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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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Back in 1939, with War clouds darkening the European horizon, Hitler marching into Poland, the preliminary bouts in Spain finished, the practice session of Russia and Finland before the main curtain call of Germany and Russia about over, our general staff and top ranking officers of the Flying Training Command were already busy.

Due to no other reason except our inherited love of peace, we were very meagerly staffed and manned and had very little first line equipment in any of our flying training programs. As most anyone could have foreseen in those days gone by—this War was to be one of the air, and although we somehow hoped to stay isolated and away from the conflict, there was a very definite need for some expansion, no matter how slight, in our Air Corps training program.

**On the Job**

Again, for the same reason of love of peace, and not having planned on a war, we did not have a fraction of the necessary pilots, instructors, planes or ground crews to set up a comprehensive training program on a war-time basis. Something had to be done and done quickly, and, as stated before, the high command was already on the job and had definite plans formulated and in action to a small degree.

Throughout the United States there were hundreds, yes, probably quite a few thousand commercially licensed civilian airplane pilots, men from all walks of life, all ages, shapes, builds, educational backgrounds, abilities, married, single, eager and willing. Commercial aviation prior to 1939 was never a very lucrative business even though it was filled with romance, heartbreaking work, mystery and crashes, both financially and literally.

**Barnstorming**

The majority of the commercially licensed pilots in the country at that time found it necessary to keep their flying in a more or less secondary position and augment it with some other line of work in order to keep body and soul together. True, some of them did make a somewhat erratic living by barnstorming from town to town, carrying passengers for so much a ride, sleeping under the wings of their ships at night, eating hamburgers by day, sometimes stuck in a one-horse town for days trying to raise enough money for gasoline, parts, food, room rent. These men were all good pilots, but to date the public still was not convinced that the airplane was here to stay, and these men were doing the pioneering, trying to convince the average laymen that the airplane was to be the future mode of transportation.

Others of the commercial pilot group made ends meet by instructing students, hauling freight or perishable food and fish, sky-writing, flying the embryo mail routes, flying on air shows and circuses, risking their necks and equipment to pioneer the air age of the present. As stated before, however, the majority of these commercial pilots found it necessary to combine their flying with some other activity such as working as auto mechanics, operating repair shops and filling stations, driving trucks, operating grocery stores, camera shops, meat markets, clothing stores, etc., in order to keep the wolf from the door.

Then suddenly in 1939 a new era was born, a new horizon began to show and things started happening fast. The Army Air Corps had decided to increase its training program tremendously. After much discussion, planning and experimenting, the decision was reached to place the entire primary phase of the training program in the hands of civilian contractors using civilian commercial pilots and instructors for the training of Air Corps Aviation Cadets with supervision of skeleton staffs of Air Corps officers at each school.

**Nine Schools**

This program started out slowly in 1939 with nine civilian contract schools participating. There was a great deal of hard work done at these nine original schools in setting up routines, standards and procedures and also in training the civilian commercial pilots to fly and instruct in the Army Air Corps manner. Naturally, the civilian pilots

*Continued on Page 15*
Letters to the Editor

Leonard Stanley House
Stonehouse, Glos.
England
July 15, 1943

Dear Editor:

I don’t know if you remember me amongst the British boys who came to the Deauville in the good old days—Hallowe’en party, etc., but thought I’d drop you a line about some of the boys of Courses 10 and 11.

Alan Bruce, Mike Carroll, Leslie Edwards and Fenwick Charlesworth are up in Scotland, still learning to fly with two engines instead of one—double trouble! Johnny Potter was last heard of doing a Commando Course somewhere in the wilds of northern England!

Pete Deverson, Bob Higgins, John Mark and “the Grand Old Man,” Charles Hicks, are all at Bournemouth, or were when I last heard of them. Geoffrey Cheesborough is in Yorkshire. So you can see Course 11 has got pretty well split up. George Thatch-
er has followed me up here to Scotland.

Please convey my congratulations to Helen Dillard on her wedding. Somebody told me they’d seen it in the Fly Paper. That particular edition hasn’t reached me yet, as my parents have the deuce of a time trying to keep up with my movements.

I went on leave almost as soon as I arrived here and had a big time in London. My mother and I went to a theatre practically every night for a week. And if it wasn’t that, it was dinnertime and dancing at the Savoy Hotel to the only good band we have over here, in my opinion. It must be because the leader, Carrol Gibbons, is an American. There’s something an American band’s got that an English one hasn’t.

How is everybody in Miami now? I wish I’d been down a bit more when I was at Clewiston, but got hung up with the “locals” after a few weeks and went chasing off into the woods—“back to nature.”

However, we shall be going to Canada when the War is over and we were planning to tour or rather a devious way of getting to Vancouver Island...viz., by way of New York, Miami, Panama, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Victoria.

How is Syd Burrows, Mrs. Burrows and everyone else? I know but can’t think of all at the moment.

The majority of our Course is on this side now; in fact, I can almost safely say all. Because we split up rather badly at Monett, I cannot be certain whether everybody is here.

I’ve just written a little bit of nonsense which I thought you might like to put into the Fly Paper.

It isn’t much, but judging by the way Jack Hopkins and his gang of reporters were always after material for “Listening Out,” etc., I thought I’d try and put in something. Unfortunately, I didn’t have time when I was at Riddle Field. Or rather the Florida climate made me too lazy to write anything. However, you may find a small place for my nonsense. Only please use your better judgment and not your tact! I don’t want to spoil a good magazine with my tripe!

TO RIDDLE FIELD—GREETINGS!

—from those who owe so much to you—

who taught us in the air to fight
A Joe who with your help has lost air might
Showing how much you are in it too!

And you, through us, are hitting hard,

Freeing lands oppressed and ashamed;
Together we will see them vanquished
— we’re already in their own back yard!

Your boys are over Europe
In light and heavy bombers
You too deserve the honours
We’ll fix him—our dear Fuehrer!

I must stop now. Please remember me to John Paul Riddle. Be seeing you after the War.

Yours sincerely,

John A. Curtis
Hayward

Course 11

Editor’s Note: Many at Riddle Field will remember John, and those who attended the Deauville—during his visits to Miami couldn’t forget him. We’re writing to him personally, and we know he’ll appreciate a line from other Embry-Riddleites.

Miami, Florida
September 12, 1943

Dear Editor,

We are receiving two of the Fly Papers each week, one addressed to Youell L. Crum, the other to Joe Crum. He was commonly known as Joe but rightfully his name is Youell L. Crum.

Youell graduated from Embry-Riddle September, 1941; and at that time enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. He became a fighter pilot and left for the South Pacific in July, 1942.

He was lost over Kolumbangara January 2nd of this year, where he was escorting bombers on a mission to attack some destroyers coming down to Munda Air Field.

Perhaps some of the old timers will remember him, for he served also as an employee of the Embry-Riddle Co.

Very truly,

Lester D. Crum
(his father)

Editor’s Note: “Joe” Crum will be remembered by Embry-Riddleites and many other Miamians. Before entering Embry-Riddle and later joining the Marine Corps, he attended local schools and made his name memorable among football fans.
BACK THE ATTACK
by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

We are reminded at this time of something that has happened numerous times in the past, and it is with the hope of adding our small voice of protest against it that we write this column.

The Situation
The situation is this: a New York show, a gold mine, an oil well, a factory or similar operation is backed by a group who are investing their money in the business. We will take the oil well as an example.

The drilling operation is expensive. There have been hundreds of feet of drilling through rock, clay, salt water, sand and dry sand with no sign of oil. These backers have been called upon time after time to invest more and more money in the venture.

The operations finally reach the strata which experience has shown lies immediately above the oil pool. The stock holders are once more called upon to contribute so that wages, new supplies, etc., may be paid for. Immediately there is dissent. It may be for a number of different reasons.

Money Lost

Maybe it is just a natural tendency on someone's part not to spend more money on a venture which has been so costly and which has yielded no return. One dissenter can influence the entire group and the outcome might well be that they would vote to advance no more money, the operations would be halted and all the money spent would be lost.

This at a time when a few extra dollars enabling a few extra days operation would have brought the well into the oil stratum and yielded a tremendous return. That is by no means the end of this story. Let us assume that this same situation exists.

Harvest

We have a well 7/8 completed, the hard work is about over. Another group of interests desires to obtain possession of this well and property. They bribe or pay one of the group backing the well to bring the dissenting vote into the company doing the work, and when the project is abandoned, the rival company buys the salvage, pays the original stock holders a small percentage of their original investment and then go on and complete the well, reaping the harvest. This country is now in somewhat the same position.

We have been asked to give, no not give, to lend, with a guaranteed return, our money to the War effort so that our own sons, daughters, fathers, brothers, cousins may be supplied with the tools to do their job. Now the country is asking for us to lend some more. Let us not be influenced by the dissenters who are dissatisfied with the return thus far; certainly let us not be influenced by the very powers we are fighting and who want to take over control of this country at the least cost to them.

Let us lend our money to Back the Attack and drive through to victory so that we all can reap the rewards in the peace to come. You are assured of a return of $4 for every $3 you invest and incalculable profits in other things in the years to come.

Don't Sell America Short and Back the Attack by buying all the Bonds it is humanly possible for you to buy.

VARGAS' BRAZIL

The feudal pattern of 16th Century Portugal was carefully duplicated in Brazil. Colonial activity devoted to slave crops, the mother country supplying the more expensive and finished goods. This had a stifling effect and for 300 years Brazil's normal development was stagnant. Change came slowly.

Agriculture

During the 19th century there were a number of dominant crops: sugar, then cotton, then cacao, rubber, coffee and cotton again—the planters found themselves competing in a buyer's market, offering over-produced goods at harshly depressed prices. When the growers suffered, the nation suffered, for Brazil lived by agriculture. Change was impossible, for agriculture did not create the surplus capital to finance diversification and development.

These colonial economic ghosts still haunt the nation—sometimes in strange ways. The United Nations will be tons shorter of rubber—and Brazil millions of dollars poorer—because of the 300-year-old harshness of the bandeirantes and later cheating and oppression of the Indians by rubber dealers. The memory of three centuries of mistreatment is stronger in the minds of the Indian rubber collectors of the Amazon basin than the present bait of fat prices for rubber.

Remedies

Under President Getulio Vargas, who has been in office since 1930, and the more enlightened of his predecessors, these difficulties have been subjected to a vigorous and partially successful attack. The economic phases of Vargas' own "New Deal" have concentrated on diversification in agriculture, improvement of communications, the carrying through of an aggressive campaign of industrialization and a variety of measures to boost domestic buying power. These have been combined with some more or less drastic and stop-gap remedies for dangerous commodity situations.

Relief for a badly overloaded coffee market has necessitated the destruction of an average of 7,000,000 bags of coffee annually, openly an emergency measure. Brazil's ready participation in the 14-nation coffee agreement and encouragement of a promising coffee-plastic looks toward an absorption of the surplus.

Experiments

Diversification efforts have increased production of oranges and other citrus fruits, to the great benefit of local health. (The navel orange was first found in Brazil.) Cotton now rivals coffee in export totals. The number of hides and skins marketed has risen rapidly. Corn and cereal crops are increasing steadily. The output of jute has recently soared. Extensive experiments are being conducted with medicinal shrubs and trees to establish domes-
UNION CITY NEWS LETTER
by T. C. Cottrell

Bosco seems to be such a nice dog that we hate to see him run out of house and home, so we will try to do a little snooping and round up some Union City news. We opened our eyes this morning, crawled out from under the covers (good old cold front) and much to our surprise found out that old Bosco hadn’t deserted us. Planes, planes everywhere. Almost drowned out the hum of the Tennessee mosquitos. So much for the foolishness and now down to business.

It seems as how Kenny Stiverson just couldn’t keep that Florida sand off his feet. When he went back for his vacation and saw all the sunshine and then got to thinking about last winter way up north, he just couldn’t pull himself away, so our loss is someone else’s gain. He is now back with his old work, running a motion picture projector. Good luck, Kenny, and don’t forget us.

Bright Smile

Howard Cooper has stepped into Kenny’s shoes as Chief Dispatcher and proves that hard work and a bright smile pay dividends. Howard has grown up with his department and really knows his work.

Speaking of hard work, we see it paying off in other directions too. Along with the opening of the new hangars and the resulting expansion of squadrons, we have congratulations to offer several more. Two of our good buddies from way back, Bob Swinnis and Eddie Kairit, have been boosted to the coveted Squadron Commander’s post and Ed Strait, Gordon McCann, Paul Moore and Landon Woodward are now Assistant Squadron Commanders.

Things move so fast around here they say Charlie Sullivan stops occasionally, looks at a new instructor, and mumbles “Now when in the h— did that guy start working here?” Charlie has had a tough job around here, with all the headaches that come with growing pains, and from the reports on men from this Field in basic and advanced and the low elimination records, we’ll say he is a little bit tougher than his job. Keep up the good work, Charlie.

“On the Ball”

With the fading away of the familiar Stearman and the complete changeover to the PT-23, there have been new problems in the Maintenance department. “Eagle Eye” Kussrow has his boys on the ball and troubles are being caught before they happen. When the ships are through flying for the day, maintenance work must be done and the boys have to work while the rest of us are enjoying our evenings at home.

Notable changes in this department are that the underclass cadets are doing all the crank twisting on the line and the beauty parlor is turning out some swell shampoo jobs. In fact, I understand that it is general procedure to use the Fairchild wings for mirrors now.

Food still is tops in our Mess Hall and everyone is gaining weight. We all know when it’s chicken, for our good chef, Mr. Taylor, is on the front steps with a beaming smile. (P.S. When it’s meat balls, he stays in the kitchen.)

“Umpieen” Things

Mr. Haynes has taken on new responsibilities and now handles all work orders for the Field as well as keeping the grounds looking like a park. Problem one is an umpteen things to be made and everyone has to have them at once.

Since the new bus arrived, seats are not so hard to find. Looks like the city too. Even has an exit door on the side.

“Boss” Riddle visited us not so long ago. We would like to see much more of him and would like for him to know that we are proud of our Field. “Len” Povey has been around with his usual cheery greeting for all.

Ten BTs from Walnut Ridge, flown by our former cadets, dropped in to pay us a visit. Several of our cadets, with shiny wings, have come back for visits.

Second Place

Mr. Stuhlsenworth, Ground School director at Jackson, Tenn., was up for a couple of days trying to find out how our academic department had eased up to second place in the Southeast. Bill Liversedge is back with us again and Mr. Avery has made his appearance once more.

A hearty welcome is extended to all of the new personalities on the Field.

Newest additions to the beautiful bevy of Flight Dispatchers at the Tower are: Shirley Allen, Gladys Tune, Louise Morris, Ann White Forrester, Dean Wylie, Carolyn Prather, Dorita Caldwell and Dorothy Maden. It has been said that Earl Carroll doesn’t have a thing on Charlie Sullivan when it comes to picking good-looking gals. Don’t you agree with us, fellers?

The Timekeeping department has been increased from “Twins” to “Quadruplets,” the newest of the “Tower Family” being Edith Wentworth. Edith is taking Agnes Logan’s place as Agnes is off to college again. Welcome, Edith, and good luck, Agnes. Don’t forget your ole pals who are “keeping ‘em flying.”

Virginia Accent

Along with the other newcomers is Martha Neil Houston, who is the capable supervisor of the new Personnel department. By the way, the name is pronounced “Houston,” folks. Everyone is eager to hear “Boots” Frantz and the others with that decided Virginia accent pronounce it. Lots of success to you and your new department, Martha Neil.

Other new and interesting members of the Riddle Family are: Ruth DeZonia, tele-
Things We Saw
by I. Spy

Hazel, Betty and Mrs. Roper hurrying back from lunch to Army Supply before they get giggled.

Leon Caldwell and Stage Commanders admiring their new yellow truck.

A blooming romance between a lovely dark haired Dispatcher and a certain Instructor who drives a blue convertible.

James Whelan letting the air out of his good tire so his car will be balanced. The other three tires are definitely flat on one side.

Sam Sparks going to the Mess Hall with his station wagon filled with the beautiful glamour gals from the Administration buildings.

Cotrell, Wilson and Lobdell racing for a ping pong table at noon.

Linemen rushing Hop Woods with their hamburgers so they will have more time to play washers.

Cashon, McVay and Darnell strolling leisurely back from lunch with a host of tall, dark and blonde men.

Wedding Bells
Ann McCard, former dispatcher, and Lt. Milton Reid, former cadet of Embry-Riddle Field, were married Sunday, September 5, at Wavercross, Ga. Maurene McCard of the Payroll department accompanied her sister to Georgia to attend the wedding. Best wishes and congratulations to the bride and groom.

Union City Field expresses its deepest sympathy to Cleviston Field on the loss of their General Manager, G. Willis Tyson. Mr. Tyson will be greatly missed by his many friends in Union City as well as other places.

One Year Ago

Link trainer building under construction. New teletype machine installed. Roseoe Brinton celebrated her 28th wedding anniversary, Chief Taylor gave the graduating class a nice banquet.

Last but not least: Don't forget our new bond drive, folks. Plan for the future as well as for the present. Invest more money in bonds and back up our fighting men. The game isn't over yet for we still have two to go. Let's don't fumble on the goal line just because we got a quick gain. Overconfidence is just as bad in a War as it is in our favorite football game.

Buy Now and Buy All You Can.
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Eva Mae Lee

Hello there, all you good people. I neglected to mention last week that you'd have to put up with me for a couple of weeks until Kay gets back. But don't go away. It can't last forever. Kay reports that she's feeling fine and will be back soon. In the meantime, say hello to Laurice Anderson, from the Miami Division, who will substitute for Kay awhile.

Wedding Bells

Edna Poston gives us the headliner this week. She will be wed in early October to Ensign Henry Bevis. I guess they're sorta school day sweethearts, but still the announcement of their wedding day came as a surprise. Just say the word, Edna, and I'll dance at your wedding.

New Refreshers this week are Irvin Miller, Annapolis, Md.; Eugene Connelly, Atlantic City, N. J.; George Neall, Philadelphia, Pa.; and James Miller, another RAI mechanic to become a birdman.

And speaking of Refreshers, we have talent there which must not be wasted — especially since we have inaugurated a Carlstrom-Dorr Orchestra. Mr. Connelly has been a member of the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Newlon is a former music teacher; and both of these men have conducted their own bands. So we are very glad indeed to welcome them. The orchestra is progressing and we'll give you the line-up in a later issue.

James W. Morris and A. Howard Jamison are now full-fledged instructors. Congratulations! Congrats go also to Joe Woodward and wife who have an heir. You know, Joe and Edith have been boning on Portuguese these last couple of months, so they fully expect their son to say "pae" instead of "da-da."

A Hot Time

Bob Davis sure had a hot time in the old town the other night. All that's left of his super deluxe trailer is ashes — lots of ashes! The unsuspecting Davises were asleep, too, no less. They have just bought a new house fortunately, so they won't be entirely roofless.

A new dispatch trainee on the line is Dora Jean Wynn, former manager of the Dorr Field Canteen. Since her husband is now overseas, Mrs. Wynn is again making her home in Arcadia.

Dispatcher Sue Riddling, wife of Instructor Charles Riddling, is recuperating from an appendectomy. We hope she'll be with us again soon. Art Villar is now instructing in the Refresher School. Take care, Refreshers, he's dynamite.

A welcome visitor this week was Lt. Bob Jones and his wife, now stationed at Bartow. Lt. Jones was a Carlstrom Cadet in Class 43-C. Another visitor was Carl Dunn, Director of Flying at a nearby airport.

Lonesome

Since Andy Minichillo's promotion to Director of Flying, Roscoe Brinton has maintained his General Manager's office in the Ad building. But it's a well known fact that you can't take flyers away from the Flight Line; so the "General" is a frequent visitor. Andy is in much the same boat. He says it's too lonesome in his third floor office. What we need is a television communication system. Shall we campaign? Or maybe it's a pretty secretary that he needs.

Ain't Love Grand

Eliece Cross was all aglow the other day because the b.f. from Clewiston dropped in for lunch.

Not to change the subject or anything, but we'd like to say good-bye to John A. Tyler of the Maintenance department who is transferring to Riddle Field; and hello to George Gibbons who has returned from his vacation. Ray Farwell also rates a vacation which he will spend quietly (?) at his home in Gardner.

George Dudley's sport model prairie schooner — Jan Klint buying a whole pie in the Canteen, with utter disregard for his figger — Bill Dunn's villainous moustache which will be long enough to twirl soon — "Sugar" Dalrymple being favored by a certain young gal — Eric Bass' pants (pardon me, bathing trunks) left hanging in the Canteen every day — S. E. Harrison risking his life in a PT with "Ike" McCracken, brave soul!—Water boiling in the chandelier of my office. That's a fact! Drop in some rainy day.

The Army Side

It was brought to the attention of ye reporter that commissioned officers have leaves while enlisted men have furloughs. A thousand pardons, Lt. Connelly, for my grave faux pas in last week's edition. Added correction: Lt. Connelly spent his leave in Illinois rather than Rochester, N. Y., as previously reported. . . . just now someone said it was Minnesota. . . so why don't I break down and confess I really don't know where he was. Anyway, he looks none the worse.

Capt. John E. Clonts is enjoying a 10-day leave in Sarasota. Capt. Stuard is still Continued on next page
SALUTE!

by Valerie Tempest Eckart

Pilot's wives lead jolly lives Compared with ordinary wives. Every afternoon they wait Just outside the airport gate— Watching husbands whom they love In the heavens high above— Doing every wild gyration Known to modern aviation.

Snap rolls—slow rolls—by the score Loops—chandeliers—and dozens more. Hearing the propellers cry As they come shrieking down the sky Watching as they circle round Glad they're safely on the ground. Other wives remain at home Where they've spent the day alone— Waiting for their "man's" return, Hoping dinner will not burn.

Usually she'll wait and wait Invariably he's hours late. Dinner through—she listens to How each and every student flew. Catering to his every whim— Knowing she must humor him. For if a program's going bad Pilots suddenly go mad.

Or she sits with patient face At another pilot's place. While the husbands reminisce Of other fields and friends they miss— Of days gone by and planes they flew And engine types and what they'd do— Of how they flew on old "O.X." And very nearly broke their necks.

Pilot's dinners they attend While their husbands sit hours on end— Talking of them while they're gone Wondering what the h— goes on.

Some get breakfast just at dawning For their husbands cross and yawning— Kiss them fondly at the door And pray they come home safe once more.

Editor's Note: The above poem appeared in the July 8, 1941, issue of the Fly Paper (then a mimeographed booklet) and has been re-published by request. Mrs. Eckart, whose husband is Flying Instructor George Eckart of Carlstrom, insists that her effort is a bit out-dated. "Pilot's wives don't wait at the gate any more." Nevertheless, we think the poem is quite worthy of being put before the newer readers of the Fly Paper.

ALLOVER OVERHAUL

CARLSTROM

by Bleeka Kistler

A hearty welcome to Dave Pearce, who has just returned from Madison, Wis., where he completed a two-week's course in Aircraft Maintenance at the Forest Products Laboratory. Dave reports interesting experiences and feels he has gained much valuable knowledge. On his return trip he went to New York, where his brother is employed at the Ranger Plant, a division of Fairchild's. Dave made a complete tour of the Ranger Plant while there and reports that he is very glad to be back home where they speak his language.

Hitched

Hairless Skates and Lil' Abner Lanier have been going around with long faces ever since they learned that Hattie Mae Goodell, "the Dog Patch paint slinger," is going up to army and get "hitched" to Sgt. Grady Reid. Hattie Mae has been with us for a year and has proven to be a very efficient worker with a perfect attendance record. We shall miss her, but I am sure that all wish her luck and happiness.

"He Man" Haynes Brandley from Skunk Hollow and John Blakeley from Coon Hollow have both been transferred over to Dog Patch. Available Kelly is very quiet these days. S'matter, Available, are you homesick for Hangar No. 1?

Super Snooper

"Pappy" is gradually getting the various departments named, so be on the lookout for your names and departments in the future. He is secret operator No. 1 and has proven to be a great help to yours truly in getting "snoops" for our column. Thanks, "Pappy," and keep it up.

A speedy recovery to Al Williams and his tonsillectomy. This reported that Al was very nervous over his anticipated operation but found that it wasn't so bad after all. Hope he will soon be back on the job as we all miss him.

Helen and Elizabeth are floating these days and all because their Spray room was

Chaplain Taggert Addresses Cadets At Carlstrom Field

On the morning of August 24, 1942, word reached the parents of Lt. Frank Beeeson, our first Carlstrom cadet, "Your son has been reported missing in action since July 25. We had hoped that the search for him would prove successful, but as time goes on our hopes diminish."

The September 10 issue of the Fly Paper carried the story of red-headed, freckle faced Frank Beeeson; a later issue ran an "In Memoriam" for him.

Our memory of Frank was stirred again when we learned of the visit of Chaplain William Taggert, Captain, AAF, to Carlstrom Field last Tuesday. The Chaplain didn't know when he flew to Carlstrom to address our cadets that Beeeson was trained there. He didn't know how close to home his talk was going to be.

He spoke about the valor of a lad who won his wings at Craig Field in October of 1941 and who earned the Distinguished Service Cross while fighting with the 30th Fighter Squadron in the South Pacific. The lad was Lt. Frank Beeeson, whose character and courage so greatly impressed the Chaplain during the time he spent at his bedside last year.

When Capt. Taggert heard that Frank had been a Carlstrom cadet and that Johnny Cockerill of Ridgle Field had been his first instructor, he requested that the plane stop at Clewiston on the way back to Miami.

Chaplin Taggert, who has seen action in the South Pacific and was awarded the Silver Heart, is now stationed at the Miami Biltmore Hospital. Accompanying him to Arcadia were Lt. Joe Ravelle, Personnel Officer at the Biltmore, Sterling Camden, General Manager of Chapman Field, and Mary Mitchell, secretary to James Blakeley.

CARLSTROM

Continued from preceding page

recuperating in Georgia. Cpl. Dick Roberts returned recently from a furlough spent in Buffalo.

Maud Boring is back from a delightful vacation in South Carolina. Wilda Smithson spent an exciting week-end in Tampa. I wonder what made it exciting? Military secret, no doubt.

A new wrinkle added to the duties of the enlisted men recently is in the literary line. Each man takes a turn at playing librarian from 5 to 9 p.m. Oh well, it's a good time to catch up on their crocheting.

And now in closing, I leave you the moron who rushed to the medico because he heard his instructor say he had a bad case of checkitis.

'Bye now.

FIND

In Ladies' Wash Room, Canteen, one ring. Owner may have same upon proper identification.

—Carlstrom Canteen

Continued on Page 10
FLURRIES
by Portuguese Pete

Was something said last week about Portuguese being a crazy language? It was said, it is said and it is. But just the same—we came, we saw and it is conquering.

If you want the privilege of sitting in a corner talking to yourself, come on up and join us. We all do it and no one looks askance. We just sit (some pace the floor) and talk in a subdued manner, glaring at all who dare to disturb our jalei, jaleu or jahmos.

Steak!!!

Dr. E. Verissimo came to call on us Friday (or should we say sexta-feira?). He and his lovely family are on the way to Berkeley to teach Portuguese to those Californians. Many questions were asked him by the assembled groups as to the country, its inhabitants and food. Food! Remember when we could have thick, tender, juicy steaks. (Stop drooling!) Well, we will have them in Brazil. And all for 30 cents.

Dr. Verissimo speaks a better brand of English than I ever expect to produce in Portuguese, and this is just his second trip here. Oh well, he says the Brazilians are very polite and love a good joke. Maybe they will be polite and think we are joking when we sling our attempts at them.

Wonder what kind of dancing they do down there? If Harry LeRoy has anything to do about it, they will all do the Rumba.

The Root of Evil

Then comes the question of money. Or is it any question any more? Anyhow, Senhor Penso gave us the lowdown on dineiro this Saturday. It is low, down there, by our monetary standard, and they call all of it moedas (nickle, to the uninitiated) but dineiro is understood anywhere, even if you have pounds of it. (Say, S. I. Ayedottt, how much does a pound of silver weigh in kilos?)

There is a group of Brazilian sailors at the Latin-American Mission (U.S.O.) They are anxious to meet people and to learn some of our language. What say, gals?

What a pain it would be to Mr. Paine to have to put all of those T.O.3s into Portuguese.

BRAZILIAN NOVELIST VISITS THE TECH SCHOOL

Erico Verissimo, famous fiction writer of Porto Alegre, Brazil, with his wife and two children, Clarissa and Luiz Fernando, are seen striding across the Tech School lawn with Director James E. Blakeley. This interesting family stopped in Miami for a few days on their way to California, where Senhor Verissimo will teach Portuguese and Brazilian literature at the University of California by invitation of the United States State Department. One of Senhor Verissimo's most popular novels, Crossroads, has been translated into English, and another, The Rest is Silence, is new under contract. A Block Cat in a Field of Snow was written about the United States but as yet has not been translated.

Tennis Club

The Sunday session of the Embry-Riddle Tennis Club attracted six teams for competition in doubles play which was conducted on a handicap basis. The handicaps seemed to work out quite evenly, except in the cases of the team of Eric Sundstrom and Lloyd Budge, who finished first in spite of the heaviest handicap, and the team of Bill Body and Horace Davenport, who finished in the cellar in spite of having the lowest handicap.

Element of Luck

The winners had a slight element of luck connected with their victory, as they were down numerous game points in their matches with Sandy Saunders and Jack Garmley and Cecil Cook and Jim Troy. Eric Sundstrom’s fine serving, steady chops and a few brilliant interceptions at the net pulled his team through most of their tough spots.

Second place was taken by Sandy Saunders and his guest, Jack Garmley, the Ponce High School coach. Third place ended in a three-way tie with the teams of Buck Setzer and Jack Mata, Jim Troy and Cecil (Patriotic Eyes) Cook, and Mel Goecke and Tom Gallery.

The matches were all hard fought and considerably enjoyed by all participants. It is planned to hold these events every Sunday morning, starting time between 10 and 11, and all the Embry-Riddle tennis enthusiasts are welcome to participate and bring guests.
Tech Talk
by Marie Hess

This is just a case of "Tech Talk" or the Dog House. Being painfully familiar with dog houses, I have chosen the line of least resistance; suffer with me.

Wailing bitterly over my fate and wracking my brain for subject matter, my sister, who had just visited the school and was duly impressed, suggested that I write this through her eyes.

We first visited my old stamping ground, Military Engine. The amiable ghosts of some pretty swell people in the role of Instructors still haunted the place.

There was "Gear Train" Duffy delivering a mile a minute lecture on Accessory Housing, assisted by "Smitty." Edith Johnson explaining to a group of bewildered soldiers that all one really needs to assemble a few Reduction Gears is a "woman's touch," Scotty Conard, Mr. Helm, Mr. Bryson and the inimitable Schooley going through their paces in final assembly. Of course, we cannot forget the "Radical Radicals" who looked down their respective noses at our Allison.

Mr. Berry

Then there was Mr. Berry, who never fully recovered from Mr. Sprague's Public Speaking class, chatting with Mr. Muller who usually was found escorting a hoist and carrying enough tools in one hand to equip another school. Just as we were ready to leave we ran into our affable Mr. Brewer and Molly Upman still cheerfully ruling their domain.

Our next trip was up to the Instructor's School which was going at full tilt, "Simon Legere's" Adylott was impressing an interested group with his inevitable "kimoa" explanations, Harry LeRoy looked very pleasant, completely belying his old nickname, "Captain Blye."

My ex-fellow students looked worried and wan as they poured over their books. I can remember the days when their hearts were light and they used to smile. That was a carefree period when inches were inches and dreams were not shattered with meters and the terrible thought that most of the men in Brazil might be named Joao. It was bad enough to suffer through laborious Portuguese classes, but to find out from Mr. Sprague that we couldn't even speak English correctly was a killing blow.

Lunch time found us at the Cafeteria, but depressed by the long line of hungry Cutholites, we made tracks for the Canteen. This was our first mistake for we ran right into Mrs. Burton. The visit was delightful until I saw that gleam in her eye. But I couldn't get away before the subject of Tech Talk reared its ugly head. Well, to make a long story short, "We seen our duty sent us!" (With apologies to Mr. Sprague.)

P.S. to Molly: "Sultan" Wells is not too displeased with the idea of a harem, providing they're deductible from his income tax.

Purchasing
by Emily Condon

Greetings! (Pronounced in sour undertone.) I've got a chip on my shoulder this morning almost as big as I am. In this morning's paper there appeared a write-up about Betty Jo Beller's tying a few knots with a certain Lt. John Hoover.

Now, all that is great—fine. She doesn't mind people knowing she is in love, but give her time. The wedding took place last Thursday, September 16, and not Thursday before last as mentioned in the paper. How about that?

By the time you read this, she will have married Mr. John Hoover, and all the luck in the world to them from all of us.

Wedding Gifts

Betty Bo has been on the receiving end of some really beautiful gifts. Her boss, Gordon "Cap" Lennox, presented her with one of the priciest pieces of luggage I have ever seen. The office is giving her a set of Fiesta Ware dishes, while the Warehouse department came up with a charming luncheon linen set. These are just a few of the many nice things given her which, all in all, cause her to go around on feely white clouds. Radiant bride—that's Betty Jo.

Our boss, Jimmie Koger, is on his vacation and is sincerely missed. We hope he is having a grand time but do wish he'd hurry back. Things aren't the same around here without Jimmie.

My special friend, Lynne Bruce Pierson, galloped in the other day to join Bob and me in taking on a little nourishment and darn near kept us in stitches every minute of the time. She used to work in Purchasing before she went to Seattle to get married, and everyone enjoyed seeing her again.

One night last week, Friday I believe, some of the girls here in the office plus "Cap" Lennox and Jimmie Koger journeyed down town via Jimmie's lil' ol' Studebaker—hanging outa da windows an' doors like mad—to have dinner. We had a motive: we aimed to mildly celebrate Betty Jo's coming plunge into matrimony.

Wing Flutter
by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

Things on the whole have been rather quiet here at Aircraft Overhaul. Everyone is working as hard as possible with as little complaint as possible. On making our usual rounds, we found that as usual everyone avoided us as though we had the plague. We do our best, however, in printing those things we can.

Schenk of Final Assembly is off to the Navy, The Aileron department's own "Giggles" Wells is home on vacation.

We welcome Pitts Ingram, our new father, to the ranks of leadmen. He is in charge of Final Assembly with Frederick Kerr as his assistant.

Aec belated welcome to David Ulrich, leadman in Sheet Metal, and to Bill Cook, now in charge of the Inspection department.

To Oklahoma

Aylene Armette has gone to home in Oklahoma to visit her husband who is on leave.

The Stencil and Insignia department had quite a time Saturday night. They had so much fun that we feel they should include the rest of us in their next frolic.

The shop is asking "Batch" Rudisell what the Marines have that don't. Steve Swestyn has been transferred to Chapman Field. Robert Bond of Inspection is at Camp Blanding, according to last reports.

Lt. Bacon of the Army is probably breathing a sigh of relief. His green and yellow Cub coupe has left Aircraft Overhaul and was test hopped Monday.

Medora Barling of the office force is on leave in the Windy City, her home. Her husband is serving in North Africa. Mr. Cuffel of the guards is back from vacation and has had the usual "week's work in which to rest up after vacation." And so, little ones, goldilocks and the three bears lived happily ever afterwards and so to bed.

Please excuse

In the Fly Paper last week there appeared a picture of the USO which is situated on Twenty-seventh Avenue across from the Tech School. Through error, we designated it as the Coral Gables USO. Please excuse us, devotees of the Twenty-seventh Avenue building.
NEW DEPARTMENT

To handle our own requirements, do work for others and develop the possibilities of training operators, an engraving operation has begun to function under Mr. Beckwith's Special Projects department in the A & E Division. Ruth Nichols and Eleanor Smith have been trained in the complete operation which includes layout of master templates, sharpening of engraving tools and the complete operation of the machine itself. This intricate contraption was built in the Special Projects department under the supervision and design of Safety Director Henry B. Graves, who also trained the operators.

Eighth Machine

The machine illustrated is the eighth to be built by Mr. Graves, previous ones having been built for and sold to Naval air stations, shipyards, radio manufacturers and commercial airlines. Practically all of the special engraved calibrated scales used in Embry-Riddle instrument shops were turned out on predecessor of machine shown.

These machines produce a wide variety of work, such as nameplates of all types, radio panels, special scales, instrument dials, etc., and replace expensive machines which prior to the War were largely manufactured in Germany.

Six Years Ago

The first machine produced by Mr. Graves was designed and built for Eastern Air Lines, Inc. nearly six years ago and has been in continuous operation in their radio department since that time.

Even prior to the completion of this machine, we had requests to bid on more than a thousand label plates to designate various valves on Liberty ships produced by a Florida West Coast shipbuilder. It is interesting to note that more than a thousand of such plates are required on each of these ships.

"How much is that hat?" -- "Twenty-five dollars." -- "Where are the holes?" -- "What holes?" -- "Why, the holes for the ears of the ass who'd pay twenty-five dollars for it."

SAFETY

Recently a prize was offered for a regular heading for the safety column. The various headings submitted were judged by a committee composed of Glen Kuhl, Emmett B. Varney and Gertrude Bohres. Their decision has just been reached. The suggestion is now having art treatment and it is hoped that it will be ready to head the column next week, at which time the name of the winner will be announced.

An example of governmental cooperation in industrial safety is seen in the visit now being made at Embry-Riddle by Dr. Frank E. Hoecker, Physicist of the U. S. Public Health Service. Dr. Hoecker is checking the dial refacing now being conducted in the Instrument Overhaul department to assure that our dial painters are receiving the benefit of every safeguard which can be placed around this hazardous occupation.

The workroom has been carefully checked with the most modern laboratory apparatus which indicates the amount of hazard from gamma radiation, and samples of the workroom air and the exhaled breath of the operators are being sent almost daily to the Bureau of Standards in Washington, D.C., for analysis.

ALLOVER OVERHAUL

Continued from Page 7

left undisturbed when the rest of us moved. Just remember girls, "he who laughs last."

Each and every department is doing its usual amount of work despite the fact that the routine has been somewhat upset by all the moving around. The workers are to be complimented upon the way in which they took up their duties as if there had been no interruption.

Olga Mack has been making patches for so long that she almost looks like a fixture at the table. She does a splendid job and is always there. She knows her patches.

I don't know how I overlooked saying something nice about Esther Wallich, secretary to Mr. Klint. She has been with us only a short time but is such a sweet friendly person that we feel we have known her ages. Mr. Klint says she is the perfect secretary too.

ENGINE NOISES

by Richard Hourihan

In last week's column I unintentionally omitted the name of Eleanor Swan of the Inspection department and Milton Franke of the Carburetor department. Both Eleanor and Milton have been with Engine Overhaul since September and October, 1942, respectively, and both have worked in different departments throughout the plant and are very familiar with its operation. My apologies to Eleanor and Milton.

More sad news! The Queen isn't Queen any more. At least, she is taking leave of absence to go deep into the heart of Texas. Our loss is something more for Texas to clap about. Nevertheless, Kay Bruce Sieffert will be missed and we are hoping for an early return.

Still more sad news! Bud Youngman and his Timekeeping department, due to expansion of the Wiring department, were dispossessed. Poor Bud looked so sad sitting in the aisle with an adding machine under one arm and a typewriter under the other that the Drafting department, through pity, rented him the front room.

Cat Meat

However, as the Drafting department doesn't permit pets in its front room, Bud was forced to offer them for adoption. They were offered to and refused in rapid succession by Allene Johnson, Eva Morris and Shirley Mitchell and were doomed to boost the supply of cat meat until Nellie Diamond came to their rescue. Now Nellie is the keeper of the blind and lost cat. Look out, Bert Williamson. They may end up in your pocket.

Now on the brighter side. Faith Weber on Sunday, the 12th day of September, became the blushing bride of Sgt. Henry Snider. Sgt. Snider is one of Uncle Sam's better men and has been decorated for bravery in action. Best of luck from all of Engine Overhaul to Sgt. and Mrs. Henry Snider!

Welcome Back

Ruth Behse has returned after a slight illness and looks as pretty as ever. It's nice to have you back, Ruth.

Ethyl Casson, I am told, is up and around, also showing much improvement since her recent operation. Keep up the good work, Casson!

Now from the good advice department. When the line is forming or has been formed in front of the time clock or at the Cafeteria, take your rightful place in these lines. Don't push in where you shouldn't be. You know you wouldn't like anyone to do it to you and the people to the rear of the line are no different. In short, do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Thank you!

We may be personally defeated, but our principles never.—William Lloyd Garrison
GYRO NOTES

by Walter H. Dick

We are all happy over the news from Italy and so we should be, but let us not be lulled to sleep. Remember the Tortoise and the hare—the race is not over—the race to deliver the final punch in this fight. Work hard and buy bonds.

This week Peggy Maynard left on her vacation to her former home in New England—lucky girl. Wonder who will take over during her absence. Work is proceeding as usual in Instrument Overhaul but that does not give much to write about—that is, stuff which would interest the readers.

We still have Russ Hinton with us, who breaks forth in verse spasmodically—so we are herewith submitting his latest, but we hope not his last creation. Will try and have some news next week. Before signing off, here is an important announcement.

Where Are The Winners?

As we go to press the gyroscope contest is closed and unless some entries were mailed from far off places close to the deadline, there are no entries. What’s the matter, readers? Don’t any of you need a few dollars in War Savings Stamps to help make up your Third War Loan quotas? Were you too busy with more pressing matters to trifle with things like the theory of the gyroscope? Or did you try and find the picking thin?

In order to solve our problem of disposing of the prizes and to give the judges something to do, here is another chance.

Win Through Effort

If you didn’t win by finding a reference to a write-up similar to ours, maybe you can win through effort. Send us a letter telling in detail how hard you worked to find a reference, and we will award the prizes in accordance with the effort the letters indicate. And should you finally find a reference meeting the original specification, give it in your letter. It will help.

Remember, the first prize is $5 in War Savings Stamps, second $3, third $2.

Mail your letters on or before October 10, 1943,

Gyro Notes, Instrument Overhaul Dept.
Embry-Riddle Co.
Coral Gables 34, Fla.

GYRO BRAINS

A shadowy form with a shadowy crew
Oozed along in a blackness of midnight stew
The pilot cut a cloud incision
By dials that gleamed in numeral precision
No tree line, nor sky line was visible
No eye could see the ragged pinnacle
Yet with steveering, gliding grace
It avoids the crags and rocky lace.
The motors drum in steady time
Surgling strength in wonderous rhyme

A heart beat across the crags below
The wind screeches, “Don’t fly too low.”
But a heart of steel and metal grid,
And a form like a whale yet grace of a bird Slides along in safe intrusion
Between the rock tops scattered confusion
For a hall of steel so large and strong
And motors singing their “octane” song
Could never conquer stratospheres domain Were it not for its delicate “Gyro Brain.”

Eyes that see through the darrest night Specs that see with radium light The crags below that reach in vain Dripping and cold with midnight rain, Eyes that see the distant sky line And with television like mind
Records it back with mock degree
For the pilot at the controls to see. Day breaks through the misty haze Turns all below to a silvery glaze Out of a cloud bank sleek with rain Slides a silvery body with a silvery mane A gallant plane and a gallant crew Turn their noses out of the morning blue A mission completed, a night’s work done Just another “leg” of the midnight run The plane is strong, the crew has fame But the radium dials were all the brain, Wise with intellect of all flight lore They will tell again tomorrow How far ’tis to, how far ’tis from And how just the surging motors hum How high, how low, how fast, how slow.
A powerful bird deadly to its foe But without a brain it couldn’t know The up or down, nor which way to go If they can fly them far and wide To kill those squint eyes with a rattler’s hide Let’s give them the eyes to see them through Leave the rest to a plane, pilot and crew.

Host: I thought of sending some of these cigars to the Front.
Guest: How can you be sure the Nazis will receive them?

A. D. D.’s

by Dorothy Goyer

Today was a usual Tuesday—meetings, meetings and more meetings. And I can hardly believe that no one had a gigantic problem up for discussion. Of course, we can always heckle Mr. Porter and Mr. Hendrix.

We had our first Supply School examination last Friday and the majority of pupils received excellent marks. When the course is over, we students will be presented with a real diploma for our efforts. (Which I think should be framed, at least in my case.)

We finally heard from the Brown-Jones We-Find’em Agency re:—The Case of the Missing Marie S. Keilitz. She is one person all of us liked both as a friend and co-worker. And now we hear that she won’t be coming back here to work; very sad news, indeed. I will miss her.

These Forms!

I am looking at the form distributed at today’s General Meeting which everyone employed at the Detachment must fill out. I understand it will be forwarded to Warner Robins for purposes of investigation. (Guess they have me now.) Any way, I’m working on a list of my blood relations now and expect to have it compiled before the snow flies, at which time I will affix it to the form.

I am regretting the fact that V. V. Rush is now working at Aircraft Overhaul. He’s a swell fellow and I often passed the time of day with him. Mildred Brooks has taken over his place, not neglecting another new duty of hers—driving the Army truck to Instrument Overhaul daily. She’s a little gal to handle that jalopy.

Since Mr. Hendrix returned safely from the Engine School in Muskogon, Mich., our Inspectors, Arthur Rubin and John Saltcr, will be on their way there this Friday morning. I hope they have to work as hard as the Chief did—from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m.—and I do mean work! In about two weeks from now I will let you know how they fared.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS

Organic Chemistry, by Colbert.
Analytic Geometry, by Lehmann.
Analytical Geometry, by Phillips.
Principles of Mechanics, by Syng.
Thermodynamics, by Keenan.
Practical Thermodynamics for Aircraft Engines, by Thorpe.
College Algebra, by Cooley.
Aircraft Power Plants, by Fraas.
Organic Chemistry, by Fyson.
Thermodynamics, by Bridgman.
They put six men in the same bed at the hospital yesterday. "We know the pilot and navigator were killed, but how about the man in the baggage compartment?" "Did you hear about Flight Commander King's taking over as Head Chef?"

Rumors, rumors, and more rumors. Stories like these (maybe not quite as exaggerated) can and do have bad effect on morale and may cause an unnecessary headache to some individual or department.

So, with this thought in mind, Sgt. Major Bob L'Flower of the 75th AAFFTD and the other personnel in that office have originated a Riddle Field "Rumor Clinic." It is sincerely requested that all personnel cooperate by receiving either confirmation or denial from the AAFFTD office of any rumors which are heard in the vicinity of Riddle Field. The Rumor Clinic has the full approval of Wing Commander George Geaves, Commanding Officer of No. 5 BFTS, Major Benjamin Durham, Jr., Commanding 75th AAFFTD, and L. J. Povey, General Manager of Riddle Field.

Be Careful
Remember, however, that any discussion of plans, schedules, events or equipment which concern the Royal Air Force, the United States Army Air Forces or the Riddle-McKay Aero College are no concern of any persons other than those directly involved and should not be discussed with other than authorized persons. Such discussion is punishable by fine, imprisonment or death under the laws of both the United States of America and the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

So, let's be careful what we talk about, and above all, don't repeat a rumor — get the story confirmed or denied by the Rumor Clinic.Won't you cooperate?

Instructor's Club
At a meeting held this past week, the following Officers for the Instructor's Club were elected to serve for the next semi-annual period: President, Lou Place; Vice-President, Lawrence DeMarco; Secretary, Bob Walker; Treasurer, B. H. Buxton. In addition to Place and DeMarco, who'll represent Advanced and Primary flight lines, Bob Reese of Maintenance, and Carl Ziler, representing Link and Ground School, will serve as the Board of Directors.

Tribute
President Place and Secretary Walker were re-elected to their positions, a tribute to their fine work this past year. The outgoing Officers and Board of Directors were also extended a vote of thanks for their past work.

Barbecue pits and cooking facilities for weekly dinners are now under construction, and a program of these weekly meals will start soon. A number of the latest flying and news magazines have also been subscribed to by the Club and will be available at the Club for all members.

Refreshments
Proceeding the Dance at the Sugarland Auditorium tomorrow night, a group of members and their dates and wives are planning on meeting at the Club for refreshments. Why don't you other Instructors join them before going on to the dance?

The Co-Pilots and some of their hubbies are reserving their weekly Sunday suppers at the Instructor's Club. Shrimp Creole was the main dish on a recent occasion.

The Kid Party of the Co-Pilots was well attended and everyone reported a good time. The $5.00 war stamp prize for the most appropriate costume was won by Instructor C. C. Glasgow.

Here and There
Congratulations to F/L Trewin, Navigation Officer, who will celebrate his 29th birthday this coming Tuesday. All gifts should be mailed to the Flight Lieutenant here at Riddle Field.

A test fire drill was run last week by Company's B and D and was quite successful, considering that it was the first test for the newly organized Fire Brigade.
that capacity here. We welcome you, sir, and hope you'll like it here.

Note to Rumor Clinic: Please check all those cupid rumors about Sgt. Studley of the Medical department. Thank you!

By the time this goes to press Course 14 should have endured the ordeal of "wings" exams and be celebrating in the usual manner. We hope we shall celebrate a successful end to a toughish course.

Final checks are of course the major topic just at present, but after all, what is a check—just an assessment of one's abilities (are you kiddin').

The "Listening Out" issue will be published the week ending the 25th and not the 22nd as expected.

Gene Williams, in charge of Buildings and Grounds, has the latest thing in beards. He has started a Van Dyke, which will no doubt be the envy of many a youngster, if Gene can coax it enough.

Sports

Tennis: Course 15 won the Wing Commander's tennis trophy by defeating Course 14, defending champions, in the final match. Members of the championship squad included Bange, Cummenerg, Spinks, Brealey and Craven.

The singles tennis tournament is down to the semi-final stage.

Soccer: Course 16 definitely established itself a top team in this competition as the result of a smashing 7-1 win over a combination Course 14 and 15 team last Friday. Previously, these two teams had battled to a drawless tie, and the coordinated performance of the Course 16 team in this game was one of the best exhibitions of Soccer ever seen at Riddle Field.

Table Tennis: A table tennis tournament was held at the Instructor's Club this past week with Courses 15 and 16 and the Instructors participating. Results will be available for the next issue.

Softball: Rallies for seven runs in the last two innings, Riddle Field's Softball team defeated the United States Sugar Corporation team, 8-7 last Sunday. The rally was climaxed by a last inning home run by Keene Langhorne. Others playing on the Riddle team were J. Ruett, R. Ruett, Feldman, Place, Langdon, Reid, Brinton and Hopkins.

**Course 15**

During the past few weeks, indeed, ever since starting advanced training, the brevity of our remarks about Course 15 and its activities has been arousing one or two comments in the Fly Paper and many more out of it.

The root of the trouble is the lack of any outstanding Fauns Part; no one in the Dog House, no one who has blacked out his instructor or blown sand into the Dispatcher's office. Do you know we have not had a ground loop! Congratulations all round on this achievement; keep it up, and the coles are on Hoppy (he doesn't know yet, but if he prints this it must be O.K.).

This week Hoppy put us through our second P.T. test, a very gruelling affair of bending and stretching, wheezing and puffing, and running about and things. All very undignified it was, but we made the grade and did not have to report to the M.O. for medical aid and extra bed time.

Congratulations to our representatives on bringing home the Wing Commander's trophy for tennis. Bange and Cummenerg won in the singles, while Spinks and Brealey triumphed in the doubles.

**Course 16**

The main news of the week is the keen interest in our forthcoming dance, with everyone busily engaged in finding partners—hoype you've been successful, boys!

In the return soccer match against a team picked from Courses 14 and 15, Course 16 scored an overwhelming victory—at least we think so—by winning 7 goals to 1. Cadet Bevan scored a total of five, including a "hat trick." Wood, a Cambridge University Blue, and Andrews secured the other goals. Hutchinson, who captained the team, played an outstanding game at center-half.

**Tonight's The Night**

What—No. 5 BFTS Dance.
Benefit Cadet Club and Sports Fund.
Where—Sugarland Auditorium in Clewiston.
When—9:00 p.m. (Tonight, Saturday, September 18.)
Music—By the No. 9 BTC Dance Band from Miami Beach.
Dress Optional
Soft drinks only will be sold.
Admission—$2.00 Double;
$1.50 Single.
Don't Miss this Gala Social Event.

**At Ease**

Cadets Spencer, Manners, Martin and Foun of Course 16 on a Palm Beach weekend.

Our second contest produced an even greater number of entrants than did our first one. We will announce the winners in the next edition, but here are the answers to the questions: I. (a) 1900; (b) 1800; (c) 160. 2. A/FC Don Day. 3. (a) 26/2/3; (b) 7/2/5; (c) 8/1/3. 4. Cadet Flight Leader L. G. Adams. 5. b,c,a,d.c.

Riddle Field WAXs

(Note—this satirical poem is in itself, we think, a tribute to our line women who are doing a very essential job in a fine manner. Although it was written by one of the girls in reply to a remark she had heard, we want her and all the other line women to know that they are doing a grand job and that their work is greatly appreciated.)

Standing on a plane wing,
Baking in the sun.
The plane feels like an oven,
Our feet feel like they're done.
Our faces brown and freckled,
Our hands so black and red,
"From using mineral spirits,"
So the Boss Man said.

Forty cents an hour
Is what they really pay.
"Somebody grab my hat,
The darn thing's blown away!"

Don't get mad at what I've written
Or what some people tell.
But we are very happy
We get our work done well.

So what's the use to worry
At what those people say?
I really think they're jealous
Because we are so gay.
So we'll work on together
And yes, we'll even pray
That with our work and God's Mercy,
We'll keep the Japs away.
Whitecaps

by Patricia Hillis, Guest Columnist

This week's White Caps is being edited by Pat Hillis, a new and highly eligible member of this salty quarter of the "Perfect Scream Society, Inc."

Ring Out The Old and Sing In The New: Hail and farewell to Laura Eggleston, Juana Williams and Commander Adams who successfully passed their flight tests and now by the grace of the C.A.A. and a small scrap of paper are giving the rest of us Dodoes the Bird!

Among the new personalities around the Base are Dolly Jones (Mrs. Lt. Wm. Jones to you) and Helen Elizabeth Barton (Skeeter) from Mountain Lakes, N. J.

Our provisioning manager, Betty Bennett, has now ascended to the lofty level of house-painter. Sounds somewhat forbidding, don't you think? She has been spending her days completely green, with paint, not envy. As a result, the executive office is beginning to attain a new and shiny lease on life.

The most exciting addition to the Seaplane Base is R. H. Redus, a most personable young man from Pan Am. The spare moments of the Embry-Riddle Blow and Gulf Club have been spent acquiring three handsome blue and yellow chairs and one Jack speared by Art Robertson.

Having tired of the many inquiries and general lack of information concerning the W.A.F.'s, our Clearance Officer went slightly berserk the other day when a sweet young thing phoned to inquire about the weight and height minimums of same. She was told (and I heard it with my very own ears) that the height was 36 inches minimum and the weight 25 lbs.

That's all for now. That man is here again.

UNCLAIMED MAIL

In the Mail Room at the Tech School are letters for W. J. Andrews, Stephanne Corr, Marion Moran, Mrs. L. P. Wilkinson and G. H. Wyanant.

Frank Llewellyn

Twenty-four years and six months after he had been awarded the Croix de Guerre for gallantry in action in France, Frank A. Llewellyn was employed as a civilian pilot at Dorr Field.

Flying at least five hours a day, Llewellyn can look back over his fifteen months of instructing fledgling pilots and know that he has done a good job.

Llewellyn was born in Minneapolis, Minn., but lived most of his life in Wheelton, Ill. With the entrance of the United States into the first World War, he immediately enlisted in the Air Forces. After eight weeks of Ground School at the University of Illinois, he was transferred to a flying school in Tours, France. There he won his "Brevet," which is awarded only to French instructors, in about three months and then was sent to Issoudun, then an American Advanced Flying Training School.

Distinguished Service Cross

Immediately he was plunged into combat flying, doing mostly fighter and observation work in a plane that corresponded to the PT trainer of today. He received the D.S.C. on October 18, 1918, and the Croix de Guerre on December 7, 1918. On March 1, 1919, he was promoted to captain.

On returning to the United States after the War, he retired from the Army and entered business. However, shortly before we became embroiled in the second World War, he decided to take up flying again.

Starting from the very beginning, he went through the stages of student, private and commercial license training, and on March 10, 1942, he attained his instructor's rating. On June 7, 1942, he went to Dorr Field and since then has kept up a steady, unbroken line of brilliant instruction.

His son, Frank, Jr., recently was promoted to first lieutenant and is acting Squadron Commander at a heavy bomber Field "somewhere in England." He is the first pilot of a Liberator bomber.

Brazil: Continued from Page 3

The cultivation on a commercial scale. The stock-raising industry has become one of the largest in the world and much attention has been paid to the breeding of high-grade animals.

The progress made in stepping up mining output and in industrialization has been marked. Mineral production has multiplied eight times in the last decade.

The pick-up in ore production has further speeded an already accelerated program of industrialization. At the end of the empire in 1889, there were in all Brazil 903 industrial establishments. In 1935 there were 60 times that number. Many more have since been built. Cotton textiles, cement and refrigeration plants are the largest. But the output of paper, fabricated metal goods, drugs and chemicals, ceramics and glass, matches and a variety of consumer items for home consumption amounts to millions of dollars. A $60,000,000 steel mill is nearing completion 240 miles from Itabira. The United States and Brazilian Governments, and private Brazilian sources, did the financing.

When Brazilians speak of their country's future, there are two magic phrases that occur with great frequency as key terms. The first is "fomento" (development). The second is "comunicaciones" (communications). Hardly less effort has been spent on the latter than the former by the Vargas Government. Roads and railways have been pushed to the extent of the nation's capacity to finance them. Air and river transport have been increased.

The administration's interest in communications is dual. They form a practical means of breaking down the remaining vestiges of regionalism and uniting the nation. Without them, realization of Brazil's bright economic future will be delayed indefinitely.

Major Boyd

by A/C J. H. Farrell

Major William S. Boyd, Commanding Officer of Dorr Field, turned over his duties last week to Major James L. Curnutt, an old friend and colleague who helped him activate Dorr Field as a Primary Flying School in the early days of the War.

Major Boyd was born in Butler, Penn., graduated from West Point with the class of '39 and, being air minded, entered immediately into flight training at Randolph Field, Texas, as a student officer. In 1940 he received his Wings, married Jean De Fraine and was made an instructor at Randolph. Truly an eventful year.

Administrative Duties

From Basic Training at Randolph Field, he turned to administrative duties to help in the then tremendous task of expanding the newly formed Air Forces to meet the imminent threat of War. He was at Carlstrom Field when it was but a stretch of prairie. In December, 1941, Major Boyd, then a Captain, left Carlstrom to take over and rebuild Dorr Field from an abandoned Field used in the last War to its present strength. In the early days, he even acted as a check pilot to help relieve the shortage of pilot officers.

His continued attempts throughout this time to enter field service finally have been rewarded, and he has been transferredem to Smyrna, Tenn., for B-24 transitional training.
CIVILIAN INSTRUCTOR
Continued from Page 1

all had their own way of flying and it was necessary to drill each one until he was letter perfect and standardized in the primary curriculum maneuvers. An article to follow this one will explain the problems and schooling of the standardized refresher programs.

As these nine original civilian contract flying schools got under way and began to show results, the powers that be decided that the program was sound and began to expand, signing up more contractors and starting more schools until today we have 25 in the previously termed Southeast AFFTC alone. The other training centers total many more, of course.

At the same time in 1939 that the Army program started, another program originated in Washington in the Civil Aeronautics Authority section called the Civil Pilot Training Program or C.P.T.P. This program was devised mainly to train college students, although there were a few non-college training programs. These were so set up that small civilian airport operators throughout the country who had planes and airports near the colleges were given contracts to train from 10 to 50 students or more every four months in a primary course on light planes. The course consisted of 35 hours of flying and the necessary ground instruction that went with it.

Advanced Course

After this initial primary program was completed, those who were successful in that course were given a more advanced course called secondary. This course included intermediate maneuvers plus all aerobatic maneuvers. The ships used were larger, heavier and had much more horsepower.

Then in quick succession, the qualified students were given cross country courses, Link instrument courses, apprentice instructor courses, secondary instructor refresher courses, etc. At the completion of all courses the student was a qualified, licensed commercial pilot with 200 hours or more and with basic experience in quite a few types of flying and equipment.

To return again to the Air Corps Training program and the civilian pilot's place in that program, one can readily see that with the rapid war-time expansion there was to come a day when the instructor material made up of older, experienced commercial pilots would be exhausted and it would become necessary to augment that source of supply with younger, more experienced pilot instructors.

This was done by taking the C.P.T.P. graduates, mixing them in with the old-time harum-scarum, stunt men, circus pilots, mail pilots and men with many, many hours of previous instruction experience, and with the two working together the younger man obtained a lot of help from the older man and the training program went on at full speed, turning out potential pilots for the Air Forces by the hundreds.

The main purpose of this article as you have probably noted is to stress the positive importance of the civilian commercial pilot to the War effort. The main foundation of the present Air Corps Training Program is the primary school and the civilian instructor.

There, the potential combat pilot is taught to fly, is given conscientious, patient instruction in the basic fundamentals of flight. There the future fighter is given his first solo flight, is taught the intermediate maneuvers with precision and accuracy and is instructed in all of the aerobatic maneuvers.

Foundation

It can be stated truthfully and accurately that the Aviation Cadet is taught to fly in primary by the Civilian Instructor, and any other later courses, such as basic, advanced, twin-engine, tactical, etc., are merely transition courses where the student puts what he has learned in primary into practice on larger, different types of aircraft. The basic flying technique, however, has already been instilled, and the future combat pilot is well on his way to take his place in the ever growing ranks of the United States Army Air Forces to do his part in obtaining that final victory to which we are all looking forward.

It may also be accurately stated that the student pilot who graduates from primary after being taught for 65 hours by the civilian instructor is infinitely a much better pilot than the self-taught pilots of a few years back who had many hundreds of hours.

There are still many, many opportunities for any commercial pilot who would like to be connected with this type of program. With the ever increasing Air Forces training program and increased air offensive in the field of battle, the civilian instructor's part becomes greater every day and every

one concerned with the program directly or indirectly is extremely thankful and grateful for the efforts and abilities of the Civilian Contract Flying School Instructors.

by Lt. Hand
Public Relations Officer
Dorr Field

Dorr Doings
by Jack Whitmull

With the combined efforts of Dorr and Carlstrom Fields, Bob Bullock finally got daughter Rose Marie off to college. As a locksmith, Tom "Halo" Davis can crack any safe made. The new Ground School held in "Pop" Anderson's office every day for the two pupils "Pop" and "Drip" ... the instructor name other than "Pops" secretary, Hilda Clark ...

Last week's lesson was that we don't spell Dorr Field Door Field (The two pupils please note) ... the oldest pupil said that he knew it all the time.

Messers Fipps and Albritton of the Guard department can tell you just how far it is from the Southern Boundary of the Field to the coach line when you have to walk it ... Fipps says it's at least 10 miles and Albritton will swear that it's at least 20 ... especially when it's wet. Also on the tour list was William Stewart, clean-up man who also had a nice stroll when his jeep got stuck.

The Army Side

Did we have Lt. Farmers' tongue hanging out the other night after a hard game of table tennis. Of course we lost but we were just getting in our prime, in fact just getting warmed up when the lieutenant called for a truce (unconditional surrender). Just can't take it.

Welcome back, Lt. Moore. We know all the cadets have missed you! Seems that Lt. Hand doesn't trust Lt. Pinion to take him for a ride on his bicycle any more. He now has a new pilot and what we want to know is whether he can't ride a wheel or whether he likes someone else to do the work.

Betty Stephens is partial to white flowers for her hair, at least she was until one day last week. Martha Holbrook's nickname is "Dooley"—wonder where she got it.

First Cadet Wife—"My husband just got his 40-hour check."
Second Cadet Wife—"Gee, my husband didn't know it was pay day."

To'ally yours,
Jack
Moving day and the month of September have nothing in common, but nevertheless the same air of excitement and anticipation has filled the atmosphere these last few days. The entire operational unit has moved lock, stock and barrel to the newly completed Control Tower. This sturdy tower of Pisa is four stories tall and will house the Timekeeping department, namely June Page, Mr. Hatlin's office, and the Flight Instructors, Student and Dispatchers. The feature attraction (ignoring Mr. Paulson's remark) is the abundance of space, the private lockers for Instructors and the parachute racks. Ample desk space with fluorescent lighting is provided for the momentous paper work involved in this man's flying business.

What! No Tracks!

With due regard to all the good things involved in this transfer, there still lies an unsolved problem: transportation between the tower and the mainland, viz, the Canteen and Administration office. If there is any young, ambitious, up and coming 4-F candidate who is interested in making a young fortune in a short time, report immediately to this Field complete with first class trolley-car and tracks. If no tracks, bring trolley-car and horse, or on the other hand maybe we can lend-lease Heathcliff, the Hawg, 'cause those No. 18 coupons are few and far between.

Mr. Rollins, our paint-man a la King, has set up housekeeping where the Pilot's Room used to be. If we know Mr. Rollins very well, it'll be open house all the time.

Gremilins Again

Something else to gladden our hearts is the completion of the Canteen Roof. There goes that nice tan I was getting. The shelter over the door, in case you don't know, was not to keep the carpenters from rolling off on the customer's head, but to keep those nasty gremlins from pouring water down our necks when it rains, see!

The self-service last Saturday in the Canteen was quite a thrill to those who like to see for themselves what makes the wheels go round, for it was Open House in the kitchen. Thanks, Walt Carlile, for your good-natured patience with the inexperienced help.

“Cookie” versus Da Boll

Yes, it's finally happened! Every time Cara Lee Cook of Chapman Field brushes the hair from her eyes, she winds up with a big scratch. That diamond certainly is tricky to handle.

The ring that goes with it will be added as soon as “Cookie” can catch Instructor Dave on the ground for a few seconds. She flatly refuses to be married in a Cub!

Very special visitors this week were Dick Carlton, former Secondary-Instructor Course Student, John “Butthead” Bailey and “Red” Friant, Elementary and Secondary Students here under Civilian Pilot Training. They return to boast Commercial Certificates and Flight Instructor Ratings and to tell of the wanderings of that Famous July Session Class.

Instrument Rating

John Bailey shifty but proudly confides that he was one of the few to receive an Instrument Rating. Congratulations and lots of good luck at Randolph, fellows. We'd like to hear from more of our wandering Students should they find time to drop us a letter or card.

Famous last words, quoting Ed Tierney, “Elementary ain't easy.”

**Chashepeare Might Have Said It**

When the going gets tough,
'Taint the guy with the bluff,
But the guy with the STUFF,
Who goes places, Mac-Duff!

Every year, in every business and profession, there are a certain number of guys who crack up. Nine times in ten, it's because they don't have the kind of good sound training that really counts when the competition gets tough. That certainly applies to Aviation. The sky's the limit for trained men and women, but those without the answers will find the pace is much too fast.

Think it over—and if you want a future in Aviation, no matter what branch, let us show you the right way to start.