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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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COLUMN RIGHT AT EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD, UNION CITY
Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

It sure has been a long time since you have heard from me. I assure you that I have been very busy. I have been up to my neck in work. I see that you are old pals. If you want to write to me, you can write to me at Embry-Riddle Tech. All we ever do here is keep people on the run. At the present time, I am on overseas service, and I am located somewhere in Alaska.

I have really wanted to write to you much sooner, but I have been up to my neck in work. I see that you are old pals. If you want to write to me, you can write to me at Embry-Riddle Tech. All we ever do here is keep people on the run. At the present time, I am on overseas service, and I am located somewhere in Alaska.

Well, how are things at Embry-Riddle Tech? I haven't received any issues of the Fly Paper but imagine you lost all track of my whereabouts. I would love to hear from you and receive some copies of the Fly Paper. My new address is as follows:

Cpl. Robert S. Lipkin—14141849
116th Signal AW Company
APO No. 900, care Postmaster
Seattle, Washington

As you have no doubt see, I am no longer a private but am now a corporal. As you can guess, it made me very happy.

You might do me a favor, I don't often get even this little time to catch up on my letter writing; so you would be swell enough to give the Radio department a ring for me and tell them that you heard from me and where I am? Especially Mr. Terry, and anyone there who knows me.

Well, Wain, I know that you are a terribly busy individual, but could you make me very happy by writing to me? If you can't write, do send me some Fly Papers, for I always will want to hear what's going on at Embry-Riddle Tech. Best to anyone at all who knows me.

Sincerely,
Bob Lipkin

Editor's Note: We certainly shall write you, Bob. Just the other day we were talking about you and wondering where you had been sent. Bet you miss the sunny clime more than ever now!

Brunswick, Maine
September 24, 1943

Dear Editor:

"Come to the state of Maine." You'll love it. Besides loving Maine, you'll love the seafood. It's really something to write home about, so that's just what I'm doing.

Our cottage is adorable. It's one of those "nestled in the pine" affairs with romance in every corner. Silly sounding, but it does remind me of a nice story book.

Well, girls, you'll have to excuse me as I must get my little bucket and trek up the hill to the spring to fetch my week's supply of water. And if you think I'm kidding, you're crazy.

Love to you,
Connie

Editor's Note: The above is a note from Connie Henshaw, who is taking a leave of absence from Mr. Riddle's office to be with her husband, Sub/Lt. Dennis Henshaw of the Fleet Air Arm Sub/Lt. Henshaw has been transferred to Maine after a year of combat flying "somewhere in England."

The best of everything, Connie and Dennis. We missed both of you at the RAF Benefit Dance.

Warren, Penna.
September 19, 1943

Dear Editor:

Thank you so much for sending me so regularly issues of the Fly Paper. Several of the girls at my office are reading it also, and we all feel that your columnists like Helen Pennoyer, Jack Whitnall, "Cookie," etc. are old pals.

It all sounds like so much fun at Embry-Riddle. All we ever do here is work, sleep and go to a movie occasionally. Some of us are ready to quit here now and head for Embry-Riddle.

Please write and bring a little excitement into my dull, quiet life.

Sincerely,
Katrine Black

Editor's Note: We're glad that the Fly Paper is of interest to you and your friends, Katrine. We do have lots of fun working here at Embry-Riddle, and we certainly shall write to you. It would be nice if you could get down our way on your next vacation and visit us and our school.
BRAZIL COMES OF AGE

The expression "sister nations" when applied to the United States of America and the United States of Brazil acquires a certain propriety that makes its meaning something more than a repetitious pleasantness. Similarity in vastness of area, parallels in history and common aims in political, spiritual, and social endeavors have made us brother Americans, giving us the bonds of unity and the strength of leadership so much needed for the aftermath which we are to face in the near future.

Past and Future

It is natural, therefore, that we become better acquainted not merely with our present but also with our past lives and our future plans. And lest we fail to revive in our memory the necessary mental picture as a point of reference, let us look over a world map for contrast and comparisons. Following the Equatorial Line across the colonial islands and Dutch East Indies in the Pacific and the wilderness of Africa, we come to North Brazil. In fact, the Equator seems to mark the mouth and the horizontal course of the mighty Amazon. The rest of the country extends far below the line, spreading well into the Temperate Zone.

The coastline of Brazil forms the hump of South America to the east in the Atlantic and then drops south for a total of 4,389 miles — thus giving Brazil a shoreline longer than the Pacific, the Atlantic and the Gulf coastlines of the United States combined! The area of Brazil also exceeds that of the continental United States by 250,000 square miles — about the size of Texas.

One Language

From the northernmost boundary to the southern border of Uruguay, it is a straight line nearly as long as one from Montreal to Cairo, Sailing from the Atlantic up the Amazon River, a seagoing steamer from Liverpool or New York takes you to the modern city of Manaus, in the heart of the Amazon wilderness — as far from the coast as Detroit is from Boston.

Within this immense country, under the most different environments caused by climates, altitudes, nature of soil and degrees of civilization, you find 50,000,000 Brazilians, sparsely distributed, yet speaking one single language, Portuguese. They are loosely connected by telegraph, road and steamers but are strongly united as one nationality, heterogeneous in color and beliefs, but never nursing racial or religious discriminations. Often lacking the tools of industry and the knowledge of science, they forge ahead in most astounding demonstration of ability and unity.

It is well to glance again over the expansions of the world for an impressive comparison. No other independent nation is to be found at the same latitude, facing the same climate and topography, and giving the world the same example of cultural, industrial and political development. No other nation has shown to the civilized world a similar conquest of the tropics.

Wheels

You may then wonder why Brazil has not shown a more rapid progress in the utilization of her natural resources, if not of her industries, following the example of the United States. And as this thought may put in doubt the ability of the people of Brazil, let us look at those highlights of Brazilian History which so clearly show the difference that wheels make — wheels of transportation, wheels of industry, the wheels made possible by coal and steel.

The discovery of Brazil in 1500 preceded the first attempts at colonization in the United States by about one hundred years. In 1535, only thirty-five years after the actual discovery of Brazil but practically a century before any organized colonization was begun in Virginia and in New England, Brazil was already exporting sugar from her first sugar mills. By 1570, Brazil had already sixty sugar mills in operation. In 1610, still before the landing at Plymouth Rock, at the beginning of the permanent colonization in Virginia, Brazil was exporting to Europe, through Portugal, no less than 60 million kilos of sugar.

Sugar and Gold

If we are permitted to consider sugar an industrial product, then Brazil at one time, besides being an important agricultural country, was industrially more outstanding than England and the United States.

While this early period of Brazilian history is a saga of adventure, sugar and gold, documents have revealed that as early as the Sixteenth Century iron was being forged in Sao Paulo for the first wheels of our progress. Shipyards were soon built in Bahia to use the hardwoods of the colonial country to increase the merchant fleet of Portugal. And with tools made in Brazil and transportation created from Brazilian hardwoods, Brazil became one of the leading producers and exporters of sugar, gold, precious stones, hides, dyewoods, tobacco, rice, coffee, cocoa, and certain spices in the colonial period, from 1500 to 1822.

Prohibitions

But your country also knows to what restrictions a colony is sometimes subject. Brazil, as a colony of Portugal until 1822, was no exception. When the exploitation of gold mines began in earnest, industrial enterprise became almost a criminal offense. In order to prevent a deviation of labor from the gold fields, even native handicrafts became prohibited in the colonial towns of Brazil. First, a decree put a stop to the ingenuity of Brazilian goldsmiths, on the pretext of preserving national band of gold within Brazil. Shortly after, in 1785, a Royal Decree from the Kingdom of Portugal prohibited the establishment of any factory or manufacturing industry, lest they might compete with the imported products from the Crown.

This situation of repression to native ability and industrial expansion lasted until the beginning of the last century. As you know, Napoleon's army invaded Spain and Portugal; King Dom Joao VI and his retinue fled Lisbon, and Brazil became the seat of the Portuguese Kingdom. Immediately upon his arrival, the Portuguese monarch took steps to remove all obstacles to the development of Brazil. At the same time, the King established the first seats of learning, the sources of study and research which to this day have contributed so much to knowledge and commercial progress in Brazil.

Development

Schools were founded, the Bank of Brazil was established, the Botanical Garden was created in Rio for the study of Brazil's flora, scientists and experts were sent from abroad and Brazilian ports were opened to vessels of all nations. During his stay in Brazil, from 1808 to 1821, King Dom Joao VI gave Brazil her first momentum of progress. And we must admit that even this first boom was due to a European war, as in later years other booms were to be.

The Brazilian ports, closed until then to all vessels other than the Portuguese, soon began to attract foreign ships and their cargoes of manufactured goods. Figures for the year of 1816, for instance, show that 396 vessels from abroad entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro alone — giving an average of more than one vessel per day. Of these 396 ships from overseas, only 181 were Portuguese and 217 were of various other nationalities. Of the 217 foreign vessels, 113 were British traders.

Quicksands

At this point of Brazil's history, we find the country open to individual enterprise and to foreign trade opportunities but still assembled on the quicksands of an uncertain form of Government. The enterprising King returns to Portugal; his son remains in Brazil and proclaims our independence in 1822; nationalistic movements sway opinions and leaders. In a few years the young Emperor of Brazil also departs for Europe to avoid further dissensions, leaving Brazil entrusted to a Regency and his crown on the head of his young son.

It is at this point that steampower and wheels bring progress to other nations. New steamships cross the Atlantic, steel rails take locomotives into growing regions, and machines transform raw products into manufactured. But Brazil, under the agreements of Free Trade until 1844, remains as the producer of cheap raw materials and importer of costly manufactured. And until 1850 the imports always exceeded the exports.

Continued on Page 17
It's a beautiful day in Union City with the leaves shining above the clouds and the usual signs of fall coming on. Everyone is digging out stoves, cleaning out grates, getting in coal and preparing for cold days to come. Mr. Haynes rushing around the first chilly morning trying to get all the furnaces going at once. Of course, you guys down in Florida don't appreciate all the hustle and bustle and everyone running around like squirrels.

Speaking of squirrels, the doves sure are having a hard time this month. Even with the shortage of shells, there is quite a bit of hunting and of course the usual tall tales flying around at the mess hall and other gathering places.

Open Season

Everyone seemed to manage to save a few shells last winter so they could take one last fling at hunting this winter. However, it seems that after the duck season and a few trips to Reelfoot Lake, all the hunting will be confined, until after the war, to Jap and German. They have declared an open season the year around on these varmints and if we keep on buying War Bonds, there should be plenty of ammunition for all our boys.

We had our first local high school football game last week and although the score didn't fall on our side, the team showed good material. Too, the game was away from home and with travel being curtailed considerably the rooting section on our side was a bit short.

This week will give us a chance to see the boys really go into action at home, and we expect a big turnout from the Field. Last year the school officials were nice enough to give all service men and Riddle-McKay employees a special rate on admission prices and we almost turned it into a weekly meeting place.

New Club

Things are so quiet down on the Flight Line this week that my super-snoopers had to let me down. However, a few interesting items slipped in.

It seems that our old pal, Bob Swennis, is trying to organize a forced landing club and just to show that it can be done, he set a Culver Cadet down twice with no damage except a cracked propeller. Now let's hear somebody say that doesn't take skill.

Everyone is busy trying to get P-40 finished up on flying and of course there will be the usual round of parties after it is all over. Good work, P-40. You have been a swell class on the Flight Line, in Ground School and in other formations.

And speaking of Ground School, guess we'll have to brag just a little. Between a lot of hard study from the Cadets and plenty of hard work on the part of the Instructors, the academic department got to that coveted and long worked for first position in the S. E. this time, with an overall average of 87.9 in all subjects.

The credit goes to Joe D. McClare, James Glover, E. L. Clark, James Phillips, Wilmer Cruse and Frank Kelley, and from the way they talk, someone will really have to work to beat them out of it next time.

Army Supply

After a year of faithful service, most of the time under conditions of inadequate space for all the hundreds of parts, the Army Supply has to keep on hand, it becomes necessary to bid farewell to a man whom we all knew and liked. "Gene" Richardson has been transferred to Berry Field, Nashville, and we know he will keep the ball rolling there as he did here. Good luck, Gene, and don't forget us.

We would like to welcome D. R. Duke into our family and make him feel at home in our organization. Mr. Duke was transferred to this station from Dyersburg and according to the "grapevine" he was doing a "hang-up" good job. Those of us who have had no experience in a Supply department don't realize just how much work and responsibility is placed on the shoulders of its head.

We see planes flying every day and don't stop to think that unless the Supply department has the necessary parts on hand at the proper time, the ships will not be ready to fly, resulting in loss of flying time. Which goes to prove that all of us are in this thing together, and every man and girl on the Field has an important job.

Another new man in the Army Supply is Mr. Tanner. I understand that he keeps the Warehouse as if he were expecting an inspector every day.

Due to the manpower shortage, Hazel Glisson has been handling out parts at the window and somehow manages to find everything. They say the Cadets really enjoy going to the Supply window now.

Other interesting happenings in this department are Mrs. Roper wondering about Sunday work and Betty singing "Pistol Packing Mama."

New Shingle

That's right, folks—Jim Long, head of Refresher School, has hung out a new shingle for his school of future instructors, which is now located in the West Lean-To of our North Hangar.

Continued on next page
Unfortunately, the Seaplane Base has lost quite a few members—they’ve all managed to graduate, to their own delight and to our woe. Leo Chaikin came through with his private license; Johnny Johnston became a sea-gull, via a water-rating; but the big excitement was provided by Larry Stanhope and Bill Butler who got their commercials. The only trouble is that we still don’t know whether Butler made the train back to Long Island!

Bye Bye, Betty

The noisiest member of the club, the usual author of this masterpiece, Betty Bennett, has hied herself off to the more civilized portions of the globe. She trekked to Atlanta by rail—back to meet her family, and from there she’s due to go to Washington to invade the War Department. But we miss her acidulous wit and gay poisonality. Come back, Sister Bennett, all is forgiven.

Something new has been added! After a stay of six months at Chapman Field, Cay Silicocks has decided to join our congenital group as our new Clearance Officer. She’s really enjoying the bucolic life after the hustle and bustle of Chapman.

Thanks to WQAM

Emby-Riddle had the most enjoyable experience of getting a plug from Laura Eggleston. We told you two weeks ago about her getting a private license and she, out of sheer gratitude, told the world about training here under our eminent chief pilot, “Mr. Methalons.” We are thinking of sending Station WQAM a vote of thanks.

Those of us who are still struggling with our questionable flying ability are getting quite a thrill out of the weather around these hay parts. Storm signals haven’t been hoistet yet, but we’re dusting off the old flannel jackets just in case!

A Bit Wet

Last and by all means least, your guest editor, who goes by the alias of Hills, got dunked last week. It’s the first time she’s ever loved getting wet while fully clothed—though it has happened before and we do mean literally.

Do come down and inspect our Miss Norton’s snazzy haircut and the new blue screen door. In case you don’t accept the invitation, we’ll be back in the Fly Paper next week with the same old drill.

UNCLAIMED MAIL

In the Tech School Mail Room there are letters addressed to the following: C. E. F. Cohen, J. E. Lawrenc, J. R. Lacina, Everett Link, Ruth Vail Selby and Richard B. Vogenzet.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

by Gossiping Gussie

Eric Boen states that there is a membership drive on for the Instructors’ Three Hundred ($300) Club here in Union City. Careful, boys, the initiation to this club is really dangerous.

Jimmy Cleveland was the envy of the Recreation Hall one day last week when he was entertaining two lovely young ladies who were visiting him. One was his cousin, he hastily explained, but about the other, Jim? Not bad, ole boy!

Brute!

Wanted . . . Proper punishment suggested for dealing with a brother (“Wolf”) instructor who steals beauty contest winners (as well as private flying students) from their instructor after their flying lessons are over, making the poor instructor ride home all alone.

“Here comes ‘Butch’ Kussrow on his scooter,” screamed Gussie, who had only heard of the remarkable one-year-old child when she saw him approaching on his scooter. Was poor Gussie disappointed when she discovered that it was not “Butch” but his old man, “Eagle Eye” Kussrow, who was trying out his new motor-bike scooter by riding up and down the Flight Line.

UNION CITY

Continued from preceding page

Jim proudly boasts (in his usual quiet and modest way) that this is the largest class of refresherers that he has ever had. In fact, the class is so large to help him put the finishing touches on these boys so that they will be super duper instructors in the shortest possible time. Jim and his boys are really “on the ball” and doing a bang-up job. Keep up the good work and remember we’re expecting big things from this big class in keeping em flying.

The gossip at the old canteen is running at high tempo this time. Tis rumored that our cute little cashier is to be married shortly. Wonder who the lucky fellow happens to be?

Well, gang, we mustn’t leave old “Hop” Woods out of the picture. If it isn’t coffee cups, it’s something else.

However, we must all keep a stiff upper lip and back the attack with war bonds!

Diner: “Bring me a plate of hash.”
Waiter (yelling into tube): “Gentleman wants to take a chance.”

Another Diner: “I’ll have some hash, too.”
Waiter: “Another sport.”

NICE PERCENTAGE!

On returning to the Tech School after a tour of Aviation Technical Schools, including the Dallas Aviation School, Dallas, Texas, the Spartan School of Aeronautics, Tulsa, Okla., and Parks Air College, E. St. Louis, Ill., William R. Burton, Assistant to James E. Blakeley, told us of an incident which made our chests swell with pride.

While he was sitting in an airport restaurant in Tulsa, three B-24’s on a cross country flight flew in. Out of curiosity, Willard asked the pilots how many of them were Embry-Riddle boys. They replied, “Four: one from Union City, two from Dorr and one from Carlstrom.” We think four out of six is a pretty good hand for Embry-Riddle, don’t you?
THE CIVILIAN FLYING INSTRUCTOR

by Group Commander John C. Fredendall

Early last spring there was a meeting in Fort Worth, Texas, of all the operators of Army Civil Contract Flying Schools in the United States. The main purpose of this meeting was to decide on an approved official uniform for the Civilian Flying Instructor engaged in teaching Army Aviation Cadets to fly.

First Uniform

There were thousands of suggestions and ideas presented and, of course, this led to general confusion. The session ended in the appointment of a committee of three operators, one from each training center in the country, the Southwest, the Gulf Coast and the Southeast. These three men, one of whom was John Paul Riddle representing the Southeast, immediately assembled figures, data, styles and designs and also had a representative of one of the largest tailoring companies in the United States with them at the next meeting.

There the entire picture was presented to the assembly and some of the operators present, one of whom again was Mr. Riddle representing the Embry-Riddle Company, offered to purchase the first uniform for each one of their employees if the Army Flying Training Command would approve the offered proposal.

Victory

Needless to say, the Flying Command did approve an official uniform or I would not be writing this article. Thus ended one of the toughest, most heart-breaking, discouraging battles to date that the Civilian Flying Instructor has had to battle in his fight for recognition.

From the inception of the first schools in 1939 until the date of the Fort Worth meeting, there were many needless misunderstandings, harsh criticisms and unkind opinions formed concerning the Civilian Flying Instructor, especially after December 7th, 1941.

 Naturally, to be an Army primary instructor the average commercial pilot must pass the Army flying duty physical examination. He is a pretty healthy looking specimen, excellent draft board material. After Pearl Harbor, the public became very much more war-spirited, and with the increasing "flag waving," the Civilian Flying Instructor was in for a lot of trouble, not only from other civilians but from "civilians" now in uniform in the armed services.

Rightful Place

It must be realized that the Civilian Instructor wanted to and still wants to get into this fight; he wants to fly in combat along with the students he teaches.

The Army, the draft boards and he himself, however, by using a little level-headed thought can readily see that his place is at a training school, sending out five men every nine weeks to take his place. He is the trainer, they are the contestants; they ride in the main race, he stands on the sidelines and watches his proteges win five races at once, where he would only be able to win one. And he keeps doing this day after day, month after month, year in, year out.

No one should misconstrue the past few thoughts and decide that the civilian pilot is not good enough nor fit enough to fly in combat. On the contrary, the Civilian Flying Instructor, who is teaching Army Air Force Cadets to fly, is among the best pilots in the world.

There are few other groups of pilots in existence who can match the precision, the accuracy and finesse in flight of the Civilian Army Pilot. It is only that he is irreplaceable as an instructor, and if he were to be sent into combat, the present training program would stagger and finally collapse.

Seeing Red

Therefore, with the past few thoughts in mind, one can readily see why the Civilian Instructor has been seeing nothing but "blazing red and purple" the last two years or more because inconsiderate, unthinking "busbodbies" ask: "Why aren't you in uniform, young man?" or "What are you doing for your country?" or "Where are you going into the service?" or "Why is it that the Army doesn't teach its own students; why do they have civilians doing it?"

In some localities of heavy armed services concentration, the poor civilian flying instructor who had no uniform could not walk down a public street without having under-the-breath statements such as "Draft dodger!" "4F," etc., etc., ringing in his ears.

Of course, these incidents were all misunderstandings, as the Civilian Instructor couldn't very well stop everyone he saw on the streets and explain what he did and what he was doing for the war effort, but nevertheless they did not tend to increase the happiness and feeling of pride in the breast of the Civilian Instructor.

Some of the schools had their pilots wear parts of the Army officer's uniforms such as shirts, trousers, shoes. There was no official cap and no insignia. This made the civilian pilot look like a "back private" who had lost his hat and had on an officer's shirt. Every time one of them would go to a town where he wasn't known, he had a good 50 per cent chance of being "picked up" by an M.P. and given the third degree on how and why the uniform.

This was not conducive to good morale.

At Last!

So—when the official uniform was approved late this spring and finally was received this summer, every one of the Civilian Flying Instructors had cause for rejoicing, even though they might not have shown it outwardly.

The uniform is excellently designed and is one that the wearer justly can be proud of. It was patterned mainly after Army Air Force officer's uniforms with the exception of the blouse or coat. This part was changed from single breasted style to double breasted style to avoid confusion as to who was an Air Corps officer and who wasn't. The insignias for the service cap and sleeve and the pilot's wings are all beautifully patterned and designed.

With the full uniform on, the Civilian Flying Instructor now can walk down the street in any city or town in the United States, and although the insignia and design of the uniform is different enough to cause people to look twice, the wearer knows that he now has his rightful place in the war picture and need not feel embarrassment caused by unthinking people.

Give Thanks

When you see a Civilian Flying Instructor on the streets of your city in his new uniform, thank your lucky stars that the good old United States had such a wealth of material to draft the commercial pilots, and feel sure that this man is doing everything in his power to dili-
Dorr Doings
by Jack Whitnall

I'll swow to Grandmaw that the weeks sure do roll around mighty fast. Here it is the end of the week and we have a deadline to meet—or how would our picture look in the dog house? Horrible.

The water treatment plant has had quite a lot of work done on it this week. A shed is being built for the Dorr rolling equipment just north of hangar No. 1. This will be a big advantage to keep the rolling stock out of the weather.

Wonder what would happen if some day we phoned "Pop" Anderson that Mrs. Anderson was on her way to "Pop's" office what with all the pretty pictures that "Pop" claims belong to "Drip." Bet there would be some tall snatching done.

The first day of fall fell on the 24th. Shucks, we looked for it to snow by midnight it got so cool. We have heard no complaints either—but just wait till another two or three months have passed away and we'll all be wishing for the return of summer. Never satisfied, that's us.

We're all glad to see Doug Hocker return from his vacation. Wonder what happened to all the sun-tan he has accumulated this summer. He almost looks like a pale-face from up Nawth.

John Hudson, the guard at the front gate, possibly may not be able to shoot that pistol he carries, but when it comes to throwing rocks he can't be beat. We saw a demonstration he put on the latter part of the week; in fact, we don't see why he'll have to buy any shotgun shells come hunting season.

Charlie Miller, the trusting soul, let us have the controls of his Club Coupe last Sunday. (Veh, Charlie was there too.) We found out that wetting your finger and holding it to the wind is not done to tell which way the wind is from when flying an airplane. Also, never try to get rid of your chewing gum the easiest way while in an airplane. What with two strands of gum around our neck and the rest in our hair we learned our lesson the hard way. Ain't it a good thing we don't chew tobacco?

Well, well, Mrs. Evans missed giving us the Short Smorl news again this week. We pleaded, we threatened, we bribed. It ain't did no good. Looks like she'll look right cute in the dog house.

Have you noticed how nice and plump Tom Davis, Carlstrom Field's "Housekeeper," is getting? Jake Newsome was telling us that come the first cold snap they are thinking of butchering him. Of course "Pop" Myers is on the plump side too, but anybody as old and ugly as he is would be tough.

To tally yours,
Jack

P.S. Overheard from the Link department: "Another day, another dollar, a million days, a million dollars—less with holding tax."

Fond Mother: "Yes, Mary is taking French and algebra. Say good morning to Mrs. Jones in algebra, darling."

"I understand you're looking for a new maid."
"Yes, our last one handled china like Japan."

FLYING INSTRUCTOR
ROBERT C. CHAFFE

Robert Clinton Chaffe, one of Dorr Field's first Flying Instructors, was born in Stanford, Conn., on March 15, 1918. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lee, who reside at 22 Dean St., Worcester, Mass.

Chaffe was graduated from North High School, Worcester, Mass. and attended Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, for three years, specializing in Mechanical Engineering. While there he won the Yankee Ingenuity Scholarship in 1938.

Upon leaving school, he took CPT Flight Training at Worcester Airport over a period of one and a half years. On November 30, 1941, he applied for a position in United States Primary Flight School and was accepted at Carlstrom Field Office.

Upon completing refresher course, Robert was assigned to Dorr Field and started instructing the first class that ever graduated from this field. On November 26, 1942, he was made Assistant Squadron Commander. He states he "ain't" married, but is open to suggestions.

Morr Dorr

Lt. Frank going around explaining to all the neighbors that Mrs. Frank was not beating the children last Friday, that she was only washing their hair much against their wishes. Lt. Kahn passing out the cigars the latter part of the week. Congratulations, Lt. and Mrs. Kahn.

We saw Miss Austin for the first time Wednesday and want to advise that she has red hair just like her Old Man's, but as yet no freckles. Lt. Green heard to remark that he didn't know which way was which after making a bed check the other night. The Lieutenant swears that he must have checked the same barracks twice.

All the best wishes and happiness to Sgt. and Mrs. Johnnie Lambeth who were married last Saturday night in Arcadia. M/Sgt. Sharpe was best man and Major Rupert Smith gave the bride away. From different reports it's still doubtful as to who was the most nervous, the bridegroom or the best man.

We took Sgt. Sharpe to town around noon the day of the wedding and we must say that the Sergeant was a nervous wreck, and it ain't that our ole Lulu Belle ain't a good driving automobile even if she has got two whole turns play in the steering apparatus.

We look for a deep rut to be worn in the ramp from the operations to the No. 2 gate, owing to quite a little bit of walking being done by the cadets. (Please note that said cadets don't do this walking on Saturday and Sunday because of a need of exercise.)
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Eva Mae Lee

Have you noticed an increasing brightness to the day, music in the air and an unaccountable joy in living? Well, it's all due to our own Kay Branlitt back on the job! Of course my elation is purely selfish. I'm returning her Carlstrom Carrousel pen at the end of this page.

Hello and Goodbye

We welcome five new Refreshers this week: Harold Schlenker, Cleveland Heights, Ill.; Ralph Coady, Tampa, Fla.; Ray Cole, Leavenworth, Wash.; David Wilkins, Des Moines, Iowa; and Brents Durrance, Eagle Lake, Fla., who was a Ground School Instructor holding forth on the Theory of Flight here at Carlstrom the early part of 1942.

We'd like to say hello to Instructor Russ Carleton, too, who is back after a two months' leave of absence.

Our fond farewell goes to Squadron Commander Johnnie Ayala on his way to Romulus, Mich., to join the rest of the boys in the Air Transport Command. Bob Davis will take over Squadron V. Congratulations and good luck!

Happy Landings

Class 44-B is on its way to grapple with the BT. Happy landings, fellows! They left their mark last Friday night at their Graduation Dance held in the patio under the beautiful Florida skies. "The Bombardiers of Swing" from Hendricks Field did the honors as cadets, officers and enlisted men tripped the light fantastic with their ladies fair. Lt. Lindsay especially "wowed" 'em with his Terpsichorean adeptness. ($64, please.)

A/C Russell Bishop and his wife were celebrating their second wedding anniversary. The orchestra, in recognition of the happy occasion, played "I Love You Truly" especially for them. Freddie Lewis is evidently back in semi-circulation at least. They tell me she was given quite a rush. Carmen Mizelle wore blackout flowers (those that shine in the dark). Was there method in her madness?

One of the highlights of the Officer Cadet Banquet held Thursday evening was the presentation of the athletic awards by Lt. W. McCormick, Director of Physical Training. The Physical Fitness Award went to A/C Charles E. Sutton of Squadron 1 who hails from Milburn, N. J.

Seen This Week

The long and the short of it: Refresher Edgar Look and Nat Cutler—"Flip" Ball accepting the booby prize—Bob Cross on friendly terms with his razor again—The 44-B Instructors proudly showing off the gifts from their Cadets—Don Juan Burns on the loose—Dorr Instructor Charlie Miller making numerous visits to Carlstrom. Don't worry, Charlie, we'll take good care of your Cub.

Howard Bosken with a burned hand as a result of the hot swamp cabbage served at the barbecue recently—Sgt. Edwin and his imitation of Charles Boyer—Bob Davis giving George Dudley a dizzy ride in his sidecar—Lt. Agnost keeping line formations strictly regulation—Roscio Brinton and Andy Minichiello coming in with wet feet.

Dispatcher Lucille Robertson's daugh-

TER RoOm AT CARLSTROM FIELD

"JUKE-BOX" DANCE AND BUFFET SUPPER

Carlstrom Field Mess Hall and Patio

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9
3:30 to 12:30

Admission Fifty-five Cents Per Person

For all Civilian and Army Personnel of Carlstrom and Dorr Fields (excluding Cadets). Tickets may be obtained from Doug Hocker or Gordon Mougey at Dorr and Eva Mae Lee or Kay Branlitt at Carlstrom.

ter, Adella, accompanied her to work last Saturday to officially close Squadron III for Class 44-B.

State Patrolman Bozeman did his good deed for the day last week by picking up old drivers' licenses and issuing new ones. I wonder why he wouldn't take mine? It elapsed only last March! Alvin Kyle had a bit of trouble finding his license. Every time he dived into his wallet, he came up with a snapshot. They were pretty, too!

Nix on Snap Rolls

Another group of Enlisted Reservists from Dorr and Carlstrom flew to Camp Blanding recently for induction. Everything progressed on schedule. There were only two gripes: Robert Summerall definitely did not like snap rolls; Howard Jamison had to leave his rabbit behind.

Assistant Squadron Commander Walter O'Neill and Instructors Marshall Anderson, D. D. Jones and Frank Archibald made the trip to Bainbridge with this Class to take a look-see at Basic where they were treated royally.

Major Ernest F. Baldwin and Lt. James McGoffin from Maxwell Field, representing the Standardization Committee, paid a two-day visit to the Carlstrom Flight Line last week.

Mary Garrett of the Maintenance department left Monday for Arkansas where her brother, LaMar Albritton, is receiving his coveted wings. LaMar was a Carlstrom Cadet in Class 43-I.

Chief Dispatcher Billy Welles and his father have gone to Georgia for Brother Dickie's graduation from Basic. Dickie was in Carlstrom's Class 43-I.

Did You Know . . .

That Instructor Odena was formerly a professional wrestler, touring the Southwest billed as "The Masked Marvel"? That Donoto Tanguay was a professional hunting guide and that Harry Hess played professional football? That Joe Rabassi is an excellent cook? That Frank Archibald was proficient in motor boat racing? That Everett Hubbard likes gliders so well he tries to glide the PT?

In case you wondered if the switchboard operators had developed a case of deafness, let me explain that a reconstruction job has been going on in the Ad Building. The Postoffice and Mr. Brinton's office will

Continued on Page 10
FIRE FIGHTERS

We wish to extend our thanks to Captain Davis of the Miami Fire Department for the excellent lectures and demonstrations on fire fighting. Also to Tom Davis and Henry B. Graves, Safety Director of Embry-Riddle, we extend thanks, for it was through their efforts that this worthwhile project was made possible.

The meetings were held at the Arcadia Courthouse three nights last week, and Captain Davis did an excellent job of bringing to us the fundamental practices of fire fighting, such as the special problems that arise in case of fire—the uses of rope—tools—and appliances—forcible entry—ventilation and ladder work.

Through the courtesy of the Arcadia Fire Department we were furnished with the truck, hose and water for a demonstration on fire hose—fire streams—handling the nozzle—care of fire hose—and how to couple the hose the quickest and easiest ways.

Each night at the close of the meetings we were shown very interesting pictures which we enjoyed very much. On the last night a picture was shown at the beginning of the meeting on how destructive bombs can be as a fire hazard. How both men and women auxiliary firefighters fight the bomb menace with limited tools at their command was demonstrated in the picture.

Later we were taken to the lawn of the Courthouse square and given a demonstration of the different types of bombs. Captain Davis explained in detail the things to do as well as the things not to do.

In attendance at this meeting were 40 from Carlstrom, six from Dorr Field, four from Nocatee and eight from Arcadia.

Those who attended these meetings found them very interesting and feel that they derived a great deal of valuable knowledge in auxiliary fire fighting from Captain Davis, who passed on to us the helpful information he has gained in years of experience as a fireman.

FORMER CADET MARRIED IN CAIRO

Capt. Nelson Davis, AAF, Cadet Captain of Class 41-I at Carlstrom back in 1941, was married in Cairo March 19. Capt. Nelson, whose home is in Tampa, was graduated from the University of Florida where he played football. He has been awarded the Purple Heart and the Silver Star. Capt. Nelson is pictured with his lovely bride, new Anastasia V. Davis.

CARLSTRONM ATHLETICS

by Lt. Roy J. Weiner

Carlstrom Field gave birth to a brace of new champions last week when Cadet Charles E. Sutton churned his way to win the Class 44-B swimming meet and Cadet Charles W. Reardon outpointed all contestants to cop the 44-C track classic.

Sutton totaled 19 points out of a possible 21 to crown himself King Neptune of the Carlstrom pool. He placed first in the 100 yard free style event with a time of 59, only 1 1/10 second off the Carlstrom record, first in the breast stroke with :35, and second in the back stroke with :35. His threat to the free style record was the most dangerous since it was established.

VARVITY LETTER

A free style specialist, Sutton swam one and one-half years for the Y.M.C.A. at Orange, N. J., after which he captained the Rutgers Frosh men in 1941-42, starring in the 50-yard and 100-yard free style events. So outstanding was his record as a Freshman that he earned a berth on the Rutgers varsity swimming team during the 1942-43 season.

Sutton participated in only two meets before he answered Uncle Sam’s call to the Air Corps, but in his abbreviated performance he garnered enough points to earn his varsity letter.

In 1942 Sutton rang up a quartet of titles, New Jersey Junior A.A.U. Outdoor 50-yard Free Style Champion, member of Junior National A.A.U. long distance team representing the Orange “Y,” member of Eastern Collegiate Freshman Relay team, and sixth place winner in the 50-yard and 100-yard free style events in the National Scholastics.

Second place in the 44-B swimming meet went to Cadet Brad Clark who placed second in both the 100-yard free style and 50-yard breast stroke events. Clark totaled 18 points in the tourney. In third place was Cadet Charles Booth who tied Sutton for second place in the 50-yard back stroke and registered third in both the free style and breast stroke categories. First place in the back stroke was won by Cadet Art Brodsky with :34.

Class 44-C displayed its athletic prowess in the track meet which saw Cadet Charles W. Reardon total 24 points out of a possible 28 to win the championship. He placed first in the 100-yard dash with :10 3/4, 4/10 short of the record, and second in the shot put with a toss of 33 ft. 3 in.

Beantown

A native of Boston, Mass., Reardon matriculated at a beantown high school and at Wentworth Institute, also of Boston. He starred in C.Y.O. football and basketball leagues.

Cadet Leon Tripp placed in the runner-up position with a 22 point total, winning the shot put event with a distance of 40 ft. 9 in. In third place was Cadet James Cassandre with 20 points, broad jump winner with an 18 ft. 4 in. leap. First in the half mile was Cadet John P. Ulrich with a time of 2:09.

Once again two great athletes write Carlstrom history, Sutton and Reardon, each a champion in his specialty.
SALUTE!
by Valerie Tempest Eckart

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 gyrations
Known to modern aviation.

Snap rolls—slow rolls—by the score
Loops—chandelles—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
Invariably he’s hours late.

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 wives sit hours on end—
Talking of them while they’re gone
Wandering 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.

What with all the daily danger
And their conduct ever stranger—
Why—you say—don’t they divorce them?
Brother, you just try and force them.

For to every pilot’s bride
He’s Romance personified.
Glamorous as a movie star—
To their Wives—the pilots are.

There are no “ifs” or “ands” or “buts”
Pilot’s wives are just plain NUTS.

Editor’s Note: We apologize to Valerie Eckart for having left off the “punch lines” when we printed the above poem a few weeks ago. Somehow the last eight lines were lost. The poem now appears in its entirety.
FLURRIES

Mark Twain once wrote of the idiosyncracies of the English, French and German languages. I may not be a second Mark, but I certainly can find plenty of those things in the Portuguese language, to say nothing of our own.

Mama or Papa?
The green grass is O.K., but the grass green is a funny thing. Is grass feminine? Masculine? Why not make green agree? The Moon is feminine, that’s O.K. but how about the Man in the Moon? The Sun is masculine, that is as it should be, but how about Mother Earth? Has she changed for the Portuguese into a Papa?

A man wears a masculine hat, but so do the gals. He wears sapato (m.), but, dear me, he wears camisa, which is feminine, but covers it with a male paletó. He wears calcas, which he tops with a neuter vest, colete. He puts on a camiseta, but, of all things, she wears vestidos.

Literal Lou
We don’t have silly things in our language, or do we? How about the boy from the South—of—here who said he had a “row in his box” when he meant a cold in his chest, and then tried to take the Doctor literally when the dear man said to “open the window and throw out his chest.”

We can’t even get together on our own speech. We Baath, but we go bathing. Oh Desh! The Brazilians say posso, banho, caro, and even do things to those words. Posso, (I can) pronounced pawso, and I was told that the Portuguese O was always long, except—. And caro! Who is talking? You, João? Then caro is O.K., but let Maria say it, and what a laugh.

We don’t contract our direct and indirect objects. Or do we? We are careful to say our words properly; our own language is simple. (How do you spell beer? Bier? Dear?) And, say! Dijetca café today? Yeah!j’ew?

Enough of this stuff, I am going crazy anyhow.

Senhor Bacorsa
O Senhor Bacorsa who gave us such a grand talk on Tuesday was certainly charming, wasn’t he? And clever, too. If you want to have fun, ask Miss Tarboux and Sr. Posso which states they came from and which is the better of the two.

How come some people get away with talking Spanish when the rest of us are learning Portuguese?

Ask Wendling how many new verb forms his 10:45 class has discovered. Why, oh why, when they reformed the language in 1911, didn’t they straighten those verbs out? Vimós—we come, we saw, but as yet we haven’t conquered.

Até Logo,
Natal Nellie

BUY BONDS

FLUTTERS

Noah Webster says: Fresh “Newly produced; not stored or preserved.”

John Paul Riddle says: Democracy “Your way and my way of life.”

Fresh-Democracy: and so we find it at Tech; we know you must all enjoy it.

Arrivals
The Coliseum group arrived Monday, September 20, and there among them was none other than Mike Lojinger, who has done a swell job. Our congratulations!

Campbell, Wentworth and Roberts, the pressure boys from the Battery department, arrived next, showing little sign of wear and plenty of life cycles left. That should help them to understand why the airplane stay up there.

Helvey, with his aide-de-camp, Zeiman, from Basic Engine, landed next; they are the boys who showed them how to “take ’em apart—and put ’em together.”

Jolts or Volts
Brown (not B.B.) Dixon, Nolting and Johnson overcame inertia at this point and moved onto the fifth floor. You’ll remember them; they are the BDNJ boys. (They told them about the Bolts, Dons, Nuts and Jolts or Volts.)

Ha (there are) Krouse and Brown (B.B. one of the Brown Boys) just sliding to a

Continued on Page 13

EXECUTIVE ASSOCIATION LUNCHES AT TECH

"Brut" Carpenter, Purchasing Agent of the Embry-Riddle Co., entertained members of the Executive Association of Greater Miami at luncheon in the Tech School Cafeteria on Saturday, September 25. In the afternoon the group toured the Tech School and the Engine Overhaul Division. The purpose of the association is to provide a meeting place for business men so that they may become acquainted and exchange ideas. Regular meetings are held each Tuesday morning at 7:30 at the El Comedore Hotel.

Continued on Page 13
SATURDAY NIGHT’S ANTILLA ANTICS

Spirits were high at the Antilla Hotel last Saturday night as Embry-Riddleites gathered for another gala evening in the cool of a tropical patio. Guests of honor, who joined the party after dinner at the San Juan, were Mrs. John Paul Riddle, Capt. and Mrs. Leonard J. Povey and Nate Reece, Jr., whom we were glad to have down from Arcadia, Vice-President George Wheeler and Gene Bryan, Carl Anderson, newest addition to our Miami group, Mr. and Mrs. David Beatty of Tech and Helen Burkart, Secretary to Mr. Riddle. Having all these people with us at one time was a nice treat, and we trust they will plan many return visits.

Manpower

Something special in the way of manpower arrived in the form of eight RAF and AAF cadets from Riddle Field. Escorting a group of our dormitory girls, they made up a party which would add zest to anything social.

Edith Chapman with Mike Hills, Janet Williams with Ted Maloney, Jo Sessions with Sammy Crook, Dorothy Moran with Jack Tagg, Ruth Selby with Frankie Adams, Betty Barton with Douglas Butler and Frankie Gilmen with Eric Tiller made up couples we’d like to see more of.

Personable Cadet Charlie Hughes dropped in early “for just a moment” but must have found the stag line not so bad after all, ’cause he was still with us when the orchestra broke out with “Good Night Ladies.”

Family Conspiracy

Sporting a very becoming soft green gown, “Boss” Fletcher spent most of the evening conspiring against sister Florrie Gilmore. Note to Florrie: You know you don’t like green, so why not give up and let Wain have the dress for keeps?

Slave for the duration, besides me, was Margaret Walker of the Library whom, we’ve decided, could release a toll bridge keeper to Uncle Sam. Just try to get by her! P.S.—Len Povey did. We just received a note from him with four dollars enclosed! Also on the working end of things was Instructor “Red” Duncan, whom we’d recommend to handle any soft drink concession. We’ll count on you again next time, “Red.”

At this point may we be so unethical as to use the press for a purely personal gripe. The column and I just talked things over and we decided that we’re not adept at handling microphones. The next time Syd Burrows leaves us flat with one, we’re going to use it for slanderous purposes. But, in sotto voice, Syd, we’ll admit that you and Karen were good in that rhumba contest and we can’t blame you much for trading bandshell for dance floor.

Mrs. G. T. Richards, our Miss Alice, had a previous social engagement, but she sneaked away to join us and maintain her record of never missing an Embry-Riddle party. Another latester was lovely Lorraine Bosley of Tech.

Thumbs Down

It’s thumbs down on all you Chapman Fielders except Jimmie Goodrich and the Missus. You missed a cooking good time, but we haven’t one bit of sympathy for you. Guess we really should put “Cookie” in the dog house. But since she’s running a race with the love-bug, we’ll spare her this time.

Riddle Field and Miami got together at one hilarious table when Instructors Joe Pelgal and Joe Garcia came with Lil Clayton of Ben Turner’s office and Betty Harrington.

Two dance contests, sponsored by George Wheeler, gave Grace Roome and Maureen Molino of the parachute department a chance to show us how the experts rhumba the South American way and provided a winning North American jitterbug follow-up ably done by Helene Hirsch of Tech and Larry Hall of the Opa-Locka Naval Air Base.

In our jitterbug champions’ party were Helene’s sister, Betty Hirsch of the Colonade, with Paul Kennington of Opa-Locka, Aldra Watkins of Purchasing, Bruce Fowler of Opa-Locka and Sgts. Chance and Christie of Tech.

We had been looking forward for a long time to meeting the hubbies of Helen Burkart and Fredda Poitevin, also of Mr. Riddle’s office. And Saturday night we were happy to greet half the duo. Fredda’s attractive husband made his debut, and we want Clifton to know he’s always welcome wherever Embry-Riddle convenes for fun and frolic. Helen tells us that her Bob had to put business before pleasure; but the next time pleasure is in the offing, he’ll be sure to have a free evening hidden away in the sugar bowl.

Karen Draper, our Aviation Advisor, is an “old faithful” who never fails to attend and bring people we enjoy knowing along with her. We’d like to say “come again” to Cliff Zeiger, Lt. and Mrs. Dan Greene and Lt. and Mrs. Rene Parnell of the U. S. Navy.

Conscience got the best of Chauffelettes Dottie Wells and Rae Lane last week. They had made plans to attend a dance in Hollywood before our Antilla Antics-to-be were announced, but loyalty came to the fore and prompted them to rush to Hollywood, gather up their two Marines, Lt. Makeley and Lt. Smith, and dash back to Miami. Good girls.

Transportation Trippers

Also from Transportation were Myllion Webster and Kay Dean. Kay’s little sister, Muriel Loertscher, newest messenger at the Colonade, made her first appearance at the dances.

An unexpected pleasure was the arrival of Sgt./Lt., Freddie Hill and F/Lts. Gibson, Cask and Trewin of Riddle Field. We hope to see all of you again at Wings Parade.

Dancers extraordinary Maxine Bare and Harry LeRoy of Tech did their usual bit of poetry in rhythm on the dance floor. They’re always so good we like to “sit this one out” when we see them heading toward the floor. ‘Tis nicer to watch them than many a professional exhibition we’ve witnessed.

Guests of Harry and Maxine were newlyweds Sgt. and Mrs. Harry Huey. Mrs. Huey is the former Marion Woods, who was a Recreation Director at Flamingo Park, Miami Beach, for several years.

The Spotlight

Spotted here and there were Mickey and Betty Lightholder, formerly of Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Instructor Dixon of Tech, W. C. Beckwith, Superintendent of Instrument Overhaul, Capt. Larkin of the Technical Training Command at Embry-Riddle and Paul Baker of the Parachute department.

We really don’t see how Portuguese Instructor Charlie Maydwell does it, but every time we saw him, he was doing some nice little thing for someone. Congenial and fun-loving, Charlie has made himself a “must” when p-a-r-t-i-y spells Embry-Riddle.
ARMY NEWS

A doubles tennis feud is going on between the teams of Major Oliver H. Clayton, Lt. L. H. McCausen, Capt. J. A. Larkin and Lt. J. B. Cooper. Some high-class tennis is being displayed by these officers.

Class 26-43-A-2 had their graduation exercises on Saturday, September 25. Several impromptu speeches were given by members of the graduating class, and the ceremony was closed with a speech by Lt. R. S. Cline, his last speech at the school as he has been transferred.

26-43-A-2

Ellis R. Snathers hails from Canton, N. C. He attended Canton High School, where he played baseball. He had a few years of experience working for Western Auto Supply Co. and hopes after the War to have a store of his own.

Thomas McNiff, age 20, comes from Queens, N. Y., where he went to Newton High School, in civilian life he did clerical work. He especially likes the course he is taking here and expects to continue in same after the War.

Donald White, Charlotte, N. C., graduated from Oakhurst High School. At the age of 19, he had his own grocery business. He played baseball while at high school and is quite a follower of the sport.

Physical Training

A full-time one hour schedule of Physical Training has been set up by Lt. L. H. McCausen and S/Sgt. Edward Sulkowski to really whip the military students into fine physical condition. When they leave here they will be sufficiently able-bodied to take on most strenuous work in winning the War.

A Physical Fitness Test is given each class. This test, taken in complete fatigue uniform, consists of pull-ups, sit-ups and the shuttle-run which is 300 yds. To get a satisfactory mark, one must do at least 35 sit-ups, 8 pull-ups, and the shuttle-run in 53 seconds or less. Thus far Class 26-43-E, which graduated approximately four weeks ago, has the best percentage, with 85 per cent getting satisfactory marks.

26-43-A-1

The luckiest soldier of Class 26-43-A-1 was Pfc. John Gooldby whose destination as he dashed through the gate every evening at 6:00 sharp was a class mystery. After investigation, it was found that John’s home was only five blocks from the Tech School.

Pfc. Vito F. Barbara of Chicago is enjoying his fifteen weeks’ course in Engine Mechanics. He was formerly a truck driver.

Before Pfc. Edward Boleneck joined the Air Forces he drove a tractor-trailer.

Pfc. Francis C. Mixon of Savannah, Ga., was an electric welder with a Southern military shipyard. He regrets that his course is ending soon and hopes he may be sent to another place as fine as Embry-Riddle.

Maybe You’re Next

Sgt. Robert W. Weir, another one of our former students, stopped in last Thursday for a short visit to see his former instructors and to express his appreciation and gratitude for the training he received while a student here. He feels that this training he received at Embry-Riddle is responsible for his later success.

Weir graduated on September 19, 1942, with Class 3-42-E as a Private, and besides his stripes, he also has earned his wings and the title of Aerial Engineer. Proudly he wears a medal for marksmanship as an Aerial Gunner and on Monday, September 20th, 1943, Sgt. Weir started training to become an instructor in Aerial Gunnery.

On behalf of the School, we wish to congratulate Sgt. Weir on such a commendable record and to extend our very best wishes for his continued success.

Our best wishes and regards to you, Sgt. Weir, and to all of the former Embry-Riddle students stationed with you at Buckingharn Field, Ft. Myers, Fla. We hope you will again come back to see us.

THANKS!

We of Class 26-43-A-1 feel that we have been greatly honored by being sent to the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation. We are better equipped to serve our country. The kindness and thoughtfulness of our instructors, officers and non-commissioned officers will remain with us. With deep appreciation, we wish to thank everyone.

Pfc. Grady W. Spires, Class Leader

WAR STAMP WINNER

If the Army boy in this picture who is sporting a hole will report to the Army Office at the Tech School, he will receive $5.00 in War Stamps.

FLUTTERS

Continued from Page 11

stop, looking for someone who will discuss Ohms Law, we’ll betcha.

We thought we had our feet on the ground by this time when who should we meet but the Maestro Sprague, ready to inform us of the gremlins (pardon, we mean gerunds) that infest the English language. Thanks for the help, chief, we sure can use it.

Our old friends, the three mus-ke-teers, claim there is plenty to show us and advised us to get ready to study Physmetrics—Engine flights. Then who do you think we met? Well you guessed it, “The Interpreters.”

Webster Says

Noah Webster says: “Interpreters” One who can explain or tell the meaning of; translate, elucidate” with calm endurance, and you can say that again.

We then found Miss Tarboux who knows her Portuguese from way back because “She was dere Sharlie!” And say, there’s Miss Carleton who not only knows her Portuguese but can tell you why, what for and how much costs it. (She belongs to the Portuguese Club.)

We found a new system of teaching being tried by Mr. Wendling, who teaches Portuguese with the modern method, that is by an exchange in pressure levels, from a high to a low level with us on the low level.

This week we salute Senhorita Moore, who will help us with Portuguese. Miss Moore was born in Juiz-de-Fora, Brazil, and has attended college in the United States since 1938. Miss Moore’s father has been a missionary in Brazil for some time and now heads the Theological Department in Sao Paulo.

Let us take this opportunity of welcoming each and every one of you to Tech. It is our hope and wish that you will all be enriched by your associations here. We are happy to have you. Good luck to you all.

Lest We Forget

Back the Attack: Buy a Stock in the game of: Slap the Sapi Buy and Buy Bonds now! Today!”
Colonnade

by Maxine Hurtt

It's a well known fact that typewriters have a funny habit of just not writing unless there's someone behind them kind of pushing them along, and sitting here staring at a blank sheet of paper the very first thing this nice fall morning doesn't seem to be helping matters one bit! I'm all for inventing some kind of an apparatus that'll run around and gather news from all these "No news today" people, then do your thinking for you ... not to mention writing it! But since I can't seem to find anyone who has any ideas ... here goes me!

Christmas Packages

The most important news of all ... Helen finally, after using all of that charm ... got those Xmas packages in the mail! But what turned out to almost be a tear jerker ... the day she mailed them, the local dime stores blossomed forth with loads and loads of boxes that are just the correct dimensions! Mr. Young took one look at them and breathed a sigh of relief! We can't blame him either, because the majority of the female population at the Colonnade are all doing their Xmas shopping early this year!

You can bet your sweet life that the Colononaders will be ready to handle any emergency in the way of fires! We had a fire extinguishing practice in the back of the building the other day with all departments represented, under the capable supervision of Henry B. Graves, our Safety Director. The object was to familiarize these representatives with the fire extinguisher in case an emergency should arise. The men made a good showing with no mishaps...showering only the half dozen small fires and not each other as is so often the case.

Varnar Back

Personnel Director Emmett B. Varnar has returned from Edgewater Park, Miss., where he attended a conference and workshop for Personnel Directors of the Seventh area, which includes the six southeastern states. Among the consultants and speakers at the meeting were such notables as Brig. Gen. William C. Rose, Chairman of Executive Service of the War Manpower Commission, Russell Grunly, Chairman of the Personnel Division of the Carnegie Illinois Steel Co., Dr. Dale Yoder, author of "Personnel Manpower and Industrial Relations," and many others. We're glad to have you back, Mr. Varnar, but it's nice to have Embry-Riddle represented at these meetings!

Maurice Molino of the Parachute department has a very lovely visitor. His sister, Aimee, came all the way from Havana, Cuba, to visit him, and I understand he's going back with her to return the visit. Why don't you just keep her here, Maurice?

Perhaps these next few paragraphs shouldn't even be started, because they actually deserve a whole column all by themselves! While a most sincere congratulation is in order, it has a very sad side also. It seems like no time at all since we welcomed Donald Peck from Dorr Field, who was to be our new Employment Manager, and now it's time to say goodbye to him! Mr. Peck is leaving us for the Technical Division to handle certain personnel problems in connection with the Brazilian program, taking with him lovely Margaret de Pamphilis.

Many Talents

Besides his many important duties with the Company, Mr. Peck finds time to conduct a college credit course at the University of Miami in Personnel Management and Industrial Relations. We wish you all the luck in the world in your new job, Mr. Peck.

Stepping into Mr. Peck's shoes is a man who needs no introduction. Norris Clay has been with us a little over a year (when interviewing him, he says the year doesn't include the time he spent sitting in the reception office before going to work!) and the friends he's made during that time are too numerous to count.

He has done a commendable job as Chief Employment Clerk and Interviewer and there isn't a doubt that he will do equally as well in the capacity of Employment Manager. So, for all of your friends throughout Embry-Riddle, I'll just appoint myself as a committee of one to tell you how happy we are for you, Mr. Clay, and I know you'll have the hearty cooperation of everyone concerned!

Pretty Trio

Welcome to those three pretty new faces on the second floor! They belong to Andre Burt and Evelyn McKenna of Accounting and Marie Kargol of Auditing! Whee! With all the new help, maybe Kay will have a breathing space to use up scouting around for some news for me! Huh, Kay? What about it?

That green-eyed monster had a hard time keeping itself out of sight the other day! That lucky Ann Park had a cablegram all the way from Africa! But who could blame me for wishing I'd been on the receiving end of it?

Honest, this is the end! And can you imagine... only two hours past deadline! Maybe this will be an incentive for Helen to take over again... surely she appreciates me enough to keep me out of that dog house! Wouldn't you think so?

SAFETY ISLANDS

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

The above is the winner of the contest for a regular heading for this column. It was submitted by Jay T. Hunley of Eastern Air Lines, husband of the Safety Director's secretary. The $5.00 award is going to Mr. Hunley.

If this column appears next week, someone will have to pinch-hit for its regular editor. He leaves Saturday to attend the 32nd Annual National Safety Congress and Exposition in Chicago, which is being held on the 5th, 6th and 7th of October. On the return trip, your Safety Director is spending a few days at Union City for his first and long belated visit to Embry-Riddle Field.

Night Flight

Last night the Safety Director and Dr. Hoecker of the U. S. Public Health Service took a flight in the cockpit of a Military Transport Division C-46 operated by Eastern Air Lines.

The purpose of the flight was to take cockpit air samples and emanation check with the Quartz Fibre Electroscope to test what, if any, hazard is offered flying crews by the radium present in luminous paint on the myriad control instruments located there.

Tests in the Embry-Riddle dial painting room and those of Pan American Airways and Eastern Air Lines indicate that safety equipment and working conditions provided are ample to assure safety for operators. It is well, however, to remember that a guarded buzz-saw will still cut off the fingers of a careless workman or one who fails to follow operating rules.

A successful fire drill on September 10th at Riddle Field demonstrated the value of the training given to the fire brigades organized by Assistant Manager B. H. Buxton, who, along with his brigade members, deserves congratulations for his hard work and interest in this fire protection program.

Chapman Field is now complete with two distinct hose units which will enable them to augment their emergency equipment by water streams from two hydrants supplied from the water tower on the adjacent Agricultural station property.
A. D. D.'s
by Dorothy Keyser

Not many fresh iron's on the fire this week except that Dorothy Goyer threw up her hands in despair and passed the buck to yours truly who'll do her best. Just bear with me 'cause here goes nothing.

Our classes seem to have caused a little comment and one or two chuckles here and there. We can take the kidding, but we want all to know that we're very serious about it. Glancing over the results, the efforts of our Professors, Lt. Bacon and Mr. Porter, haven't been wasted. Yep, we're an honor class. And what with those classes every morning and our weekly meetings, one can say that we are kept on our toes.

Continental Factory

Just got back from lunch with a couple of our inspectors, Jack Salter and Arthur Rubin, recently returned from their education-seeking at the Continental Factory at Muskegon, Mich., where they observed their fellow man at work and maybe picked up a few new ideas. Welcome home, fellows, we missed you.

A good looking gal is always news, which puts a few of our girls on the front page. Let's take a look around and get an eyeful. Over on my immediate left we have the members of the staff who have been here for ages: Irma Dienes, Sally Squiracca and Florence Love, a trio best described as charming and very business-like.

Foursome

On my right is Mildred Brooks, who just came over from Aircraft where she's busily working on an inventory. Miss her chattering and her helping hand, Dot Goyer, Dot Shelnut, Sally Johnstone and Katherine Kerr just walked in for our regular weekly meeting. They make up an interesting foursome.

Before me I see our newest additions: Dorothy Huggins, Mary Marelinish, Betty Ferguson and Naomi Dieterly. Dot and Betty have fit well into the dnt made by the departure of your friends and mine, Lois Whitenack and Marie Kielitz. We can't forget Pat McNamara who certainly merits special mention, for she's tops on everyone's list.

A Bit Shy

We also have a new male addition to our staff in the person of Ed Johnson. We welcome the lad, who seems a little shy now, but wait 'til he gets to know us.

I haven't given sufficient mention to the rest of our male gang, but I plan to hash them out next week, with the proviso that I'm able to pass the buck on by then.

Out of the front row balcony . . . "Don't forget to tell these people that although we manage to have our fun and keep the laughs flying, we're a hard working group and plenty proud of the work we have accomplished."

CHAPMAN CHATTER
by Lola Hayes

With memories of the dog house, with "Cookie" threatening me bodily harm, and with the deadline staring me in the face, it is high time I hit the keys. (Maybe we are all in the dog house for our lack of attendance at the party Saturday night.) There just never are enough Saturday nights in a weekend. We promise to more than redeem ourselves at the next party and only hope that it will be at the Deauville, with a moon over Miami.

New Juke Box

Any visitor would note with glee our new Nickelodeon. We have selections to please everyone. And while we're in the Canteen we might mention that we do miss Walt Carlisle's delicious pies and that real home cooking.

Jack Jacks, formerly with the CCP Base here, looks competent enough working on a plane — and he'll be flying them soon.

The new Paint department is buzzing with feverish activity these days. Mr. Rolfins is making good sign painters out of Mary Sylvester and Bridgett Culczycki. Their aptitude is good. They are only kidding about making good dishwashers. We will soon have all offices and personnel properly labeled. This department is really organized for efficiency.

Ready Room Rumpus

From the Instructor's Ready Room we gathered such news as George Maxey's new 0 to 220 rating. Jim Pollard vacationing in Tampa. Tom Moxley taking a busman's holiday flying instruments. Smitty's protege, Charlie Close from Arcadia, has an instrument rating. And just in case the lights should fail, Mac Campbell's nose, and burned from flying the low-wing Fairchild.

Congratulations to Jinkie Eastman and Tommy Jacobs: twas wedding bells. And just off the assembly line a baby boy for the Bill Brendells, and another for the Johnny Fouches, all well remembered former Riddle-ites.

Geechee Accent

Did you ever notice Mary Sylvester's Geechee accent? The Christmas Spirit everyone is talking about already? Lee Maxey's nerves? Log books on sale at the Stockroom?

The inevitable really happened. Two people had to go home and bring their identification pictures with them. We have a real guard detail out here now. So be warned.

This will be our only opportunity to say goodbye to Class 44-C Intermediate. We wish them lots of luck at Pre-Flight.

We are glad to see Sterling Camden back from his business trip north and know that if weather reports mean anything we can understand why he is glad to be back.

Edith Chapman

Edith Chapman, former majorette who twirled the baton for Plant City High School, is now beating the band for the War effort.

She is taking a radio communications course at Tech and hopes to help meet the manpower shortage by filling a position in an air field control tower or in a radio station after completing her training. She is interested also in flying and hopes to become a pilot after the War.

Delta Delta Sigma

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Delma Chapman, 302 East Calhoun Street, Plant City, she was graduated last year from Plant City High School, where she was a majorette for four years. During her last year, she led the band and taught five new girls to become majorettes. She was a member of the Delta Delta Sigma Sorority and is one of its former presidents.

One of her favorite hobbies is horseback riding, and she has two horses of her own, "Brownie" and "Tommie," which are kept on the family farm outside of Plant City.

Unlike the average person, another hobby is writing letters, and she keeps up a steady correspondence with boys who are now in the army and with other friends who have gone away to college.

Edith is enthusiastic about her work in the radio course and her life here in Miami. She is living at the Embry-Riddle dormitory for girls in Coral Gables.

She is proud of her brother's part in the War effort. Cpl. Delma Chapman, Jr. is in the Army Air Forces, serving as an aerial engineer.
When Jack Hopkins asked me to be his guest editor for this week I was very dubious about taking on the job. There is usually a catch in Hoppy’s extra half-hour jobs, but not usually so big a catch as this one. I must congratulate him; he did it very well, presenting me with a typewriter the afternoon he left and also a sheaf of paper and some consoling words to the effect that four pages would be quite sufficient.

Have Fun
Here’s wishing you a good leave, Hoppy, from all at Riddle Field, including your Link pupils and guest editors!

Judging from the defensive attitude adopted by Course 16, they are finding the mosquitoes great competitors for the night air over Riddle; it is true, they are persistent, but not so bad as that first night.

Course 15 finish their pre-wings exams this week and next week Course 16 start their primary wings exams.

Course 15 begin night flying next week when Primary will go back onto general day flying.

Next week Course 16 will move into the two barrack blocks on the west side of the swimming pool and tennis courts to make room for the incoming Course, which is expected to arrive very shortly.

Lynwood D. Blount, Assistant to the Chief Link Instructor, recently received a letter from his brother, Pte. Marvin Blount, who has been “Somehow in England” with the Army Air Corps for the past 17 months. He said, “I can’t imagine your being an Instructor training British Cadets so close to home. I enjoy your Fly Paper very much, especially reading the letters from the pilots you have helped train who are back here in England now.”

Wilkinson Brothers
The following article was printed in an English newspaper recently, and concerns James and Joseph Wilkinson, brother graduates with Course 12. Jimmy was also an Associate Editor on the Fly Paper staff while here.

“To have two sons in the R.A.F. is a distinction which probably many mothers can claim. To have two sons, each of whom has become a sergeant-pilot—who both trained together and were awarded their ‘wings’ at the same time—is something which probably has not often happened, in Rossendale at any rate. It has, however, happened at Rawtenstall. The two younger sons of Mrs. Margaret Wilkinson, of 110, Haslingden Old-road, are new Sergt.-Pilot James Wilkinson and Sergt.-Pilot Joseph Wilkinson. Both are old students of the Bacup and Rawtenstall Grammar School. Joseph, the elder, was, before the war, employed by Mr. Jackson, grocer, of Bank-street, and James was employed in the office of the Cotton Cellulose Co. Joseph joined up in 1940 and James followed him in 1942. Both brothers travelled across the Atlantic together to the U.S.A., and eventually found themselves in Florida, where they underwent intensive training as pilots. They speak very highly of the reception they received and of the hospitality of the American people.

“Not all their time, however, was spent in actual training. An occasional leave gave them the opportunity of seeing New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other maritime cities of the eastern seaboard of the U.S.A., and they managed to squeeze in a short trip to Tennessee. The return journey across the Atlantic was uneventful—still another tribute to the might of the Navy and R.A.F. acting in consort for conveying ships. James, to whom a ‘Free Press’ man spoke during the week, is an enthusiastic airman. His ambition is to become a fighter pilot, and if the opportunity of remaining in the R.A.F. is given to him after the war he will take it. ‘There’s nothing to beat it,’ he says.”

Course 16
Two Flights, A. and B of Course 16, started night flying last week. The other two Flights, their once slight enthusiasm damped by the line-shooters, have just commenced the ordeal.

Cross countries have just about finished. After a hectic whole day’s flying last Saturday by C and D Flights, it could readily be called a “Dispatcher’s nightmare.”

The whole of Course 16 join me in wishing Course 14 the best of luck for the future; good hunting and happy landings. May their stay in Canada not be “too long.”

“Underdogs”
With the passing out of Course 14 and with the arrival of Course 17 within the next few days we are now, thank goodness, no longer the “underdogs.”

I’m sure Course 16 will, only too willingly, back up Course 15’s reception for the new Course with all the “Horrors” of No. 5 FBTS, especially one particular aeroplane—the P.T. 17 and its persistence to ground-loop—you’re telling who?

Congratulations to the members of Course 14 who compiled their Listening Out—a jolly good effort.

We welcome the appointment of P/Lt. Trewin as Entertainments Officer. He has the backing of our Course in his Entertainments Revolution of Riddle Field. He’s called for volunteers from each Course to form a committee, so pick or conscript your members, boys.
COURSE 15

This last week, that of the pre-wings exams, has seen in Course 15 a certain amount of "flap" but very little indication of anyone doing very much about it. The knowledge that the results of the examinations are not decisive seems to have provided comfort for many who have found bed or tennis more to their liking than the Intelligence Room and a spot of "huffing and puffing." With Course 14 taking their final exams and the appearance of their grand Listening Out issue, we view our own progress with the second lap of the course somewhat critically, perhaps, with an eye to the next lap and our prospects of coming through with a clean sheet.

A.T. Reasonable

So far the A.T. has treated us very well, behaving right from the beginning in a much more reasonable manner than did the P.T. To date there has been no major mishap and our numerical strength has suffered little change. May it remain so! We all look forward to this next and last lap when we will sport little red flashes in our caps and when the course will be split up to allow a plentiful supply of solo ships.

Along with promotion to the position of senior course comes the privilege of being able to visit Palm Beach or Miami every week-end; this last is looked upon as being the greatest by far of the advantages enjoyed by senior courses.

Out of the Attic

One day last week when looking through an old file I came across the following short verse. I read it through, not without difficulty as it was written on a rather torn scrap of paper and had obviously been very hurriedly scribbled down.

Headed "Gen Man," it had a familiar taste about it and I showed it to one or two of my friends who immediately advocated the printing of same in the Fly Paper. Here is the verse in question for your perusal:

"GEN" MAN

Submitted by Course 15

We have a little fellow here now, working 'long of us,
Who always likes to argue and whose mouth is never shut;
He knows well all the answers and will always end as thus—
"That's the Gen, boy! That's the Gen!"

We have a little fellow here now, working 'long of us
Whose Gen is always Bukka and whose Gen
is never Diffi,
He loves to tell us how and why and who and where and when;
"That's the Gen, boy! That's the Gen!"

This funny little fellow who is working 'long of us
Is really rather useful even when his voice is rough;
His wisdom and his guesses they are good enough for us.
"They're the gen, boy! They're the Gen!"

He tells tales of 1 and me and what they did on leave,
But never, never, no absolutely never can we believe
That what he says of I can really be!
"Is that the Gen, boy? Is that the Gen?
Two little Gen men how horrid that would be;
Can it, could it, I mean have we got his number, well
Some have doubts just now and then.
"That's the Gen, boy! That's the Gen!"

This verse becomes too pointed so now I'll make an end:
Its purpose is just playful, it is not to offend,
But should the cap fit snugly and should a conscience simmer,
Then shoot a line that's not too long, and you may shoot a winner!
"That's the Gen, boy! That's the Gen!"

SMILES OF COURSE 16

Reading from left to right are Cadets Franks, Spencer, Sutton, Manners, Wood, Martin, Pullen and Orchard

BRAZIL

Continued from Page 3

ports in value, with the deficits always made up by loans from industrial England. Gold had become something of the past in the exhausted rivers, creeks and fields of immediate surroundings of the towns. Sugar and tobacco had begun to feel the competition of other countries and colonies. Cotton, native to Brazil, could no longer compete with the mechanized methods adopted by the cotton industry in the United States.

Coffee Cultivation

Brazil turned to domestic industries and to the cultivation of coffee. From 1844 to 1859, in exactly six years, about fifty small factories sprang up in Brazil. Viscount of Mana, Brazilian founder of Brazilian economy and economic genius of Latin America, gave the country its first industrial spur between 1850 and 1870 and also reorganized our banking system, developed our first railroads and improved our ports. Immigration from Europe, at the same time, gave Brazil the necessary labor for the development of new cultivations. Fortunes were made overnight.

Continued in next issue

2nd/O Jed Coleman, Primary Instructor at Riddle Field
ALLOVER OVERHAUL
CARLSTROM FIELD
by Bleeka Kister

Here we go again. With fingers crossed, I roamed around the shop at large and what do you think I got out of it—well, exactly nothing. From everyone I mobbed for news for our column came the same answer, “Bleeka, I cannot think of a thing.” So I guess it’s up to Pappy and me to see that we have a column of some sort, but what can we write about this week?

Maybe we can say Jeanne Mack is back from a happy vacation spent in Tampa and judging by some of the cards received from her while over there, she really had a swell time.

Nellie LaMarra, a former Riddle-ite, left for Roselle, N. J., Saturday to become the bride of Ray Pries, an employee of Carlstrom Overhaul prior to his induction into the Army. All join in wishing Nellie and Ray the very best of luck and happiness.

Rena Waters is back on the job looking hale and hearty but minus “appendix.” Welcome back, Rena.

MY DAZE
by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

8:00 a.m.—Dash to the desk and grab the pen. It always looks well to have a pen or pencil in your hand at all times. Gives the impression of hard labor. Make up the daily report.

8:30 a.m.—Out to the spots where the real work is being done. Pause to watch Glenn, Cochran, McCaleb and the others in Final Assembly hard at work putting things and gadgets on wings and tail groups.

Past the Welding department and Cub assembly where Pits Ingram and his gang put the precision jig fitted Cub components together. It is really a pleasure to see how easily the parts go together (Cub style).

Note to Pitts: I have a 15 lb. sledge guaranteed to make any part slide in place, also an 18 in. tapered drift. Pause to watch Frank Barba stroke his long hair; he combs it with a towel.

A good morning to Al Benson in the Sheet Metal department. Stop to talk to Leo Courson and his gang of beauties working on ailerons. We note the absence of several girls who are temporarily at the Tech School. Also note great vacancy usually occupied by “Giggles” Wells, now on vacation in Columbus, Ohio.

On to where Thomas and Ulrich are still attempting to make a piece of metal 11 in. by 13 in. fit a hole 12 in. by 12 in. and another hole 1 in. by 1 in. What they need is a good welder.

Next to the Covering room to see Mrs. Daniels and her family. Of course, the real reason we do that is to cool off in the air conditioned room. We still are trying to figure some excuse to move our office into the room.

WAREHOUSE FLASH!

It has been announced that James B. Koger, Assistant Purchasing Agent, now is in complete charge of operations and records of the Warehouse and will report directly to Arthur Carpenter, Purchasing Agent.

MILWAUKEE'S ENGINE OVERHAUL

Charles F. Grafflin, General Manager of Engine Overhaul, inspects work of production worker Lena Cochran
READING ROOM OPEN

The Reading Room in the Tech School Library will remain open each night. Fiction books and magazines of general interest will be available.

when a California dew fell on her on the way to work.

The shop’s skating group reports they are black and blue in various places after their first skating party, but they are all raving to go again Friday night. All those interested see “Angel” Trout in the Stencil department.

Seeing Fanny Feldman’s pigtails the other day reminded us of school days and the ink well. Bill and Jewell and “Shorty” and Catherine have their own dance hall across the street from the plant. At least they believe in adding rhythm to lunch.

A couple of the girls spent their noon hour delving into the inner recesses of their minds trying to uncover the names of two of the 48 states. Can you name them all? Try it sometime.

How about the guy who puts a spray gun on each end of an air hose and expects to spray with them?

And so to work.

Tech Talk

by Donald H. Grubbs

Senhor Stewart and Senhor Copland walk slowly by then suddenly break into a run — slowly again — run again, all the while transfixing this person with a stony glare and mumbling! As they do not froth at the mouth (much) I conquer my trepidation and ask, “What goes with you, Senhor?” “Stew” comes back “De viaga, de pressa, Livraria.” To which I snappily reply, “El camara de gasolina! El fumar, la derriere maintenant gesundheit!” George crumples to the floor quietly. Must find out what we are talking about sometime!

Language Lingo

Feeling somewhat pleased with myself after this display of erudition, I stalk away and encounter Messers Aydelott, Nolting and Brown. “Of course Gaelic would be understood even though spoken by a Breton fisherman to an Irish publican, but, naturally, the infection would vary,” says Senhor Nolting. “Well I don’t know,” replies Aydelott, “English, German and Scandinavian are all Teutonic tongues, but an Englishman could hardly understand a Norwegian.”

Senhor Brown, having noticed my approach at this point, makes significant motions in my direction, whereupon this cheery little group promptly finds somewhere else to go. For lack of someone to annoy, I sit me down and consider such events as come to what I fondly term my mind.

—“Sandy” Saunders staring out the window at the engine change line and muttering, “Who’d believed it! Who’d believed it!”

—Truman “Skinny” Gile’s uncanny luck with Jack Berry’s fishing rod. — Jack Berry’s uncanny luck with that “ham and cheese.” (Boy! was it rough!) — Bob Hinkers loudly proclaiming that shark meat is just as good as mackerel. (Did you really eat that thing, Bob?)

Downfall

—The downfall of the mighty Corpo de Baco 6½ at the hands of the Aircraft team.

—The downfall of the mighty Aircrafters (finally) at the hands of the Continentals.

—Harry LeRoy explaining how to break a flat spin by climbing out on a wing and jumping up and down. — Senhor Hubbell in a swivet because metallic sodium filled valves are loosely called “salt cooled valves.”

— Mari Hess in a swivet over Iso-metric illustrations. — Several of us fellows in a swivet over the wink that invariably accompanies a greeting from Mari Hess!

They Asked For It

— Bill Nolting and Bee Bee Brown requesting an explanation of the condenser in the secondary circuit of a mag, which ended in an explanation of same to the requestee.

— Zed Aydelott’s aspersion upon the veracity of one Don Grubbs, who is, in the opinion of this writer, a stumpy character and the soul of integrity.

— Bill Burton’s ability to discourse ably and authoritatively on everything in general and anything in particular.

— How nice it is to have Mike Lojinger and his Coliseum crew up here on the fifth floor with us.

—Ireland Jive

— The way the joint was jumping when Maestro Ireland made the piano give one noon hour. How about a repeat order of the jive, Maestro?

— How the sudden quiet fell when Don Sprague reminded everyone that 10 to 12 was a “study period.”

— Why is it that X10 bowling ball won’t go where you aim it?

— Last but not least, the dismayed expression on Dorothy Burton’s face when she sees what she brought upon herself when she secured this guest writer!

Mickey Fairchild

Assisting in the offices of Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women, and Grover Gish, Sales department, will be Miss Mickey Fairchild of Philadelphia, Penna.

THE SHEEPSKIN

Having completed their course in Civil Engines, Merle H. Long, right, and his twin brother, Earle, are presented their diplomas by James E. Bickley, Director of the Tech School. The Long boys are from Charleston, S. C. They hope to take additional training.

TECHNICALITIES A LA GRUBBS

Instructor Donald H. Grubbs shows Edith Johnston, former instructor in Military Engines, how a cam drum works in an engine.
Graduation of Class 25-43-A2

by Gordon Dixon

The enthusiasm of Class 25-43-A2 ran high September 25th on the momentous day of graduation and especially at the banquet tendered them by Embry-Riddle. All afternoon excitement swirled as girl friends, sweethearts and a few parents arrived. There was much bantering and laughter, but here and there a couple sat apart just holding hands and looking at each other, the hour of parting already casting its shadow before.

An opening song (and after months of singing and marching in the sun and rain how these soldiers can give out!) was led by Adolph Seerth with Truman Lord at the piano.

Then our Military Registrar, George Ireland, took over the controls. He delivered a short but stirring message to the class and called on Senorita Mercedes Ibor and her sister, Maria, for a beautifully rendered Cuban song. The two girls appeared as guests of Dr. Alfredo Del Valle, professor of Spanish.

Mr. Ireland introduced as master of ceremonies Class Leader James H. Wilber with the thought that the boys were fortunate to have selected a man so capable. The class made it abundantly clear that they agreed and Pfc. Wilber radiated satisfaction as he opined that for once the whole company had to listen to him with no wisecracks.

Pfc. Eugene Samborsky, voted the most popular man in the class, took the microphone firmly in hand and stated that it was a mystery to him why he was selected as most popular. The “mystery” disappeared, though, when he rendered “White Christmas” in his deep and stirring voice.

Floyd Brewer, head of the Engine department, made a short speech and thoughtfully asked the twenty-odd professors present to stand and take a bow. The soldiers made it clear that they have the highest regard for their Embry-Riddle instructors.

Two Mexican naval officers, Capt. Hurtado and Lt. Jimenez, were also guests at the banquet. The former made a speech, which Dr. Del Valle translated. The gist of it was the growing unity of the Americas.

Pfc. Bill Strong explained that in the future when the family car breaks down he will not have to chorus with his father as they peer under the hood, “I wonder what that thing is.” He will be able to say positively, “That is a carburetor.”

A swell impromptu act was put on by five soldiers whom Mr. Ireland had overheard singing in the barracks. They took turns strumming a guitar and warbling “You Are My Sunshine” and other favorite selections to the obvious delight of the gang.

The Class Leader hailed forth “one man who has never stopped talking in fifteen weeks, Pfc. Herman Heck.” Cheer up, Herman, you know the cat calls were just in fun.

Lt. Cline rose to say that after a year at this Post he has been ordered elsewhere (the usual “military secret”) but that the boys had an inspiration to work with.

The really tumultuous applause of the evening, however, was reserved for a man who wasn't even present when it was announced that Major Oliver H. Clayton had wangled a five day leave for the whole class.

The four honor men of the class were cited as William R. Salt, with a grade of 88.77 per cent, and close behind him John Vetter, Jr., James Wilber and Roger Laughter.

James Blakeley, Director of the Tech School, was then presented and, as usual, his message was brief, inspiring and friendly.

The capable Mr. Seerth—this was his 75th Embry-Riddle banquet—led several group songs. A dozen soldiers, openly holding hands with their sweethearts, sang “Don’t sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me.”

Thus, with the singing of the National Anthem and dismissal by Lt. Cline, Class 25-43-A2 is prepared for any assignment they may receive.