NAVAL TRAINEES AT CHAPMAN ARE SELECTED FOR APPTITUDE

The Naval trainees who are taking WTS training at Chapman Field, are boys between the ages of 18 and 25, and are classified in the Navy as V-5 Cadets. They have completed high school as well as a four months Flight Preparatory Course at the Naval training center at Columbia, S. C. These boys have been selected from all over the country for their physical and mental abilities. Assigned to our particular operation these boys usually are from South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida, and the fact that some have never seen an airplane is no mere hearsay.

These Cadets arrive as a group from Prep School where they have been exposed to an intensified ground school course, their first introduction to aerodynamics. Practical application is nil until they arrive at Chapman Field. The first day at the airport is spent meeting their new Instructors and discussing field patterns, field rules and regulations as well as the necessary paper work. Unless the Cadet is particularly adept at writing essays he will remember what he hears and practice what is preached during these first couple of hours.

The Instructor then takes his eager beavers out to the line where he goes over the location and manipulation of the controls, explanation of the dashboard gadgets, as well as a cockpit check which includes lengthy and detailed explanations of the whys and wherefores. Prize question is: "What happens, sir, when Instructor opens front throttle, and student closes back throttle?" Patience has no mercy! Next the care and use of the parachute is explained and its importance instilled in the Cadet's mind. (No fanfare is given the Caterpillar Club.)

The Cadet is now ready for the first dual period which, in most instances as I stated before, will probably be his first flight. It

Continued on Page 15

FLYING FOR FUN IS PUT ASIDE FOR THE FUTURE

Katherin Kniesche, one of Baltimore's erstwhile first ladies of aviation, was a pilot a number of years ago when competent women pilots weren't too common. She also was an instructor in the pre-war days before female instructors hit the dime-a-dozen class, and makes no bones about her present job of training fledgling naval pilots at Chapman Field.

Hard Work

"It's hard work," she admits, with a wry grin. "Very hard work. But it's the most I can do to further my war aim. I want to get this war over with, and I want us to win it, so people can get back to flying for fun again."

It took a war to interrupt the "flying for fun" that Mrs. Kniesche and her husband, Bill, have been doing for five years. But when it came, they both threw up everything and pitched in with all guns blazing.

Bill is a lieutenant in the Navy, teaching instrument flying at the Corpus Christi Naval Air Station. It's entirely possible that eventually he may give advanced instruction to some of the students his wife started on their winged way down in Miami.

Mrs. Kniesche is flying six days a week at Chapman Field, giving a sort of pre-pre-flight training to five naval aviation cadets a month.

Flying Savvy

Under the CAA war training service program, the would-be naval pilots come to Chapman Field, where training instructors like Mrs. Kniesche put them through an elemental course designed mainly to find out whether they have that certain something called "flying savvy."

Previously the Navy put the boys directly into pre-flight schools and spent three months and a goodly number of dollars putting them in top physical shape. After that the youngsters were sent to another school for the first actual flight training.

Quite naturally, there were a few of them who turned pea green the minute Continued on Page 14
EDMERIC-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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EDITORIAL

"So let it be that at 11 a.m. on the 11th day of November, Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, hostilities will cease between the armies of the Allied Powers and the armies of Imperial Germany."

The world cheered and shouted with joy. Mothers wept with joy. Those who had lost loved ones prayed that the sacrifice they had made had not been in vain.

The world was sick of War and all the misery that it inevitably leaves in its wake. Here at last was the end for which they had fought. Once more the world was safe for the democratic peoples.

It was with these thoughts that we were lulled into a false sense of security.

Into this picture of calm, almost selfish lassitude came a strident note of warning, to which few paid heed, in the shape of an "incident" in a Munich beer hall. Under the dead brown leaves of the Versailles treaty and the subsequent peace pacts was spawned the treacherous snake which was once more destined to drive civilization to the brink of destruction.

Cloaked by a smoke screen of placidity and appeasement the hordes of destruction were arming once more. The paperhanger, the yellow monkey, and the baboon were seeking to satisfy their lust for power at the expense of the rest of the world.

The people of the world still lulled by the thought that the Armistice had ended all Wars, remained quiescent and took no action. Sad it was that the true meaning of the word Armistice was not emblazoned in blood-red in every home in the peace loving world. By definition an Armistic is a brief, a temporary cessation of hostilities and not, as we wishfully led ourselves to believe, a permanent end of war.

We are once again on the eve of another Armistice Day. It may not be fitting and proper in the light of the present situation to observe it as in the past. Let us give it thought, however, and as we give a moment of silent prayer for those who gave their

Continued on Page 14
Letters to the Editor

I’ve seen and most of us there were Fly Paper readers. Now I’m north and west from Florida but we are still well represented around the Embry-Riddle Fields.

Here at Billy Mitchell Field we represent Carstrom, Dorr, Embry-Riddle and Riddle Fields. When asked “Where did you attend Primary?” most of the answers are “Embry-Riddle Schools.”

Just keep up the good record at the Primary Schools and we’ll keep the morale up for the new Future Flying Officers coming through.

I’ll have to close now, but I’ll always remember the great times I had at Dorr Field. How I wish I could spend some more time there later on—after this mess is ended.

Give my regards to Jack Whitnall at Dorr.

As ever, I remain,
John A. Stubs, Jr.
2nd Lt, A. C. Res

Editor’s Note: The good wishes of the entire Embry-Riddle Company go with Major Clayton to his new assignment, which we know will be as brilliantly successful as that of his command at the Tech School.

Casual Officer Detch
Billy Mitchell Field
Army Air Base
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Editor:

I’ve finally got around to writing a letter to show my appreciation for the Fly Paper each week.

I was at Dorr Field with 43-B and 43-D. I really enjoyed my stay there and since then I’ve regretted that I couldn’t stay there for all of my training.

I’ve run across many fellows from Dorr Carstrom, Clewiston and Union City at every Field I’ve been to since. My Instructor in Basic at Gunter Field, Ala., was P/O J. d’A. Sephton. He was an RAF Cadet at Carleton. In Advanced at Blytheville, Ark., my Instructor was Peter V. Venable, who was also from Carston Field, an early Class in ’42.

After graduating I was based at Hendricks Field, Sebring, Fla., and was able to go to Dorr a couple of times to see some of my old friends—T/Sgt. Brunner, S/Sgt. Smith, Lt. Moore, Jim Burt, Bob Chaffee and A. S. Thorne.

Hendricks Field is the best B-17 base

United States Marine Corps
Roanoke, Va.

Dear Editor:

The Marines have finally landed, and here I am in Roanoke, Virginia—at least, temporarily. You know how these things are. I hope this finds you fine and dandy, and the Fly Paper affairs still well in hand.

I want to thank you again for all your help and cooperation while I was there at Embry-Riddle, also for the nice write-up when I left. Makes a gal feel like going out and winning the War singlehanded.

“Boot” camp, or basic training, was tough, as I had been warned, but I don’t think any of the girls could say she really didn’t like it. It’s a rare experience, and one that I am glad I didn’t miss. Naturally, we’re all glad it’s over—as what kid isn’t glad when vacation comes?

I would appreciate it very much if you could send the Fly Paper to me here: USMCWR, Marine Recruiting Office, Room 210, Federal Building, Roanoke, Virginia. Thanks so much.

Say hello to Vadah for me, and all the others, too. I miss you all very much, especially “none other than” Charlie Graffiti. I do hear from him occasionally, and would appreciate hearing from anyone else interested in writing to a “Woman Marine.”

Best of luck, and “Keep ’Em Flying.”

Sincerely yours,
Gladys C. Goff,
Sergeant, USMCWR.

Editor’s Note: Congratulations, Sergeant! Although we have missed our former Engine Noises correspondent, we are happy to know that the great Marine Corps has you as one of its “Lady Leathernecks” and so the War will be over that much sooner. Of course we’ll write you, Gerry, and we feel sure your many friends will be glad to know your new address.

November 10, 1943

Dear Editor:

I want everyone who assisted me during my recent illness to know how very appreciative I am. I shall never forget their kindness.

Thank you,
Andy Godfrey

Editor’s Note: Andy of the Transportation department requested that we publish the above note in this week’s issue.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

Name: ____________________________

Address: ____________________________
DORR DOINGS
by Jack Whitnall

Why doesn't Gerald Taylor get us a reporter from the Flight Line so that we can get some news of what happens down that way? Also, it wouldn't be a bad idea if "Form-room" Foster did the same thing for the Maintenance department. Seems that after the dead line is past oodles of news is handed to us, but alas, too late. We have something on Gerald that can force news from him (ahem, a certain Rodeo held in Sebring some time ago), but we just hate to resort to blackmail!

Alton English is in the local hospital, having had his appendix removed. From the latest reports he was getting along just fine. Hurry him along, Alton, we've been missing those cokes you usually buy us.

Notice to all Riddle-ites, don't sit in front of "Buttercup" at a football game. We made that mistake the other night and came away with our hair full of peanut hulls and shoe marks all down our back. We even heard Mrs. Taylor say that this was the last time she was going to sit with him at a football game.

What lady got on the Dorr Field bus instead of the Carlstrom bus the other morning? And rode all the way to the field too, and an employee too, tush tush. Do we have better buses also?

The Army Side

Another staff car has been added to Dorr's rapidly mounting rolling equipment. This one has a cow catcher on the front and we understand that it was put on for the special benefit of Lt. Pinion, our Transportation Officer.

Wonder how Lt. and Mrs. Frank are making out? After packing all their belongings their orders were rescinded temporarily.

If you want to see a beautiful piece of woodwork go to Army Operations and look at the stock that Sgt. Lambeth made for his shot-gun. It is really a professional piece of work.

Lt. Hand ought to be a happy man this week, because of that fire drill last Friday night. We might add that it was very successful, the cadets were out and at their respective posts in record time.

What? No cadets walking tours this past Sunday afternoon?

First Cadet——"Do they serve girls at the cadet club in town?"

Second Cadet——"'Naw, you gotta bring yer own." (Corry, wasn't it?)

Say, if any of youse guys have anything on C. W. O. Flannigan, tell us.

Nine weeks ago our congenial sign painter, Ethyl Britt, went to the hospital in Tampa for a very serious operation. We were worried about him, so we are mighty glad and happy to report that he is back at the old stand and ready to do business.

In case you don't know Britt, we will try to give you a bird's eye view of him. He is about 5 foot 10 inches in his shoes, weights about 190 pounds and has the reddest hair you ever saw. The most outstanding thing about him is his great big smile plus his cheery disposition.

Ethyl, we are mighty, mighty happy to have you back with us. While we are on the subject of sign painters, we must not forget the man who carried on while Britt was away. George Faber did the work and did a fine job of it.

Another face we see around is Mrs. Laura B snagton, who has returned to her former position in the Form-Room. Welcome back, Mr. Williams, our former Maintenance Stockroom man, has joined the Army. Yes sir, he has moved across the Hangar to the Army Supply. Our loss is the Army's gain. Good luck, Mr. Williams.

Thanks, Sgt. Martin, come again next week.

Tol'ably yours,
Jack

LINK LINKS
by Sgt. Martin

Of course, all men have their peculiarities, but the motto of the day is: "The G. L.'s at the Link department should temper their lives after the instructors on trainers No. 1 and No. 2."

Cpl. Myers is back after a three day pass. He has that awful gleam in his eyes. We'd all like to know just where he went and what he did. If someone could convince Cpl. Hampton that he would look much prettier without that bush under his nose, the boys in the department would be everlastingly grateful.

It is a well known fact that 11 men make a football team, but in this day and age of supermen the three mainstays of the Link department will challenge any fully organized team.

Solved

The Editor of this column has been wondering what all those little craters were in back of the Link building. We find that none other than that Great Naturalist Sgt. Jacoby has resolved to solve the meat shortage. So far he has netted two turtles which he and the writer of this column are planning to eat sometime in the near future.

To whom it may concern: When meet-
LINK INSTRUCTION AT DORR FIELD

DORR FIELD'S "POP" SHIEBLER IS THE PERFECT DISPATCHER

by A/C Knight McKesson

As Squadron Cadets sit around the Dispatcher’s tower awaiting the white flag, someone calls down, “Where’s Jones?” He’s wanted at Army operations.” “Geez, ‘Pop,’ whaddya think they want?” “Don’t know,” is the reply, “Been late for Link lately?”

Herein lies my story—the tale of the perfect Dispatcher.

“Pop” (his name is Clarence Shiebler but I think even he’s forgotten it) decided the fishing was better in Florida than Brooklyn, N.Y., about 20 years ago, and down he came—here he stayed.

First and Last

He fits his name from his frizzled gray hair and laugh wrinkles to his run-over work shoes. “Pop” is “Pop” and that’s all that can be said. Armed with a pair of binoculars, a couple of pencils and a strong—but strong—pipe, “Pop” fits the Flight Line long before the most eager cadet is ready to fly, and there he stays until the last of the solos are in.

He is endowed with an ability that should be prerequisite to all dispatchers; he can listen to the various troubles of each cadet in the squadron with a sympathetic ear, offering a solution or a word of advice in each case. If you flunk a 20-hour check, don’t worry about it, it’s just a formality and you’ll get through tomorrow. If you’re not getting in enough hours, “Pop” will fix it. If you don’t have time to fill out a solo slip, tell “Pop”—he’ll take care of it for you. All without a grumble too.

“Pop’s” classification of a friend of a friend is to have an interest in flying, he won’t tolerate anyone around the tower who isn’t eager “to get up.”

His flying experience dates back to France in World War I when he had his first ride in a Sopwith Camel. At that time he was in a Rest Camp and drew three weeks of Potato Peeling for his daring, but it was worth it he says—to bowl alone through the air at 55 miles per hour.

In addition to fishing “Pop’s” avocation is music. It’s nothing unusual to find him in the recreation hall in the evening, surrounded by a group of cadets, going through his repertoire of “ear” tunes at the piano.

“Pop” belongs to Squadron 1—he’s its “unforgettable” character, and, although he probably has spoiled us for future dispatchers, you can bet that whenever Dorr Alumni get together “Pop” will be mentioned.

PEEKING THRU DORR’S KEYHOLE

by A/C Art Sager

44-D has had its first two o’clock open posts and things are really developing around town. We have a suggestion for the Red Cross Blood Bank. Why not let us deposit half our blood and draw on it as we need it? There’s no use having it all squeezed out on the buses at the same time.

Squadron 5 has lost its swell Dispatcher, K. D. Garner. They hated to see him go and expressed it with a wallet and gloves. In the same Squadron, dumpy Al Steele’s fighting five is passing around a pair of imaginary wings for boasting stories of prowess in the air. Sort of puts a damper on things because you never know who has them.

In town some of the young married cadets complain that their wives aren’t sympathetic to their slaving over a hot Continental all day. Denny and Smitty were revving up for Sarasota with their girls from Montgomery, Ala. Ike Davis was with his family.

The Group Staff was kept awake by Sager, “the black haired one,” having a battle royal with the ants and grasshoppers for possession of a box of cookies from home. We hope it was the grasshoppers who were so profane.

Your keyhole peeker offers this closing piece of advice on the use of gum in ranks— from experience: “The chewing you get ain’t worth the chewing you get.”

A TRAITOR

Ingratitude conceived in hate
Matures into its consummate,
That vile malignancy of fate,
A Traitor.

He larks behind the sheltering walls
That honest men defend, and crawls
Into their confidential halls,
A Traitor.

He plays the role of patriot,
Pretends to be what he is not,
But jesters with unholy plot,
A Traitor.

The villains drop their shadows o’er
His trail, that slithers to the door
Of Hell and death, and open for
A Traitor.

No luster of redeeming trait,
Nor attribute however great
Can dim the brand he’ll ever rate
A Traitor.

At last his intrigue and deceit
Entraps himself, his greatest feat,
Revealing that most loathsome cheat,
A Traitor.

Betrayal of his fellow men
By subtle act, or poison pen,
Beware of him American,
A Traitor!”

—Con Barth
Wing Commander George Greaves, A.F.C., who has been Commanding Officer of this station for the past 10 months, left this week for Washington and soon he will embark for England. During his stay here W/C Greaves had the privilege of having his wife and two sons with him, and they all have many friends here who regret their departure. Mrs. Greaves and family are already in England, and we now join in wishing the W/C a safe journey home and continued success.

Succeeding W/C Greaves as Commanding Officer of No. 5 BFTS, is W/C A. A. de Gruyther, D.F.C., who has arrived from the R.A.F. delegation in Washington.

Complimenting W/C Greaves, the Instructor’s Club held a stag barbecue on Monday evening, when a farewell gift was present to him by the club members.

Sadie Hawkins

Last Saturday, November 6, all the single women at Riddle Field enjoyed the prospect of capturing an eligible male, as it was Sadie Hawkins Day.

Festivities began bright and early, with all the men marching from the main gate to the starting line. The parade was led by Doc Foss, followed closely by Jock Moyes and the Cadets, whom he sometimes refers to as a certain type of ducks. Next, Mort Feldman led the single Maintenance men while the Instructors followed Bob Johnston, the most eligible bachelor on the Field.

The procession was directed by Frosty Smith from the radio tower, who announced that the race would start from the “northeast section of the southwest quadrant on the northern boundary” (which was in front of the tower).

As all the contestants got to the starting point there was the official starter, General Manager Len Povey, with a watch in one hand, a gun in the other and a cigar in his mouth.

Before the race started, the unfortunate men were given advice by some of the married men present. Senior Under Officer Jones, a married man for lo these many years, advised the cadets as to what courses to steer and what races to run; the Instructors were given evasive advice by Roscoe Brinton, father of four; L. M. Hutson, Superintendent of Maintenance, lent words of wisdom to his boys, pointing to himself as an example of just what married life could do to a man.

Then, just as Doc and the band broke into “There’ll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,” the race began. Jerry Greenberger stomped his toe at the beginning so that his bride-to-be could capture him. The linewomen chased the cadets (how unusual); the timekeeping gals ran after the instructors (is that unusual?) and the canteen waitresses ran after everyone in general.

At the end of the long, long day the men had won a decisive victory, as only Jerry had been caught. So, all the Sadie Hawkins trudged wearily homeward thinking of November 6, 1944.

Here and There

May we extend our belated congratulations to Instructor and Mrs. Sim Speer, who are the proud parents of a 6-pound boy, Richard Lewis Speer, born September 28, at the Lee Memorial Hospital in Ft. Myers.

And more congratulations to Instructor and Mrs. Warren Reid. On October 26, at the Victoria Hospital in Miami, a 6-pound, 10-ounce son, Warren Stewart, was born to them. And this new arrival turned out to be quite a present for papa Reid, as that date was his birthday.

F/L John Crossley, who has been stationed here for some time, left last week for a new location. Good luck, John, from all your friends here at Riddle Field.

According to information in the Gwynon (England) Advertiser, Pilot Officer W. G. Divall, who was a member of Course 4 here, is missing over enemy territory.

Distinguished visitors at the Field this week were Air Marshal Sir William L. Welsh, K.C.B., D.S.C. A.F.C., and Group Captain H. A. V. Hogan, Wing Commander Welbourne, and Mr. Jones, the R.A.F. Finance Administrator. Following their inspection of the Field, these distinguished visitors were given a full Wings Parade by the Cadets.

The first open house Bingo Party was held at the Instructors Club last night, and a series of similar evenings will be held periodically. Watch for the announcements.

Warrant Officer Edward R. Ruhlander, Air Inspector Technical, and his assistant F. Sgt. Ober L. Durid, are new additions to the A.A.F. staff here.

Just as the bell was ringing for the deadline we received an important bit of news: Instructor and Mrs. Keene Langhorne are now the parents of an 8 lb. 11 oz. daughter. The young lady’s name is Lynn Terry and she and her mother are doing splendidly at the Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami.

COURSE 17

The inter-squadron matches proved to be very enjoyable. Both were won by Course 16, but next week we hope to turn the tables on them. On Tuesday the rugger game was played at Clewiston, and we led until the last few minutes when, with only thirteen men, we just failed to hold our opponents. The result was 5 to 4.

Although the Soccer game at Moore Haven resulted in a defeat by 6 goals to 3, play was not as uneven as the score suggests. Course 16 was just that little bit better.

It appears that American football is already getting a hold. At Miami last weekend the West Palm Beach-Edison match had a good sprinkling of cadets, and we
heard that they constituted a serious opposition to the cheer leaders.

We now have a number of willing helpers for the Cadet Club under the patronage of Mrs. Penelope Lake, whose efforts are greatly appreciated by the whole Course. She seems very happy to have assumed this responsible position and tackles the job in a most worthy manner. We hope next week to report an interview with this good lady.

Queenie, the Primary Pooch, made her stage debut last Wednesday night, when we had an exotic Hedy Lamarr film. Unfortunately the little dog has not yet learned good taste, since she was equally enraptured with the G. I. movies.

We were horrified to observe the facial disfiguration of Flight Leader Chadwick, occasioned by the recent loss of his moustache. No reasons were forthcoming to explain this catastrophe, but the gentleman in question has promised to make a bedtime story of his adventures.

Thanks to the tireless efforts of Flight Commanders King and Mason and their assistants, Leftwich and Archibald, together with much hard work by our instructors, we are catching up on our arrears in flying, and this past weekend commenced cross-countries. After a week of acrobatics, these now cause only faint tremors of the heart, and with the hours mounting up, everyone is happy—well, nearly everyone.

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**Course 16**

Course 17's bold statement about trying to beat our Course for the usual Riddle Field honors was decidedly weakened last week when they suffered two "smashing" defeats. Well, boys?

In the rugger match at Clewiston, the game is fast and hard and Orchard's try, converted by Marande in the last few minutes, gave us a well earned victory, we think.

At soccer we did even better, the result never being in doubt, ended 6-0 in our favor. Wood scored a "hat-trick," McSorland and Osmond got another two and a "fifth columnist" in Course 17 added another to our score.

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**On the Ball**

Flight Lieutenant Trewin and his Entertainment Committee are really getting on the ball providing camp entertainments.

The cinema shows have been a great success more of Hedy requested and the U.S.O. concert party's visit is eagerly awaited.

It is proposed to hold a photographic contest in the very near future. The competition will be divided into three classes: candid camera shots, pictorial and action photos. A small entrance fee is necessary to provide prizes. Entries should be handed to flight representatives.

There are rumors of another dance being held at Christmas time, and it is proposed to run it in the good old "English style."

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**CARLSTROM CARROUSEL**

*by Kay Bramlitt*

Welcome to Class 44-E. We're mighty glad to have you with us and hope you'll enjoy your stay here. If there's anything any of us can do for you, just let us know and we'll do our very best to assist you. We are proud of our record here at Carlstrom, and hope you will be just as proud of us and do your utmost to help us keep the record of the "Safest School" in the country. Good luck, boys!

**Promotions**

Howard A. Bosken has been promoted to Squadron Commander, and Roy Wemett and William T. McGalliard are new Assistant Squadron Commanders. Congratulations!

Welcome to Raymond H. Bloomer from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who has entered our Instructor Refresher School.

Also welcome back to all flight instructors who have returned from vacations.

Phil McCracken is still wondering what happened to the "prize" the Dorr Field Golf Team owes the Carlstrom Golf Team for being defeated in that well known game on the Arcadia Course some time way back there. Come on, Dorr, pay off!

**Competition**

The enlisted men at Carlstrom are forming a basketball team and Lt. Roy Wemett is to be the coach. We all know this will be a good team, and are only hoping that Dorr and Riddle Fields will also be able to find players so that a little inter-field competition can be aroused.

George Mackie was at the Field for a while Monday afternoon. He really has lost a lot of weight, but it surely was good to see him back again.

Maurice Gough, our red-headed Switchboard Operator, was off several days this week due to injuries received in a fall. We are glad they weren't more serious, however, and Maurice is back on the job—thank goodness!

Welcome to Grace Freeman who has been added to the staff of the Switchboard. Mrs. Freeman's husband is a Cadet at Dorr Field. We hope you'll enjoy your stay here!

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**The Loser**

The football game last week between the Dorr and Carlstrom enlisted men resulted in a 0 to 0 tie. However, a certain young lady at Carlstrom made money on the game because some Dorr Field fans spotted her six points.

Capt. James Bobo of the Infirmary is on a ten-day leave in Alabama. We're all wondering if he'll come back a married man?

Overhaul has at last begun to move into their new hangar. Lt. Marks says he won't believe it, however, until he sees it with his own eyes!

**More News**

We're sorry to hear that Pfc. Karas of the Infirmary, was called away suddenly due to the serious illness of his wife. Here's hoping she gets along all right.

Cpl. Bill Fuge of Link Trainer department, is also on a furlough.

Welcome to Pvt. Dave Ironside who will be stationed at Carlstrom for a while.

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Accidents or near-accidents are almost invariably caused by pilot rather than machine failure. This being so, it follows logically that accidents can almost invariably be prevented by better, surer flying.

Accidents don't happen; they are caused. Knowing the causes, it should be easy to prevent them. —General H. H. Arnold

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**THE JOYS OF "GRIND" SCHOOL AT CARLSTROM FIELD**

Copyright 1943

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FLASHES FROM THE FLIGHT LINE
by Marie Burcham and Barbara Walker

Lt. Tommy Teat of the Ferry Command arrived Sunday afternoon for a brief visit wearing more ribbons and a Senior Pilot's Star above those wings. He's just back from China where he has been on detached service, flying cargo between India and China. He had plenty of stories to tell of wild experiences including the time that a tiger and an enormous cobra were killed close to his sleeping quarters. (He swears he didn't just dream about them.)

Tommy was given a cool reception and practically ignored by "Flywheel" Jones, who didn't recognize the pilot of the visiting airplane hiding behind a dense growth of brush on the upper lip. Just as he started to drive off toward town, the disguised person yelled that he was a friend, and after close scrutiny a few recognizable features were discovered.

Tommy Himself
Yep! He was Tommy Teat. Tommy is "resting" in Memphis, where he is instructing on B-17's and 24's. Says his name is in the Memphis phone book and that if any of his friends get there and don't call him—well, we won't say more.

Lt. Ronald Fruda, who many Dorr and Carlstrom Fielders will remember, is over there flying that important cargo run "over the hump."

"Have you heard about the little Moron who made three socks for her son in the Army because he had written her that he had grown another foot?"

Quack! Quack! Quack! The duck season opened November 2 at Reelfoot Lake. Two parties from the Field were among those firing the opening "misses." One consisted of George "Long Shot" Jones, Hunter "Longer Shot" Galloway, and Charlie "Shortest Shot" Sullivan.

Mighty Hunters
The other party was composed of T. E. "Flit Gun" Frantz—he kills them quick; Major C. E. "Cooter" Parsons—all he could hit was coots; Ralph "Salty" Morton—who kills ducks so far off that he uses salt in the shotgun to keep the ducks from spoiling while he is paddling over to them; and Eddie "Jester" Kairzi—who entertains his hunting partners by falling backwards into the water from over-exuberance while shooting ducks.

One power boat started out from the landing, pulling about 18 other boats filled to the gunnels with anxious hunters. As there was a towing fee, naturally we arrived at the hunting grounds with only four boats left to be charged... the others inadvertently broke loose. Shooting started at 7:15 and closed at 4:00. Best hunter of the day was "Flit Gun" Frantz, who got two ducks with his first four shots.

NOTICE
Please note the change in hangar numbering. The numbers now run from 1 thru 4, starting with the extreme north hangar as number 1, and going to the extreme south hangar as number 4.

This change should simplify things considerably and this notice is posted at the request of Mr. Frantz.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD MAKES MERRY

This week we offer our congratulations to two new Instructors, both hailing from the blue grass of Kentucky. Kaywood Thompson of Lexington, Ky., who is married and has two children. Our other instructor is Carl Hauck. The Torque Control Artist is a bachelor and is from Louisville. It was gathered by way of the grapevine that Mr. Hauck's object of affection is a cute little gal in Bowling Green.

Instructor Sam Wise is vacationing in West Virginia this week. He is sadly missed by all of the girls, especially by one of the cute little red heads, who has that far-away look in her eyes.

Wings
At the suggestion of our genial managers, Frantz and Sparks, together with a few magic touches of a paint brush from Bob Barton, our company trucks have all sprouted "wings." They have been made to harmonize with the station wagons by having the Riddle-McKay name and eagle emblem painted on the doors.
Assoctates
Barbara Wells and Marie Burcham, Flight Line Flashes

Well, Hallowe'en is over and so is the Saturday night's big shindig at the Pilot's Club. We had the biggest turnout there has been for a long time and everyone had a swell time. "Flywheel" Jones and his able assistants had the job of decorating and they really did a thorough job of it. Orange and black crepe paper strung all over the place with cleverly subdued lighting.

Charlie Sullivan added life to the party by organizing a reception committee composed of highly trained artists equipped with an ample supply of burnt cork. The sketches in black and white turned out by this group will long be remembered and may make the rogues gallery, pardon, I mean the art gallery, some day.

Goblins
One of the early arrivals was the old witch herself, who seemed intent on haunting the place, but who should save the day but Superman who flew through the window and landed in the middle of the dance floor, gentile as a fawn.

Of course the party wouldn't have been complete without a Kentucky hillbilly. However, the stone jug was missing. After looking around through all the goblins, ghosts and costumes of various kinds, we saw Daisy Mae in person, short tattered dress and everything and, believe it or not, there was Herr Schickelgruber himself.

To top it all, a couple of parsons got lost in the crowd, in, not knowing, evidently, that this was a big party. All it lacked was the presence of our Manager "Boots" Frantz, who was out at Dallas, Texas, on a big conference and Mrs. Frantz who was doing a bit of visiting.

Yep! We'll remember this party for a long time.

Man of the Week
This week's interview is centered on one of our youngest instructors, Roy North, Jr., auburn-haired, serious looking (at times), and one of your newest Squadron Commanders. He was born and raised in Middle Tennessee, Murfreesboro to be exact.

Roy first showed interest in aircraft when he started building models. Still interested in the mechanics of airplanes, he went to Tennessee State for over three years and majored in Chemistry. While in high school and at college he played the trombone in the band and orchestra.

He took his C. P. T. in Nashville, Tenn., Secondary at Charleston, S. C., and his cross-country instructor course at Chattanooga, Tenn. Roy soloed at the prime age of 19. After being screamed at so much in C. P. T., he decided to get back at somebody and came to Union City to become a Flight Instructor.

He started his first cadets July 1, 1942 with Class 43-A. Upon arriving at Embry-Riddle Field, he was assigned to Squadron I under Potter Smith and George "Flywheel" Jones. After doing an excellent job as instructor, he was advanced to Assistant under Galloway, then to Watts... later to get a Squadron of his own, Squadron VII.

Roy thinks the airplane is the greatest invention in the world and loves everything about them. He has approximately 1200 flying hours. He claims he got his greatest thrill when he soloed his first cadet—both were equally scared. He admits that he inherited most of his flying ability from his father who was a pilot in the last War.

Not only interested in flying, he enjoys tennis and fencing. We might add that he is free, over 21 and at present has no serious love affair.

Bridge Club
Mrs. M. S. Bangs, Jr., and Mrs. George Lobell, Jr., entertained the Embry-Riddle Bridge Club Wednesday afternoon at the Pilot's Club.

Bridge was played at five tables. High score prize was won by Mrs. David Moore. Mrs. Paul Moore received second prize, and the low score prize went to Mrs. Jesse Tate. Mrs. Paul Jones won the rummy prize.

Members playing bridge were: Mrs. Ed Straight, Mrs. Charles Clar, Mrs. Lawrence Bohon, Mrs. Harrison Bourkard, Mrs. David Moore, Mrs. Louis Dickson, Mrs. Calvin Clymer, Mrs. Paul Moore, Mrs. J. C. Crow, Mrs. Mona Burgess, Mrs. James Long, Mrs. F. D. Harrison, Mrs. T. C. Cottrell, Mrs. Jesse Tate, Mrs. Karl Leubbers, Mrs. William Dorr, Mrs. Walter Numally and Mrs. T. E. Frantz, Jr.

Rummy players were Mrs. Paul Jones and Mrs. R. E. Phillips.

Club members are continuing their aid to the Red Cross and are to be highly commended for this work is desperately needed.

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER
T. C. Cottrell, Editor
Ernestine Mathis, Buildings and Grounds — Associates —
Barbara Wells and Marie Burcham, Flight Line Flashes
Joe Harpole, Parchute Department
Rudolph Neely, Canteen

Leubbers, Mrs. William Dorr, Mrs. Walter Numally and Mrs. T. E. Frantz, Jr.

Rummy players were Mrs. Paul Jones and Mrs. R. E. Phillips.

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UNION CITY ANTICS

Tech Flashes

The Welding department of the Technical Division which is not now engaged in instruction is available to other departments or other divisions of the company for welding work to be done in the Welding department of the Technical Division.

Those departments or divisions desiring such work done will submit a job request (three copies to the Director of the Technical Division together with sketches and adequate description of work to be accomplished). At the same time, it should be indicated on the job order request or on attached memo whether materials will be furnished by the requesting department or division or whether it is to be furnished by the Technical Division and charges made accordingly.

At the end of each month, charges will be made to each department or division for which work has been done. Such charges to be at cost and based upon time involved in completing the work, plus materials involved, if furnished by the Technical Division.

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In Memoriam

Aviation Cadet James M. Ossi
Embry-Riddle Field
Union City, Tenn.
October 30, 1943
In the Service of His Country

Effective October 28, 1943, Leland B. Terry has been relieved of his duties as Chief Instructor of the Radio department.

Effective October 29, 1943, George R. Moorehead has been appointed Chief Instructor of the Radio department.
Tech Talk
by A. Stayathome

This bit of chatter is coming to you long-suffering readers from stay-at-home members of the Brazilian Division. We are all glad to see Jean Helvey come into his own at last. From just “keeping busy” he has graduated to the office of Donald F. Peck, where he will assist with the multitudinous duties of personnel work, and do it very capably too, we know.

Another Coliseum-ite is Laurice Anderson who finally has settled down in Mr. Peck’s office after much journeying up and down state. Laurice is our “little ray of sunshine,” always among the first to extend a hand of friendship to newcomers. (Laurice, who eats that sailor with you Saturday night? Looks bad, very bad!) We would like everyone to know our newest additions to the office force. Mrs. W. E. Heaver (Kay to us) come from the Windy City (meaning Chicago) to be with her Bill, a Navy man of the Officers’ Staff at the Columbus Hotel. You should hear her rave about how wonderful he is, after five years of married life! By the way, Kay prefers to be known by her first name.

That Accent

Another just-arrived is Frances Locke, whose home is Pine Bluff, Ark. She acquired a southern drawl in a hurry, since she only been here two and a half months. Maybe it’s an Arkansas accent. Which is it, Frances?

Frances and Kay are working with Fritz Sheffer on the equipment lists, under the able guidance of Grace Thompson, one of our “old reliables” here at Tech, and that word reliable means just what it says, with interest!

Another of the “overtimers,” and I do mean overtime, is Suzie Bryan, who came to us from the Sales department at the Colonnade.

Pauline Fader is working in the Engineering department on the third floor for James Lunnon and his associates. She is from Brockton, Mass., and is another Navy wife, husband Bill being with the Fire Department at S.C.T.C. Stumpy, Gay, Frances, Suzie and Pauline all have lovely brown eyes. Must have been a conspiracy!

Speaking of Jim Lunnon, did you know that he is an artist, and quite a good one? His specialty has been painting Seminoles. Mr. Lunnon has now left us for São Paulo as well as a score (more or less) of others, which leaves us feeling kind of lost.

Also among the missing are Lucile and Fred Foote, who are making a trip by plane to their home in California before going to Brazil. We do miss the Footeys for, although they have been in this division such a comparatively short while, they made lasting friends of all who come in contact with them. We do wish we could have known them longer before they left us, but they’ll be back for a day or two before the long trek South.

UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letters addressed to the following are in the Mail Room at the Tech School: Howard Adams, Walter Hunter, Walter Gray, Mr. Weaver and Lester Youngman.

We want to thank the members of the Purchasing department who have so skillfully expedited the purchase of the many supplies we needed urgently. It’s good to know there are such accommodating folks right where they’re needed. Thanks again!

Eric Sundstrom is with us again for a few days, but this Saturday he goes to Camp Blanding for a more or less permanent association with the Army. So long, Friend Eric, good hunting and a speedy return! Jean Carty’s husband, Jerome, has been with the Army’s Quarter-master Corps in England sixteen months now, and Jean is getting worried for fear he’ll have such a broad accent by the time he returns that nobody will know what he’s saying.

Our sincerest sympathies go to Lillian Bradford on the death of her mother-in-law. Lillian is the chief operator at the Tech School switchboard.

EXECUTIVES AND DEPARTMENT HEADS HONOR JOHN PAUL RIDDLE

Dorm Life
by Suzie Bryan

If there has been a busier or a more exciting week at the dorm we haven’t seen it. Since Mrs. Sessions’ illness, Mickey Fairchild has been here as supervisor, bringing with her general gaiety and good fun.

This Sunday the Embry-Riddle Dormitory Acappella choir is going to make its debut at the Biltmore hospital. Rehearsals are bringing results, and with the undivided attention of all we should continue improving. We are all excited over plans to invite patients from the Biltmore for Thanksgiving dinner. There are also great and interesting plans for a Dorm sorority. We are keeping our fingers crossed and hoping it all comes true, but it is most important that we have the complete cooperation of all the girls.

Events of the Week

Lorraine Bosley, Mr. Peck’s secretary, was a very welcome guest at the Dorm for a few nights, and was a great help in forming our choir. Come back soon, Lorry. Little Mickey Overhun deserted us last weekend and went to West Palm Beach to visit her fiance, Mary Jessup had the exciting experience of making her first solo. Rusty, Mary’s roommate, is having a difficult time getting pictures for her permit so that she too will be able to solo.

Mary Francis Quinn celebrated her birthday Thursday and everyone was treated to ice cream. Unumm, let’s have more birthdays. Evelyn McKenna of the second floor, also celebrated her birthday on the ninth. For weeks a large box was hidden behind the couch in her rooms and when she finally opened it her room looked like Christmas.

Mary Ameneck, Evelyn’s roommate, is another who recently soloed. Besides being one of the most charming women we know she can do many amazing things, she even speaks Russian.

Who overcomes by force, hath overcome but half his foe. — Milton
Colonnade
by the Switchboard with a little Rationing

With no excuse to speak of this week, I'm gonna write this column in a flash, 'cause I haven't too much to say for myself. If you've never written a "supposed to be" gossip column, you don't know what I'm doing. Naturally, all of us have deep dark secrets about ourselves and others, but sensibly, we can't publish those things for public interest, so we resorted to the lighter topics of the day—namely, the Colonnade.

Upstairs we have some new people we would like to welcome: they are Betty Nasters of Accounting, Betty Barns of Accounts Payable, not to forget Mrs. Stapleton and Mr. Goodrich in Mr. Hiss's Office. Certainly no "newie" is Mary Frances Quinn whom we welcome back after two weeks vacation in Parkersburg, W. Va.

There's always a little bitter mixed with the sweet, and in this case we're sad because Elsie Lyon is leaving us at the end of the week to rejoin her hubby in Missouri.

Anne Park has been transferred to the Ration Board, and how we envy her for handling all of those gold-like "C" tickets. Buddy Edgerton in the Link room received his instrument rating Saturday and will soon be sent to Costa Rica to fly for Taca Airlines which is sending their pilots from Central America to obtain their Instrument ratings. Won't those gals in the Link room enjoy it when the pilots from Costa Rica start coming in?

Dottie Wells, formerly of Transportation, is now training to be a Link Instructor in the Brazilian school. Good luck, Dottie.

Things We Note in Passing


And of course, Mr. Clay's extra laugh laugh sorta makes you want to laugh too.

Then the added feature of fall and winter clothes which dazzle our eyes with their brilliant reds, greens, and the purplish purple I've ever purpel! Strange thing, but no matter how cold it is and how much we freeze, I notice the bare legs still persist. Didn't I read something somewhere about a shortage of stockings?

We had a visit from Harry Rinehart yesterday, and the uniform really is great. It was quite a surprise as well as a pleasure to see Harry around once again.

Have any of you Colonnaders noticed a flash of blue or grey go by you about 8:45 in the morning? Well, believe it or not, it's Donald Peck, whom we miss very much and see entirely too seldom. He always tries to get into Personnel to say "hello" to his many friends before catching the bus to Tech.

We certainly miss little Muriel Loertscher who was instantly dubbed "Life of the Colonnade." Someone around the Insurance department and Rationing Board must have a pet canary. The singing, or more appropriate, whistling is really nice to hear. I wonder what kind of birds the owner uses?

And so to work until another Fly Paper. I'll be seein' yaa!

'TWAS A BOY

The long awaited girl in the Malcolm Slocum family turned out to be a boy! Yes, Richard Sumner Slocum arrived on the 20th of October.

In the Research department at Tech the proud father of this eight pound youngster admits that he hoped to have a daughter, but says he has no idea of turning little Dick in for a new model.

Safety Tips
by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

On the assumption that the efficient newshawks who regularly edit "Colonnade Cannonade" and "Tech Talk" would report our departure from the Colonnade Building and arrival at the Tech School, we neglected to include in our column last week the statement that the headquarters of the Safety department had been transferred from the Colonnade to the Tech School.

The Safety department and the Engraving department which moved simultaneously are, temporarily at least, located just south of the elevator on the second floor of the Tech School building.

Got An Idea

If you have a safety suggestion that would apply on your own job, or anywhere else in the plant, don't waste your breath in a "beer session" about it.

Write out your suggestion, covering the details of your idea, and drop it in one of the suggestion boxes. If there are no suggestion boxes, submit it to your foreman, or send it along to the Safety Director.

The important thing is to get it into the hands of someone who can do something about it.

NEWS FLASH

Jean Helvey has been relieved of his duties as Custodian of the Coliseum, its ground and equipment. He now assists Donald Peck in the Personnel department of the Brazilian Division.

Paul Esler has been appointed Custodian of the Coliseum, its grounds and equipment.

Henry Willard Hubbel has been appointed Assistant Chief Instructor of the Instructors' School.
Thanksgiving is almost here again and the Aircraft and Engine Division is sponsoring a Dart Bowl Turkey Tournament. This tournament will be similar to the one held last year, only there will be turkeys this time—please note—turkeys is plural.

A sports bulletin has been distributed throughout the Division explaining the rules and everyone is urged to participate.

From time to time other sports bulletins will be distributed. Please remember that the sports program is your program and we want to sponsor sports in which you are interested, and without you and your cooperation this cannot be done. So come on everybody, get out and participate in these games. It will cost nothing but your spare time and will furnish lots and lots of healthy fun.

Engine Noises
by Edith Kieland

I have just been asked to lend my literary talents (ahem) to ye Fly Paper, and believe me if you don’t think it is fun just try it. Shadowing so many co-workers in the last few days in order to write this column, of course unknown to them, I have found out many interesting facts, so here goes to acquaint you with some of my ramblings.

Starting out on the Rework department we have Lucky Lutz who is interested in chickens—we mean those that you buy so much for so much. Then there’s Mr. Green in the same department—he was quite a yachting man, he came from Boston and is better known as Snapshot Green, which was the name of his boat. Mr. Hays is the little man with the great big voice. We think at one time or another he used to be a minstrel man, but when we accuse him he just smiles and struts off like a major.

Distinguished

Of course we can’t mention everyone in each department, so we’ll jump over to the Cylinders. Our new addition there is Mr. Schwinger who came to us from the Tech School, where he was an instructor in Engines. He is the distinguished looking gentleman with the greying hair and quiet manner. Then we have the little red head, Jimmy Blair. He tosses off those cylinders in a jiffy and turns his work out in record time.

Ruth Behse of the Painting department used to live in Washington, and if you can get her to talk you will learn many interesting things. Mrs. E. Friant, our prima donna, could also relate some incidents relative to her singing career over the radio. Mrs. Phyllis Farnham has very ably taken charge of the entire Painting department—who said women weren’t capable!

Jumping to Assembly we talk to Hank Meyers who has lived in Nassau, Jamaica and Alaska working on boats, airplanes and just about everything pertaining to mechanics. He must be quite versatile for we see him helping out in many departments, just like Percy Branning. Charlie Phillips in the Crankcase department is on his vacation so we can let him in on a little secret. He has been in the show business and could really tell about times on B’way if you could pin him down.

In the Limeight

Glancing over the Magneto department we see Mrs. Clements, another Instructor in Engines from the Tech School. This department is always busy and in the lime-light is Nellie Diamond who is beating her own record in assembling magneto’s. Sam Constance heads this department and is very interesting. He can explain magneto’s and their uses so well that you feel as if you would like to work there.

In the Inspection department Ruth Ford is planning to visit her mother in Birmingham, Ala., during her vacation. Kay Adams has been doubling up on her leisure time painting and fixing up her new house. Betty Sepak, our new addition from Beaver Falls, Pa., is Hungarian and can speak the language fluently.

Now about asking Mrs. Helen Hayden of the same department to play some classical music? She used to teach piano. We miss Marty Nordell who has been transferred to Wiring. She came from Sweden only a few years ago and loves this country. Naturally she misses all her kin-folks, but she hopes to see them after the war.

Speaking of the War, let me add that my son Gus, who is in the Air Corps, is home on furlough. A few of you have met him. Also, that my nephew is back from Africa after three years of bomber flying—hence my happy expression, or hadn’t you noticed?

Congratulations are in order for our grand young man Clarence “Pop” Vail, who celebrated his 61th birthday this week. From the bottom of our hearts we wish him many more. Others with birthdays during November are: Marie Bushgens, Gertrude Clements, Frank Cumming, Harry Green, Marvin Hood, Marie McBride, Shirley Mitchell, Marta Nordell, Warren Sanchez, Sara Scala, Klaus Sjogren, Minnie Smith, Clarence Vail, Christine Williams, Edmund Youmans, Mattie Cooper, Alfronza Dozier and Willis Woods.

Time’s A-Wasting

Time is getting short, but let me say that I hear Whitie of the Assembly Line intends to take up bowling; Shorty is quite a tap dancer, so let’s have him on our Saturday noon song fest some time. Also, I hear a swell barber shop quartet in the Disassembly department. Ernest Sennes, Carl Heider, Bill Twitchell and Tommy Barker are the warblers.

In closing I would like to say that Judy Tatung, the little lady with the quiet soothing voice who was our nurse in the hangar and so ably took care of our sore fingers and bruises, is attaining higher laurels by becoming a technician. Keep up the good work, Judy. Now until the next time good people, let’s keep our chins up and keep ‘em flying.

Ate Logo

President Pelton

Meet Charlie Pelton, Assistant Superintendent of Aircraft Overhaul and the new president of the Embry-Riddle Bowling League. Charlie was elected to fill the vacancy left by Fred Foote, who resigned because of his new position on the Brazilian program.

The election was excitingly close, and in the final count Pelton won out over Ray Benson, Assistant Superintendent of Aircraft Overhaul. Ray was then appointed chairman of the house committee to fill the vacancy left by Jim Troy, also Brazil bound.

Although the Bowling League is sorry to lose two able men like Fred and Jim, the A & E Division feels very fortunate in having these two very capable and popular Assistant Superintendents take their places.

There is no doubt of the future of the bowling league with Charlie and Ray as President and Co-pilot and the entire crew assures them of every aid in the performance of their new duties.

So—congratulations to Charlie Pelton and Ray Benson.
ALLOVER OVERHAUL
by Bleeka Kittles

We also wish to thank Dick Hourihan for his efforts in showing us such a grand time. Also to the Missus a vote of thanks for her part in entertaining us at the party.

Dick, you were swell and we are looking forward to a visit from you real soon. Lloyd Rames stayed over in Miami and was joined by Mr. Klint on Monday. They attended the luncheon given in Mr. Kiddle’s honor Thursday and both report a very fine time.

INSTRUMENTS
by Walter Dick

Last Monday Gonzalo Lopez Garzon returned from his trip to Washington, where his drawing of which we wrote last week was very warmly received by our State Department.

It seems that between the Link trainers and the cylinder head temperature gauges, Mel Klein and Hugh Skinner are keeping more than busy. Sue Villeneuve is back with us after a week’s absence. We missed you, Sue.

Wing Flutter
by Medora Barling

Here we are again, boys and girls, so let’s begin at the beginning.

A get-together was held Saturday for the employees of Aircraft Overhaul. Our first. Our guest speakers, or should I say bombardiers, Lts. Drake and Gant, were very interesting and we must not forget to thank Mr. Grafflin of Engine Overhaul for his vocalizing and the fun we all had.

Orchids to Parker Cook of the Wood Wing department for his part in the entertainment.

This week we dragged out the well known and well worn welcome mat for Mr. Sperry our Assistant Chief Inspector and Mr. Burt who will be working with Mr. Martin in Production Control for your own personal safety. Mr. Burke, we sincerely hope the job sheets come through.

Last week’s Fly Paper welcomed Jack Carp but this week it’s good-bye and good luck, we are sad to say. Tech’s gain and our loss. It’s being rumored around that he will be a very definite contribution to the Good Neighbor Policy. Is that true, Jack? Anyhow don’t forget us and don’t forget to write if tis true.

A vote of thanks to Dick Hourihan for the super duper improvements in the inner sanctum, dear to a very weary gal’s heart, where she can go slip off her shoes and hear the latest on what or where.

Congratulations to Mr. Benson of Sheet Metal, who now is one of the “higher-ups,” having attained the lofty position of Assistant Superintendent. Hereafter he will be addressed as “Mr.” (All employees please note.) All kidding aside we are very happy about the entire thing.

The old homestead just isn’t the same with E. T. Duncan away up in Georgia and

Continued on Page 15

IT AIN’T FUNNY

The messengers have gotta do their part of the USD, come evenings!
HONORING MAJOR OLIVER H. CLAYTON

FLYING FOR FUN
Continued from Page 1

they got off the ground, or who developed other quirks that made them no-dice as pilots. That meant their pre-flight work had been largely wasted.

Now the Navy sends the cadets to schools like Embry-Riddle, and after they’ve demonstrated on little “flivver” ships that they have the makings of pilots, the trainers are sent on to pre-flight. All of them have soloed on the little Piper Cub trainers before they move on.

Mrs. Kniesche has between 600 and 700 hours in the air and is one of the few women in the country who hold an instructor’s rating in all seven of the ground school subjects, plus a flight instructor’s rating. She taught ground subjects at Baltimore’s Logan airport before the War, and for a time was airport dispatcher.

Problems

But working with the youngsters possesses many problems she never encountered before.

“They thing that confuses me most is that they all look alike,” she complained ruefully, watching a group of identically-uniformed fledglings climbing into a group of identically-painted planes on the line.

“I never can tell one from the other until he starts to taxi off. Then I know.”

Another bothersome difference is the fact that always before Mrs. Kniesche has flown for fun and has taught only people who were flying for fun.

“You’ve got to keep in mind always that these boys aren’t flying like you used to fly. They are going to be combat pilots. Or at least we hope they are.”

She doesn’t worry too much about the future safety of her young charges. The reason why is one of her superstitions.

“I think there’s a guardian angel who rides on the shoulders of all pilots until they have 200 hours in the air,” she explained seriously. “Then he says, ‘Okeh, Bud, you’re on your own, you know better now.’”

Guardian Angel

“You’d be surprised how often it works out that way,” she added. “Inexperienced pilots can get themselves in the darndest fixes and get out of them all right. The guardian angel is riding on their shoulder. An experienced pilot, who knows better, gets himself in the same fix and he checks out.”

Mrs. Kniesche was impelled to Miami and Embry-Riddle last June partly because she had heard “the company had a reputation for good equipment and I’m cranky about my equipment,” and partly because it was one of the few places in the country where a civilian could still get the required instruction to qualify for an instrument instructor’s rating.

The joke of the latter point is that she’s been so busy instructing she hasn’t had time to take instrument flying instruction herself. But she’s still determined.

“After the war Bill and I are going to get a twin-engine Grumman amphibian, and we’re going to fly all over the place for fun. That’s why I want my instrument rating so badly now,” she explained.

“Once you start flying you can never give it up. Sometimes you can stay on the ground for months, and then suddenly you begin to itch to get back up there. You’ve just got to fly.”

“After the war the air is going to be full of people like that, flying around in their own planes.”

“For fun.”

EDITORIAL
Continued from Page 2

lives for an ideal, let us ask God for strength and courage so that we may do our part and more, so that this time their hopes will be realized. This will only be brought about if we as a people do not faller until the final Victory, not Armistice, is achieved, and the Unholy Three are trodden by the heel of righteous victory into the mire and muck of their own inhuman deeds.

Let us dedicate ourselves to giving everything we can in money, work and zeal to the War effort.

Let us firmly resolve to be on the job every working hour of every working day; to give all that is possible to the National War fund and to lend our Government the rest by buying War Bonds.

By these resolutions we shall fulfill our obligations to those who gave their lives then, and to those who are giving them now. The star of peace will shine in the heavens again and the whole world will know, now and forever, that they have not died in vain.

—Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

MIGHTY FINE

Major Oliver H. Clayton, former commanding officer of the Technical Training Command at Embry-Riddle, sent up to over the wardrobe travelling case that was presented to him by James E. Bloysley for Embry-Riddle.
Continued from Page 1

it hard to put into words the look of excitement and sheer wonderment on Cadet cucumber's (stock name for Green Cadets) face as the Instructor gives the ship throttle for the take-off.

During this flight, usually of 40 minutes duration, the Cadet will become acclimated in handling the airplane in straight and level flight and making gentle turns. Upon returning to the ground there is no way of describing the Cadet's joy and enthusiasm over his first flight. Most Cadets are relaxed and enjoy the first ride, still having that tense and nervous feeling of this initial nervousness, but is assigned to a different Instructor. The Navy has released to us some N3N's to be used on this program as soon as maintenance is completed. This type of ship will help to increase the Cadet's knowledge and broaden his flight experience.

In conjunction with his flight, aeronautical ground school is held each day at the Field and at the University of Miami. These Cadets are governed by a group of swell fellows from the Navy, namely (Lt. (jg) Newcombe, Lt. Sullivan, stationed at the University of Miami; Lt. (jg) George Young, Resident Naval Aviator; and Ensign McDuff, stationed at the Field. These men look after their discipline, activities and recreation. They are well liked by the boys and are doing a swell job of preparing these Cadets for advanced training.

From here they go to Pre-Flight School, either at Athens, Ga., or Chapel Hill, N. C., for a three-month course which includes only ground school and physical training.

We wish them all many happy landings and continued success in their future flight activities. We'll keep training 'em and you keep 'em flying.

Editor's Note: My hat's off to Tom for accepting my completely groundless challenge in last week's Fly Paper and coming through with his assignment pronto on time. In order not to impede our present production schedule, Tom composed this bit of narration between his first flight in the a.m. and the last one in the p.m. Bells and orchids for being such a swell sport.

WING FLUTTER
Continued from Page 12

his pal, Jack Salter, missing him more than somewhat. How about those Georgia Peaches? Ah well! we will know more when Duncan returns.

And now the long awaited moment or the "list of the boys that get around," May it be known to all and sundry that the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of yours truly, and are not endorsed by me, because I think you're all wonderful. Maybe I now can walk through the shop without having something dropped on my head, accidently of course. Here you are boys, now fight over it.

Best dressed—Thomas Smith.
Best looking—John Ross.
Best sport—Bill McCaleb.
Most attractive—Harold Malcolm.
"Wolfie"—Ray Zeman.
Best bowler—"Mr." Benson.
Best worker—Leo Courson.
 Quietest—Hugh Felts.
Noisest—Pauline Pyke.
Most recent daddy—James Head "Sr."
Best all-around—Bill King.
Most popular—Jack Salter.
Best singer—Wally Getzman.
Best dancer—"Shorty" Morgan.
Most seen-least heard—Don Martin.
Spinner of yarns—Vernon Yetts.
Beau Brummel—E. T. Duncan.
Regular Guy—Bill DeShazo.

And don't forget, even if you didn't get your name in here you aren't completely lost.

The shop employees very graciously came to the assistance of Mr. Osborn. We would like to thank each and every one of you and wish him a speedy recovery.

And now good-bye.
WHITECAPS
by Cay Silcock

Pu-leese bear with me while I take over for "Pat" Hillis who has been cavorting over Tampa way for a few days. Reports are that a wunderful time was had by all! In fact the exhuberance around here is extremely uplifting.

Thanks for the build-up, co-editors Bennett and Hillis, I must say that the innuendoes have me guessing. But hurry back and all will be forgiven.

Ann (Hepburn) Cooke left for North Carolina to say very special adieux to a friend who is being shipped to one of those "military secrets" spots. We miss you, Ann.

Our ever welcome and charming Babs Beckwith has returned to the fold for a water-rating. Stay around, Babs, you're just what the doctor ordered.

One Look

With her helmet strapped under her chin via one large safety pin, a box lunch under her arm and mitts to keep her hands warm, "Skeeter" Barton took off on her solo cross-country. Upon her return she sadly stated that she lost her sun-glasses en route. When questioned as to how, Skeeter demurely answered, "By looking out of the window."

Her loss was not as tragic as the one a few nights ago. A certain party returned to port about dusk and rushed into the office begging the loan of a flash-light. It seems that while docking, one set of false teeth had thoughtlessly jumped into the bay! As dark descended and the teeth were still missing the victim doffed clothes and took the plunge—stamping around until he got a "bite." My scouts report that all ended well.

Dunked

Amid multiple spins and cheers from the "gallery" Lt. Frank Roslington got his Private Pilot's license, as did our A. T. C. navigator, Alvah Hefty. Best wishes and "Take it easy, Fellows."

Leave it to George Lambros to draw all the gals! They certainly "keep him flying." But then Mac doesn't do so badly either; to say nothing of Emmett Brown who in his quiet way manages to have his full quota of "glamour gals."

Elizabeth MacRae, one of the Lambros harem, soliced the other day and was flung into the bay—she fooled everyone though, because she had a bathing suit on under her slacks; but did those heaver-inners look worried for a minute!

AT LAST

Mary Frances Perner, formerly of Purchasing and now of the Air Depot Detachment, finally has received word from her husband who has been a German prisoner since March. On November 1 three letters and three cards were delivered to her house, and the new smile on Mary Frances' face tells us that hubby is well and in good spirits, counting the days till peace returns.

Mary Jessup went overboard too. Congrats.

Word comes that Bill Butler is back in Florida, at Arcadia to name the spot. Come down, Bill, all your pals would like to see you.

Emily (bomb-shell) Metz visited us the other day. Emily is still dreaming of her March trek to Sweetwater and that early morning bugle call.

Our popular "run-away" builder, Mr. Wheeler, came a-calling Sunday afternoon. Drop in again, Mr. Wheeler, and how about taking the waves out of our landing strip?

In parting we'd like to give you the "definition of the week," but we refuse to divulge the source. "A gentleman is a patient wolf."

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