Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

This is my second letter to the Editor of the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper. The first was to Mr. Belland, the editor at that period. But in case that it did not get to its destination, kindly allow me to repeat my thanks for the Fly Paper which I have been receiving with a few exceptions since No. 14, Vol. 111, January, 1942.

At that time my son, U.K. Cadet J. A. Phillips of Class 42-F, was a pupil at the Riddle Aeronautical Institute, Carlstrom Field, successfully completing his first solo flight on January 6, 1942. Instructor C. L. Stoeckel no doubt patiently and greatly helped him in his ambition to win those coveted Silver and RAF wings at Maxwell Field, Ala., on July 3, 1942.

I have been prompted to write on the events which befell us between July 31 and August 5, 1943. First came the news of his award of the D.F.M., then two days later "Missing." Then another two days the news that he was safe and interned in Sweden. What joy and relief to get the last news! Indeed, they were eventful days of mixed feelings. The rest of the story you will see in the enclosed news cuttings.

While he was stationed "Somewhere in England," I used to send the Fly Paper to him, after having read it myself. Now I shall keep them for him until he comes home.

Before concluding may I again express our sincere thanks through the medium of the Fly Paper to the many friends of our son at Carlstrom Field, Maxwell Field, and in the town of Arcadia for the kindness and hospitality extended to him and to the other British boys who were with him.

Yours sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. J. Emlyn Phillips

P.S. I have just received the Fly Paper for July 23, 1943, and under the heading "Carlstrom Carrousel" I found a list of boys who have received awards and a request for news of others who have been awarded. What a coincidence that I should have written this beforehand. Our son's rank is 1339011 F/Sgt. J. A. Phillips, D.F.M.

J. E. P.

Editor's Note: Always many friends in this country will be delighted to hear that he has been decorated and that he is safely interned in Sweden. We want to thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, for your most interesting letter and the newspaper clippings, which we have reprinted on page 5 of this issue.

September 18, 1943

To an Arcadian:

With reference to the method used in a recent reduction of force at Aircraft Overhaul, Carlstrom, the management is faced with the most difficult task possible whenever a reduction is necessary.

The policy established by this office is to reduce the force as impartially as possible, using efficiency, seniority and personality in that order as the basis for decisions.

It is believed that every effort has been made by the management at Carlstrom Field Aircraft Overhaul to comply with this policy. It is believed that the great majority of the people involved in the recent reduction of force will soon be called to continue their good service because of increasing needs in the Army Air Force.

J. R. Horton
General Manager
Aircraft & Engine Division

Editor's Note: An Arcadian requested that her letter be answered through the Fly Paper. In compliance, Joseph Horton sent us the above note.
Well, folks, believe it or not, another week has rolled around and we all get older and wiser. It’s a never ending mystery how the time gets away. The days are short, the weeks are short, and the month has slipped by before we realize it. And with the passing of time we have many things happening. Some good and some bad. However, we learned a long time ago that we must take the good and the bad as they come and make the best of fate’s own method of forming friends and then taking them away from us.

Adieu

First let us express our deep regret at losing two of our old friends to other interests.

"Johnny" Brannon, soon to be Lt. Brannon, has departed for home for a short visit while waiting for his orders. We wonder who will be the instigator of all those good natured arguments now.

"Ray" Ryan is accepting a position with American Airlines, leaving a vacant position in the checker player’s circle.

Both men will be missed for a long time to come, and here’s wishing you luck, fellows.

Congratulations are in order for several more. Roy North is at the helm of Squadron One with the able assistance of “Bing” Bangs, and Mose Jones has taken over Squadron Four, backed up by Charlie Hon. “Squeak” Overreyned and Jimmy Cleveland are now chief instructors in One and Four respectively. Bill Reese shifted over to help “Uncle” and Bob Watts and Hunter Galloway changed colors by going from Squadron One to Squadron Seven. By the way, Hunter, which Squadron is the best on the Field now?

Our hats are also off to the Instructors who keep on grinding out the hours and keep the boys flying. No glory, no headlines. Just work and plenty of it. However, it gets the work done and that is what it takes. Any chain is just as strong as its weakest link and the chain that is strangling the Axis is composed of civilians and soldiers alike.

Several visitors during the last week.

Dick Whitehurst of Miami is here now making an equipment inventory. I understand he is really making the Accounting department hum. C. C. House, Auditor for C. F. Wheeler, Builder, was up visiting this week.

Beers!

You can always tell when a cold wave is on the way. When you see Bill Liversedge walk in the door you know what’s coming. It never fails. This time he brought Hamilton Avery with him. I hear that the Goldenrod in bloom has stimulated the sale of handkerchiefs in town. Mr. Avery seems to have bought them all. Could he be fever?

We also had Oscar Daniels from Washington, D.C. and Messers Johnson, McInerny and Holladay with D.P.C. with us this week. Glen Kuhl of the Miami Insurance office paid us a visit last week to see if we were all in good condition and to find out how soon we’d be costing the Company some good money.

Ben Hanley, Commanding Officer from the Southeast, paid us a visit this week. He came in late in the afternoon, spent the night and made a quick tour of the Field.

Oh yeah! We have added to our Accounting department one Elizabeth Payne who came to us from Memphis.

Love bug has taken another one of our employees. Dorothy Snow Summer has left us to be married. The lucky guy is from Fulton, Ky. She has been replaced in the telephone booth by Margie Young who transferred from the Canteen.

I hear that Walter Nunnally’s (Proud Father) fellow instructors just love the way he calls up at 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning yelling “It’s a boy! It’s a boy!”

Alva Nelle Taylor got two dozen red roses this week with a card that said “I’m sorry.” Wonder who from? I understand that there’s a long story behind it.

Rest?

“Boots” Frantz has returned from a two-day vacation (?) in St. Louis. We sure do miss our General Manager when he leaves.

Capt. Cromwell is spending a furlough in Baltimore, his old home. We have a new mail clerk, Pvt. May. Cpl. Smith, former mail clerk, is now a clerk in Headquarters. Sgt. Biddle and Baker have been spending a well-deserved furlough at home for the last ten days. Haven’t you missed all that pipe smoke?

Some excuse is better than none, I always say. Last Saturday morning Martha Houston, Elizabeth Payne and Martha D. Snow reported for work at about 10:00 p.m. They

Continued on Page 27

PEPPER INSPECTS WAR INDUSTRIES

Ending a two-day tour of the Miami War industries, United States Senator Claude E. Pepper was entertained at dinner at the Tech School on Friday, September 17.

Among the guests were: Mrs. Pepper; Thomas C. Mayes, Mayor of Coral Gables; Leonard J. Povey, vice-president of Embry-Riddle in charge of flying operations; United States Senator Pepper; Mrs. Pepper; George Wheeler, Jr., vice-president of the Embry-Riddle Company; Leonard K. Thomson, Mayor of Miami; and Major Oliver H. Clayton, commanding officer of the Technical Training Command at Embry-Riddle.

At a dinner given last Friday night in honor of Senator and Mrs. Claude E. Pepper, Charlie Ebbets photographed these members of the group. Reading from left to right: Thomas C. Mayes, Mayor of Coral Gables; Leonard J. Povey, vice-president of Embry-Riddle in charge of flying operations; United States Senator Pepper; Mrs. Pepper; George Wheeler, Jr., vice-president of the Embry-Riddle Company; Leonard K. Thomson, Mayor of Miami; and Major Oliver H. Clayton, commanding officer of the Technical Training Command at Embry-Riddle.
GROUND SCHOOL AT CARLSTROM FIELD

Although I was scooped last week on the visit of Chaplain Taggart, you may be interested to read more about his inspiring talk which, through the medium of the public address system, all Carlsstrom was privileged to hear.

Physical Fitness Essential

Chaplain William C. Taggart, Captain, U. S. Army Air Corps, who served with the American forces in the Southwest Pacific for over a year, drew on his vast store of experience to give the Cadets a clear picture of combat duty and to urge each one to prepare himself mentally, spiritually and physically for the tremendous task of winning this War.

Chaplain Taggart stressed the importance of physical fitness. He said that in combat flying was only half the pilot's duty. He must also be able to withstand the many hardships encountered if shot down or otherwise disabled. The Chaplain warned the Cadets against delay. He stated that now, while they are still in training, is the time to get themselves into perfect physical condition. Later may be too late.

First Carlsstrom Cadet

Chaplain Taggart told many interesting stories of the heroism and courage displayed by the pilots with whom he was stationed. He made particular mention of Lt. Frank Beeson of Tuscaloosa, Ala., the first Cadet to report at Carlsstrom Field in March, 1941. Lt. Beeson, a pursuit pilot, was eager for combat and many times flew the missions of wounded pilots over and above his own assignments. He was tireless and devoted to the cause for which he fought and gave his life. His is a story of courage and determination which might well be the pattern for all Carlsstrom Cadets.

Silver Star for Gallantry

Capt. Taggart was with the famous 19th Bombardment Group, with 10,000 men, airplanes and equipment and only three days from the Philippines, on December 7, 1941, when they heard of the attack on Pearl Harbor. They turned south then to Java where, on February 27, 1942, Capt. Taggart was awarded the Army's Silver Star for gallantry in action. While Allied troops were being evacuated from Djokjakarta, he saved a 75-vehicle convoy from falling into Jap hands; and later while en route to Australia, the Chaplain helped drive off a Jap plane which attempted to strafe the ship.

During the greater part of his assignment in the Southwest combat area, Capt. Taggart was under the command of Major General Ralph Royce, later Commanding General of Southeast Flying Training Command of which Carlsstrom Field is a part. Chaplain Taggart is now stationed in Miami working on the rehabilitation program for convalescing service men.

Sugar Blues

Two new faces in the Refresher School this week are William M. Layman of West Palm Beach and William S. Hawley of Louisville, Ky. Mr. Hawley was formerly a vocalist with Clyde McCoy's Orchestra. Remember McCoy and his Sugar Blues?

Another instructor to join the ranks of the Air Transport Command is Stanley Kittkowski who, by the way, has had his name legally changed to Kitt. He will join Greer, Brady, Bishop and others at Romulis, Mich., where they are sweating it out in Officers' Training School. Kitt's white Persian cat was bequeathed to Joe Brown upon his departure.

“Slick” Stanley, master boatman, slipped up recently. His boat overturned and while swimming, “Slick” struck his foot against the rudder, cutting a tendon in his leg and causing a bad wound. He has gone home to St. Petersburg for treatment. We all miss him and hope for his speedy recovery.

Pink Elephants

We don't know who did the new paint job on Roy Kunkel's Ford, but he must have had pink elephants on the brain. Don't miss the opportunity to see this amazing spectacle. Admission is only 10c.

"Come into my parlor," said the spider to the fly. But Millie Gould protested, "This isn't leap year!" Confidently, though, I think he's weakening. Watch this column for further developments.

Ensign J. B. Cox, former meteorology instructor, was a recent visitor here en route from New Orleans to Pittsburgh. He doesn't believe that the shortest route is a straight line, does he? J. B. was commissioned last April.

The stork has visited the Bill McVey's and the Sam Quinceys, leaving Sharon Tim and Anne Ellen. The proud papas have really been strutting. I didn't see any candy, though. Hazel Hamilton, former parachute rigger, is also a proud possessor of a baby daughter.

Better Halves

A new dispatcher on the line is Doris Roberts, wife of Cpl. Dick Roberts of the Physical Ed department. Ethel Bernstein of the Infirmary is the wife of Pfc. Dick Bernstein, Link Trainer Instructor.

A brand new Civil Service employee, and very pretty too, is Martha Lane, wife of Pvt. Ben Lane of the Public Relations office. Martha is taking over the duties of Edna Poston who is leaving for a matrimonial venture. We send a welcome also to Alma Carter, our new switchboard operator. Alma's mother is a matron at the Baptist Orphanage and they come from Maxwell Field.

Have you noticed the signs of relief going around? September 15th has passed. No more worry for another three months. Who said that?

Perhaps someone would like to tell Kay Bramlett how much we miss her. If so, her address is 1354 S. W. Third Street, Miami, Fla. Sorry, we don't know her telephone number.

One Fish to Another

Pop Myers told me a story the other day about one fish who said to another, "Well, well, look who's here — the same bunch who tried to catch us back in August. No, the plumber's helper isn't with them this time. The superintendent has brought along a new face. It looks just like Daniel Mosely's. Ha! ha! I wonder if the superintendent thinks he is any better than "Alibi." Well, so long, fellows. I hope you'll get some bites other than mosquito nippers." Has Daniel been telling fish stories lately? By the way, Jake
Newsome and Joe Brown could probably tell you some big ones.

The Mess Hall was the scene of a good ol' country square dance last Thursday night when the Cadets entertained their wives and a group of Arcadia belles. Lt. Haring, A. O. for the night, supervised the square sets while ballroom dancing was enjoyed in another room.

Instructors have strange hobbies: Charles Riddler likes to take Yankees fishing but usually succeeds in getting everybody lost, including himself. John Goodrum's pet is the smoking loge of a West Palm Beach theatre, John Duris' hobby lives in Sarasota. And, to come down to earth, James Morris and Nat Catler are wed to their Stearman models. Personally, I'll take decoupage.

Seen This Week

Bob Davis rushing to see his trailer burn—A Squadron Commander having to crank his ship—Johnny Dorr sporting a dazzling yellow puddle jumper—Sam Worley back on the job after a month's illness.

It's good to have you back, Sam. The Canteen magazine rack in hopeless disarray. If the shoes fit, put it on—Edward J. Manning donning the cap of a full-fledged instructor—Lt. Graham displaying his BT skill to Chaplain Taggart.

What Refresher settled down to work and became an instructor in a hurry when he heard that his fiancée was coming down to marry him? Who went completely berserk and had himself a spree which consisted of two cokes, two feminine companions, two bags of popcorn and "Hangmen Also Die"?

No Justice

The Carlstrom Reporter furnishes us with this one. Sgt. Livangood asked Sgt. O'Brien (Link) what his nationality was. Well, maybe he's never met a hodge before. The Army personnel of Engineering and Operations played host last Thursday to the Technical Inspectors from Maxwell Field. They'd like to know why Tech inspectors laugh at their jokes, smoke their cigarettes, eat their food and then "git" them. There ain't no justice! Welcome to the new member of the Link department, Cpl. William Fuge who hails from Hartford, Conn.

Carlstrom is now the home of an AT-6A brought in from Marianna for the use of the officers. They tell me that Lt. May couldn't wait for the wheels to stop rolling before he hit the blue, seeing what the plane could do and how he could do it. By the way, this plane is equipped with two 30-caliber machine guns which, it is rumored, will be used to shoot down errant Cadets. So beware! With the officers using the AT, Instructors using the BT, and Cadets using the PT, I guess the enlisted men will have to content themselves with bicycles!

Back the Attack

The Third War Bond Drive is now on—September 9 through September 30— and Bob Bullock, heading Carlstrom's program, urges each one to go the second mile. Buy as many bonds as you can and then buy an extra one. Your brothers, fathers, husbands and sweethearts are sacrificing their lives for you. It's your turn to do a little sacrificing for them.

Here are the words, penned in a youthful scrawl on V-mail paper, of a sailor, radiosman 2/c, aboard an aircraft carrier who wears a ribbon for service in the Atlantic and a ribbon with a star for action in the African invasion: "I've heard a lot of people telling their troubles about the rationing of different foods. If they were where I am now, they would be happy that they get any at all. They would realize how wonderful it is to be an American after seeing the way some people in other countries live.

"They would realize more than ever before that we really have something worth fighting for and when they got their next pay check, they would put a few more dollars and dimes into war bonds and stamps. Believe me, we are a very lucky people!"

Those words are echoed by every man on the battle fronts. We lucky people cannot afford to let these fighting men down! Buy more War Bonds! Buy until it hurts!

Fire Fighters

Bob Bullock also announces that the course in fire fighting conducted by Capt. Davis of the Miami Fire Department began last Tuesday night in the Courtroom. Continued on Page 25

F-Sgt. Phillips Awarded DFM

Official citation of the award of Distinguished Flying Medal to Flight Sgt. J. Alwyn Phillips, former Carlstrom Cadet, was announced on August 5 in the South Wales Evening Post, according to a clipping sent to us by his parents.

"Sergeant Phillips," reads the citation, "is a skillful pilot who has taken part in many attacks against important enemy targets. One night in July, 1943, he was the pilot of an aircraft detailed to attack Cologne. During the operations his aircraft was attacked by an enemy fighter and sustained damage, making it difficult to control.

"The bomb doors were shot away, but Sergeant Phillips flew into the target, where the bombs were released manually. This airman displayed praiseworthy skill and determination."

Phillips had been reported missing from an operational flight and a day or two later was known to be interned in neutral territory after having baled out with other members of the crew of the bomber.

Only 20 years old, Phillips has been on many important missions. His last flight was made on his birthday.

A letter from Mr. and Mrs. Phillips appears on page 2.
Next Friday, October 1, Riddle Field's fourteenth graduating class will receive its wings. As usual, the ceremony will be held on the ramp in front of the tower at 10 a.m. Friends of the graduating members and any of the Riddle Field staff are invited to attend the Wings Parade.

While often used, our expression of “congratulations and good luck” is sincerely meant to each member of Course 14. Leaders of the graduating class have been M. A. N. Hills, Senior Cadet Under Officer; F. A. Cox, Under Officer, and Cadets Chestum, Williams, Venn and Lewis, Flight Leaders.

On the evening of the first, the newly-winged Pilot Officers and Sergeant Pilots will honor their officers and instructors with a dinner party at the Sugarland Auditorium in Clewiston.

The fine Listening Out appearing in this issue is the result of the hard work of Cadets Bourne, Berta, Venn, Hall, Bromberger and Chestum, who are to be congratulated on their efforts. We would also like especially to thank Kenneth Bourne of this group, who served us so ably and faithfully as an Associate Editor from Course 14.

Dance Echoes

The Benefit Dance Saturday night was a success both socially and financially, as a gay time was enjoyed by all in attendance and the Cadet Club and Sports Fund received $400.00. The Committee in charge of the Dance wishes to express its sincere thanks and appreciation to all those attending and to all those who helped in any way.

Adding to the evening’s entertainment were some 40 WACs from Buckingham Field at Ft. Myers, under the supervision of Lt. Husman. A light luncheon was served to the ladies before they returned to their base. They proved very popular with our Cadets and some real friendships were made—no doubt we’ll see more WACs at our future dances.

The famous Emyr-Riddle gals from Miami were also present with their usual charm. Guest of honor for the evening was 77-year-old Alice “Ma” Richards, mother of Fly Paper Editor Wain Fletcher and Tech School Postmistress Florrie Gilmore. “Ma” was the life of the party and says she had a “wonderful evening.” In addition to the above mentioned ladies, Vadah Walker, Lil Clayton, Margaret Walker, Rae Lane, Margaret Sintel and Marty Warren were present. It was very nice of all of you to come, and remember, you’re always welcome at Riddle Field.

The dancing contests held during the evening proved exceptionally popular, and the No. 9 BTC Band from Miami Beach provided their usual excellent music. Many Clewiston-ites have assured us that it was the best band ever to appear in Clewiston—we concur with that remark.

Instructor Club Party

An informal party has been planned for the Instructor’s Club tomorrow night, Saturday, September 25. Come and enjoy some dancing with the rest of the gang.

Some new games have been purchased and are now available to all Club members. These include darts, chess, checkers, etc. A chicken dinner is also on top for the near future and according to President Lou Place, it will be a DeMarco special. Watch for the announcement.

Flight Commander “Pop” Ellis has heard from Sgt. Pilot Maurice Saunders, Course 10, who was a former pupil. Saunders reports that he is on Coastal Command and says that Salmon is on Typhoons, P/O Dave Roberts is on night fighters and Sgt. Rowe-Evans is on bombers.

John Crow of the Maintenance department has been transferred to the Link department for maintenance work there. Former Link Instructor Harley Case is now in the Engineering office.

The Winnahs

Pictured elsewhere in this edition are the winners of our last contest. The lucky ones were Cadet Morris, Course 14, first; Mrs. Mack Greene of the Weather Bureau, second; Cadet Flack, Course 15, third.

The Ground School is now printing a Daily War News bulletin to provide a clearer picture of the War’s progress. See the bulletin boards for them.

Jack Whitnall, Dorr Field Editor, dropped in for a very quick “hello” last week. Stay a little longer next trip, Jack.

Our two Cadet Associate Editors, Kenneth Fisher of Course 15 and John Manners of Course 16, will collaborate next week and be the Guest Editors of this column. The following week, Pat McGeece will take over as Editor. Other Associate Editors and contributors may send their news items or pictures to the Editor at the Link room as usual.

A very welcome birthday present arrived for F/L Trewin last week from Washington—a blonde, too.

Leola Jacobs, Assistant Canteen Manager, has heard from Maurice Martin of Course 6, who requested that the Fly Paper be sent to him.

Among the guests at the dance last week were Mrs. Carolyn Wadlow, a contributor to this column, and her son from Palmdale.

F/L Higgin and F/L Davies visited the School from Orlando last Monday to lecture the Cadets on Fighter Tactics.

Sports

Table Tennis—The instructors really got weaving and smacked Course 16, 16 games to 9, and Course 15, 18 games to 7, to win the tournament which has been in progress at the Instructor’s Club. The Cadet teams were handicapped by the lack of table tennis facilities at the Field for practice; however, it is hoped that this situation will be remedied soon.

Playing for the Championship Instructors team were A/Pc Bob Walker, F/C “Gunner” Brink, F/L John Crossley, 1st Officers Emmett Dugger and Jack Hopkins and Lt. Cash.

Course 15’s lineup included Cadets Flack, Spinks, Cammerger, Lang and Craven.

OUTSTANDING CADET
LISTENING OUT

COURSE 14
LISTENING OUT

COMPiled AND edited BY K. BOURNE, J. T. BERTA, K. HALL, F. BROMBERGER, B. CHESSUM AND M. G. VENN

Do we need an introduction? I hardly think so, but since our predecessors did it, we feel we really should, just tradition and all that.

We came here way back — yes it seems way — way back, to find ourselves allied with a grand set of American boys in a quest for these coveted wings.

For those unfortunates who fell by the wayside we are sorry, but it had to be done; so we reach our goal, a little deleted in numbers but still as keen as ever. However, my main object here is not to ramble on, reminiscing, but to try in some small measure to convey to you folks here at Riddle Field our deep and sincere thanks.

Flying instructors, primary and advanced, ground school instructors, administration staff and everyone connected with us, you had a tough job. We thank you; through your untiring efforts, we made it.

Various gentry before me, of journalistic fame, have in honeyed words and phrases described the amenities and attractions of Florida and the depths of hospitality to our American hosts. I would weary you with further efforts. Let me just say again, thanks, and commit you to our “Listening Out.”
We Shall Remember

The two solo flights, especially the second when we felt that we knew far less about flying than when we saw our instructors take their parachutes out of the front cockpits and fasten an empty safety-belt.

Our instructors, sometimes with amazing patience, and at other times so binding.

"Center the needle, center the ball," and the aching thumbs from placing the hood-catch.

The length of the long cockpit-check, at least, and the automaticity of TMPFFS and UMPF.

That surge of power and the pressure along our spines when we put the throttle of an AT to the gate for the first time.

The ease with which we slow-rolled in the AT's after those weeks of fighting and coaxing the little biplanes into submission.

Formation flying with the intense (however difficult at first) pleasure and seeming daring that it was to keep a pitot tube on the leader's trailing edge.

The high-altitude test when we had to breathe twice as much as usual after the hour of aerobatics and the field below was a diamond-shaped Indian sign exhibiting strange hieroglyphics in various colors.

The magnificent skies at night: the sense of the infinitesimal scope of the firmament through which passed the microcosm of our canopies reflecting the lucid stars at midnight.

The first, faint flushes of dawn over the Atlantic lighting the skies against the transparent stars, stars.

The jitters when we called the tower for the first time and the embarrassing problem that it was simply to give the number of the kite and report that we had lowered the undercarriage.

The first time we flew a radio range and found that we could really navigate by flying the beam.

Brilliant lightning making alabaster billows of black clouds on the horizon.

The satisfactory pleasure of having finished the long cross-country to Tennessee still remembering the odor of hay and the aspect of a deciduous tree again.

The beautiful cloud-formation which ran the gamut of our meteorological lists.

The sudden, terrific storms which blackened the skies in but moments and as quickly flooded the field.

The gorgeous sunsets with the ineffable motley of pastel hues as the air cooled and the breeze stilled.

Our handsome swimming pool and the refreshing hours we spent in it.

The red tennis courts and their evergreen fringes.

Those week-ends of relaxation on the beaches and with our many friends in Miami and Palm Beach.

The sumptuous meals at the Clewiston Inn followed usually by a flick at the Dixie Crystal.

The many-flavored canteen with its eternal juke-box.

The freshness of the air and the redolence of ozone when the tympanic thunder faded downwind.

The feathery palms standing in the wind like young girls with their hair thrown back.

The acres of well-kept lawns which made an emerald of the diamond.

Quiet evenings in the lounge or on the porch looking out at the patio and pool.

The tropical lavishness of Florida with its brilliant flowers and delicate fragrances.

That Florida at times was very warm; that the humidity made us torpid and lethargic; that we were not a few minutes ride from a large, versatile city; that the mosquitoes had us taking cover under nets at night or sleeping in anti-insect-fluid-laden air; that we had to wait for 'chutes and solo ships and couldn't fly on many rainy nights; that Link was boring for the first twenty hours; these we shall soon forget, but the beauty, the friendliness, and the results of fine training on the best equipment we shall remember long after we have left Florida for the realer America and for England.

F.B.
OUR GROUND SCHOOL

HEY, JOHNNY.
IS THIS A CONFUSER OR COMPUTER TO YOU?

WELL, CLASS
I .......... !!

WELL FELLOWS,
IN CASE YOU'RE STILL HERE FOR WINGS.........!!
OUR RAF GROUND SCHOOL.
On The Line Switching Off

The trash that follows this title will reveal the good and bad points of ATs and Course 14 cadets who flew them. If you ask one of the course what he thinks of them he will mutter something about “ok for low flying,” and “good on cross country, you can put your feet up and rest.” Together with this will has been completed. Also the view from the front with no instructor’s head there was novel to say the least. From the start one trouble was guiding a 2½ ton AT over a muddy composition spread in front of the tower, known to optimists as a taxi strip. Then the novelty of the radio. It is a debatable point exactly how many cadets said “wheels down, locked, landing” privately to their instructors instead of openly to the world.

Let no one think these were our only stumbling blocks. There was the fact that a semi-starving semi-sleepy semi-conscious cadet had to arrive on the flight line at the crack of dawn. The only cracks we ever heard were some well exercised limbs suddenly waking up as their owner stretched himself.

Anyone who had the power of observation at that early hour would have seen “Ski-foot” Wood crashing out of the door to answer his name which luckily begins with “W” — “Do it or bust” Smith arriving half clothed and considerably less awake, and to crown it all, in the dim background could be seen the “Boss” twirling his moustachios with an expert flourish. This silent band of corpses then became mobile for another day. The only topics were flying — in any guise — and instructors. Everyone knew what was for lunch for the same reason that they all knew that 3 came after 2 — it was inevitable. With the cheerless future in store, the course became airborne — some on cross country — some on formation — some range flying, which does not consist of rounding up cows by aeroplane.

Few will forget their first formation period, memorable because two cadets tried to get 2 aircraft to look like one P38. Also the idea of blind
trust in one man — the leader — especially when landing did not seem to be a good thing at all.

Many were the mistakes then, some still remain. Cadets pressing the boost to get flaps down on Forced Landings, forgetting to change tanks in circuits, and other such things, many of which were rewarded by grade slips of other colours than white. Such things as bumpy weather while instrument flying make otherwise normal people say things not usually said in public. After the sixth overshoot under the hood “Coordination” Cantrill confessed to expressing himself above the din of the AT’s engine.

People develop certain tendencies flying; some very noticeable, such as Blagden’s partiality for baskets, Winterbotham’s love for cattle during forced landings — a trait which causes his instructor to say acidly, “Are you fond of hamburgers, Mr. Winterbotham?”

Versatility shows up in these tendencies; for example, Freddie Cox can land in circles either on grass or on runways. It is not given to all to be so gifted. Do not think that cadets make all the mistakes, No! No! Mr., Ohlinger will explain the sinking feeling one gets when landing with wheels up. But one has to listen to “Cookie” who has done this manoeuvre at night. An RAF officer on this station has been known to forget to put his flaps up after a strenuous straight and level navigation flight.

An AT man on cross country can have fun. Such side-splitting episodes as juggling with ten maps, a chart, a plotting board, and plotting instruments in the rear cockpit of an AT with an 06 compass dangling round your neck to ward off mosquitoes are common on long cross-country flights.

The fun begins to wear off when you lose your fourth protractor and sixth pair of dividers — the latter appear to have an affinity for the bottom of an AT. Long cross-countries have the element of surprise well to the fore. Eric Randall will tell you that long cross-countries can be shortened if you ask him. Cartwright preferred to travel back by train from his trip to ease the strain. Also Ginger Morris can give you a confidential eye-witness report on the Father and Mother of all occlusions. Some of B flight were in a bit of a panic wondering how they would explain to F/Lt. Tre-
win why an ETA was three days late instead of right on the mark. He was not very worried about that however, because he was stalking paper, not ordinary paper, but fuel consumptions, logs and intelligence reports. The first grey hairs on the F/Lt's. head will probably appear soon now.

To get away from cross-countries and return to general flying. It would be perhaps a humanitarian thing to do to warn future advanced pilots about AT aerobatics. Some consider slow rolls a pleasure they will change after a few in ATs because of the brutal treatment received. When you are inverted, the first thing that strikes you is the microphone which has come off its hook and is gyrating in front of your eyes in order to change your eye-sight from 6/6 to 6/0. Next in order of appearance are cigarette butts, matches, pieces of chewing gum and their wrappers and then finally grass. If you are unlucky enough to have a ship which has been used on cross-country, then your list of muck in the cockpit will be headed by dividers and protractors — so much for slow-rolls. Roll-offs and loops are usually very nice since the mess on the bottom has not time to rise. In fact the only disadvantage to these manoeuvres is that your stomach is driven firmly into your seat. If you don't do things correctly you are sure of a snap-roll at the top.

When you start to return to the field the main trouble starts. On reply to an innocent cadet's "Gear down, locked, landing" the tower is likely to give a short speech rather like this: "Land on a No. 3 tee in the north-west of the south-east quadrant, south of the east ramp, north-west of the row of baskets running south-west — north-east, east of the south taxi-strip, west of the flagged area running north-south, east of the east ramp, use left hand traffic." Positively the only cure to this outrageous utterance is for the aircraft at which the missile was aimed to call in and tell the tower to — "Say again words twice." Whereupon Doc Foss is carried from the tower screaming tee numbers and traffic directions. The tower does get shocks sometimes like the time when Pete MacGowan called in and said — "241 coming down in flames." Never have so many buttons been pushed by so few so quickly. Do not think that when you land trouble is gone, because when you taxi your instructor may ask scathingly, "Are you going to a fire?" No one has discovered the reactions to an answer of "Yes" but it would probably be an excited "Where?" When once more you crash through the taxi strip swamp via a miniature Lake Okeechobee and eventually switch off the engine, the bloke in the back may come round and say despairingly, "I spent a small fortune learning.
to fly. You get it free, and look what a mess you make of it.” This is funny, but don’t forget it is true.

Those were the main trials of the flight line, and unless you look blank when someone says to you alone, “Did you all get yo’ solo in?” and then you answer brightly, “No, only me Sir,” you will survive the course.

As for check rides, remember the check pilot is human, talk to him when you can, and draw him out on his peculiarities — that is if you are not scared of checks. This course has many memories of those who were chopped down by the way side.

There’s a strong rumour that courses here in the rainy season will be graduated as first pilots, seaplane, but don’t consider that as gen until you have seen Tagg, who once indulged in midnight paddling.

At the end of a course, ATs do not seem so big and you feel that you know their limitations. The switches, dials and levers fall into place in the scheme of things, and you don’t feel crestfallen quite so often and you are definitely in charge of and familiar with the ship when you say — “On the line, switching off — OUT.”

K.H.

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**AIRMAN TO A BIRD**

*We have a kinship, you and I; we know the secrets of the sky; We know the infinite delight of cleaving air in sudden flight. We two, detached from mortal things, can rise upon untrammeled wings And thread our way through stars and clouds above the world of streets and crowds. God gave the freedom of the skies to you; and now I too can fly; With you, can skim the tops of trees, can sail the billows of the breeze; Can race the wind, can dip and soar, and span the sea from shore to shore. Sing on bright songster of the air — I too know what it’s like up there.*

*(With Apologies — J.T.B.)*
INTRODUCING COURSE 14

1—Joe Berta, Jr., “H.P.?” 2—Wing Commander Greaves, AFC, “If Course 14 only had brains.” 3—Pat Payson and Willie Burling. Kinda optimistic, aren’t you? 4—“Flit Gun” Stewart finds relaxation from his strenuous occupations. 5—Charlie Hughes, the All American boy. 6—“Muscles” Wickham. This isn’t really “Wick.” It’s his imagination running amok. 7—Johnny Price, still in doubt about quite how. 8—Mr. Philosopher Koff. “The life is glamorous; the pay is high.” 9—Hes Mutters, better known in Clewiston than in camp. 10—Pete Packham finds ATs up to expectation. 11—Doug Butler in training for jungle warfare. 12—Ben Stroud and PT.
No. 5 B.F.T.S. RIDDLE FIELD

1—Johnny Bright, long, lean and handsome(?). 2—Messers. Venn and Hall, painted expressions due to watching the Bird. 3—Geoff Lawsonson. 4—Alf Sealey, after hallucinations about home says, "What price Miami now?" 5—"Red" Nelson, "Sparks" MacGowan and Bob Johnston. No comment. 6—"Basket" Blagden does a spot of binding. 7—"Left Foot" Castrill and Buddy "Ground Loop" Cartwright. 8—Barnacle, Nelson, Holland, MacGowan, Johnston, Bromberger, Ballard and Stewart. "Poor Board." 9—Freddie Bush claims acquaintance with every girl in Clewiston and at least half those in Palm Beach. 10—Eric Randall, the barracks room senator. 11—"Tieh" McClusky. Should be alligator and "Mac." 12—"Modest" John Winterbonham.
WE WORKED, WE PLAYED

1—“Bones” Taylor. 2—Willie Burling, “Indian Willie from God’s Country, Wisconsin.” 3—“Riff” Smith, Sinatra’s only rival. 4—White Jamie Watson. 5—An accumulation of “bull.” Cyril Lewis, Mike Hills (boss), Colin Newsome and Freddie Edwards. 6—Taffy Endersby. 7—Freddie Cox, under officer, athlete and what you will. 8—Messrs. Tiller, Butler, McClusky and Tagg improving Anglo-Indian relations. 9—Johnny Roy and Ginger Morris trying to appear operational. 10—Tagg and “Friends.” 11—Jock Murdoch, the candid camera man. 12—“Rip Van Winkle?” No, just Joe Fryer, but this time he’s awake.
WE'RE LISTENING OUT

1—Joe "Palm Beach" Pockey. 2—Tiller and Butler having a tough time. 3—"Red" Dixon, playboy extraordinaire. 4—Ken Bourne, our hardworking editor. 5—Freddie Edwards, the keen type. 6—J. W. Cooke, "Wheels up, locked and landing." You really shouldn't oughtta! 7—P. G. Adams. We wonder what the F.C. stands for. 8—Bryan Chessum, "Quite a catch for the ladies." 9—Bertie Ballard, "Plough Jockey" no more. 10—"Trapper" Adams. 11—D. Turner, Lady Killer. 12—"Miami" Ronney. 13—Sammy Evans, another Miami week-ender. 14—Sammy Crookes, "Too Good to be True." 15—Bernard Kenney, "Dark Horse?"
FINALE

Well, we come to the end, to take our leave of the field, Clewiston, and Florida. We look forward, "Yanks" and "Limeys" alike, to seeing our friends and relatives again, maybe shooting a line or two; but we’re going to miss folks that we have lived, worked, and played with here these last few months. So let’s make do with the memories for a little while at least . . . .

This is course 14

On the line "off" and going home,

Out.

J. T. B.

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In Memory of
RAF Cadet Leonard G. Stone
Course 14
Tuesday, August 24, 1943
“In The Service of His Country”
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

In Memory of
RAF Cadet R. A. Wood
Course 14
Wednesday, September 15, 1943
“In The Service of His Country”
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

In Memory of
RAF Cadet Edward C. Vosper
Course 14
Tuesday, August 24, 1943
“In The Service of His Country”
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

In Memory of
RAF Cadet G. H. Wilson
Course 14
Wednesday, September 15, 1943
“In The Service of His Country”
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida
while Cadets Wood, Goodall, Martin, Royce and Brash were on the Course 16 team.

Bowling—A group of Instructors from here have formed two teams and plans are under way to get in a Bowling League at the United States Sugar Corporation allies in Clewiston.

Chess—S/C Bob Johnston, AFC Bob Walker, CLI Carl Ziler, S/C Johnny Cockrill, 1st/O Bob Richardson, 2nd/0 Art Richardson, 1st/O Keene Langhorne and 2nd/O Harry Langhorne are now engaged in a chess tournament to determine the Instructor's Chess Champion.

Softball—The Riddle Field softball team won its third straight game of the fall season with a 5-4 victory over the United States Sugar Corporation team in Clewiston. Cadet Jackson of Course 15 pitched a steady game and slammed a homer in the eight inning to lead his team to victory.

Tennis—The tennis tournament will be in the semi-final stage by the time this is printed. Defending Champion Freddie Cox of Course 14 is favored to retain his title.

Maintenance

It's a boy. Yes, folks, it's a six-pound ten-ounce baby born to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Peters at the Clewiston Hospital on September 14, 1943. The new citizen has been christened Edward Michael Peters. The mother and baby are doing fine, but we can't say much for the old man. Anyway, "Eddie," both big and little, here's luck of all kinds from all your buddies at Riddle Field.

This week Riddle Field Maintenance got its first taste of night maintenance. Due to a late primary class, a few mechanics and one inspector were picked to make up a night maintenance crew to run inspections on PTs. They were Reno Bono, Sam Bodden, Lester Simon, Charles Sandefur, T. J. Sandefur and Mort Feldman, Inspector. Despite the "Swamp Angels," "Gallantmowers," "Dive Bombers" and other Nite Hawks around Clewiston, the boys did excellent work. The slogan for this night work is "Quick, Henry, the Blood Plasma."

After a hectic week on Number 3 Field, the ATs finally have returned to their home stomping ground. During the week the ATs were gone and Riddle Field missed the drone of the old Pratt and Whitney. Now that old familiar sound is again showing us that pilots are still in the making.

It is rumored that Mort Feldman may also grow a mustache in order to keep the public confused.

Mr. Hunziker—we sent him a copy of an accident report from operations officer, and in it he read "after rolling along for a few years" he wanted to know the fuel consumption. ( Entirely the fault of the typewriter—it has its days, you know.)

Notice to Airmen—All low fliers, please remove pine, oak or other trees from engine, etc., upon (and if) landing, to avoid being removed, yourself, permanently, from flying.

CONTEST WINNERS

RAF Dance

by Lil Clayton

Again a group of Miami Embry-Riddle girls are indebted to Riddle Field cadets for a very enjoyable dinner and dance in Clewiston last Saturday night. It seems that everyone was at the dance held at the Sugarland auditorium, and it is our hope that the worthy cause for which the affair was held profited by it. We girls voted the No. 9 B.T.C. orchestra "in the groove" when it comes to giving out with the sweet and hot.

I enjoyed very much meeting in person some of our co-workers whom I have known only in a legal way over the telephone and through the mail. It was nice seeing Len Povey in one place for more than five minutes. When our office wants Len, it is always reported that he is on the way to one of the other Fields.

Our special guest and belle of the ball was Mrs. George T. Richards, better known as our "Miss Alice" and mother of Wain Fletcher and Florrie Gilmore. Miss Alice was the life of the party, very glamorous wearing her lovely orchid and a very busy girl trying to divide her attention between the different cadets vying for her interest.

Our Hosts

Our very special thanks to Cadets Ronald Jones, Kenneth Bourne, Kenneth Fisher, Wain Fletcher, Lee Young, Joe Perkins, Howard Drake, also to Charlie Maydwell and Jack Hopkins, all our generous and entertaining hosts. We sincerely trust that Hoppy's estimate of our individual measurements fulfilled the cadets' requirements.

It was my first visit to the Clewiston Inn and the reports of its charm and atmosphere of friendliness have not been exaggerated. The Inn was voted our choice for an ideal vacation. A lazy Sunday, spent in accordance with our individual whims, found most of us effervescing around the Inn and we were honored in having a little time chatting with Mrs. G. W. Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. Len Povey, W/C and Mrs. George Greaves with future W/Cs Christopher and John. Sq. Leader Freddie Hill and F/Lt. Gibson.

Rural Scenes

Being used to the “big city” and the daily busy routine of E-R Co., Clewiston, with its pretty park, its lovely trees and the pastoral scenes afforded us much relaxation. Marty Warren and I were fortunate in getting out to see Joaquin Garcia’s mare and her new colt, "Spitfire," of which he is very proud. Joe, we are glad that you had some film left and we hope to see the snapshots very soon.

A very beautiful sunset found us all regrettfully climbing aboard the bus for our return to Miami, and we must admit that a few of us did a little serious rehearsing for our night’s sleep before we reached home. How intermittent the naps were you can readily understand, inasmuch as the “Swing Pilots” were also passengers.
The Civilian Instructor

by Group Commander John C. Fredendall

In the first article of this series we covered quite extensively the background, experience, training and source of supply of our Civilian Flying Instructors engaged in training Aviation Cadets for the Army Air Forces. In that same article we mentioned the fact that the civilian pilot with a desire to be a Primary Air Force instructor finds it necessary to undergo training in a "refresher" course where he is taught to fly the "Army" way.

Today we will take, for instance, the case of John Smith, average American commercial pilot. "Mister Smith," as he will be called from the day he reports to the Air Force Flying Training Detachment, will have his entire mental outlook, manner, habits, appearance and even personality changed to some degree before he satisfactorily completes the "refresher" course and is considered a full-fledged instructor, competent to begin instructing Aviation Cadets.

All Walks of Life

He comes from all walks of life, he may be short or tall, fat or thin, he will be between the ages of 21 and 50. He may be married and have children just born or some of his sons may be old enough to be cadets such as the ones he will instruct later.

Mr. Smith has completed preliminary correspondence with the proper officials while he is still at home in "Average Town," U.S.A. Finally, one day he receives a telegram to report to the flying field for a flight check and a physical examination. Amid much excitement and confusion, he bids good-by to friends and family and, with a suit case or two, he boards a train or bus and is off, usually non-stop for a new world, new horizons, new conquests.

Arriving at the field, tired, worn-out from his long trip, he immediately looks out of place in his civilian clothes amongst the hundreds of uniforms. The "processing" of Mr. Smith is started at once, however, and he has no time to stand about and become conspicuous.

A Veritable Maze

There is a maze of forms, applications and statements to fill out, fingerprints to be taken, pictures taken, interviews given, and many other details to be covered on that arrival day. After all of these details are out of the way, our tired prospective Army instructor has an appointment made for a flight check the next morning, returning to his temporary home in a hotel for a much needed rest.

There is a malady with which almost all pilots are afflicted. This "disease" is called "checkitis" and no matter if the pilot has 200 hours or 10,000 hours, if he is checked by another pilot his reactions are tense, nervous and tight and even though he might be the best pilot imaginable, he will not be able to do his best when someone else is checking up on him. This fact is taken into consideration by the check pilot who rides the next morning with our embryo instructor, Mister Smith.

The check pilot knows that Mister Smith will be very nervous, tense and excited and that he will make foolish mistakes and do silly things during this flight which he would never dream of doing under ordinary circumstances. As the need is still great for instructors in the Air Force training program, the check pilot will overlook many of the foolish mistakes and take everything into consideration, basing his final decision on basic fundamentals of flying technique.

Physical Exam

The next test our future instructor must undergo is the Air Forces physical examination for flying duty. It should go without saying that this examination is very thorough and not too easily passed.

Successful completion of all the aforementioned tests means that our Mister Smith is now a full fledged student instructor or instructor "refresher." It is now that the real work begins and there is no let-up for three to four weeks. As fast as Mister Smith can "take it" and still show progress, he is given dual instruction by a qualified Civilian Flying Instructor who has had a great deal of experience in the "Army way" of flying and who will see that "Mister Smith" learns all maneuvers in the correct manner.

Solo Periods

In between dual flights our fledgling will be flying solo periods, practicing for perfection the maneuvers he has been shown and taught during his dual flights. Depending upon his ability, aptitude, experience and background, Mister Smith will fly from 25 to 45 hours during his refresher course and will also attend ground school classes which cover traffic patterns, spot landing patterns, elementary, intermediate, and acrobatic maneuvers and explanations. He will have classes on instructor-cadet relations and conduct, sessions on procedures and aids in the art of instructing, and will have hundreds of field rules and regulations and details given to him in a very short time.

The stress and strain, the anxiety of this course can readily be seen and appreciated and Mister Smith is indeed a very happy and relieved pilot when he is given his final flight checks by the Director of the Instructor's School and by an Army Flying Officer.

Mister Smith is then presented his silver wings and issued the official Civilian Flight Instructor's uniform as the culmination of the refresher course. We are positive Mister Smith can fly as the Army.

NEW SERIES

The series of articles regarding civilian instructors which began on the front page of last week's Fly Paper are being written by John C. Fredendall, Group Commander, Dorr Field.

The part the civilian instructor plays in the War is a vital one, and it is Group Commander Fredendall's purpose to outline the duties and responsibilities he must undertake in serving his country.
Dorr Doings

by Jack Whitnall

Doug Hocker and Mrs. Hocker on his vacation to points Nawth. We all hope he has a nice vacation. Jack Pooser and Marie Conroy were married last week. Marie works in the Form Room and Jack is a mechanic now taking a refresher course. We all wish them the best of good luck and lots of happiness.

Wedding bells this week for Virginia Smith of Army Administration and Sgt. Lambeth of Army Operations. The wedding will take place this coming Saturday. Lots of happiness to both of them.

We followed Lt. Gailey around on a bed check the other night and we can honestly say that a bed check ought to count as a week's P.T.

When Lt. Austin is A O, it seems that there is always something cooking. The guards have been instructed not to shoot any A O above the rank of 2nd Lt.

The Short Snorter's Log

New Assistant Flight Dispatcher: Mary Evelyn Seres, whose husband is an enlisted man at the Auxiliary Field. "Pappy" Shaw passing out the cigars due to the arrival of a son. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs., but I ain't had a cigar yet.

Lt. Renaud, Class of 42-G at Dorr, was a recent visitor. He is now instructing on B-17's at Hendricks Field.

H. Teeter has been promoted to Assistant Squadron Commander of Squadron 2, 44-B. Welcome to E. C. Long, W. H. O'Neal, H. M. Johnson and E. M. Paul who have joined the ranks of new instructors.

That muddy looking creature that crept out of the mud on the flight line one day last week was none other than Gerald Taylor! He had taken a trip out too close to the Tee in one of Culler's tugs—getting ready for the Kentucky Derby when it's run on a muddy track?

Toally yours,

Jack

P.S.—What noise annoys a noisy oyster?

A noisy noise annoys a noisy oyster.

Laura Eggleston

Laura Eggleston's ambition to join the WASPs has her up at dawn for flying instruction and finds her burning the midnight oil each night over her ground school lessons. She is studying at the Seaplane Base morning and night, while holding down a full-time job during the day at radio station WQAM.

Nothing can stop her. Not even underweight. Laura, who was ten pounds below the required standard when she began flight lessons last June, has put on the pounds until she has only a few more to go before measuring up to requirements.

She loves to fly and feels the WASPs offers a "terrific opportunity for girls who love to fly and really want to help with the War effort."

She has been employed at station WQAM for two years and is now secretary to Norman MacKay, program director. In odd moments, she finds time to serve as correspondent here for Variety magazine. Occasionally, she goes on the air as the Variety reporter.

She is married to Stuart E. Eggleston, radio writer and producer. Both are agriculturally minded, having lived on a farm at Pleasant Hill, Mo., the first two years of their marriage. After the War they plan to farm in the rich Florida Everglades. They are living now at 653 West Avenue, Miami Beach.

Mrs. Eggleston loves horseback riding, swimming and hunting; next to flying, and is an excellent sharpshooter. She hates to kill things, she says, so hunts only for food.

Laura Eggleston, flight student at the Seaplane Base, buckles her parachute under her arm after successfully completing a test flight.

FUTURE WASP

Whitecaps

by William J. Butler and Betty Bennett

The sensation of the Seaplane Base this week was a female German Shepherd dog who wandered in one day and decided to stay. It is our honest opinion that her decision was based on the presence of Pete, a wire-haired terrier owned by B. Bennett.

Both dogs admired qualities about each other, and although we cannot guarantee just what those specific qualities were, it is our guess that Pete admired Bertha's deep brown eyes, whereas Bertha probably admired the way Pete could dig holes in the sand. He gave Bertha a standing invitation to "come in anytime" and see his "stirrups"! Just as we were about to insist that Bertha be put on the payroll at one steak a week, her owner called and took her away. Too bad, as she had made many friends among the employees and students—not to mention Pete.

Mac's Cracks Department

"Mac" McDaniel's, our chief pilot, quipped with a coker the other day. It seems that his super-charged Buick came down with airsickness (commonly known as a flat tire to those folk who keep both feet on the ground), and when our own Joe Moller, who came around to change the tire, asked him where the flat was, Mac replied, "on the bottom."

Added to our roster of students this week is Mrs. "Nicki" Smalies, who hails from Birmingham, Ala. Needless to say, she is expecting a future engagement with the WASPs. (Aren't we all.)

Violets and Bombshells

Emily Metz, that quiet, reserved, shy little violet who gently wafts in and out of the Seaplane Base (the aforegoing and the following to be read to the accompaniment of sweet violet playing "Hearts and Flowers") successfully passed her "Private" last Saturday. Everyone is happy about it but we'll miss her—the little bombshell. Incidentally, she colors up, and right prettily, too, when you mention a certain bright young lieutenant.

By the way, Shylock (three thousand dollars Thompson and his lawyer, William (Shyster) Butler, Jr., have inaugurated a quick lunch concession down here. They can get you a perfectly swell 25 cent ham sandwich for only 36 cents (four cents of which covers Butler's fee). Oh, well, you'll never go broke making a profit. They swear that they're only working their way through the Seaplane—you know what.

Best News of the Week

Our General Manager, Ruth Norton, has arrived from her vacation looking simply marvelous. Coiffure by Antoine and the "beauty" Fisher. In short, the combination is out of this world. Her return is just the shot of adrenalin that this old place needed, as you all know only too well! Welcome home.
Tech Talk
by Zed Aydelott

Rolling Rio-way on the Fifth Floor: Bill Barker of the bustling habits and cheery smile flew to Detroit last Saturday night to see Vickers.

Dorothy Coggin, formerly an Instructor in Electricity at the Coliseum, is an archaeologist in her own right. She is an outstanding student in Portuguese as she has made trips into Mexico in her study, and her knowledge of Spanish helps. Or maybe it is just the Latin American influence of her jewelry.

With some, it is still Portuguese-speaking.

E. N. Featherstone, too, has a yen for the land below the Southern Border of the U.S. Get him to tell you about Mexico City, but not today as priorities will keep you from getting enough gas to set sail for there immediately.

Champing at the Bit

Gregory Gallagher has spent two years in Rio with the Electric Bond & Share, and he is champing at the bit to return. Enough said!

Luis Mata was in Quito, Ecuador, in 1937 and spent a couple of years down there.

J. S. Hamm was in the Equadorian Jungles in 1931 to make technicolor movies of the Jivero Indians’ process of shrinking human heads from the original size to the size of an orange. These pictures are in the Archives in Washington.

After he had made these pictures, he traveled down the Amazon river for 1,200 miles in a dugout canoe. He claims to be a dead-eye-dick with a blow-gun, so if you see him with one—he’s gunning for somebody.

Edith Johnston has her heart in North Brazil. Her husband is a crew chief for the Africa-Orient Division of Pan American Airways in Natal.

George Copland has spent about three weeks in Rio, Trinidad, Buenos Aires and Montevideo. He is eager to return.

H. M. VanderVeen, a newcomer of only a week, has spent considerable time in South America, having been in every country but Bolivia, Paraguay and Chile. He was stationed in Venezuela two years with Pan American Airways.

Bill Hubbell has been in Jamaica, Haiti and Mexico. He says he’s raring to see the sights farther south.

Miss Tarboux

Miss Tarboux, who is an instructor in Portuguese, was carried to Juiz de Flora, Brazil, when only one month old. She returned to the U.S. when grown to take her B.S. degree from Wofford College—and later her Master’s degree in Spanish at Middlebury, Vermont.

In the meantime, she returned to Brazil and taught mathematics in the schools of Rio and Sao Paulo. She has been teaching Spanish and Portuguese since returning to the United States this time.

Mr. Wendling, our “high-minded” Portuguese instructor, has been in Mexico City—in fact he hablas Espanola (if Mr. Ponso reads this I’m only kidding) almost as well as Portuguese. He learned his “good” Portuguese from a former Brazilian missionary but has since picked up a few words of the other variety from association and conversation with Brazilian sailors.

I’ll bet you 5 to 1 that Don Grubbs can top any story you tell—you name the subject—and it will have the gospel ring to it.

Apache Look

The Apache look of the cigarette dangling from the corner of the mouth of Carly Boullinghouse—with him having the freshly starched look of a little boy that has just been given a bath by his mother.

McALLISTER GUARDS ARE SEVEN DAY WEEK MEN

Working seven days a week at the Miami Divisions of Emby-Riddle are the McAllister Guards, who have served us for over a year. In the back row are: Stanley Burrows, George Johnson and Bert Noellius. Middle row: George Krouskroup, Hugh Culpepper, James Filipev and Earl Shearer. Front row: Joe Culpepper, Harry Brown, James Brooker, Harold Cuffel and Capt. Will Gordon. Insert: Tom Watson. Guards not pictured are: Frank Coombs, Ross McInerney and Donald Webb. Brooker, Cuffel and Watson boost a perfect attendance record.

ARE THEY YOURS?

Sometime ago a pair of sun glasses were found in one of the station wagons and to date they are without an owner.

They are a pair of good glasses with prescription lenses from the Hagelstein Optical Company, 712 Southeast Building, Miami.

Helen Burkart of Mr. Riddle’s office has them in safe keeping and would be glad to turn them over to the owner.

That big-eyed, expectant look of Jim Troy—just like there was still a Santa Claus.

The nervous bustle of Sandy Saunders doesn’t belie the fast thinking that takes place in his active brain.

That booming voice of Don Sprague is the envy of us all.

Dead-Pan

That dead-pan serious look of Stew Stewart doesn’t give away which way the wheels are turning.

By the way—if you want to see a violent explosion of the Brazilian temperament—speak (even if softly) to Mr. Ponso in Spanish. But, be prepared to dodge.

Well, I had to dust off that old First Lesson of the “Ten Easy Lessons on How to Write” because Mrs. Burton insisted with some slight reference to the “dog-house.” However, I still think she is a “swell-elegant” person. (Mr. B, and my wife both know I think so—so I can’t be blackmailed.)

My thanks to Pinky Church for helping me fan it out.

Man’s chief wisdom consists in knowing his jollies.—Rochefoucauld
FLURRIES

Gee, those verbs are silly, and getting sillier—fui, I went, or fui, I was. The same thing, but it saves learning another conjugation. I wonder, could I say Fui a casa, fui a casa and make sense?

Fifth Floor is cool, but we get good and hot under the collar when Simon Legret gives us those problems that won’t come out even. Make a mixed number out of an improper fraction! That makes it indecent.

Group B went to Chapman Field Monday to take their CAA exams. I went, too. It was a nice idea, up and back. We spent hours taking the exam. I didn’t think it was so bad; others did. Some actually worked up a sweat. It was hot enough there. The sand flies and mosquitoes didn’t help. The compression ratio of a 9 cylinder engine is inversely proportionate to the planks over the shadow cast, by a venturi—or sumpin’. I didn’t do so bad, or did I?

Come Up Sometime

Come up to Engine Theory sometime and look at the engine parts all labeled in Portuguese. A pump is a bomba, but so is a bomb. I don’t get it. Imagine asking for a parafusa and a nor when all you want is a screw and a nut. Now don’t get mixed up on nos and no (us and nut).

Mr. Stewart is doing a swell job putting labels on a Holley Carburetor, ably assisted (we thought) by Jorge Copland. We have changed our opinion since Jorge left the spring out. What names you can get in one of these gadgets! Há rediaçãorizar!

A name of a book, the name of the book—Um nome dum livro—O nome do livro, um, uma, do, das, da—will I please the lector if I get these things correct?

Mrs. Johnston had her picture taken the other day. How come, Johmie?

Have you seen Saunders covering up for Jorge in class?

Wouldn’t it be handy if the Tech School would post all of their signs in Portuguese so we will have sense enough to “Keep Off The Grass” in Sao Paulo?

Ate Loro,

Belém Babe

ARMY NEWS

Saturday, September 18, 1943, was a big day for Classes 25-43-A-1 and 25-43-E, for this was the day they were graduating on completion of a successful course in Aircraft and Engines respectively.

Mr. Ireland, who was master of ceremonies, turned the group singing over to Mr. Sereth, and Mr. Lord did the honors at the piano. Accompanied by Lt. Ravella at the piano, Mrs. LaVerne Foley and Cpl. Bill Diord sang a duet which the boys enjoyed very much.

Cpl. Diord, who is the Chaplain’s assistant at the Baltimore Army Hospital, has just been promoted from Pfc. to Corporal. Nice going, Corporal. Incidentally, Mrs. Foley is the wife of a member of the graduating class, 25-43-A-1.

Lt. Ravella gave us an outstanding piano solo. Thank you again, Lieutenant.

Chaplain Taggart

The guest speaker of the program was Chaplain Taggart who gave a very good talk on his experiences under fire. Chaplain Taggart has received the Silver Star for valor under fire. He has just returned from the other side to take the chaplain’s post at the Baltimore Army Hospital. The graduating classes thank him again for a very interesting and inspiring talk.


Men Like These

As the awards were being made, Capt. Moore said, “It is men like these whom I would like to have beside me in combat.” Pfc. Paul Henry gave Class Leader Pfc. Robinson a name bracelet from the class, 25-43-A-1, in appreciation for keeping us “on the beam” for our 15 weeks.

Honorable mention was given to the men with highest grades:

25-43-A-1

Pfc. Richard C. Grabow
Pfc. James C. Quigley
Pfc. Floyd J. Foley
Pfc. Paul M. Henry

25-43-E

Pfc. Gustave Zimmerman
Pfc. Walter L. Svendsen
Pfc. Virgil O. Gorce

Joe Murray, head of Military Aircraft, M. H. Loring, head of the Coliseum Electrical department, and Floyd Brewer, head of Engines, said a few words.

The exercises were closed by group singing of the National Anthem and Chaplain Taggart led us in a closing prayer.

The members of the two classes would like to voice their appreciation to the Army personnel and to the Instructors at Embry-Riddle. What we have learned we will put to good use in winning this War.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

Continued from Page 5

of the Courthouse in Arcadia. All those interested in the course are cordially invited to attend the subsequent meetings.

A beehing good time was had by all at the big barbeque staged at Welles Ranch by and for the instructors, dispatchers, wives and dates of Class 44-B under the able supervision of Group Commander H. Marmaduke Jones. About 70 people finally assembled at the ranch—after getting lost—to enjoy the scene of barbequed beef, swamp cabbage—or should I say Heart of Palm—cooking in a big iron kettle and coffee—lots of good ol’ unrationed coffee.

Special guests of Class 44-B were H. Roscoe Brinton, the Andy Minchiellos, the George Dudleys and the Carl Dunns. A portable radio and the Tall Stories Club headed by Bill McGalliard, furnished the entertainment. I was informed prior to the party that each new visitor to the Welles Ranch was initiated by being thrown into the river. I don’t know whether the stew kettle kept everyone occupied or whether the hosts were in an exceptionally benevolent mood, but I was disappointed in not witnessing a ducking party.

My story concludes with one told on Lt. Connelly. While Airframe Officer one dark night recently, Lt. Connelly received a telephone call from the sheriff (supposedly) who reported that they had picked up a boy identified as Cpl. McCourt of the Link Trainer department.

Cpl. McCourt had thrown a fit and had given the authorities considerable trouble. Lt. Connelly said he’d pick up a Medical Officer and come to their aid and post haste. “That won’t be necessary,” said the alleged sheriff, “he gave us so much trouble we had to shoot him.”

Gulibie Connelly, who is the Link Trainer Officer, became so enraged at this monstrosity that he blessed the law to high Heaven. Then—came the dawn! The sheriff’s voice had sounded suspiciously like Lt. Lindsay’s. And if the lieutenant’s ears weren’t burning from then on, he should be dubbed “The Man in the Iron Mask”!
From the way things look around these parts, I'll be ready for quite a spell! Sorry! But if Helen has to unwrap again those "Do not open until" things that Mr. Young so patiently wraps for her, the trusty old straight jacket will be in evidence, I fear...not to mention having to scout around for an extra one for "Helpful Henry" Young!

One nice thing about it, though...by the time I get around to him with mine I feel sure that he'll be a seasoned hand at wrapping those packages according to Uncle Sam's specifications. And, Helen, there's always the cheerful thought that the guy at the post office will finally lose his voice and accept 'em anyway without that little song and dance. "Sorry, 1/2, 1/2 inch too large!" Anyway, let this be a lesson to all of us who have boys across the pond...don't wait till the last minute!

Norris Clay of Personnel has come to the conclusion that there isn't any use trying to keep a secret from a bunch of girls! The fact that the 20th was his "birthday" leaked out, and someone (we wonder who) presented the dignified gentleman with a whistle and rope complete with instructions as to how they were to be used. Help Dick Tracy with Mr. Pruneface! Oh well...Happy birthday, Mr. Clay!

We're really missing that cheery "good morning" from Upshur Bowen of Mess Administration! "Curley" is very ill and we are told will not be with us again until sometime in October! I hope that news isn't correct, and all of us wish you a speedy recovery!

Gloman Crew
Living up to its reputation, the Personnel office has added another beauty to its publicized "Gloman Crew"...in the person of Mary Frances Rice, Personnel Manager Varney's new secretairy! Such a lovely girl to put in that office where she can't be seen, Mr. Varney! We suggest that she have her desk moved right out in front of the Colonnade as an advertisement! Welcome, Mary Frances, and we hope that you like being with us as much as we like having you!

Boy, oh boy! That insurance office looks like a miniature Times Square these days! Mr. Kuhl is looking quite perplexed over it...but as long as it's the charms of little Emma Carnevale and not people with claims...Mr. Kuhl is managing to keep that grin on his face.

Muriel Schlemmer and Ethel McCombs have a smile on their faces these days even with all that busy switchboard! They finally have a new runner and are now able to stay quietly (?) at the switchboard without jumping up and down every few minutes to deliver mail. Our new runner is another Muriel, which makes it a little confusing! But her last name is Loetscher, and she's the sister of Kay Dean, our station wagon driver.

A familiar sight these mornings is cute little Suzzie Bryan pouring over those Portuguese lessons while eating her breakfast and trying to keep "Happy," that big black and white spotted dog (I don't know what model) quiet while she's doing it! Maybe the dog doesn't understand that Portuguese you sling at him, Suzzie! Try Dog Latin!

From Tennessee
Well, well! Thank you, Union City! Mr. Clay just came in with a most charming young lady who is to be another added attraction to that Personnel office. Her name? Betty Liebholder, formerly of "Boots" Frantz' office. Remind me to ask her if she knows that other Maxeyle Hurt, because my Boy Johnny writes that he's very interested since I sent him that picture of the two of us! Not that I blame him...after comparing the two pictures!

"Bye now! And here's a solemn promise...I definitely won't wait until the last minute to start rounding up news another time! But let's cross our fingers and hope that the postman finally will consent to take Helen's packages! Want to?"

FRED FOOTE
Effective last Monday, Fred B. Foote, Assistant General Manager of the Aircraft and Engine Division, was transferred to the Technical Division in an administrative capacity.

All of the duties formerly so capably handled by Mr. Foote are now divided between General Manager Horton, Assistant General Manager Nelson and Chief Division Accountant Thomas until such a time as a suitable replacement is made.

ENGINE NOISES
by Richard Hourihan
An Open Letter to Fred Foote
Dear Fred:
I don't know where to start, what to say, or even more difficult, how to say it.

To begin with, the announcement of your being transferred from A&E to Tech to act in an administrative capacity came as a violent shock from which we do not expect to fully recover.

We who were fortunate enough to have known you personally have, of course, felt it the most. Those of us who were not afforded the pleasure of your personal acquaintance will feel it more gradually, but nevertheless sooner or later will come to the realization that most of the help we received in the past was made possible by you and your devotion to each and everyone of us.

Fred, what we will all miss so much will be your spirit of fair play. It made no difference who it was that needed help, whether white or colored, cleaner, porter or foreman. Each was equally important to you and if his cause was just you backed him to the limit.

In our executive personnel we have some very good batters in whom we have the utmost confidence, but you were our pinch hitter. When things were desperate, you were always "Ask Fred Foote to go to bat for us." You were always most obliging and never failed to drive one home.

Fred, in your farewell address you tried to soften the blow when you stated, and I quote, "But such sorrow as inevitably exists in a situation of this kind will be somewhat tempered by the fact that I will still be within hailing distance." This is all true enough, Fred, but I doubt if even you can drive in a homer from that distance.

From this letter it seems as though we are going to miss what you have done for us and not you personally. It's the true in a sense of the word. What I am trying to get over is how much we sincerely appreciated all you have done for each and everyone of us.

In closing, I want you to know, and I'm taking the liberty to speak for all of us as I know we all wholeheartedly agree, that what we will miss most will be Fred Foote, a truly swell guy.

To the Tech School, we extend our congratulations for being so very fortunate in acquiring such a man as Fred Foote, and to you, Fred, our sincere and best wishes for happiness and success in your new position.

ANOTHER WAVE
Arlene Brinson, Assistant Steward at the C&G Cafeteria, has been accepted by the WAVES. She was sworn in at the Miami headquarters on September 11 and is now awaiting call. After a period of indoctrination, Arline will be commissioned as an ensign.
**UNCLAIMED MAIL**

Unclaimed letters for the following are in the Tech School Mail Room: Jack Geile, Kenneth Hoffman, J. T. Hordiss, George Spirou, Jane Taylor and J. A. Thompson, Jr.

**PARACHUTES**

Three parachute rooms are going full blast since the two new hangars are in operation. Due to the manpower shortage, the Company had to resort to “woman-power” for the issuing of the parachutes to the cadets and instructors. They are doing a swell job of it too.

You’d be surprised just how strong the “faint sex” really is. They (the girls) all say that it will sure make a man out of you. These lucky girls are Maureen, Colene and Aileen; yes, strange as it may seem, their names all make a rhyme. For the benefit of those who would like to know their full names, they are Maureen Smith, Colene Owens (Mrs.) and Aileen Dyer.

Among our new parachutes is one which once belonged to Gen. James H. Doolittle. His name is still stenciled on the back. It has probably seen some real flying in its time.

Parachutes were named parachutes for a reason, but our pilots insist on calling them “umbrellas,” “bundles of silk” and “my old bag.”

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The only way to have a friend is to be one.
—Emerson
Chapman Chatter
or Looking at Life Over Flight Clearances and Operation Sheets
Guest Artist, Billie Fernandez

“Cookie” has passed the buck again and with a quiet week gone by there seems to be little to write about. Mr. Jourdan has informed us that we shall soon have our auxiliary field completed, but I confess, I was unable to find it. The Cross-Wind that seemed to be the bugg in the Elementary blanket left us Monday and solo business was good.

Such sights to be observed from afar: Tiny Davis making all kinds of signs from the side lines, Mac McGarth jumping up and down on his parachute, Tierney’s gray hairs, 2 for each student, and then there’s DaBall. All this as a result of those first nerve racking solos.

Powerhouse Campbell has received his horsepower rating and has been assigned to the “low-wing Fairchild.” This “house of power” has developed one nice red nose; it’s the sun! Otherwise, things seem to be running along smoothly on all flights.

In the Romantic Nook

Everyone here at Chapman Field was glad to hear of the recent engagement of Dave “Skychief” DaBall and “Cookie.” These two swell guys will make a grand couple.

Helen Cavis, Flight Commander of the 44-B Class, was awarded a War Bond and quite some mention for her outstanding work here at Chapman Field . . . who said that a woman’s place is in the home!

On behalf of all Chapman Field personnel, we would like to take this opportunity to thank Bruce Hadley for his fine job of keeping ‘em Flying. Around Mr. Hadley is hinged the safety and welfare of the entire flight personnel. Keep up the good work, Bruce!

Our new tower has certainly made a great change for the better, providing a place for everything. We can’t imagine how we ever got along without it.

Pioneer and Celebrity

I had the pleasure the other evening of looking through Les Lewis’ scrapbook. Les started flying those air-machines shortly after they started building them and has done everything from auto-polo to wing-walking. In case you guys and gals ever get in a rut, may I suggest Les’ imitation of the “Mixed-up Mexican.” This skit would cheer up Mussolini.

Next Saturday night marks the official opening of the “712 Club,” where there is never a cover or dull moment. All birds of large dimensions are invited and we have a special lounge for the O-50s.

May we offer our congratulations to Commander Brink and “Skip” Wittner, who earned their Instrument Ratings this week. Their Instructor, Dave Pearlman, now has two more to his credit. This North Carolina hot rock is a well known figure along the Miami Range.

Sights We All Miss—Dixie Baker in her snazzy slacks, Bob Lethbridge in his snazzy sacks, Campbell on the morning shift saying “Pleas correct for drift.”

That’s all—goodbye now.

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This is NOT a Hair Tonic Ad!

On our left, we have befuddled Bill. Works like a dog but never seems to get anywhere. Keeps asking himself, “What have other guys got that I haven’t got?” Someday, we hope some kind soul drops the word “TRAINING” in his ear.

On our right, we have practical Phil. Graduate of Embry-Riddle. Stepped into a swell job and he’s on his way up.

We’re turning out “practical Phils” every month in virtually every branch of Aviation. We’d like to have you with us.