodhound" Sands. According to him, it's because Edith Chapman works there.

Fred Reichert keeps complaining that his wife lobbies their chickens too much. Fred belongs to the school of thought that maintains chickens should be given just enough food to live. Stick to your belief, Fred, and don't be chicken-hearted about it. (Ouch!)

That's a pretty ring Janet Williams has. The lucky man she is engaged to is somewhere in the South Pacific. You really are a swell girl, Jan, never to show that blue feeling you must get sometimes.

Ex-Reporter

Bill Terry's story of his one attempt to enter the field of journalism is wonderful. On his first assignment he wrote that he'd seen a big executive out with a beautiful gal. There was quite a scandal when the "Big Shot's" wife read it. Terry then turned to another field to utilize his talents.

Aaron Reed comes all the way from Ft. Lauderdale every night to class. More power to you, Aaron. Anyone who cares enough to come all that way certainly ought to be a success in Radio.

Every night, after class, who should be standing at the parking lot but Herbert James, waiting for Roy Moorhead. What goes, James? Polishing apples?

Personal predictions of events to come: Approximate date 1955 A. D. . . .

Ann Bailey: Her and her Captain's dream house finally built. She has a little oscillator hidden away in one corner so she can show Bill Terry (when he comes to visit) how terribly interested she still is in radio.

Look Out, Folks

Angelo Sands: A thwarted radio man. Barred from practice because of a phobia for breaking peoples' radios just for the pleasure of fixing them.

Bill Terry: Back in the Army, and finally after ten years a Pfc.

Fred Reichert: President of a large radio school. Can now teach (to his delight) 500 code students, all at the same time, by himself. But finally goes crazy because he starts believing his own psychology and tells everyone that he can copy 250 words per minute.

Enough of this drivell. Just one last remark addressed to my estimable instructor of theory, Doug Wilson.

Whenever you get too disgusted with my lack of brain tissue, sit down quietly and say this:

"Pain is hard to bear," you'll say,
"But with patience, day by day, Even this will pass away."

—ibid

... Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes, of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Cpl. Anthony Romano Pays Visit To Tech

Cpl. Anthony Romano, former student and graduate of Class 16-43-E, stopped in last Tuesday to pay Tech a visit. His praise for the school and his comparison of our school with others was very interesting and definitely in our favor. After completing the 15 weeks of training here, he was sent to the Glenn-Martin factory school at Baltimore and from there, for further training, to the Glenn-Martin factory at Omaha, Neb.

Aerial Engineer

Cpl. Romano expressed appreciation and gratitude beyond words to all who helped in his training. He is now an Aerial Engineer, and, having earned his wings, is soon to be assigned to a pilot and combat crew. His one ambition before and upon joining the Army Air Force was to be a part of a flight crew. This he has accomplished by hard work and study.

His greatest thrill to date was the day, after patiently waiting for a certain B-26 to come off the assembly line, he became part of the crew of that plane. Besides being his first airplane ride, it was also the test flight of the ship.

Exciting Ride

After the engines had pulled the ship some 10,000 feet off the ground, they stopped, and it was some 3,000 foot drop before the nose of the ship tipped toward the ground and the propellers, acting as a crank, started the engines again.

At the present, Cpl. Romano is stationed at MacDill Field in Tampa, and upon his return he is to receive a five weeks' course in Aerial Gunnery.

Again thanking all of the personnel, both Civilian and Army, he bid us "Adieu."

If little Red Riding Hood lived today, the modern girl would scorn her. She only had to meet one wolf . . . not one on every corner.
**COLONNADE CANNONADE**

by Suzie Bryan

Of all the people in the Colonnade, the person readiest to give you a smile is Mr. Young. When I hear his "Yes-Yes" in the hall I know that the world is still pretty much all right and people aren't always as crazy as they are cracked up to be. His amazing good humor and willingness to do as much as he possibly can at any moment rates three cheers. Maybe I'm just prejudiced because he went to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor where my father was a fellow student.

**Observant**

Another favorite person who rates a good word is Mr. Varney. He never fails to say hello and if you are wearing something new and to your mind devastating, he always notices.

A patient person is Mr. Carlton, who has taught me a great deal, not without contracting nervous indigestion. I know he won't mind if I say I think he is pretty swell.

To my mind the telephone operators have the patience of Job. They remain collected no matter how many times people like me ask directly for Chapman Field and other places to which we know there isn't a direct wire. People who venture to read this please note: The Colonnade building has only one direct line and that is to the Tech School. All other numbers you must dial yourself.

The Stockroom has had a change—for the better. Kay Weidman gives one what he asks for and actually tries to find the impossible.

Hear Max is going to get a dark room and do most of the developing. Max is a hard worker and one more task won't faze him. Wonder if Skippy ever really gets angry?

Frances Weist, Mr. Hisley and I struggle with Portuguese and though it is no cinch, we all agree it is fascinating.

Peggy Crabtree, who lived across the hall from Betty Ordway and me, finished her instrument course and has headed back to San Francisco. We shall all miss her. The dorm is filling up fast with new students; consequently, the 'phone is working overtime.

As everyone knows by now there is a brand new face at the Colonnade. Mr. Goetz is Director of Publicity and Advertising and things are really humming. By the way, Mr. Goetz, a soda is a soda and I have an unquenchable thirst for one. Who owes who?

The nicest thing that has happened in a long time is the return of Mr. Vodicka. We missed you. Please stay around for a few weeks this time.

**COMPANY PHYSICIAN**

by A. L. House, M.D.

It should be of interest to Fly Paper readers to learn something of the reasons for and the accomplishments of your Company Physician at the close of his first six months with Embry-Riddle, during which time he has made 1,545 physical check-ups, has been consulted by 91 people and has given them 145 treatments.

While this examination does not go into the microscopic and blood counts, it does give one a good general idea of his or her physical condition.

Besides recording age, marital state, nationality and a brief medical history, it records scars, birthmarks, tattoos or other means of identification and the address of the one to be notified in case of accident or sudden illness.

It determines your height, weight, near distant and color vision, the condition of heart and kidneys and your blood pressure. The completed examination papers are kept in the Physician's confidential files.

A brief description of personality and the examiner's classification is filled with the member's application for employment for quick reference in case of requested or desired change from one department to another.

**Check-Up**

This examination has nothing whatever to do with your employment status. The principal reasons for the check-up are to complete the individual files; to acquaint the person examined with his or her defects, if any are found; to promote mutual acquaintance of physician and employees; and finally to inform each employee that he or she is at liberty to consult the Company Physician, without charge, for any sickness or injury at any time during his office hours—8:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., except for noon luncheon.

During the course of my rounds of the

**NEW DIRECTOR**

Edward W. Goetz is Director of Publicity and Advertising for the Embry-Riddle Co. Mr. Goetz, whose office is in the Colonnade building, will report directly to John Paul Riddle.

different departments, I have met with the utmost courtesy and helpfulness on the part of everyone, and I have never found a group of people more friendly or with more of a spirit of camaraderie.

**Thanks**

I wish to thank you all personally and to express a desire to know you all better and assure you that if and when you consult me professionally, I will do my best to advise and help you.

Inasmuch as we are striving for a perfect score in getting all of the Embry-Riddle staff checked up to the last man or woman, I would consider it a personal favor if those we have missed thus far would call at my office at their earliest opportunity. It would take not more than fifteen minutes and would be greatly appreciated.

**Pfc. W. P. Kirby Writes To Instructor Elston**

"Just a few lines to let you hear from one of the members of Class 20-43-E. I hope this finds the Engine Change department doing fine, because it seems that engine change will be greatly in use."

"The original ten of 20-43-E, except one, were sent directly to Salt Lake City. There we were reclassified and interviewed. From there I came here to Mountain Home as a mechanic on B-24s. At Salt Lake we were all split up and one boy from 20-43-A1 and myself were the only ones to come here. This is our first base and they are going to have all new B-24s."

"So far it's been pretty good here, but I'd much rather be back at Embry-Riddle. I'll go on the line as soon as our Squadron gets planes, so that's something good to look forward to. Embry-Riddle must be well recognized or they wouldn't let us go as B-24 mechanics."

"Has Mr. Schaljo received his congratulations from the President yet? If you should have any correspondence with him, please give him my regards."

"Well, it's not much to say, but just enough so you can give the other E classes an idea of what they will do. However, the other nine of my class may be doing something else."

"Keep up Engine Change "Flying" because it's really worth while."

**Editor's Note:** This letter was received by Mr. Elston of the Engine department from Pfc. W. P. Kirby, Jr., a graduate of 20-43-E who is now stationed in Mountain Home, Idaho.
On September 12th, 1942, the first engine overhaul in our plant was given its test run. The five preceding months were more like five long years working for this eventful day, the day that Engine Overhaul could be called "In Production," also the day Mr. Grafflin could show Mr. Riddle the door through which the engines go out.

On this day the test cells came to life and gave out their thundering roar and, as our column head suggests, it was truly music to our ears. So on this anniversary, let us all be proud, and justly so, of Engine Overhaul and all it has accomplished.

Let's Take A Walk

Let us walk through the shop and meet a few of the men and women who have helped to make all this possible. We will start where the engines come in and here meet "Dick" Donovan and crew, George Zaleso, "Cap"Stanlyve and "Cracker" Kipple. Next to Disassembly, Julius Bayard and some of his crew, Florence Ohi, Bill Twitchell, Marvin Hoo! Martin Genet, Ramon Prado, Aristides Ferrin and "Sid" Pietro. Then to Sandblast, here is Jack Brady and a few of his men, Johnny Adams, Ray Carey, Ed Stahl and Bernie Kepler.

In this office to the left is Jack Hale, our Chief Inspector, and Faith Weber, his secretary, and to our right is Gaylord Price and his Bench Inspectors, Minnie Smith, Edith Kirtland, Margaret Dale, Ethel Johnson and Ruth Bradford. That man in back of us is John Smith, our Magnetic Inspector.

Propellers

Over in the northwest corner are Earl Battersby and Charlie Thompson of the Propeller department. Earl, by the way, can handle most of the departments as he had his own overhaul station in Newark, N. J.

This is the Machine Shop on our left. Bill Ehne, the shop superintendent, is at his desk, and behind him are Harry Green, Virgil Ruark, Bob Lutz, Charlie Hayes, Emery Griffin and Emery Rathburn. There is Jimmie Wheeler, the cylinder inspector, and behind him is Jimmie Yacullo, "Red" Baum, Harry Seymour and Faye Oberg of Cylinder and Valves. That's Frank Perry, a line inspector, walking down the aisle. Next to the paint over is "Mac" DuBois, and at the benches we find Faye Foster, Ruth Behe and Phyllis Farnham.

In Crankcase Sub-assembly we find Charlie Phillips, Louis Anderson, Martha Snodgrass and Johnnie Bush. Next is Crankshaft Sub-assembly and there we find Dean Baxter, Willis Wood and Joe Haley. There is Charlie Pelton, our assistant superintendent, passing by.

In the Corner

Over in this corner are Sam Constance and "Ted" Kunkel, his assistant, and there is Nellie Diamond, Bert Williamson, Milton Dickerson, Ralph Wilkins and Eddie Doucette.

This long aisle is Final Assembly and is supervised by Del Haughn. Del is assisted by "Short" Muzzio, Wilfred Roy, Harold Hale, Ed Youmans, Sr., Hazel Keene, Marie Bushgens, "Sarge" Lawrence and Lewis Shackelford. The man coming toward us is James Edwards, supervisor of Porters.

On our right is the Spark Plug department, matched over by "Ike" Haviland. Here we meet Eva Morris, Claire Luebbert, J. M. Lord, Polk Hatton, Rose Busse, Ruby Bosley and Ruby Pafford. In Carburetors we meet "Ace" Brindley, Marian McSwain and Margaret Haws. Now let us cross the aisles to the Wiring department. That's Percy Banning, we just passed, giving an engine a final once over.

Wiring

Dan Nolan rules the Wiring department and is aided by Allene Johnson and Eddie Youmans, Jr.

Next door is Fanny Ritter and the tedious job of inspecting bolts, nuts and washers. Fanny must see them in her sleep.

Next is "Next!" Crichtfield's Final Inspection and Treating department. Meet Warren Sanchez, Harold Dickey, Loma Cochran, "White" White and W. J. Weatherington.

Now we are way back where we started from, but then, you haven't met Oswald Austin, "Pop" Vail, Walter Carter and "Pat" Drew of the Stockroom, and across the aisle is Mae Heacock of Receiving and Shipping and next door is Paul Meiners, supervisor of Production Control. Paul is assisted by "Jerry" Potter, Helen Steffani, Carmen Reynolds and Oscar Moll. We also passed up the Timekeeping department, run by Bud Youngman, and the Drafting department, but let's not go in there as he is busy taking you on this tour.

Now, if you don't mind a little walk, we'll visit the test cells. This building on the left houses "Joe" Henry and his welding equipment and also Charlie Mack and "Fibber" Magee of the Carpenter Shop and Maintenance department.

Now put some cotton in your ears as the noise is terrific. This is the foreman of the test cells, Lester Dunn of the day shift, and his brother, Morris of the night shift. Also meet Ed Atwell, Guillermo Bustamante, Mead Shepherd and son, Charlie, Arthur Jones and son, Heber, Howard Ostrander, "Speedy" Parker and Antonio Angeletti.

Well, that's all there is. I'm sorry I didn't have time to introduce everyone, because they are a swell bunch. Maybe some day Mr. Grafflin will take you on a dollar-and-a-half tour and then you won't miss a thing, including the executives.

I did forget the Cleaning department. It is an all colored department and they do a mighty fine job of cleaning.

Last week's column stated that Engine Overhaul had two employees on April 27, 1942. The third, and equally important, employee was left out. Margaret Howell wishes to apologize to Kathryn Bruce Siebert.

Kathryn was, at that time, the lone Queen of Engine Overhaul and is, at this writing, still the Queen and also secretary to the "King Bee," Joseph R. Horton. So long till next week.

A. D. D.'s

by Dorothy Goyer

I really enjoyed the General Meeting of today, not because I like meetings, but because the subject discussed was the hurricane situation. If one should strike Miami this year, our little detachment will be in readiness not only to protect people's lives but also to protect the Army Air Force property maintained at this operation.

Mr. Porter and Mr. Hendrix are collaborating on the details, such as where the refuge will be (Let's charge admission and make some money playing the elements!) and the best procedure for getting everybody there safely and on time.

All of which brings me back to September, 1935, when I was still young and enjoying myself up in the good old North when all of a sudden we were caught in the tail end of a hurricane.

No one's house was nailed down nor (as S.S. suggests) did anyone flood his bath tub with water. However, when in Rome do as the Romans do. I promise to nail my house down and flood my bath tub if we have a hurricane while I am still here.

Nice to see L. S. Hendrix back from Michigan. (I wonder if he'd make it.) And he really looks much better physically, too. How many pounds did you gain up there, Mr. Hendrix?

I think a holiday is a wonderful thing. For example, Labor Day. But why does it happen only once a year? I don't find it very pleasant knowing that Christmas Day is December 25th, my next chance to

Continued on next page
ALLOVER OVERHAUL
CARLSTROM FIELD
by Blecka Kistler

Back again like the proverbial bad penny. Thanks, Wain, for not putting us in ye old dog house.

This week we have really been busy bees. The airfield has been in full swing. All of Carlstrom Overhaul moved into Hangar No. 1 in order to have more storage room. First, the Fabric moved over, and when I say over I mean over, to make room for Ken and his Sheet Metal gang.

More Moves

Of course, Lee Hill and his doper and Charles McRae and his stenciling and marking made a move too in order to make way for Joe Garman and his Final Assembly gang. Then there was Roy Frier who Liverton thought he was permanently located with his woodworkers when up jumped “Judas” and Roy made a move also. Now we keep forgetting in which lane we belong for we had grown so used to our departments as they were.

The first thing your correspondent did was to come splitting through Sheet Metal and, not being used to all those gadgets they have in said department, I ran into all of them and tore my very best slacks in numerous places. That, my dears, was lesson number one for your “unfaithful” for the past two weeks correspondent. What did I say? Well, Mr. Klint says I can’t print it.

Oh, I almost forgot, Jack Poser and his gang had to close in a bit too in order to make room for Pappy and his Landing Gear department. Now may I add we truly are one big happy family.

Where Is It?

As I sit here writing I can see Frank Zetrouer eagerly turning the pages of the Fly Paper. Oh, wwww, wppard here he comes now. He’s asking me, “Where’s Overhaul’s column this week?” He knows that I went to Spence Field, Moultrie, Ga., to attend the graduation of Class SE-43-4 and that Mildred Hollingsworth promised faithfully to pinch-hit for me then promptly forgot it until too late to send it in.

Another of our boys passed his check ride and is now taking his refresher’s course. It’s none other than Jimmy Davis, formerly of Final Assembly. We are sure Jimmy will go through with flying colors and we wish for him the best of luck. Still another is Jimmy Miller who will begin his refresher’s course on the tenth of the month. Lots of luck to you, Jimmy. We are proud of you both and know that you will make it, but don’t forget your fellow workers in Overhaul.

Private Freda Clark

A letter comes from Private Freda Clark, WAC, and she says she wouldn’t be back in civilian life for the world. Although she has been confined to the hospital a few days on account of a slight ailment, she hopes and expects to be able to resume her training in the very near future. We were sorry to hear this and hope she is entirely well and back in the groove ere this Fly Paper reaches her.

We miss Marjean Combe and Hazel Priest, who are enjoying a week’s vacation at the Bradenton Beach, I am getting the sunburn lotion all lined up for their return.

Visitors this week were Joe Horton and Fred Foote. Mr. Foote says he took up acrobatics on the way. To prove this “A” is his oil spattered shirt.

Charles Bethel has been assigned to the duties of Production Timekeeper along with his other duties as Inspector. A tip to the wise: those time cards, folks, he’s out to do or die.

Bond Drive

The Bond drive is still on, and Louise C. has been hounding me to publish the fact that the office personnel is 100% and that the Shop’s percentage has dropped. How about it, are we going to take this sitting down? Come on, folks, let’s try to raise our bond money to at least compare with the office force. Now, Louise, will you stop trying to threaten and blackmail me?

All are wondering if Jack Poser is enjoying his wife’s vacation ... if Mae Davis will like Sheet Metal work ... if Anna Baum is mad at the chewing gum ... if Myrtle Huff will ever have her hair cut ... if Pearl Mercer has sold all her umbrellas if Johnny Sullivan ever found a place for his Sanders.

And now I’m wondering how to end this. Guess it’s best to say S’long till next week.

A.D.D.s

Continued from opposite page

relax and enjoy life. I’m in bad need of a Pep Talk. I guess. After all, our boys at the front haven’t had a holiday since December 7, 1941.

Our Supply department has had four new girls to help them out since September 1st. How do you like it here, Betty Ferguson, Dorothy Huggins, Naomi Dieterly and Carrie Carter? We hope you like it very much.

Well, in case a hurricane strikes before next Tuesday (Column Day), I want you to know it was very nice knowing you.

GYRO NOTES

by Walter H. Dick

It’s Sunday evening and the big picnic is over—that is except the doctoring of sunburn and a few mosquito bites. Oh yes, Instrument Overhaul had a swell picnic today down at Matheson’s Hammock. There were 43 adults and some six or eight children present to gather around the festive board when that well known “Come and get it” rang out. Enough to eat did you say? Yes and to spare, and what food it was too—pans full of fried chicken, bowls of potato salad, pickles, olives, fruit salad, rolls, coffee and cold drinks, just to name some of them. No, eating was not all that was done, but it was one thing that was done by all.

Sports

Games of soft ball, horseshoes, swimming and similar sports were enjoyed. Some of the high spots were captured by Hugh Skinner with both his still and movie cameras. A well deserved vote of thanks was given to those ladies of the department whose careful planning and hard work made the picnic the big success it was.

Russ Hinton is having a big time getting his sailboat ready for its initial dip in the briny. We haven’t heard anything from Ty and his boat yet but are sure it won’t be long now ... at least we hope it won’t. Mr. Fein is back with us after a nice vacation.

Overheard

On the bus the other day I happened to overhear a conversation in which several people were bewailing the effects of this War on the everyday lives of the people caught up in its whirl. The things about which they were complaining were things to be complained about, but there are others that can well be observed with joy. To be specific, our turn to good music, our appreciation of some of the so-called finer things of life, the growing knowledge of our Allies ... and if I mention it, the knowledge of our enemies.

It is said that a wise man can learn, even from a fool, and we are no exception. We can learn, but we should keep ever in mind the high principles for which we are fighting, for which we have always fought, and for which we shall always fight so long as the need for fighting remains. We cannot all serve on the front line, but we can, each and every one of us, do our very best here on the home front.

Do your job just a little bit better, turn out the work just a little faster, buy War
We hear that Estelle Woodward, our equestrienne par excellence, who is vacationing at home in Shelbyville, Tenn., has ridden in several shows and has more ribbons to her credit.

Instructors School’s loss is Drafting’s gain—Marie Hess is now decorating “Sultan” Wells’ harem.

Congratulations, Capt. Moore, on your recent promotion!

A belated welcome to Mrs. Lilian Miller, manager of the Canteen. It’s nice to have you with us, Mrs. Miller. And greetings to Jessi Czyzeki, newly of Mr. Carpenter’s office.

Will someone set us straight—is it Chuck, Chug, Chunk or Chump Larrimer?

Ed Stahl has gone on an inspection tour of schools in the North.

Planes in Combat

It’s well worth a trip to the Library to see Mr. Schwartzkopf’s latest painting which is on exhibition before being taken to Clewiston. It’s a splendid thing—a large canvas depicting American, English and German planes in combat.

With Art Ruhke’s leaving, Techites are certainly losing a good friend.

Carburation is a pretty deep subject we’ve been told, so we’re properly impressed by Morelle Smith who, after a week’s visit in that department, begged to be allowed to stay another week.

For those with a few free moments of a Saturday morning, we highly recommend the weekly water fight staged by the graduating class in Engines. Time: 10:45. Place: Test Cells.

Six Feet Plus

The staff of Portuguese instructors is increasing by leaps and bounds. In addition to Thelma and Adriano Penso, the latest count includes Marie Tarboux, Rose Mary Carlton and John Wendling. Mr. Wendling is the gentleman who is six feet plus. His students are under treatment for “airplane spotter’s strained neck.”

Bless you, Claude Miller! You’ve not only fulfilled your promise to bring us some news but you’ve even written it up in your own inimitable style. So, by courtesy of Mr. Miller, author, poet and lecturer.

Zed Aydelott, brilliant pedagogue holding forth on the fifth floor, was labeled “Simon Legree” last winter over at the Instructors School in Coral Gables. It is a well documented fact that he was presented at one graduation party with a mule Skinner’s whip. This item is inserted for the benefit of his present victims.

Strange Character

The strange character seen this last week round out around Engine Test and Engine Change wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat was found after investigation to be none other than our Mr. Hardin. His agility in moving about from Test to Change to Magnaflux and back again, ad infinitum, was without doubt acquired in early life in West Virginia by clinging to a mountain side with one hand while holding a jug or something in the other.

And speaking of Mr. Madden’s Engine Test department, it feels that it is “one of the family” at last. The Military officers and School authorities have been really showing the test cells with attention, apparently oblivious to the noise of the engines, and the boys say that Capt. Larkin listens to the throaty roar of the B-34’s mighty 2300’s with all the adoration of Romeo drinking in the liquid tones of Juliet.

Ping Pong and Vitamins

Messrs. Bevilacqua, Wilbanks, Hinton and Mega have been staging some strenuous noontime ping-pong contests up in the recreation room of late. Mr. Hinton, who like Mr. Hardin hails from the West Virginia mountains, is proving a tough nut to crack, but it is rumored that Mr. Bevilacqua is fortifying himself with vitamin tablets, which may explain why Mr. Hinton reaches into the allihi bag so often.

In passing, if you notice any reduction in “Judge” Painé’s equatorial dimension, it may be attributed to his participation in some of the games. After observing his footwork, one can endorse Dorothy Burton’s recent complimentary remarks regarding his dancing.

The rhumba is where the front of you goes along nice and smooth like a Cadillac and the back of you makes like a jeep.

UNCLAIMED MAIL

In the Tech School Mail Room letters to the following are waiting to be claimed: Mrs. Elton Baker, Robert Bird, Benjamin Cohen, Catharine De Frisco, Elmer Coombs, Ernest Crote and William Holloway.

INCOME TAX

Additional forms for your declaration of estimated income and victory tax return, which must be filed by September 15, 1943, are available to you at all points of operation in Miami and at Carlstrom, Dorr and Riddle Fields.

Labor Day Tennis

The Embry-Riddle tennis courts behind the Tech School were the scene of some active play over the Labor Day weekend. Round Robin doubles tournaments were held both mornings and the courts were crowded from 9:00 a.m. until early afternoon.

In Sunday morning’s play the Round Robin doubles were captured by Arthur “Bruz” Carpenter and Lt. Frank Wells. They captured 12 out of their 16 games. Carpenter’s potent serve and top-spin forehand plus Wells’ crafty court strategy and steady strokes were too much for the rest of the participants. Their nearest rivalry were Eric Sundstrom and Cecil Cook, Hydraulic Instructor. They captured 10 of their 16 games to finish in second place.

Buck Setzer and Jack Mata, Major Claytor’s Lt. McCame, and George Wheeler and Jim Troy were all neck and neck in the standings.

The doubles play on Monday was won by Sandy Saunders of the Tech School and his guest, Tom Gallery, who formerly held the Pacific Coast squash championships. Gallery’s steady up spins against Saun-der’s flashy net play were their strongest weapons.

Runners-up where Jim Troy and Buck Setzer. They looked to be the strongest team on paper, but were only able to get a draw with each of the three teams they played and could finish no better than second. Jack Mata and Eric Sundstrom, the Spanish speaking entry, were tied for third place with George Wheeler and Lloyd Budge.

Any tennis enthusiasts wishing to test their prowess are cordially invited to the tennis courts on Sunday mornings for the Embry-Riddle tennis club competition.

GYRO NOTES

Continued from Page 17

Bonds just a little more often—in so doing you will be backing up the boys at the front—bringing more of the boys home faster. Yes, you will be hastening the day of victory—lifting the hand and heel of the oppressor from the oppressed—yes, turning on the light of freedom all over the world. DO YOUR BEST NOW, NOT LATER.

“Now I know what bayonets are for!”

Okay, wise guy, tell me.”

“To teach the Japs the point system!”
BRAZIL
Continued from Page 3

a far-reaching program to encourage the raising of vegetables, fruits, meat, poultry and dairy products. With $3,000,000 allotted for the encouragement of local subsistence farming, the Ministry of Agriculture is completing plans for agricultural development, especially in the Brazilian "bulge," to step up the production of foodstuffs for home consumption. While the chief objective is the long-range raising of dietary standards, the program has immediate repercussions on the War effort.

Education

In education, Brazil has scored a success that is little short of spectacular. The very considerable numerical increase in schools reported in latest official figures does not satisfy Vargas. He has publicly insisted that the 37,000 now in operation must be doubled. Most impressive statistic is the drop in illiteracy, in the last 10 years, from an estimated 65 per cent to less than 50 per cent.

The public school system is slowly being federalized. The Ministry of Education supervises all public, university, secondary, commercial, professional and remedial education. The states control elementary and rural education. By adroit use of small subsidies, the Federal Government is influencing the 21 states systems to adopt uniform administration and curricula.

Licenc

The public system is supplemented by a large number of privately operated secondary schools—licencs and colegios—and universities whose standards are of a high order. Best estimates place their numbers at four private secondary schools to one public. The proportion of privately supported universities is much higher.

The administration has thrown its full weight behind both types of schools and is making an important contribution to further expansion through an intensive program of teacher-training.

Brazil’s contributions to the arts and literature are numerous and notable, which perhaps explains, in some measure, the lively interest of the average educated Brazilian in such pursuits. Machado Assis, a psychological novelist, and Castro Alves, an epic poet whose verse led the successful fight for abolition of slavery, were writers of great distinction. Candido Portinari, realist painter and muralist, and Modestino Santo, sculptor, though still young, have won international reputations.

Music

Brazilian music is gaining richly deserved popularity in this country. Heitor Villa-Lobos, prolific impressionistic composer, and Carlos Gomes, the classicist and composer of the widely-known opera, "Il Guarany," have had enthusiastic receptions by United States critics. Guinmar Novaes, described by Paderewski as a super-pianist, has appeared frequently before United States audiences. Elise House, lyric soprano, has a hemisphere following.

Perhaps nowhere but in Rio de Janeiro could such an organization as the Teatro Municipal thrive. Here is the best theater in the nation—although theater is too restricted a term, it employs its own actors, owns its props, costumes and such, maintains its own orchestra—good enough to attract Toscanini as a director—has its own ballet and its own chorale and soloists. It is in every phase of the show business—and on taxpayer’s money! To cap the climax, it is continuously and enormously successful.

Such is a quick view of Brazil, neighbor and friend.

In many ways the nation and its people differ substantially from our country and ourselves. Nevertheless, we share with them many basic interests and ambitions. With the United States, they are joined in an international partnership whose smooth functioning requires understanding and confidence. From a strictly practical point of view, a greater knowledge of this partner will increase the effectiveness and the benefits of the association.

From a less practical, more human side, those who have been privileged to know Brazil and Brazilians regard it as a pleasure.

FEDERICO ZERRES SENDS MESSAGE

Federico Zerres stopped in at the Tech School last Tuesday and asked us to convey a message of thanks and appreciation to his associates both at Tech and at Riddle Field.

Zerres is now in East Hartford, Conn., where he is entering a course in Engine Overhaul at the Pratt and Whitney and Hamilton Standard Propeller Schools.

He wished especially to say goodbye to Loren Hutson and his fellow Maintenance Mechanics at Riddle Field, where his six months of training "will never be forgotten."

When his course at Pratt and Whitney is completed, in about two months, Federico expects to return to Miami on his way back to Venezuela, where he will be placed as an instructor in aircraft engine maintenance.

We wish Federico the best of luck and are looking forward to seeing him again.

It’s something new. He calls it skip granading.

—Bill Bruce

STUDY HOUR

Place: Fifth floor study hall.

You, vais, vai, somos, ids, too. How in the heck did that slip in there? Portuguese is a crazy language.

Shouldn’t kick too much, though. English is worse if you really stop to think about it. I’d hate to have to explain to a Brazilian why the past of go is went, or why mouse changes to mice, while the plural of house is houses.

Gosh, it’s hot. A coke would go pretty well right now. Guess, though, I’d better stick by this Portuguese for a while.

To Be or Not To Be

The verb ser is used to indicate a permanent condition and estar for one which is temporary. For example: the house is large. The hotel esta full. Wonder which they use in Brazil when they want to speak about marriage. Perhaps down there it’s permanent. Never can tell, though. I’ll have to ask Mrs. Ponzo in the morning.

How on earth she manages to put up with a bunch of dumb clocks like us is more than I can see. Cute trick, too. Ponzo wasn’t so dumb when he grabbed her off.

Reviewing English grammar sure does help with the Brazil Portuguese. That fellow Sprague knows how to make it interesting, too, even if he does show you up as an ignoramus. How should I know the difference between a gerund and a split infinitive? Nice chap, just the same. Wonder where he gets all his pep.

Boy or Girl

Let’s see, now, where was I? . . . page 36. Possessive adjectives and pronouns. O meu is the masculine for my or mine and a minha is the feminine. It gets scrummer as you go along.

That was a screwy problem Aydelott gave us in physics. I don’t think Bobby is sure yet whether the monkey got the banana or not.

Bill Barber looks as if he had just swallowed the canary. I don’t know why, but that’s the way he looks most of the time these days. I wonder how much time he spends thinking up places to use cellophone tape—like that pencil box with the sandpaper on the outside he’s been carrying around for the past week. Next week it will be something else.

Quantes?

Give’s see now—page 36. The plural is os meus for the masculine and as minhas in the feminine. The guy who invented Esperanto had the right idea. How many different languages are there, I wonder? How to look that up somime?

Must be as many as there are parts to a radial engine. Fifteen hundred—

I think that’s how many Don Grubbs said there were. There’s another swell guy—Grubbs. Not only knows a stuff but knows how to get it sometime. That reminds me. We’ve got an engine theory quiz coming up in half an hour and here I am studying Portuguese.

Jouveau de Sae Pouco
M. Kelly Newsome
Trains Army Boys
At Embry-Riddle

Know America first is the motto of M. Kelly Newsome, veteran of World War I, who has made it a point to work in every state in the union. He's pounded and hammered and sweated, constructing bridges, towers, buildings and planes, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the borders of Canada to those of Mexico.

Right now he's up to the hilt in War work, putting that experience with people and jobs to work for Uncle Sam, teaching the Army boys at Embry-Riddle School of Aviation the knowledge he has gained from 20 years of experience with aircraft mechanics. He is head of the Aircraft Sheet Metal department.

 Came to Miami

Newsome came to Miami two years ago from Santa Monica, Calif., where he was assistant foreman in the tank and cowling department of the Douglas Aircraft Co. for eight years.

Early in life he dreamed of knowing America from coast to coast, of working with all kinds of people, and it was easy for him to carry out that dream since he is "handy with all kinds of metals."

Of all the jobs he has had, the "toughest" was as a sand hog, he says, working under air pressure, under water, digging out sand for the construction of the Hudson tunnels. Of all the states, which is his favorite? "I like them all," Newsome declares from first-hand knowledge, "I only wish they would quit bickering about which state has it over another. They are all one nation, which is as it should be."

He first became interested in aircraft on a vacation in St. Louis. He became so interested he cut his vacation short, took a job there in that field, and started what has developed into his career for the past 20 years.

Complete Information

The most important thing he has learned from his varied experiences, he says, is to give a man complete information about the job to be done. Many times, he says, he has been put to work with meager information, yet held responsible for the results. He has watched the development of the blue print as it is issued today by leading manufacturers and believes it is a real credit to American industry.

Newsome is one man who has "had a lot of fun" as he went along, loves life, and would like to live it over just as he has lived it, day by day. He says, "I've had a lot of hard work, but I don't mind that." He has enjoyed meeting the many different people he has learned to know in the 48 States and feels that working with all kinds has been an education in itself.

WORKS IN 48 STATES

Newsome has an exceptional tenor voice and he has rounded out his varied career with song writing on the side. He writes them continually, and the latest upon which he is working is dedicated to the service men and women, entitled, "Till I'm Home In Your Arms."

Consider the Sad Case of "Cannon Fodder Jones"

As a small boy he dreamed of "getting up in the world" some day. But somehow, he never took the time to get himself TRAINED for a sound, responsible career. So here he is, with blasted hopes and a nickname that fits—for he's gone so far and he'll go no "fodder." Moral: Embry-Riddle does not turn out circus performers. We're too busy training Aviation Specialists for today and tomorrow.

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