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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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PROP FEATHERS
by A/C T. C. Widder, Jr.
Dorr Field

Maybe it's the proximity of Thanksgiving that gives this story an even funnier angle—but in any event, here's the interesting tale of one of those freak air incidents. It all happened at Dorr Field on the morning of November 16, when at about 9:30 a.m., A/C Richard K. Miles came taxiing up to the line with his PT-17 "well feathered."

The crowd of cadets and flingmen who ran out to the ship as Miles taxied into position were greeted by the sight of a plane in somewhat of an unusual condition. The cowling was stuffed with feathers, a dead whooping crane was hanging on the right wing bracing wires, and another half Thanksgiving dinner was on the left wing wires.

Birds and Birdman
All this came about when the pilot, while coming in for a landing, ran into a flock of cranes just leaving the ground near the southwest corner of the field. As Cadet Miles explained the unique incident, the cranes were feeding in the corner of the field and suddenly flew directly up into the path of his ship as he was gliding in.

With his power off, there obviously was no chance to avoid the birds; several of the cranes hit the propeller, and the net effect was to cover the whole front of the plane with assorted legs, feathers and other portions of "unrationed" fowl. On the left side of the plane was as neat a skinned drumstick as you'd ever want to see—but alas, no canned heat available!

Stearman Replaces Gun
Native Floridians employed here at Dorr Field stated that these cranes are very edible and are even more delicious than turkey—so there's a suggestion for Thanksgiving dinner's problem—if you happen to have a Stearman handy!

After examining the ship and making a proper form 1-A report of the happening, Cadet Miles walked back to the Dispatch Tower, apparently none the worse for wear, although probably a little upset at being attacked in his defenseless PT by this flock of "natural interceptors."

The plane was taken in immediately for a check by the capable linenmen of the Embry-Riddle Company, in keeping with their policy of prompt and efficient maintenance—the big reason why any sort of accidents have news value at Dorr Field.

The only apparent damage to the plane was the flattening of the propeller from the impact of the heavy birds. It's pretty hard to find a moral in this story, but if there is one, it's probably A bird in the bush is worth two in the prop!

ROLL OF HONOR
by A/C McKesson
Dorr Field

A Pro Patria honor roll board commemorating alumni of Dorr Field who have died in the present conflict, or who have been decorated, is being planned for display in the Post's War Room, it was revealed this week by Lt. Wilson B. Hand, who is in charge of the project.

The biggest difficulty confronting officials in the inauguration of the roll is a lack of records of men who have passed through Dorr Field during their training periods. To supplement this lack of records, all persons who know of men reported killed or missing in action or of boys who have received decorations are requested to contact the Public Relations Officer at Dorr Field. It will present no problem to keep the board current once it is brought up to date.

Names thus far collected to be inscribed on the honor roll are: Lt. Julian LeRoy Dart, Anthony F. DiMenna and Stanley M. Hafle. Lt. Dart was killed in a July bomber crash in Texas, Lt. Hafle was killed in action in the South Pacific, and Lt. DiMenna was killed in a bomber crash in Spokane, Wash.

GRADUATION DANCE

By combining resources, the class of 44-D of Dorr and Carlstrom Fields plans a better and more elaborate graduation dance than has been held before. This gala affair will be staged at the tourist camp just outside Arcadia on Highway 17 on December 3, with festivities beginning at 8:30 p.m.

Music will be furnished by the Venus Air Base Band, with maestro W/O Lawrence Grooten giving the downbeat. Cadet talent from both fields will merge for what promises to be unusually good entertainment during the intermission.

Feminine Cooperation
Further insuring the success of the evening is the indispensable cooperation given by the V-ettes and USO girls who have aided in the success of previous dances. Girls also are expected from Sarasota and Miami.

Officials remind girls planning to attend that they must have their USO passes; these passes may be obtained at the USO headquarters in the Arcade Building. Special passes will be issued to cadet wives and to girls who are under age—the latter must have their parents' permission. Hostesses for the dance will be Mrs. Howard Shaver, Mrs. Edna Platt, Mrs. Rupert Smith and Mrs. S. S. Rhodes.

For Dorr Cadets preferring a stag party to a dance, there will be an outing at the George Stonebraker ranch featuring good food and cadet entertainment. The date set for this affair is December 2.

A graduation banquet for Dorr's Class of 44-D will be conducted November 29 in the Yard Mess Hall. Instructors and Cadets will assemble for a farewell meal and an informal get-together.
EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER
"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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THE AIRCRAFT ENGINE

by James F. Glover, Embry-Riddle Field

The modern aircraft engine has the power to move a freight train; yet it weighs less than a pair of ordinary car wheels. The secret of its tremendous output without the need for massive parts lies in a large measure in microscopic balance, high speed and high efficiency, together with the miracle of modern alloys. Its power is smooth and tremendous when under instrument control, but is gone in a flash, along with a plane and a pilot, perhaps, if it is ineptly handled.

The first Wright engine was a water cooled, vertical in line four cylinder type, developing around 30 to 35 horsepower at 1200 r.p.m. The Wright was approximately six pounds per horsepower and the engine had a fuel injection system.

The 150 H.P. Wright Hispano Suiza, mass produced for World War 1, which was introduced to America the art of precision aluminum casting, was redesigned to 300 H.P. before the War's end. In 1926, Wright developed and produced America's first radial, air-cooled engines, Byrd used early 200 H.P. Whirlwinds for his North Pole flight, and 220 H.P. models powered the numerous ocean flights which followed.

In 1938, modern air transport had been inaugurated by Douglasses with 700-800 H.P. Cyclones. In a Lockheed 14 transport with 1100 H.P. Cyclones, Howard Hughes girdled the globe in three days, 19 hours. And now in 1943, the World's largest transports, the Lockheed Constellation and the Martin Mars, use 2000+ H.P. Cyclones.

In the construction of an internal combustion engine, reliability of the working parts is of major importance. This usually required the use of strong, and at times heavy, materials which result in a bulky and heavy engine. The major problem in aircraft engine design is to construct the parts strong and light and still retain reliability. All moving parts must be carefully machined and balanced to reduce vibration.
Letters to the Editor

Dorr Field
Arcadia, Fla.
November 17, 1943

Dear Editor:

I am a Flight Instructor attached to Dorr Field and have seven months of service behind me so far.

Inasmuch as the Fly Paper is delivered to our Ready Rooms as each edition is printed, I have taken great pleasure in reading each and every issue since I have been attached to the Embry-Riddle Company.

I have a request to make, and that is please be kind enough to mail a copy of the Fly Paper to my wife, whose address is enclosed.

I can assure you that your attention in behalf of my request will be greatly appreciated by my wife and myself.

Respectfully yours,

Philip Di Tillo

Editor’s Note: We are more than glad to send the Fly Paper to your wife, Mr. Di Tillo. While in the Ready Room you might advise your students that the Fly Paper is sent free of charge to their parents and friends. All they have to do is fill out the box on page three and send it in to us.

50 Monastery Gardens
Enfield, Middlesex
England

Dear Editor:

Will you be good enough to send your most interesting weekly Fly Paper to the above address?

My son, who was with you in Course 9 at Clewiston, is at present on a conversion course somewhere in England and will be going on operations very shortly. I have always sent your paper on to him and he tells me how interesting it always is. He then passes them on to his younger brother who is looking forward to the day when he will be able to join the RAF. So far, he has only got to the Air Training Corps stage, but picks up a lot of useful information out of the Fly Paper.

Finally, my wife and I always have a look through before sending it to my son, so you see it is well read by the family. We should all hate to miss it, so hope you will be able to forward us a copy each week to the new address.

With very best wishes and continued success with your efforts in keeping the students in touch with one another.

Yours faithfully,

S. W. Crockett

Dear Editor:

I graduated from the Embry-Riddle on October 9 with the class of 26-43-A2 and am now taking a six-weeks’ course in gunnery so that we can help the War effort to the best of our ability.

We have very little time to go out here, with plenty of school work to keep us occupied. I would appreciate it if you would send the Fly Paper to me so that I can send it to or show it to the other fellows who have gone through Embry-Riddle schools.

One of your pupils,

Jack Liben

Editor’s Note: The Fly Paper is on its way to you, Jack, and if you’ll send us the names and addresses of the other boys, we’ll see that each of them gets his own copy each week.

52 F. S. 6th Ferrying Group
Long Beach Army Air Base
Long Beach, Calif.
November 7, 1943

Dear Editor:

This note is to request that you change my address so that I can again receive the Fly Paper.

I left Carlstrom Field September 1st, after more than two and a half years, and as yet no Fly Papers have been forwarded to me and I am away behind on news.

I’m in the Ferry Command now and my address is listed above. I ran across some of our former Instructors recently, Capt. E. E. Jones at Nashville and Touchton at Memphis. Have been unable to run Ray Fahlringer down, but have visited Margaret, Ray, Jr. and Mickey at Hollywood.

Our former Sgt. Dailey of a couple of years ago at Carlstrom is now Capt. Dailey at Dallas. It sure is good to run across old acquaintances.

Yours truly,

E. S. McKendry

Editor’s Note: We sincerely hope that Lt. Clay will some day come to our country and that he will visit Riddle Field, where his brother John Anthony Clay was a member of Course 11. We join him in the assurance that the young Americans now in England and the young Englishmen here in the United States will be greatly responsible for the amicable solving of many of the postwar problems that will confront us.
DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

The hunting season opened yesterday. Shells are scarce and birds are plentiful. We heard that Gerald Taylor’s motto is “Don’t shoot, till you see the white of their eyes.” Guess our General Manager donned his rattlesnake-proof leggings, guaranteed against snakebite. One of these days we’re going to take him out and see if those leggings are what they are cracked up to be; if not, we’ll send the leggings back and get a wreath.

Well, well, well! Whitnall’s Egyptian Love Potion is again at work! This time it’s a certain young lady in the Civilian Administration, Mentioning no names nor nothing, but she is secretary to the General Manager. Now we’ll give you all two guesses and as a hint we’ll add up, the fact that the General Manager only has one secretary. Yes, sir, that sure is a nice sparkler. The lucky young man is none other than Lt. Robertus. Congratulations, Lieutenant! Note to Lt. Robertus: Don’t forget that you owe us two bits for that phial of love potion that we credited you with till payday.

Lt. Greene has ordered $5 worth of E.L.P.

Fess Up

Everyone’s been wondering what happened to Miss Winters’ leg. She certainly had a hard time of it for a day or two. Just what did happen, Miss Winters?

We’re all glad to see Hazel Deshong back on the job after a siege with the flu.

Dorr Field welcomes five new people to the Post this week and one is Capt. Samuel McChesn of Administration. Those ribbons on his tunic are from World War I when the Captain spent the better part of a year in France. One of these fine nights we hope to take the Captain out and introduce him to the fox. Of course the fox will probably give him the old fox laugh like he has the rest of the AOs.

Then we have Cpl. Martin Everly, Cpl. Wilbur McKay and Lloyd Estes. We haven’t found out just what these fellows do, but welcome to Dorr.

Also we wish to welcome to Dorr Chaplain Lorane Shonfelt, 1st Lt. Note to the Chaplain: In your travels around the Post you will probably meet up with “Pop” Anderson. You might check his swear box and see if he is doing right by it.

Silver Bar

Congratulations to Lt. McLaughlin who this last week hists a silver bar instead of a gold one. Should anyone ask you who tears all the white stones up around the circle, Lt. Cameron is the guilty party. We seed him do it. Probably needs more Link time, but in his defense we will say that the lights on the Chevrolet staff car are not so hot; we had to get out and strike a match to see if they were lit ourselves.

A hunting party consisting of Major Curnutt, Gordon Mougey and Carl Dunn returned from the woods Monday night with plenty of game and an assortment of stories as to how the game was killed.

First let us say that the Major has been heard saying that we killed 45 quail. Carl Dunn’s version is that the Major doesn’t need a shotgun, all he needs is a baseball bat—strike one and you’re out.

That excuse for a gun that Gordon Mougey carries just naturally scares the quail to death. Any questions as to the truth of this story will be verified by Carl Dunn.

The Major claimed before the hunt that he was on a diet, but his two companions had to pitch in and feed him and his dog before the day was done.

THE LINK DEPARTMENT

by Kickapoo

Our column caused quite a stir this past week. The boys finally admitted that they were unable to pattern their mode of living after those two models who instruct on trainers Nos. 1 and 2, but will strive to do better.

Sgt. Jacobi has relaxed on his animal collection, but Sgt. Reed has temporarily taken over by keeping a kitten on his trainer as a mascot. He has it named Yardbird. We’re wondering if the Yardbird brings back to the Sergeant memories of his own rookie days.

Cpl. Johnson is in a big dither. Being one of the Boy Scout Leaders in Arcadia, he wants the opportunity to take over the Girl Scouts too.

Sir Frederick Heis, that gallant gentleman from Pennsylvania, is still at it. What a man! Ask him anything you care to know and he can certainly put you at ease with his theory of life.

Cpl. Hampton, to spite us, is going to grow a goatee to go with his mustache. His nickname in the future will be “Soupstrainer” Hampton.

Oh So Modest

The rest of the department are laying low, claiming that they are very modest, oh, so very modest, and don’t care for publicity.

“Pop” Anderson went to Fort Lauderdale with Tom Davis last week on business concerning the water treatment plant.

Note to Tom Davis: Next time that you give Slim McAleny a packet of cigarettes, give him a brand that we both enjoy smoking. We’re both very particular as to our cigarettes.

Do your Christmas Shop-lifting early, folks.

Tol’ably yours,

Jack

DORR’S KEYHOLE

by A/C Art Sager

Formations had plenty of supervision last week-end with several members of the Wing Staff staying in to keep us company.

One of our upper-classmen must be planning for a new feather bed—anyway he came in with the makings on his prop and flying wires. The birds were reported “accidently” to have flown in front of his ship as he was landing. If the weather had continued in its recent vein, it would have been fish scales.

One of our under-classmen was shedding Worry Dew over the ships taking off with loose wires hanging about—all static wires are a little hard to understand at first. Speaking of static wires, some of the under-classmen seem to be having trouble keeping them on the ground while taxing—or are they just flying low.

Long Face

We followed a groove in the ground from the Ready Room to the Tower the other day—in the end we found that it was made by A/C Megaw’s chin. This sad man, who is a former ardent fan of the Washington Redskins, had just found out that Sid Luckman of the Chicago Bears has beaten Sammy Baugh’s percentages in successful aerial attacks.

Many of the boys are still having a hopping good time on the Flight Line—in fact, Jake Hill of the Parachute department says they may have to put on some extra help.

Continued on Page 21
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

ATTENTION! Congratulations to Captain John Strauch, our Commanding Officer of Cadets, and to 1st Lieutenant Lee Harlin, our very efficient Special Services Officer and one of the Physical Training Directors.

Capt. James Bobo returned from his leave spent in Alabama and wants it clearly understood that he did not, repeat not, get married. Single girls please note!

Lt. Lamar Albritten, formerly of Carlstrom Cadet Class 43-1, paid us a short visit recently. Lamar is a Wauchula boy who married one of our former switchboard operators, Velma Cowart. Pfc. Arthur Karas has returned from his furlough.

Tom Pate has received word that Lt. Harold A. Fasick, Jr., of Class 42-K, has received the Air Medal. Lt. Fasick has seen action in North Africa, Sicily and Italy and recently was promoted to 1st Lieutenant.

Lt. Fasick is one of many Carlstrom graduates who have received citations and awards of various kinds, and we're mighty proud of "our boys." Anyone who learns of any decorations awarded ex-Carlstrom Cadets, please let us know.

Cuban Guests

Capt. Somellan of the Cuban Air Force and his wife were the guests of Capt. and Mrs. L. J. Povey during the past week. They visited Carlstrom Field during their stay here, and we hope they'll come back again soon.

J. K. Onsrud has heard from Jim Gilette, former Flight Instructor here who joined the Ferry Command of the RCAF. Jim is flying B-29s and enjoys his work; however, he says he certainly would like to fly a Stearman once again so he could do a few Slow Rolls—straight and level flying becomes awfully monotonous.

Former Flight Instructor Jim Peters is flying with United Airlines now. His address is 1020 Sherman Avenue, Denver, Colo., in case any of his old friends find a few minutes and can drop him a line or two.

Checking WASPS

Sgt. Johnny Jordan advises that John Ayala is about to complete his Officer's schooling at Romulus, Mich., and will soon receive his commission in the Air Transport Command. Bob Greer, who left shortly before Johnny Ayala, has been commissioned a 1st Lieutenant and is now checking WASPS out on ATs!

New Ground School Instructors are Ed Murrill, formerly of Accounting, and Johnny Tyler, who transferred from the Maintenance department.

"Joe" Horton, "Bruno" Carpenter, Mike Harlan and Charles Ebbs were among the visitors at Carlstrom during the past week.

Welcome to Richard Skiles who hales from Lancaster, Pa., and is now enrolled in our Instructor Refresher School.

Ray Barney, Charles Parks and Stanley McGowan have entered the ranks of "full-fledged" Flight Instructors. Congratulations and good luck.

Herb Jones and Delmar (DD) Jones have left us for the Ferry Command at Love Field, Dallas, Texas. Mark Ball's release to Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation, N.Y., has come through and he also has gone. Good luck to all of you.

The Bill Lightfoots are the proud parents of a new baby—and it's a boy! Congratulations.

Peggy Brown spent last week-end in West Palm Beach. Welcome to Katharine E. Broom who is working in the Accounting department. Her husband is a Cadet at Dorr Field.

Efficiency Contest

Standings in the Efficiency Contest as of Saturday, November 20, are:

Squadron 1, 700 points; Squadron 2, 950 points; Squadron 3, 800 points; Squadron 4, 860 points; Squadron 5, 450 points; Squadron 6, 750 points.

Tom Davis, General Superintendent of Building and Grounds, Dave Anderson, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds at Dorr Field and C. H. Carothers, Chemist, all attended the convention and school of the American Waterworks Association held last week in Fort Lauderdale.

Word has been received that Luther Gause, painter at Carlstrom who was taken to Bay Pines Hospital a couple of weeks ago, is very much improved and is expecting to be released shortly. We're glad to hear this good news and welcome Mr. Gause back on the job as soon as he can come back.

"This dance floor is quite slippery!"

"It's not that. I just had my shoes shined."

The Graduation Dance for Class 44-D will be held December 3, 1943, at the Tourist Camp in Arcadia. This will be for both the Dorr and Carlstrom graduates and promises to be a big affair. All girls had better plan to be present.

CADET GILLESPIE WINS TRACK MEET

by Lt. Roy J. Weiner

Another chapter was written in Carlstrom's text of athletic history last week as Dallas R. Gillespie, Class 44-E, rose to the heights of track champion in the 44-E track meet.

Gillespie registered 20 points out of a possible 28 to sneak in ahead of three competitors with 19 points each. His greatest performance was his 2:14 in the half-mile run which netted him second place in that event.

A native of Mars Hill, Maine, Gillespie starred in athletics for Aroostok Central Institute. Athletics was deep in the heart of Dallas who was on the winter sports, track and cross country teams four years during his prep school career. In 1942 he won the State Champion snowshoe mile race, an accomplishment which seems more of a myth than an actuality to Floridians. He specialized in the mile and half-mile jaunts at the Institute and served as captain of his track team.

No Snow?

Gillespie couldn't find any snow in Florida. But he did the next best thing, running in the sand and palmetto roots to prove that intestinal fortitude and not climatic conditions make the champion.

Harvard Cox, one of the second placers with 19 points, won the 100-yard dash as he scammed to the time of 10.5. Clarence Hicks, in the runner-up deadlock with Cox, capped the half-mile event with 2:07.

John Hannon, the third man in second

Continued on Page 19
W. H. E. Trewin, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, has announced that this School will sponsor a Christmas Dance at the Sugarland Auditorium in Clewiston on Saturday evening, December 18. It is very probable that the No. 9 B.T.C. Dance Band from Miami Beach will provide the music for the occasion, but a definite announcement will be made later. Another feature of this gala event will be the presentation of a large number of door prizes to the guests. Make your plans to attend now.

With funds provided from charges made to each Instructor for form one errors, Sgt./Comdr. Jimmy Cousins and his No. 2 Squadron Instructors enjoyed a deluxe chicken and spaghetti dinner at the Instructor’s Club last week. Guests of honor for the dinner were the new C/O of Riddle Field, W/C. A. A. deGruyther; Sq/Ldr. A. G. Hill, Major Benjamin Durham, F/L. Gibson, Director of Flying Hunziker and Assistant General Manager Durden.

De Marco Special
As usual, the Champeen Instructor Chef, Lawrence DeMarco, prepared all the food and reconvinced his followers. The committee in charge of arrangements (and incidentally this was their punishment for making the most form one errors in the Squadron) were Bob Ahern, Bob Olinger, Harry Brazell and John Darby.

Following the dinner there were several talks and a picture of the entire group was made. We hope to print it in the Fly Paper soon. As a token of their appreciation the boys presented Mr. DeMarco with a Masonic ring.

The general conclusion of the gang present was that the affair was a whale of a success, and similar events are planned for the future.

Wings Parade
Course 15 will graduate next Friday, December 3, with the traditional Wings ceremony at the Field at 10 a.m. Friends of the Cadets and Field personnel are invited to attend the ceremony.

That evening Course 15 will entertain the Instructors and other personnel on the Field with a dinner party at the Sugarland Auditorium, and the Course will leave for their next posting a few days later.

Cadet Bradshaw of Course 16 received the good news from England last week of the birth of a new daughter, Jean. Congratulations!

Sgt. Horanie of the Infirmary and his wife, Virginia, Ground School Secretary, have returned from a vacation in Pennsylvania.

We are proud to present Course 15’s Listening Out edition in this issue, with the credit for the publication going to the list of Editors within its pages. May we also take this opportunity of thanking Cadet Kenneth Fisher of this Course for his assistance to us in keeping his Course in the Fly Paper news.

Busy Cupid
The matrimonial bug seems to have hit many of the former students. Word has been received that P/O George Borrett of Course 11 has been married, as have Gordon Finch, Tommy Crimer and Hayborne Thwaitie, former Course 14 Cadets. “Paddy” Dineen has written that many of his Course 13 pals are waiting to be posted and that Bill Buckman of that Course is with the New Zealand A.F.

The Instructor’s Club is in receipt of an archery set from Mrs. Kalthie Carron of Woodcliff Lake, N. J., in appreciation of the kindness shown her brother, the late Fred Young, who was the Houseman at the Club.

Editor’s Note: With Courses 16 and 17 having a honey of a verbal feud via the Fly Paper, they are joined this issue by the Mechanics and Instructors, who are differing about the prospective strength of their touch football teams, each having won a game. The play-off was to have been this past Wednesday, so watch the next Fly Paper for the results. In the meantime, here are the “feuding” stories.

Instructors Smear Mechanics
We were going to be good sports (we find it hard to be anything else) and not rub it in to the poor Mechanics when they were so badly beaten by that thundering herd, the Advanced All Stars recently—16 to 7, imagine that! But we have just read the copy of their account of the second game and we hasten to defend ourselves.

Two weeks after that first game the Mechanics dragged their torn and battered bodies around the hangars searching in vain for alibis to explain their defeat and save face (with faces like they have, who would want to save them?) But as time wore on and their wounds healed, they forgot the unerring accuracy of “Slinging Sammy” Taylor’s 60-yard bullet passes, which seemed to reach the waiting tentacles of Riddle Field’s Larry Kelly, “Flash” Brinton; they forgot the breath-taking end sweeps of “Painless Joe” Garcia, the devastating line plunges of “Jim Thorpe” Hopkins and the astounding speed and swiftness of “Whizzer” Feigel.

But still they couldn’t have forgotten all these; a lesson so brutally taught can’t be so easily forgotten. That explains why they appeared at the second game with three complete teams. Yes indeed, they had every one from the top ranking Greaseballs, Kattkins, Bennett, Feldman and Reese, down to the lowly Yardmen, Coleman, Radford, Garrone, etc. Anybody fast enough to disappear when the sound system calls for a mechanic was there.

Why they even brought their own referee, and was he a dilly, He alone is responsible for their only touchdown. With one minute to play, first down and eight yards to go, he allowed them to stumble through four complete plays and try for
COURSE 15
LISTENING OUT
DEC. 6, 1943
Looking back, it seems but a very short while ago that we were so anxiously waiting at an English training station to hear the verdict pronounced upon us; were we to have the opportunity of attempting to earn those coveted wings that symbolize so much throughout the world, or were we to be disappointed and relegated to other forms of training—after having savoured so few of the pleasures of flying and yet having worked, drilled, paraded, studied and drilled again, with one ultimate aim in view, that eventually our efforts would be rewarded by joining the ranks of those who have worked and gone before us.

Eventually the day came. Some of us were fortunate enough to be given the opportunity of proceeding with our training. The pleasure of hearing that more than compensated for so many irritating and irksome restrictions and discomforts. It made light of inoculations, "bindings" and the delays that so often palled upon us; it made our kit-bags feel as if they were lighter than ever before as we left England for some unknown destination, as usual the subject of so many rumours.

Thanks to the careful, yet unknown and at times unappreciated, planning and Naval cooperation for which no recognition can ever be deemed adequate. The journey was made in the safety of a pre-War pleasure trip, and so many of the minor discomforts that appear to assume such formidable proportions were offset by the ever changing phases of the trip, ranging from the opportunity to buy unlimited supplies of articles that had not been seen for so long to the best method of procuring coffee during the long hours of a morning watch.

Eventually we arrived at our port of disembarkation, anxious to see as much as possible of a country and of a people that by blood were so close and yet geographically so distant. The amazement with which we beheld the buildings towering skyward with their heads at times wreathed in clouds, more lights at night than we had seen for many years, more cars than we had envisaged since pre-War Derby day, everything and everyone so new and different, the abundance of all things that were lacking at home, shops and stocks as yet hardly touched by that so familiar word "rationing," the novelty of nickels, dimes and quarters, involving more mental fatigue than many of our lectures, our train journeys, every mile of which was so full of interest that nightfall was only a blanket to rest our eyes against fresh sights that the morrow would bring.

Ultimately we came to Canada, and again—new places, people and ways of living and once again the rumour "bug" was reincarnated. Where were we bound, when would we go, where would we stop, how long would we remain there; every day brought its new crop of rumours, each more definite and unassailable than the last. Eventually we heard that we were destined to continue our travels and training south—in Florida, where we were told that the standard remained so high that at times it appeared both frightening and unattainable. The very name conjured up so many visions of the far famed playground of a fortunate few that at time we felt unable to appreciate that time could ever be found for work.

Eventually we started our long journey south, semi-oblivious at first to any discomforts, which seemed to be counteracted by the new sights that were being unfolded mile by mile. We were fortunate enough to stretch our legs at Boston, for a few hours, a city where we encountered as much or greater hospitality than we were to discover during our stay in this country—among people whose kindness and hospitality was at times so genuine and forceful that it bordered upon becoming embarrassing; for one invitation accepted meant so many other refusals.
On leaving, fortunately without full complement, notwithstanding Boston’s attractions, the most prevalent thought for so many of us became, “When will we reach New York? How long can we remain there?” At last came signs of the proximity of the metropolis of a continent—a skyline studded with great towering monuments to man’s ingenuity that seemed to dwarf all that stood in their shadow, the never ending streams of cars, the perpetual and never ending noise and haste that is synonymous with life in a large city all merging into a symphony that brought back memories of pre-War London, a London that had become so very distant.

Our arrival at the great station that had more the appearance of a small city fortunately was enlivened by our successful efforts to persuade the custodian of the railway and guardian of the Pullmans that the attempt of one of our members of photographic mien, to wit our one and only Sam Buckle, in company with his more than envied camera, to photograph in transit one of the best known and most widely illustrated bridges in the state was not, as he felt, proof of carefully planned sabotage calculated to destroy at one fell swoop all the strategies of months of Allied maneuvers.

New York more than exceeded our anticipation. Central Park. Broadway. Times Square. Radio City. The Stage Door Club. Jack Dempsey’s and other havens of refuge that gladden the heart of the tired and weary. One cannot forget the lights that shone so brightly even in a blacked-out Broadway—the inimitable New York policeman who could only be named Murphy or O’Brien—the cyclonic progress of taxis, bent more upon mass destruction than transportation—the shops filled with so much that we thought had died with the dodo—the personal appearance of so many “kings of swing” that had been only a name on each 10-in. or 12-in. recording—the variance of questions regarding our “V.R.’s”—the times we were asked “Are you from Australia or Canada?”

Next morning we found ourselves getting farther and farther south, and consequently warmer and warmer, passing hour after hour through some of the richest tobacco and cotton country in the world, where houses were gradually being replaced by boarded wooden huts springing up around plantations, each with its invariable accompaniment of dark skinned children, displays of colourful clothing, rivalling every colour in the spectrum, and the most hard working member of the whole community, the obstinate mule, giving friendship to none and work to all.

The scene slowly changed and we found ourselves touching the fringe of some of the dankest and most impenetrable swamp that the South could show, some that had never known the touch of man since the days of the Georgia prison gangs and that seemed to exist only to breed everything that could live in the slime and depth of the swamp. Next day we found that not only was the heat getting worse and worse but we were gradually coming into the beautiful orange growing country—as far as one could see. For mile after mile, hour after hour, the brilliant green shot with the warm colour of the fruit drawing its beauty from the sun stretched out in orderly symmetrical lines like a gigantic chess board. This was more like our conception of Florida, the brilliance of the skies and the soft harmony of the brown earth and green trees.

The heat and humidity grew worse each succeeding hour, but knowing that soon we would be at our home for the next six months, careful efforts were made to erase the dust of travelling and to force a polish onto reluctant buttons and boots. Eventually we drew to a halt with a weary sigh at Clewiston and disgorged our cargo of wilting moist humanity to be collected and dispersed to the waiting buses by our new officers, whose cool tropical kit and apparent immunity to the heat was enviously regarded by us all.

After our short but more than warm journey from the station, we passed for the first time through the gates of our new home and saw with unbridled curiosity the now so familiar field, laid out with its white buildings and dominated by the control tower that was in future months to become so welcome a sight after hours of cross country trips, where our efforts were to prove that practical navigation was far more exacting than our efforts in lecture rooms.

From the elevated status of a monoplane we can look back now and appreciate more fully how much we owe to the unlimited patience and good humour of our primary instructors for all those weary hours that were spent attempting to convince us that a safe pilot is invariably the live one, and consequently of far greater use than the other type. Their patience in attempting to convince us that the most satisfactory position for the “needle and ball” is in a central position and not hidden away in the bottom left hand corner. The sometimes unappreciated and unrecognized hours that are spent in the evenings and at night with their cadets, attempting to
impert to them an accumulation of knowledge and experience that has been gathered slowly and usually at great expense over many years. All in order that we may leave them and have such greater value in a sphere where knowledge and experience is invaluable. To all these instructors, whether primary or advanced, every pilot owes so very much that his debt becomes incapable of repayment.

The weeks and months passed. Our week-ends were, like all preceding and future courses, devoted to frantic scrambles to any point within reach of Clewiston. Miami, Palm Beach, Sebring, and some say even Daytona, were to feel (should we say—suffer from?) our visits; much time and careful thought was devoted to photographing everything within a radius of one hundred miles. Rumours have been heard of involuntary swims in the canal near the Sugar Bowl. But surely that can only be rumour and she is notoriously untruthful.

Often Monday morning flying was more of a compliment to the hospitality of neighbouring hosts than to the assimilation of flight instructions. Many dubious circuits were carried out and much hair was torn from Flight Commanders’ fevered brows. Our night flying provided yet another test of the resistance of insect repellent and mosquito netting to the onslaught of mosquitoes, usually ending in open victory for the latter.

Only one untoward incident disturbed the smoothness of our night flying. Shortly after take-off, one plane was seen to make a landing off the flare path. Fortunately, it was not only safe, but one of the best “three-pointers” that we have yet seen—nose, top wing and rudder. On arriving at the scene of the historic event, the fortunate cadet, none other than our one and only Joe Meyers, who assures us that he furnishes all the gags that make Jack Benny pay super-tax, informed us that night flying was easy—one merely flies between the red and green lights, which can be seen on each wing.

Eventually we attained the elevated status of flying, or should we say, attempting to fly the A.T.-6, and then we realized exactly how little we knew. For many hours the plane had taken off and reached Clewiston before we had caught up with it. After many more hours, we finally discovered the use of half the levers and at least two of the gadgets. From then we alternated between day flying, night flying, instrument flying, cross country trips—of course not forgetting various amounts of range work. It has once again been rumoured (strange—two rumours) that one instructor was heard to state that range work is his only excuse for not hearing his wife at night, when anything has to be done—thus proving that good can come from evil.

Many experiences were to be found during the latter part of our course, from the cadets carrying on the search for an elusive Light 16, who found a town on track during the search and after much diligent map reading found that he had reached Belle Glade, to the ship that so carefully parked on the line and proceeded to inform the long suffering Tower that he had “wheels down—locked and landing.” The numerous efforts of the so patient instructors to convince us that our efforts to call the Tower would be simplified by turning from “Intercom” to “Radio” together with their efforts to persuade us that our morning greeting to the control room did not consist of “Ship No. __ taking off on soko lolo flight. Roger Wilco.”

The weeks gradually passed and eventually came the day when we had the opportunity of demonstrating to Washington that not only were we capable of taking off and landing a plane, but also that the combined efforts of our long suffering ground school instructors had given us some faint idea of the value of our old friend “alpha” together with the rudimentary knowledge of the family life of an occlusion. (Yes—I always smoke Chesterfields.)

We have made friends during our stay here, who we hope will remember us when we are gone. The memory of their friendship and more than appreciated kindness and hospitality will remain with us for many years. Especially will we remember the A.A.F. cadets training with us, whose conduct and friendship has not only been exemplary, but could be cited to future courses. Our appreciation and thanks go out not only to Flight and Ground School Instructors, but also to our own R.A.F., American officers and N.C.O.s, whose forbearance and impartiality has not been distorted by working under different, and at time difficult, conditions. To these and to all others who have laboured to help us, we tender our very sincere thanks and appreciation.

L.W.B.
Appreciation to all Flying Instructors of No. 5 B.F.T.S.

Six months ago there streamed through the portals of No. 5 B.F.T.S. about a hundred eaglets, who brought with them only a keen desire to stretch their wings. In a few days most of the original eaglets will pass through those same gates fully fledged and armed ready to uphold the tradition of their golden namesakes.

To whom do we owe this very remarkable transformation? A handful of Americans to whom flying is the rod and staff of life. Indeed, they are masters of their air; for from the exceedingly raw material we offered, their skillful hands have produced a flight of fully grown eagles of whom their predecessors may be proud.

There are no Einsteins, Samsons or Aristotles among them, but only ordinary men, bound together by the same underlying spirit and ability which asks only for the highest possible achievement. Little physical indication is given to show the intense excitement, care and worry that each instructor undergoes, be it a pupil’s first solo or an advanced student’s final check, for remember that the pupils are indeed mirrors which reflect the capabilities of their instructors. That so many of us reach the ultimate goal is in itself a fine indication of their excellent abilities.

Most of their work is cloaked by a dry, droll humour or by an intense interest in the ordinary occurrences of a day in camp, and so, unfortunately, it is not until we have nearly finished training that we are able to draw the cloak aside and appreciate to the full the ability and craftsmanship which they all possess.

An unobtrusive view of a small parade ground and the expectant face of each cadet as the so anxiously awaited pair of wings is pinned onto his breast gives each instructor all the pleasure and reward that he can wish for, and so they return, maybe a little older, but not one whit less keen to do the job all over again.

We now realize that without their courage, ability, patience and understanding, even now we would be as fledglings in a nest, and so, in all sincerity we say—

“We, and England, thank you.”

R.S.

Famous Last Words or Things We Hope to Hear by Future Courses

“I will miss this food when we leave here.”

“No—I haven’t been to Daytona; there is nothing to do there.”

“I think you glide at 85 m.p.h. without flaps.”

“We get very few mosquitos in our hut.”

“Does anyone want a solo ship?”

“Cloud flying is easy if you watch the wings.”

“I like the way the potatoes are cooked.”

“I always take off on right tank; it saves changing over in the air.”

“I wish we had more Link.”

“I find it easy to ‘centre the needle—centre the hall.’”

“I gave the C.O. a good ride today.”

“I always side-slip on night landings; it saves so much time on circuits.”

“There’s nothing very much in the Armaments paper.”

“The A.D.S. raised the flag very quickly this morning.”

“I showed her the wife’s photo.”

“I never practice spins on the A.T.; they are easy.”

“I enjoy P.T. here; wish we had more of it.”

“I didn’t know which solo ship to take.”

“No—I never worry about the cockpit check; it’s such a bind at night.”

L.W.B.

“IF”

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If you can travel all the way from Moncton
In blue, and get here looking spick and span,
If you can find your kit bags in the thousands
That litter the parade ground from the van;
If you can listen to the senior courses’ stories
And pick the “Pakka Gen” from midst the lines;
Or see it rain until the field is flooded
Then make yourself believe the sun still shines.

If you can hoist the flag when you’re on duty
And not make reefknots in it with the ropes,
If you can toss to see who sleeps with the mosquitos,
And watch the “quarter” shatter all your hopes,
If you can spin the Link from floor to ceiling
Until your sad instructor starts to shout,
And let him rid himself of all his feelings,
Then, when he’s stopped, with dignity, bail out.

If you can go to sleep in Navigation
And wakening, leave the room without a blush,
If you can start your letters without saying,
“I’m sorry this is short; I’m in a rush,”
If you can do P.T. and run a mile
With temperatures round ninety in the shade,
Returning, start to swot your bombing errors
Before you practice for a Wings Parade.

If you can stand for hours in the Canteen
While others order ices by the score,
And then get served with someone else’s order
And laugh as yours is dropped upon the floor,
If you can take the worst that fate can bring you
And make them realize you won’t say die,
Upon your breast they’ll pin those wings of silver,
—If, in your spare time, you have learned to fly.

R.L.B.

F.L.A.W.
The draughty hours we spent when flying P.T.s at 7 a.m.
The heat of the Florida sun.
The first solo slow roll in a P.T.
The very inadequate looking safety strap.
The mosquitos.
The mountainous terrain of Florida.
The stretch between Clewiston and Moore Haven, which every P.T. seemed to think was the only possible place to do aerobatics.
The frightening moments when we first tried to land in 1½ field—"Will I—won't I."
The Saturday night aerial at the Dixie Crystal.
The quiet evenings in the Clewiston Inn.
The beautiful cool air when entering the Link building.
The steaming perspiration when coming out of it.
Ftl. Lt. Trewin's modest "lines."
The noise of the A.T.s. Their colossal rate of climb.
The frightening numbers of dials, clocks, guages, knobs, levers, screws, wheels, switches, plugs, pedals, etc., in the cockpit.
The aching hours when flying cross country.
The fact that no one seemed to hit Venus on the first low level trip.
The fruitless hours we spent chasing half over Florida looking for that damned light.
The week-ends in Palm Beach and Miami.
The 8 a.m. parades.
The occasional sight of a railway train in Clewiston.
The Seminole drug store.
The feminine voice over the R.T., "This is Riddle Control—taxi out via the East ramp, to the south section of the southeast portion of the field, turn nor'west for two hundred yards, turn due east, go twice around the west pond, turn northeast and take in the west sector of the northwest quadrant after taxiing twice round the Christmas tree."
The infernal needle and ball.
The first night flight.
The Sunday morning in bed.
The night of July 4th.
The service in the canteen.
The "borrowed" parachute tags.
The tired feeling before doing P.T.
The even more tired feeling after doing it.
Jock Moyes' accent.
The numerous little signs dotted about all over the camp pointing out the amenities of the I.R.

The flare path when viewed from 1,000 feet—"Good God, man, have I got to get into that?"
The bewilderding darkness when night flying over the Everglades.
The even more bewildering lightness when flying over Bartow.
The winds that the Met. office give us.
The airplot winds we made on cross-countries and the fact that your own was never the same as anyone else's.
Check rides.
The cheerful song of the Fort Myers beam.
The off-stage whisper—"See you over La Belle—5,000 feet."
The first solo spin.
The endless time it took to get into formation flying.
The split second it took to get out of it.
The hours of "one-way" conversation over the inter-com.
The "Ops" feeling when doing Air to Ground Gunnery.
The Flight Commanders Gen Sessions—when everyone else was diving for solo ships.

J.A.H.

NEEDLE AND BALL

James, James, Morrison, Morrison, Willoughby George DuPree
Took great care of the needle.
The ball was all at sea.

James, James, Morrison, Morrison, Willoughby George DuPree
"Don't push! Don't pull! Apply pressure like this!"
My Instructor instructed me.

My rudders I pedaled, the stick I would stir
My throttle I never left free;
"Relax! Sit back! Take it easy awhile!
And follow it through with me!"

My Instructor I followed, his advice I did take,
But still it seemed all in vain.
"Needle, ball! Needle, ball! You'll spin or you'll stall!"
The ear phones howled yet again.

James, James, Morrison, Morrison, Willoughby George DuPree
"Your air speed, your height! Your pitch isn't right."
"I see no horizon at all!"
"Your D.I. says ninety, your compass says naught;"
"Don't just stare at that needle and ball!"

My eyes roved around till it seemed they were crossed,
My Instructor said, "Not bad at all."
"You'll come to no harm and you'll never get lost"
"If you fly by the needle and ball!"
"AN OLD ODE"

They've taken away the A.T.s—the A.T.s from the line
They've taken away the A.T.s—what a hell of a bind.
When we wander out at night time—to get back to the grind.
How can we get “some in” if A.T.s we cannot find.

At last we find some ships, hidden behind a hangar
What a show—what a fight and shouts of “that’s the hammer”
As everyone to the Christmas tree does chase
Each doing his best to get first place.

Waiting, waiting, until we get the sign,
To take-off—and what a take-off
Just like the Serpentine.
And then “what about throttle, undercart and pitch—Good Lor’.”
Now where’ve I heard that song before?

We’ve taken away our base leg, right over Moore Haven’s streets,
Poor old Hank gets frantic as he looks upon our feats.
But cheer up you instructors, your job is not yet done,
For there’s another course awaiting, just like the previous one,
“You lucky people.”

R.L.B.

TEN LITTLE U-T PILOTS

Ten little U/T Pilots, all feeling fine,
One did a ground loop, and then there were nine.
Nine little U/T Pilots, lost without their mate,
Tom had a check ride and then there were eight.
Eight little U/T Pilots, soaring up to Heaven,
Dick forgot to change his tanks, and then there were seven.
Seven little U/T Pilots, always up to tricks,
Harry did an outside loop, and then there six.
Six little U/T Pilots went into a dive,
One couldn’t pull her out and then there were five.
Five little U/T Pilots thought they’d like to soar,
One flew through a thunderhead, and then there were four.
Four little U/T Pilots off on a spree,
They flew in box formation, then there were three.
Three little U/T Pilots looking rather blue,
Came in and landed, and then there were two.
Two little U/T Pilots giving her the gun,
One gave her too much and then there was one.
One little U/T Pilot now all alone,
Remustered back to Flight Mechanic, and then there were none!

R.J.B.
F.L.A.W.

ELMER PRUNE

What makes the needle go haywire as well as the ball?
What makes the nose keep turning, when ent’ring a stall?
What makes our met say ‘twill
What makes our instructors go grey and beyond words at all?
Just ask Elmer Prune.

What makes a navi’ a logic that no one can see?
What makes our met say ‘twill rain, when it’s fine as fine can be?
What use is ground school at all—that is far beyond me;
Just ask Elmer Prune.

Listen—Listen.
To all those friends that we’ll be missin’—Thank you—Adieu.
The only true line you’ve treated us fine.
What makes the squadrons count days till it’s open post?
Then rush to Palm Beach and to all the east coast?
Just ask Elmer Prune.

What makes a hamburger steak in the Canteen taste good?
What makes the Mess Hall say mutton, and serve us stewed wood?
What makes the peanut and the Pepsi be my staple food?
Just ask Elmer Prune.

What makes the time in the Link such a horrible bind?
What makes a heading of North such a devil to find?
What makes the cursed thing spin, when your speed lags behind?
Just ask Elmer Prune.

Listen—Listen.
To all those friends we’ll be missin’—Thank you—Adieu.
The only true line you’ve treated us find.
And when we get back to England, we sure won’t forget,
All the pals that we’ve made, all the gals that we’ve met.
There’s a job to be done, but we’ll finish it yet.
Just ask Elmer Prune.

K.F.
1-Joe "Nettleash" Brown: "They've taken away our rillings." Sid "Fall-In" Baran: "Move to the left—right turn—all right Friday night's parade." Johnny "Wide Awake" Winter: "Yes—mrm—now let me see! I think this is the map." 2-Noel "Happy Xmas" Hunter: "I always feel my best when I get up!" Left-Right: Robertson: "Left-Right Left-Right! All right, you chaps—Friday night parade." John Hoedel: "No, I'm not going to Dornto again, I lost last time." Lew Turner: "No, I always take my pipe out when I shave." 3-Joe "Night Hawk" Meyers: "Did I tell you the one about the Bishop and the chorus girl?" 4-Eric "Pine Needles" Lang: "Of course Monmouth is in Wales—I think!" 5-Mel Cummings: "Please, sir, my wheels are down, but the horn won't blow." 6-Sid Payne: "It's a pity about Joe, if he could only serve." Joe Cumbergen: "It's a pity about Sid, I must show him a good hack-head." 7-Fredy Ruvee: "Hello, Riddle Central—just made another in the N.E. quadrant." B-Johnny "Ultimatum" Bray: "I'll give you 24 hours to improve." 9-"Heart Throb" Rich: "Pass the salt or I'll break every bone in your body." 10-Frank Myhill: "I think an RAF station haircut looks pretty good." Bob Slater: "Where is the Clewiston Inn?" 11-Tom Northern: "Butter wouldn't melt in my mouth!" 12-Jimmy James: "There's nothing simulated about my forced landings." 13-Dave Eley: "I only sold T.P.A.'s!" 14-Karlo: "I couldn't get served. She didn't hear me!" Watson: "That's nothing—you should have seen the blonde in Miami!" 15-Pepsi Kohler: "Aw gee, fellers! No kiddin.'" Gould: "If they would take away the pilot head, I could really formate." Johnny Goodwine: "What is an air plot?" 14-"Scruff" Halford: "Personally, I think blondes are best." 15-Dicky "Wheel-Up" Hewitson: "Snake-eyes." 16-Sam Buckle: "Hurry up—we won't get a seat on the bus." Joe Charlesworth: "I've got a theory about ants." Tom "Wigan Pier" Rigby: "I've had some T.P.'s fishing off Wigan's T.P. Pier." 17-Peter Payne: "Nothing to a square search—just keep on looking." 18-Harry Guile: "I think it's just a load of bull."
"Pukka Gen" on Flying an A. T. 6A (or C)

It will be found that there are usually two somewhat annoying handicaps that have to be overcome before one can demonstrate the correct manner in which these aircraft should be flown. First there is a quantity of various gadgets which are apparently placed in odd holes in the dashboard and stuck at peculiar angles all over the sides of the cockpit; however, do not let these worry you at all. They are installed either to alter the centre of gravity and preserve a symmetrical appearance, or otherwise are fitted experimentally with a view to ascertaining the best possible manner in which to create scars and contusions in excess of three inches in length when leaving the cockpit. Always remember that the mixture control lever makes an excellent foothold when leaving in a hurry.

The second handicap is more serious, and considerable care should be exercised in overcoming it. You will find that hidden away in the depths of various hangars are certain points where aircraft are carefully stored to avoid their use; at various times in the year, determined individuals armed with large hammers and an assortment of spanners will find that their lives can be brightened by carefully tearing apart every plane within sight to ensure that cadets will not build up too much solo time.

The best method is to wait around the "inner sanctum" where ships are issued to everyone except yourself until an instructor, by use of bribery, corruption and lodge membership, has finally secured one instrument ship. This can easily be verified by the look of joy upon a cadet's face at the prospect of chasing for two hours one needle and ball which is obviously suffering from St. Vitus dance (often technically known as Nos. 21, 23, 25, 27 and 29—Grade E). Upon hearing this, you wait until he has filed a flight plan and then tell him that he is wanted in the tower by the Flight Commander. Upon seeing him happily climbing the Jacobs ladder, one nips smartly to the line in a airmanlike manner and proceeds to start up his ship.

It is important to remember that for a speedy start, over-priming is essential—the existance of flames leaping from the exhaust will ensure a mechanic rushing over to start the engine for you, to avoid bringing out the fire-wagon. This is known as good planning and is highly esteemed by Flight Commanders during check rides. Do not waste time taxiing down runways, but turn the tail smartly toward the Dispatcher’s office, preferably over loose sand, and open the throttle sharply to ensure adequate noise; if a satisfactory breeze can be created, this has the advantage of amusing the Instructors and also causing the current Link schedule to blow away, thus ensuring the happiness of all cadets.

After taxiing across the field with the tail wheel well off the ground, to avoid sand holes, ponds, streams, ditches, soft patches, mud, long grass and more sand holes, ensure that you are facing down wind and take off, with pitch in full coarse as this sounds much better and also demonstrates that you do not suffer from an inferiority complex and merely follow the crowd. It is important not to radio the Tower, for as you will notice, there are various conspiracies to suppress individual achievements.

Raise the undercarriage, by means of hitting the boost during take-off and allowing the weight of the aircraft to force the wheels up, and after having executed a steep turn twenty feet above the flight line, proceed the "beet up" the Tower, preferably at first floor height, to
ensure adequate recognition of your skill. When this amusement palls or, alternatively, upon seeing smoke coming from any windows on this lever, cut over the building area at a safe height, preferably twenty feet above the roofs, as a slow roll can be carried out in transit (after all, the little brunette in the Link may be watching!)

Upon arriving at the P.T. field, considerable amusement can be had by dumping flaps and undercarriage and slow flying just above any ship taking off. This is both amusing and instructive to all concerned, as it teaches the “sprogs” to use their brakes. Having noted the position of the danger areas on the map in the ready room, make for the one over the lake, as very few solo ships have the foresight to go there and you will not be annoyed by other aircraft.

After low flying over the Clewiston Inn, preferably during the morning to ensure that an appreciative audience can be found, especially among any visitors from Washington, follow the road back to the field. Do not worry about cars or cattle—they can easily be dragged out of the ditch. Upon reaching the field, make straight for the parking line, preferably in the direction of any ships waiting to take-off, as this will hasten their reactions and give them excellent training in vacating the cockpit in an emergency. At thirty feet dump flaps and gear simultaneously, as the increased angle on touching down will hasten the locking of the gear. Allow the plane to roll along the runway with full flaps as this will avoid using the brakes and obviate unnecessary maintenance.

Endeavor to park on the night line, as this will get you closer to the canteen. Leave your parachute in the plane if you are in danger of being late for lunch; do not trouble to check that the gear is locked or the switches are all off, as this will teach the next person flying the plane to carry out his cockpit drill thoroughly.

Do not write up any defects in Form 1A, as this will only cut down the next person’s time while the ship is being repaired. Anyhow, let them find it out for themselves; it will teach alertness. Nip into the canteen for a couple of “cokes” and shoot a horrible line to any unfortunate girl in there. She won’t mind as she has heard it all before. Have a good sleep in your billet for you will have the whole evening to pack your bags, and after all Monoton is not so hot as Florida.

L.W.B.

Slowly a new day was born to Florida,
The purple skies faded and became pale blue
Then were draped in gold as the sun
Raised a gilded head above the swamps.
We stirred.
We awoke.
For a brief moment we lay wondering,
Wondering what was different,
For something about this particular day was different.
Then we remembered.
As though still in a dream.
We turned with a will to the work of the day.
The shining of shoes
And brasses;
The final straightening of ties.
The marching.
The standing stiffly at attention.
The salute.
The handshake.
Then, as we turned and marched away.
Realization replaced the confusion,
The past slipped back into oblivion.
As our eyes sought the future.
In the lofty oceans of blue.
Men with our hearts in the skies,
Men with wings.

R.J.B.
COMPILED UNDER PROTEST By L. W. Brooks

PHOTOGRAPHY By All Dim Types

ARTICLES By R. Spinks, N. J. Hunter, L. W. Brooks

VERSES By K. Fisher, R. J. Bleasdale, F. L. A. Walker, R. L. Brown

SKETCHES By J. Bray, T. J. Jackson

COSTUMES By Tailors To H. M. King George VI, U. S. Army

OUR APPRECIATION To Mr. Garrone for Valued Efforts on The Frontispiece

COAT OF ARMS FOR U.T PILOTS By K. Chappell
November 26, 1943

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It”  Page 19

the point after touchdown. All in one minute. Why even we All Stars couldn’t do that.

However, we are quite willing to accept the defeat as unceremoniously as if it were an honest beating. It gives us an excellent opportunity to make ‘em hit the dirt in the next game. We will admit they have some nice plays devised. They might have clicked if we hadn’t broken them up so unmercifully. Their greasy hands, which they thought would blacken the ball so we couldn’t see it, proved a boomerang, because of the many passes that slipped through their fingers.

Some fans were heard to remark that “Hot Rock” Bennett would sure be fast if he could only unhitch that trailer he seemed to be pulling. Somebody else suggested that we warn Lard A. Reese 30 seconds before the ball was snapped so he could get underway. Frankly we were afraid of “Short Boy” Radford. We had a preview of his phenomenal speed at the last Clewis-ton High game when at the final whistle he bolted from the line of parked cars and streaked down the sidelines, hair on end, digging furiously at his mouth as though he had eaten red pepper.

We weren’t worried over “Glamour Puss” Feldman (sometimes called Bob Fowler’s twin) as we knew he’d be watching the girls more than the football. And we were very careful not to step on “Shiek” Watkins, but he did get underfoot.

But enough of this. If you enjoy watching perfect smoothness and don’t mind seeing shattered skulls, come on out about the first of December and watch the All Stars in action—It’s Murder We Say. We have some dark horses for the next game—we had them for the last one, but they were so dark as to be invisible. Refreshments will be served, but only to the All Stars by the Greaseballs.

The line-up will be Driver, Archibald, Garcia, Feigl, Hopkins, Brinton, Brink, Binkle and Taylor. Positions cannot be given because we are all so fast we are all over the field at the same time.

MECHANICS TRIUMPH

On Monday night the inevitable came to pass. The once mighty Instructor’s Touch Football team (they were in their prime about 1903) was vanquished by the mighty men from Maintenance. The final score was 8 to 0.

The Mechanics are now in fear of some action that may be taken by the S.P.C.T.-O.M. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Old Men).

The game was long and hard fought, and at every time-out period, the Instruc-

tors were given blood transfusions. The line-ups were:

Mechanics—Coleman, Andrews, Gar
tone, Reese, Quick, Blount, Feldman, Rad
tford, Brooker, Hallock, Donnelly and Ben
nett.

Old Men—“Duckfoot” Brinton, “Slick”

Taylor, “Tiny” Binkley, “Shorty” Archi
bald, “Truck” Driver, “Stinky” Brink,
“Bluf” Hopkins and “Spooks” Feigl.

Flash! All injuries received by the Me
chanics were inflicted by the over-enthusiastic instructors’ wives who after the game proceeded to take matters into their own hands.

With cross-countries taking place and with only two Flights now flying together, we’re beginning to hang up the hours on A.T.A.

The first cross-country was a very popu
lar one and everyone came back with every available pocket filled with Florida’s “nat


ional fruit”—oranges, which have not been
seen as much as was first anticipated.

To quote the Editor, our “feud” with
Course 17 seems to have no grounds to be
continued “this week.” The two Squadrions
combined last week to turn out two teams, England versus the Rest at soccer. The
result, a -2 win for the “the Rest.”

We were very sorry to hear of Course
17’s tragic accident last week. We had
hoped the “luck” that saw us through Pri
mary would carry them through too.

FORMATION FLYING AT RIDDLE FIELD

GILLESPIE

Continued from Page 5

place, registered third in the half-mile
with 2:15.

Tied for third place in the meet with 18
marketers were Carroll Bruson and Sid
Graybeal. Gruson was deadlocked with
Hannon for third in the half-mile.

Francis Maple tossed the shot 38 feet
to win the weight event. Don Pierce cleared
17 feet 8 inches in placing first in the
broad jump. The class as a whole per
formed creditably throughout the entire
meet.

On Saturday the swimming hopefuls
of Classes 44-D and 44-E, respectively, will
clash and splash in the swimming meet.

Two champions will be crowned, one from
each class. This meet is somewhat out of
the ordinary in that two champions will be
born in a meet which only one entry will
win. The participants will swim against
time, not against each other.

Class 44-D is completing the tennis meet
in the near future. The quarter finals are
under way as the contestants pray for
tennis weather and no more liquid sun
shine.

JUST A THOUGHT

by Dorothy Keysor

Beyond the light of a bomber’s moon,
Beyond the clock that ticks the doom
Of a million men . . . beyond hate.

Over the land swamped with mud,
Over the mud swamped with the blood
Of a million men . . . above jealousy.

East of the wail of a siren blasting,
East of the light of a sky casting
Shadows of graves of a million men . . .
East of fear.

West of the sea which rocks the monsters,
West of the oceans which fonders
The flesh and homes of a million men . . .
West of violence.

There in the grassy green meadows,
Misty after the rain,
There in the desk lined schoolrooms,
In the fields of lover’s lane,
There is the hum drum of the city,
Midst honking horns, midst workshops
Which blanket the futures.

Of a million men
There in the Church
There stands peace.

In Memory of

INSTRUCTOR FRED G. HOWE
November 20, 1943 Riddle Field

“In the Service of His Country”
Holy smokes, this is getting to be a habit. The Ground School hit the number one position in the SETC again with Class 44-C. This makes the third consecutive time the boys have held this much sought after position and it has taken an awful lot of work and thought on the part of the Instructors. It has involved long hours of study, making up work sheets and examinations and analyzing the results of the work sheets and exams so that the weak points might be strengthened by more explanation and drill.

To the Top
It has taken interest and ambition on the part of the Cadets to get to the top. They had to be sufficiently enthusiastic to give that little bit of extra time and study, when free time is so limited. You know the old saying, “You can lead a horse to water but you can’t make him drink.” Well, that applies to Ground School work, and since the glamour is all in the actual flying of the ship, the Ground Instructor has a tough job gaining the interest of the student and then putting his material over.

Good work, fellows, and let’s keep the ball rolling.

Congratulations are in order for Lt. McRae. “Pinkie” is now a 1st Lieutenant. Pretty soon we’ll call this the “lucky” 67th.

Also congratulations to Cpl. Smith on the arrival of a fine baby girl!

Promotions ‘n’ Stuff
Paul Self, Oxford, Ala., known around the Refresher School as “The Poor Man’s Tyrone Power,” recently was approved by the Army as an Instructor.

Watch what he does for the next couple of weeks with that extra money, gals. Then you’ll be able to tell if he is really eligible or not. Congratulations, Paul!

To whom is that bronzed (?) newly married Janitor in the new North Hangar’s Refresher School indebted for that tail-less coonskin hat?

A hearty welcome is extended to Lt. Roy Lyons, new Assistant Army Air Force Supervisor, now located at Army Engineering.

Lt. Lyons has had 13 years of commercial flying experience. He came to Embry-Riddle from Warren, Ohio, where he was President and General Manager of Warren Airways, Inc. He was also an active member of the Board of Directors of Warren Transportation Company while living in Warren.

Our new Supervisor is 38 years of age, married and has a daughter 15 and son 18, who is an aviation cadet at Santa Ana, Calif. Like his father, young Lyons had previous flying training before entering the Army Air Forces.

Cpl. Reginald Smith has just returned from Macon, Ga., where he visited his wife and two-weeks old daughter.

Miss Eula Stewart, Civil Service employee, is visiting in Atlanta, Ga., this week.

Virginia Cloar and Clara Dowdy spent Saturday in Memphis.

ADMINISTRATIVE NEWS
by Martha Houston and Margaret Burcham

Mary Lou Joyner came floating into the office one afternoon last week—all smiles—everything is “lovey dovey” now that her Ralph is back in the States after having been away for two whole years. Could it be that wedding bells will soon be ringing for this young lady? (After all, a 30-day leave is considered a long time now, Mary Lou.)

What certain department head who deals with facts and figures is expecting a very important visitor sometime in the future? (P.S. Folks, they say it isn’t an auditor.)

J. C. Johnson, Supervising Engineer for DPC, has a newly acquired secretary. He brought her with him on his last visit here, and she is really a lovely blonde—too bad she’s married, Mr. Johnson.

Look out Union City! “Bird” Payne, that cute little brunette from the Accounting department, and “Ive” Houston, that glamorous gal from Personnel, are moving from Fulton to Union City next week.

Our new asphalt ramp has been completed this week, and we understand the same company has received a contract to hard surface the road from the main highway to the airport. This work is to be started next week.

Flight Line Flashes
by Marie Burcham and Barbara Walker

Does anyone know anything about Jimmy Cleveland’s forthcoming marriage—is it or ain’t it to be? Maybe, folks, he just can’t find a girl who is that desperate!

What’s this we hear about Willie “Downwind” Barner who always practices what he preaches. Don’t trust those instruments, Willie, they will lie to you at times.

C. B. “Tarfu” Clark is at it again on the stages. With his usual luck we should have a vacation by Christmas! Moral: “Never give up, boys—a new day will come.”

Hallelujah!

Thank goodness and sing hallelujah! At last we have that much-wished-for and much-needed ramp. With a few final touches it will be complete and ready for use. Perhaps now we will not be engulfed in billows of dust. Just think! We can once again open our windows and see the sun shining through.

The latest rage in Union City is, as it is commonly called here, “fudge fry.” Everyone suddenly has the inspiration to gather at somebody else’s house to use all available kitchen utensils to concoct gooey messes which some people choose to call “candy.” Heaven knows what will happen to our stomachs.

The sun shines down on a new gal in the Time department, third floor, Tower.
During moderately heavy detonation, the high frequency pressure waves are so intense that they spring and vibrate the walls of the combustion chamber. This vibration of the cylinders is heard as the characteristic "ping." An engine's sensitivity to detonation is increased by prolonged operation under conditions where air-cooling is inadequate. To prevent detonation the pilot must avoid himself of every precaution and control that will tend to maintain normal temperatures and pressures in the combustion chamber. He should head the airplane, if possible, into the wind for engine warm-up. Never take off with the cylinder head temperature in excess of that specified by the manufacturer. Always take off at full rich mix-

ture so that additional fuel is provided for cooling purposes. He should immediately reduce take-off power to cruising-climb power after clearing obstacles. He should set the carburetor heater valve full cold, unless atmospheric conditions indicate the probability of icing. For even without carburetor heat, intake port temperatures at high power normally will run 50 to 60 degrees hotter than those of outside air.

In heavy detonation, the quickest acting remedy is throttling to reduce the pressure on the detonating portion of the charge. This adjustment is always effective.

Why Study Them?

Why study engines? How else will you know how to get the maximum life and performance out of your powerplant? You may be able to fly the wings off your airplane but unless you understand your engine and respect it, sooner or later you'll be in a heck of a jam, mister!

Men often make up in wrath what they want in reason.—Cyrus Alger

The big news this week was our celebration which took place a few hours after deadline last Tuesday. With the exception of a few, we were all on hand to commemorate Capt. Bacon's recent promotion and to stand in line for our diplomas which consummated the completion of our course in Army Supply. We all enjoyed the turkey dinner served by our host and hostess, Capt. and Mrs. Bacon. Making their official debut as members of our staff were Rose Burke, Mary Frances Ferner, Marian Kline and those inseparable sisters, Lee Trulock and Vivian Musse. And everywhere that Mary went her lamb was sure to go. Why mention names, and besides, he's a took man.

Turkey Talk

Speaking of turkey, that happy explosion sounded off in this department was your own gossipmonger thanking dear, dear Mr. Davidson for selling me that winning raffle on a thirty (30) pounder. My mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my aunts, cousins and neighbors thank you, and I thank you. Just like being caught in the draft, only you get a turkey.

A fond farewell to Chris Huggins, who leaves us at the end of the month for all points north and home, and hello to another new member, Gloria Dean. We're growing by leaps and bounds.
BRASIL NO MIAMI
by Otto Hempel, Jr.

Slowly but surely the home ties are being severed and the goal of "Miami no Brasil" is in sight. So far we have said our good-byes to John Paul Riddle, James Blakeley, John Devery, Adriano Ponzo, Ralph Finn, Charles Larimer, Elizabeth Conard, Nelsen Fitzele, Theodore Treff, Grace Taylor, C. D. Purinton, Morelle Smith, E. A. Wentworth, Dorothy Goggins, James Lunnon, Claude Miller, Edith Del Junko, R. J. Stewart, Guy Dosher and David Thomas, all of whom went out on the first trip and are hard at work enchanting themselves in Brazilian soil and beginning to learn Portuguese as "she is spoke" and get people prepared for the shock of our coming.

Departures


By the time we go to press we believe that W. L. Boddy, W. C. Stokely, William Notting, Donald Sprague, Dover Fouts, G. R. Olmstead, E. N. Featherstone, Eloise Featherstone, J. V. D. Perrine, Beulah Perrine, Florence Williams, Marie Williams, Ann Thimlony, Catherine Zeter, William Lehman and J. D. Setzer will be clutching their passports.

As the days pass and the end of the year approaches, the celerity with which we are departing increases. We firmly believe, however, that we will still be here alone to light the candles on the Brazilian Division Christmas tree.

This week sees the end of the Fall Bowling league with the last two weeks in somewhat nightmarish condition due to the decimation of some teams because our members have left for "South of the Border."

Groundwork

To those of us remaining, there are still several fundamental things to remember. We still have classes to attend as the most important duty. There is much to be learned in Portuguese grammar before we come in contact with the spoken language. If the groundwork has not been carefully laid, we will be handicapped in the future because of the tendency to learn the language by sound rather than by grammatical construction.

Another duty we must remember is attendance for the full day. Our whereabouts should always be reported so that if necessary we may be reached in the shortest possible time. This becomes increasingly important as the departure deadline approaches. It is true that we have personal business to attend to; that is anticipated. But it may be necessary to be contacted for a needed signature, information about ourselves or the like and a few minutes delay in finding us may mean days delay in our leaving.

The final item is punctuality in reporting for classes, in coming in the morning and in keeping appointments. Time is so short and valuable. A minute lost through tardiness may delay someone else an hour.

In our own Machinist division we wish to welcome Howard Senior and Carl Anderson. Our group is practically complete now and hard at work "Apendem falar portugues bem."

Personally we are glad to say, and we are sure that this will be echoed by the girls typing up the order lists, that we can see the end of the order cards. This week finally will see the end of "Class 08-B, No. 3800-643621", wire, round, magnet cotton covered, white, etc., etc., price $.062 ft. Then we shall gather together our shattered remains, take a vacation of about an hour or so and then get to work and pack our treasures for the trip.

Then we won't have a care in the world, except learning Portuguese. Oh, yes, and getting ready again to write class 17-B, No. 7900-384961, awl, polished, steel leather workers., for the things we forgot when we wrote the first list. That's what makes life so interesting, though. "Never a dull moment," and we still think people have more fun than anyone. Adieu, Ate logo, Vai-larei.

TECH TALK
by Vadah Walker

Talk of the day at Tech Tuesday was Frank M. Dunbaugh, administrative assistant to George Wheeler. Not a soul had an inkling of the Army's newest recruit until Major Dunbaugh made his appearance a last week and beautifully tailored uniform. We're mighty proud of our World War I veteran who has been recalled to active duty, and we wish him the very best of luck in his new duties.

Frank, a graduate of Andover and Yale, served in the artillery division in France, participating in the battles of Meuse-Argonne and Fort d'Argonne.

He is the author of Going to Florida? which was published by Brenniano in 1926, and at one time he was publisher of a group of small newspapers in Long Island, N. Y.

Consultant

Before all ships of the Colonial Navigation Company were taken over by the Government last year, Frank was Vice-President of the company in charge of personnel, sales promotion and traffic.

Until he joined Embry-Riddle recently, he acted as consultant on business and personal problems for Rear Admiral Frederick R. Harris, USN (Retired), co-author of Dry Docks, New York, and for the Taft School, Watertown, Conn.

Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women, returned to Tech Monday, reporting a wonderful vacation in New York and Brunswick, Me., where she visited sister Connie, formerly of Mr. Riddle's office. The flight back was a little bumpy, she said, but of course bad flying weather is nothing more than a bit of diversion to Karen.

Ruth Rich, beauteous daughter of Tech's new Director, will join the messenger girls Monday. If there's a platinum blonde head peeking over your mail when it comes in, you'll know that's Ruth, so be sure to say "Hi" to her. A new oldster is Lucille Vailiere who just couldn't stay away from the Embry-Riddle family for long and has returned.
FRANK M. DUNBAUGH, Administrative Assistant to George Wheeler, has been recalled to active duty in the Army. He is now Major Dunbaugh.

to the company to assist in the Personnel department of the Brazilian Division. It’s good to have you back, Tru.

A couple of the dormitory girls, Edith Chapman and Frankie Gilmer, whirled in and out with all our available change Tuesday. They were planning something worthwhile for Thanksgiving, and one of those who helped them with their project will win a War Bond. The money they collected on their Bond raffle was used to give a Thanksgiving dinner at the dorm for twenty of the Biltmore boys. Nice going, girls. We know you made Thanksgiving a memorable day for men who helped make it possible for you to celebrate in peace and without fear of enemy bombs.

Paul Dood It

Thanksgiving in the household of Paul and “Dee” Miller was centered around the coveted Tech School turkey. Yes, Paul’s prowess at dart bowl brought home the fowl just as efficiently as did the guns of our Puritan fathers, and Paul didn’t have to make his way through mud and under-brush. All he had to do was stand in the Tech School lobby and put the rest of us to shame with a score of 135.

Henceforth Thanksgiving will bear a double meaning for George T. Ireland, Chief of Services and Supplies of the Brazilian Program, and Flossie Wiggins, who were married Thursday.

Mary Conroy of Willard Burton’s office will leave for New Jersey tomorrow. There seems to be a slight aura of Spring and orange blossoms linked with her departure, but of course that’s only a rumor and we wouldn’t want to be quoted. Replacing Mary is Jean Carty, who has worked both at the Coliseum and in Fred Foote’s office.

More important than turkey and trimmin’s at the Don Grubbs’ last week was the stork and a new baby girl. We don’t know her name yet, but as soon as we learn it we’ll have Karen Draper sign her up for the 1961 course in Engines.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Chen, parents of Roy Chen, a student in Drafting, were guests of the School last week. They were disappointed to learn that Karen Draper, who advised them regarding their son’s training, was on vacation, but they promise a return visit and we know Karen will be happy to see them then.

And it just occurred to me that I’m G. & A. What am I doing writing Tech Talk?

CHAPMAN CHATTER
by Cara Lee Cook

Here I sit, sweating over a hot type-writer while the editors patiently wait for this sorrowful copy. The heart’s willing tho, so clear the decks and button up the hatches. We’re going to press. Shoot when ready and don’t forget to count ten before you jump.

In our conglomeration of news topics we see that Loraine Barry has done it. She’s now a Commercial Pilot as was plainly evidenced by the extravagant celebration she threw in the Canteen to say nothing of the hollering and shouting that evening. And while we’re congratulating, we give you Gail Hart, 7½-pound baby girl, lovely new lassie of proud parents Mr. and Mrs. Byron Miller.

Lola Hayes is in Texas on a short vacation. She left in fine style, laden with good-luck gifts. His name, incidentally, is Sgt. Johnny Dowling . . . we’re wondering if upon her return she will still be singular. Lewis ‘Lightning’ Leitner bids adieu to our Hangar Crew. He’s California headed where he will serve with the Civil Air Patrol. Good luck.

Hellos

Enuff of goodbyes, we’d like to change the theme and say hello to Norma Boatwright, Mr. Jourdan’s comely new secretary. Don’t get stranded in the red tape.

Harry Carpenter deserves a round of applause and a seat of honor right alongside of Ogden Nash. His poem “Chapman Casanova,” describing one of our more colorful characters, provided quite an amusing moment for all personnel in the near vicinity of the Administration Office. If I weren’t too young to die, I would print it in this issue.

Before signing out, we’d like to proudly pass the good news along. Johnny Fouch, Jr., former Chapman Fielder, has just recently graduated from Primary Flight In-

ATTENTION TECH-ITES

Have you noticed that superfluous Interdepartmental envelopes are cluttering up some valuable space in your office? If you have, send some of them to Florence Gilmore in the Mail Room.

UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letters addressed to the following persons will be found in the Mail Room at Tech: W. J. Frank, Frank DeFlorier, Mr. Guest, Imogene Heyener and Ted Zinich.

GYRO NOTES

by Walter Dick

Something must have gone wrong for the copy sent in last week failed to show up in print—must be I got too close to that well-known “deadline.”

This week has been a very busy one for yours truly, but still there is little to put in print. Next week I hope to be able to give you the story of what has been going on down in Special Projects where I have been working.

Who said turkey! Anyway, you may be munching on a turkey sandwich as you read this for by that time Thanksgiving will be another day checked off the 1943 calendar. We hope that each of you did give special thanks on that day for the many privileges enjoyed by us here in America, also that you will continue to work hard to preserve those privileges and increase those War Bond purchases to support the men on the fighting fronts.

Leo Raidenbush was the high man from Instrument Overhaul in the “Turkey Dart Bowl” game. Seal and Al Kimber were second and third.

Inventory has invaded our department. All week groups of two here and there were seen, one with pad and pencil, the other counting this and that. What a business! Something nice has been added to our department. I know we all enjoy it, especially on cool days.

That’s all, folks.
A. & E. TURKEY

The finals of the Turkey Dart Bowl Tournament were held last Monday throughout the Aircraft and Engine Division. There was considerable rivalry through the entire tournament. Each determined to eat a free turkey on Thanksgiving day.

In the Miami Engine Overhaul the men’s play-off was between Frank Perry, John Adams and Ray Carey, with Frank Perry winning with a score of 165.

In the women's division the play-off was between Nellie Diamond, Belle Cuffel and Margaret Howell. Margaret Howell was the winner with a score of 134. Incidentally, Margaret won a turkey last Thanksgiving in the same way.

In the colored division the play-off was between Chester Nelson, Vera Stephens and Elijah Smith. Vera Stephens triumphed over the two men with a score of 114.

The play-off in the men’s division at Aircraft Overhaul Miami was between D. Swestyn, R. Campbell and A. Thomas. Swestyn won with a score of 125.

The women's division there were four in the finals because of a tie in the qualifying rounds. Gunhild Johnson, Myriss McCook, R. Cochran and B. Kershaw. B. Kershaw was the winner with 132.

The colored division was won by Willie Lyons over C. Benford and R. Williams with a score of 110. Willie was nervous but the thought of turkey settled him and enabled him to complete his famous wind-up in time to win by two points.

In the play-off at Aircraft Overhaul, Carlstrom Field's Frank Mayer won the men's division with 104. The women's division was won by Mollie French with 92, and Tom Smith won the colored division with a high score of 163.

WING FLUTTER

by Medora Barling

At the very head of our congratulations department we must place Mr. and Mrs. Leo Courson and “Son.” Leo now goes around with a happy grin on his face, so it must have been a hoy he wanted. Anyway, we are all very happy about it.

Karen’s mother finally arrived from California, leaving little or no damage en route. It seems that she got off the train in Iowa to mail a letter and the train pulled out of the station without her.

After moving Heaven and earth and the Western Pacific Railroad, she finally got a later train—three hours later, to be exact. Anyhow, she finally arrived in Miami, and we do hope she enjoys herself.

Our very good friend Berta Kershaw did very well in the finals of the dart bowl game. Maybe if we are nice to her, we may rate hash on Sunday. Dan Swestyn won the turkey in the men’s division, lucky him, and Willie Lyons did very well for himself, winning a turkey also.

To all those interested in bowling in the winter league, we suggest that they get off the dime and get in there. Mr. Benson is still high man as far as bowling scores are concerned, so won’t someone please get him out of there?

Don’t You Believe It!

A real career in Aviation without training? Don’t you believe it. Like the artist’s dream shown above, there isn’t no such animal! But—there’s a crying need for trained men and women in practically every branch of Aviation. And—the demand will continue when Aviation begins its program of peacetime commercial expansion. So—why not take the first and most important step toward your career, right now? Get the complete story of Embry-Riddle training and plan to enroll with us soon.