NEW FLAG RAISED IN CORAL GABLES

For the first time since the Coral Gables offices were opened, a flagpole was erected by the Embry-Riddle Company and impressive ceremonies were observed on Wednesday, March 24th.

Before the regular inspection, which was conducted by Capt. Clayton, the new flag was raised at Army Headquarters. The afternoon sun shone on polished brass as the soldiers, lined up in Coral Gables, were given the order to Present Arms. Slowly the flag was raised by T/Sgt. Unertl while flashes signaled the pictures taken by news photographers.

Khaki Whack

Promotion congratulations to Lt. Meyer, T/Sgt. Unertl and Sgt. Wettle. Double congratulations are in order for S/Sgt. Coulthurst. His additional stripe is just a prelude to wedding bells.

Gwen Rawls of the Housing office works with the Army all day but goes out with the Navy at night. Anyhow, she’s “whacky over khaki and cuckoo over blue.”

What soldier showed his family around Coral Gables Sunday proudly pointing out barracks, Coliseum and training field, but hurried by the rock pile without a word?

We like the new song the men are singing—“The Stars and Stripes will fly over Tokio when (—43-A, D or E) gets there. Bozo, the dog who “rules the roost” in Coral Gables, surely seems to miss the dispensary men who left last week. Sgt. Wettle’s shadow, Wolf, is now challenging Bozo’s rule.

If you see the feminine contingent of the Housing office gazing out the window, you may be sure that S/Sgt. Coulthurst is drilling some men on Menores Avenue. They think he surely can strut his stuff.

Hits and Misses

Syd Burrows, Coral Gables Housing Director, has a lot of territory to cover and has perfected a technique, with the aid of his powerful voice, of handling much business without getting out of his car. However, since the current shortage, we notice that he hops out of his car, when buying gas, to squeeze the hose.

Rumor has it that prizes are to be awarded for best barracks, best marching group.

NEW TYPE OF GAME IN ARMY PROGRAM

After weeks of constant training and conditioning, the Coral Gables Army boxing team is ready to go into action. This may seem a surprise to the many who have been participating each Tuesday night. However, we have considered those bouts as purely practice and a chance to work in the ring with an opponent and not too large a crowd.

After watching the boys very carefully for the past month, Lt. Meyer and Sgt. Wettle feel that the men are about ready to go. Soooon next Tuesday, April the 6th, we shall have our first formal boxing bouts and they will be open to the public. Come one, come all, to see the big show and you will see what the Army can do with a bit of training and the right material.

Those of us who have been here for some time can see quite a change in the Physical Training program. The games that were so prevalent in the early days are just about gone from the program completely. Instead of softball and volleyball, we now have wrestling, tumbling and combatives.

The Army had decided, and rightly so, that the men coming out of our schools were not in the same condition as the men that they were going to meet out in the field. We were not going to play the Japs a game of softball, but rather meet them in a lot different type of game, one that they have been training for longer that we have.

Our object today is to make the men strong and tough in a minimum amount of
Letters to the Editor

Miami, Fla.
March 22, 1943

Dear Editor,

We have been reading the Fly Paper for quite some time. The articles and letters are like visiting with people—and all the family have enjoyed it so much.

We have moved to a new address—a new home in a new locality. We will be so grateful if you will please change our address on your mailing list.

Sincerely,
C. G. DuPree

Editor’s Note: Enjoyment such as the Du-Prees derive from our little publication is the Fly Paper’s reason for being. We have corrected their mailing address, and we hope they continue to enjoy “life with the Embry-Riddle family” through the medium of our paper.

Coral Gables, Fla.
March 27, 1943

Dear Editor:

Two copies of your excellent paper have been coming to my home each week. One is addressed to my son Jackson G. Flowers and the other to Miss Dorothy Bailey.

Miss Bailey (“Tommy”) and my son Jack were married in Dwight Chapel on the campus of Yale University, New Haven, Conn., March 2nd last.

Jack is an Aviation Cadet in the Army Air Force and is receiving his training at Yale University. He is doing very well and has been appointed Flight Captain in the Cadet Corps. He hopes to receive his commission in May.

I therefore suggest that you send a copy of your paper to Aviation Cadet and Mrs. Jackson G. Flowers, Box 28, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn., and discontinue the two copies to this address.

Most respectfully yours,
Edgar M. Flowers

Editor’s Note: We know that many in the Tech School will be delighted to hear about our old friend Jack—late of the Stockroom, Purchasing, and Aircraft Overhaul—and that he and “Tommy” Bailey, who was also known to many Embry-Riddle-ites, have been married. We wish them every happiness and hope soon to hear from them directly.

March 29, 1943

Dear Editor,

Here are ten tickets, intact. I came a little nearer this time—I almost sold four tickets; but the girl’s husband had to work Saturday night, so-o-o-o-o, you know the rest.

If I might make a suggestion—also relay a complaint from our Overhaulers—the Coral Gables Country Club is a lovely place to have a dance—I’ve often been there, since the University is my Alma Mater—but it is very inconvenient.

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March 29, 1943
COURSE ELEVEN

REVERBERATION
AD
NAUSEAM

LISTENING OUT
In view of the fact that in every “Listening Out” which has been published to date there has been a “History of the Flight,” and since our own Flight History was very similar, it has been decided that our best course is to omit this part of the editorial. In later paragraphs we have attempted to give you some idea of what our members have done, and, since a record of their actions constitutes our individual history, we believe that that will be sufficient.

It remains for us to offer our very sincere thanks to all our Instructors, to the Ground Staff and other Personnel of the School. To them we owe our deepest gratitude, for without their help we should never have obtained our wings.

We should also like to tender our appreciation of everything which America and Americans have done to help us during our stay here. We have been received everywhere with the utmost cordiality and friendliness, and the hospitality accorded us has been amazing. In return for all this we can only offer our thanks, but we hope that some day we shall have an opportunity to repay in some small measure the debt which we have contracted.

Ad Victoriam Procedamus!

“This is Course XI,
LISTENING OUT.”
GREEN FLIGHT

The idea isn't exactly new
But we must introduce to you
The lads of Green Flight—Course One One,
Who've done the same as others have done,
An orderly Flight of smart young men,
Quite the reverse of the famed Course Ten,
Led by Hicks—the disciplinarian,
Quite an old man—an octogenarian,
Jefferies U. O. is smartly dressed,
Again his pants have been cleaned and pressed,
Flight Leader Davies hailing from Wales
Excelling at Rugby and Ballantine's Ales.
Crook assists Davies in “binding” the Flight
But went for a ride on New Year's Night!
Amos informs us he joined in '03
But he still lost his maps and found Ochopee.
Baker's another who's “been in” some time,
He owns several guns and a horrible line.
Borrett's the third of this wonderful trio,
Welcomed in town by Mattie and Leo.
Now Bruce is a lad who is really most quiet,
Would he have been sick had he been on a diet.
Burgess P. W.—Screwball—quite tall,
With Ground School Instructors he's right on the ball.
Carroll—“the type”—yes, battledress chaps,
And according to plan he lobbed down at Jax.
Charlesworth our Yankee—crazy on swing,
Lime phosphates, baseball, yessir they're the thing.
Cheesebrough a sprinter did well in the races,
Lacking in inches but not in his paces.
Cox one night in a fog didn't worry,
Raised his flaps—“dropped in” in a hurry.
John Curtis-Hayward—oh boy what a handle
Lakeland with “Devo”—oh boy what a wangle!
Deverson, Peter—a wily young lad,
He isn't all good, but he's far from all bad.
Downes with his Zeiss should really be tops,
His pictures—alas—a series of flops.
Lakeland gave Dukelow a welcome green light,
The weather improved and he flew back all right.
Dyson thinks flying is just one long dream,
He fell fast asleep and flew off the beam.
Edwards though small sailed forth into battle
And fought if you please with one Sgt. Chappel.
Gaskell’s ideas on orientation,
Brought horrid results during night navigation.
Hatchwell—by gad sir—first cousin to Prune,
Neglected his mixture and landed (?) too soon!
Hobson at night in a fog remained calm
And assisted by Hicks lobbed down at West Palm.
Hanlon by dint of hard study and sweat (?)
Obtained 98 in mysterious “met,”
Higgins is usually most meek and mild
At night in the billet he’s rowdy and wild.
The tower one night became quite high handed—
“Go round again.” Replied Jack, “I have landed.”
Johnstone will edit this shocking affair
And receive all the brickbats that fly through
the air.

Jorgensen rises in very good time,
Adjusts his dress en route for the line,
By going on his nose, one called Kent
Was grieved to find his airscrew bent.
Lockwood—diminutive ace of deflection,
Hitting the skeet from every direction.
David MacPhie tried to grow a moustache,
Result was a “boob”—it looks like a rash.
Magness we know has burned midnight oil
And quite good results emerged from this toil.
Mark is a fellow playing his part
Terribly conscious of Drama and Art.
“Mac” and O’Donohoe came from Course Ten,
Indeed we are honored to be with such men.
Potter at home was reserved we believe,
But he cut fast and loose in Miami on leave.
Shipton at landings was really quite smart,
He just touched the ground—with no undercart.
Philip J. Tatersall as one would expect,
Is dignified, quiet and rather correct
Thomas is one of those Squadron men,
Full of hot air and loads of "duff gen."
"Puff" Train has deserved a poor reputation,
Stopping six months at "this small country station."
Trotter turned out and ran a smart mile,
He finished up third in very good style.
Varley we think has much up his sleeve,
Sets course for Pahokee whenever on leave.
On Primary, West was somewhat shocked,
With Masson's voice, his P. T. rocked.
A bit of a rogue is our George Watt
But at "solo ships" he's undoubtedly hot.
A similar fellow is L. A. C. Thatcher,
Surely these Scotsmen don't bribe the Dispatcher?
And that concludes this dismal ode
And once again we take the road.
But however long and hard the way
We'll not forget you—Riddle-McKay.

TREES

I think that I shall never be,
The first ship at the Christmas tree.
A tree whose lamps are nightly seen,
To be of yellow, red, and green.
A tree by whose three coloured lights,
Our 'planes are parked all through the night.
A tree by whose frail wooden posts
Come night hawks from the Gremlin hosts.
To whom our evening way we make,
And wait there 'till the dawn shall break.
Circuits are made by fools like me
But only Hank could make that tree.
THIS edition would, of course, be incomplete without a word about Junior, our personal widget. Freddie Amos was the first to be introduced to our U.T. Gremlin.

On a solo cross-country he saw a small creature perched on the top of his control column. As there was no one to whom he could shoot his proverbial service line, he pulled the gun on Junior who sat back and listened attentively. Sometime later Fred found himself hanging upside down in his safety belt some sixty miles south of the Field.

After causing Curtis-Hayward to force land about the same distance north of the Field, Junior really went to town when he took Hatchwell for a check flight, which concluded with a wizard prang giving our Peter D. yet another glorious opening for a line.

Junior then decided to stay on the ground for a while but did not let this stop...
his activities. Borrett, Edwards, Carroll and Kent had a little trouble in taxiing, which, thro' a lack of a better excuse, may easily be attributed to our Gremlin.

We thought we could fox Junior by changing our working hours, but no. He gave up his sleep to "see us through" night flying. The resulting incidents are too numerous to mention.

To conclude, we must admit Junior has inserted a vein of excitement into our flying and we understand he is to be raised to full Gremlin status when we get our wings.

Much as we appreciate his services, we do not wish to take him back to England with us; so if any flying school has a vacancy for a fully trained fairly well-mannered Gremlin, we should be pleased to arrange a transfer.

To Junior, Course XI wish

... Ad Multos Gloriosque Annos Vivat!
Rubaiyat
of Okeechobee Joe

Awake! for Red Band in the dead of night
Has rung a bell and put our dreams to flight,
And lo! th' unshaven, bleary, tousled mob
Lines up for breakfast, looking somewhat tight.

After the crowd has stumbled on its way,
A lone, secretive figure slinks, and stay!
Is it our Devo, overalls agape,
Or Johnny and his pal, th' unready Jay?

The P.T.s and the gaily chequered hut
In technicoloured dawn look peaceful, but
Rude, clamourous voices break upon the scene
As of stampeding elephants in rut.

The blond-haired Christie wrestles with the throng
Demanding solo ships in accents strong;
Instructors, giving voice, call for their young
And errant pupils, and they won't wait long.

Caris in natty overalls and see!
The cheerful Bink from Brooklyn and Pee-Wee,
Dwarfed by vociferous Mason G. O'Neal,
And King is fussing "Shall we change the Tee?"

A momentary calm succeeds the din,
Slow-spoken Perry, with his friendly grin,
Speaks to the boys "You're doing a nice job,
But won't you set your base leg further in?"

The errant Downes has trouble with a cow,
And Hayward, somewhat wayward, leaves us now
For Placid Lake, while Freddie Amos seeks
A wilderness and Paradise enow.
To Ground School, somewhat later in the day,
We wend our weary and unwilling way,
A voice like rampant Harvard shatters sleep,
As deal-promoter Harold has his say.

Our wearied spirits do their best to cope
With "Bewfort" Scale and Geostrophic dope;
Cold Fronts, Warm Sectors, Hygroscopic dust
Will never come our way again, we hope.

Now Mr. Thyng soothes with a healing salve
"Enrichment or economizer valve."
And Gen-man Chappell baffles Sandy Jack
With "Installation, right angles to Track."

---

Pro Patria Mori

D. R. CLANDILLON  
J. CLAY

January 1943

R. I. P.
Hereunder are the perpetrators of this outrage. Any complaints or criticisms directed at them will probably be met with rude words.

Further deponents sayeth not . . . .

*The Editors and Humourists*

B. Johnstone  
J. F. Potter  
W. E. Crook  

J. Mark  
D. Mackintosh  
H. S. S. Trotter  

*Resident Cartoonists and Artists*

R. W. Gaskell  
M. B. O'Donohoe  
A. C. Hicks  

Hon. Secretary  
J. A. West  

---

**ENVOI**

*Enough! We must betake us from this scene.*

*This verse is creaking sadly now, I wean,*

*Farewell, our Course is run! Upon this Field*

*Shall walk no more the Flight once known as "Green"*
ARMY GAMES
Continued from Page 1

time. Numerous letters from our buddies overseas telling us of the type of people that we are fighting have given the men a new outlook on the program. They know now that it is a question of being harder and fiercer than their opponents or fall by the wayside.

As a result, the cooperation has been one hundred percent, and the men are participating wholeheartedly with a spirit that makes one feel that success is within our grasp and before long we will all return to the life that we all so desperately crave.

However, we have not abandoned our good old American games. It may have been taken out of our compulsory program, but we are making every effort to add more and more to our recreation program. At the present time a softball tournament is being organized that will include every class in the school and every man that cares to participate.

We have just completed a very successful basketball season with a turnout of hundreds of enthusiasts who had an opportunity to play at this popular pastime. With the cooperation of the School, we have a full time tennis program going. The Tech School has both racquets and halls available at all times and the response has been tremendous.

We in the Coral Gables area and at the Tech School have made every effort to make your stay at our School a very pleasant experience. One of the means that we have taken to raise the funds to help us carry on our program has been through the sale of Coca Cola.

The only profit that we can have from this sale is through the return of the empty bottles. Please do not carry them away from the vending machines. Remember that every bottle goes into your own recreation fund. The more empty bottles, the larger our fund; the larger our fund, the more fun for you.

FAITH
by Mrs. C. T. Stoval

There was a time when we were free,
Though cares we had a few.
We never stopped to think there'd be
A war to mar our view.
Just you and I—we walked as one;
Our hopes and dreams alike;
Working 'til the job was done,
To play with all our might.
But now we've all a job to share,
A thing to do or die,
So people here and everywhere,
Can live and love and try.
O'er land or sea—where'er you are,
My heart is fighting too,
Through thick and thin we've gone so far,
Now God will see us through.
—selected from "The Quaker"

DID YOU KNOW?

In your home and school you were taught to be polite and considerate in your speech and attitude to your parents, your teachers, and your comrades. That was courtesy.

Military courtesy is the same thing except that the military man is so proud of his profession and has such high respect for the men who belong to it that in the Army courtesy is more carefully observed than in civil life.

Military courtesy is a part of military discipline. The disciplined soldier is always courteous whether on duty or off, whether to members of the military service or to civilians.

The military salute is the courteous recognition between members of the Armed Forces of our country. The salute is a privilege enjoyed only by members of the military service in good standing; prisoners do not have the right to salute.

The salute is given when you meet a person entitled to it. Those entitled to it are all officers of our Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard.

It is also customary to salute officers of friendly foreign countries when they are in uniform.

Courtesy of the "Grenade," published by the Miami Beach Daily Trope for the personnel at the 36th St. Airport.

NEW FLAG
Continued from Page 1

best singing group and for the best soldier in each class at graduation. An E banner may soon float in front of the best barracks.

The swordfish at the Antilla Hotel can now reside in peace on its plaque in the lobby, for Line Chief Garland Brooks of 14-43-A has left the Gables. The patriotic fish was doing double duty in bed with a flight cap on its head and a whistle in its mouth.

Sgt. Zener is catching up on his sleep now that the "patter of little feet" is missing from the Antilla. When asked about this the Sergeant was heard to mumble something about clodhoppers.

Wing Commander Lt. Williams, with the aid of Group Commander Lt. Schwab and Group Commander Lt. Meyer, has won the admiration and support of his non-commissioned officers for the splendid way the Coral Gables area has been organized.

The U.S.O. on Ponce de Leon has been enlarged and remodeled to include three ping pong tables, a large library and desks for the men to use in writing those letters home.

Since the Permanent Party has been augmented by pugnacious, tenacious Sherlock Holmes Westmore, crime is now at its lowest ebb in Coral Gables.

Formed Student Writes Instructor

"In my free moments I am always looking up T. O. S. and getting a lot of information regarding electrical work and the functions of the various circuits, solenoids, switches and what have you. It's all drawn out in front of you.

"The other day I was sent down to assemble what is known as an exhaust analyzer which is attached to an instrument on the panel. We were told what we were supposed to do and then left alone, and incidentally, the plane has to fly. Well, after hemming and hawing for an hour and with the help of a T. O., we finally got it together, and I guess it must be O.K. because we have not heard any more.

"My main worry now is generators and starters, also some magnetos and wrecked harnesses that were brought in Friday to be salvaged. Our shops are now overhauling an AT-6, a Waaco cabin plane, an A-31 dive bomber, another trainer and yesterday they brought in a small cabin plane. And they all have to fly."

Editor's Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Michael LeJingre from Pvt. Alec ment who is now stationed in Texas. Borden, a graduate of the Electrical depart-

Safety is merely the organized application of common sense.—W. Bruce Haughton.
TECH TALK
by Barbara Bradfield and Katherine Church

Well, since the Canteen has been closed these past few days, it's pretty difficult to pick up much gossip. However, we've managed to gather a little news and views which we'll pass on to you.

We visited several departments, but things seem to be going along just about the same, with the exception of some new faces, which we will tell you about later.

A visit to Sheet Metal revealed that there have been no additions nor subtractions for the past few weeks, according to Lorraine Bosley. However, Mr. Newsome favored us with his new song, all about "Lacy Mae" from Georgia, but we failed to learn her identity, other than that.

Seen Around Embry-Riddle
Jo Axtell and Helene Hirsch, clad in shorts and shirts, riding bicycles all over the Embry-Riddle expanses in the Gables. When pinned down, they admitted they did this hoping that one of the Fly Paper columnists would spot them and give them a mention in the last issue.

However, their hopes were not realized, so we are having to slip them in this issue in self-defense. After all, we don't want any rumors spread about us! No fooling, though, they really looked cute, and we ain't just kidding.

Incidently, Jo has been receiving boxes of candy from a secret admirer who places said candy on her desk when she is out. With the bon-bons always come notes, addressed to his "Sweet Impossible," which means Jo. We're not so interested in his identity as in where he gets the candy. It's chocolate, too!

Speaking of rumors, we have a suspicion there is a little romance budding between one of our newer girls and one of our eligible young men—both in the immediate vicinity of Military Training, though not in this department. Padra ser esto amor?

New Faces
Welcome to Tech School, Mrs. Frances R. Tolman, head of the Mimeograph department! A little chat with this most attractive blonde reveals that she is a native of Columbia, S. C., but moved to Miami six years ago, and she and her husband like it so well they plan to make it their permanent home.

Hobbies are bicycling with her husband, who is a wholesale beverage dealer but expects the "call to arms" any day now, and working in her Victory Garden. And, speaking of Victory Gardens, Mrs. Tolman really is doing herself up proud—raising all sorts of vegetables in a plot the shape of a V!

Juanita Eversole, the new typist and artist in Mimeograph is an addition to our attractive collection of red-heads here. Juanita's husband is in the Army Air Corps, stationed at present in Nashville, Tenn. Juanita's hobby is cooking, and she has been overheard to say on many occasions that she can't wait to try out some of her new dishes on her husband.

We have with us also a most charming young lady by the name of Lois Emley, located in Military Aircraft. We hate to have to tell you boys this, but Lois is a bride of three weeks. Her husband is an Army Air Corps Cadet, stationed in Texas.

Could Be Twins
Welcome also to the new stenographer in Dr. Carson's office, Helen Manos, who is the sister of Mary—Erie Sundstrom's Secretary. These two look so much alike they could almost pass for twins, so think twice before you call them by name.

Jane Blake, the new Bookkeeper in Ted Treff's office, came down from Madison, Wis., last July. She looked a little dubious when yours truly asked which she preferred—Miami or Madison—but finally admitted that she is getting sand in her shoes. Of course, Florence R. Gilmore, who, incidentally, is the sister of our Editor, Wain Fletcher. She has a son who is an Ensign in the Navy, now on a Subchaser off the coast of North Africa.

About the most "brand new" employee we can think of is W. Scott Robson, who is connected with the Auditing department. Scott is a very fine fellow and a close friend of your columnists. He is a native Floridian who went to North Carolina several years ago, then returned to Miami last summer. We wish to welcome him into our organization and we are sure he will do a splendid job.

Farewells
We will all miss Tom Davies, formerly of our Sales department. Mr. Davies recently resigned to accept the position of sales representative for Staton WKAT, Miami Beach.

Leaving us also is Virginia Knowles, who was employed in the Cafeteria here for nine months. Virginia was sworn into the WAC Saturday morning at ten o'clock. Her husband is in the service, and she has heard no word of him for the past four or five months.

"Pinkie" Church and Barbara Bradfield agreed that the picture of Boxo and Bounca, their Siamese kittens, would make a much better front for their Tech Talk efforts than their own identification masterpieces.

The mail service is mighty uncertain, we understand, between the wives at home and the men in combat, but we hope you'll hear from him pronto, Virginia! And more power to you in your new duties.

Before we close we would like to express our appreciation for the fine cooperation Mr. Terry of our Radio department is giving the Visual Education Program in helping to keep the amplifiers in tip-top shape. Thanks a million!

SERVING AGAIN

WAVES of today are a streamlined version of the patriotic women who timidly enlisted in the Navy during World War One, says Mrs. Jack N. Shlessinger of Miami. Mrs. Shlessinger was one of that pioneer group who showed the world what women could do by serving with the Navy during the last War as Chief Yoeman (F)—the (F) standing for "female."

This time she has pitched in to help win the War by training for radio work and is now enrolled in a radio communications course at the Tech School.

She was eager to enter this War also as a WAVE, sure that her past experience would help her. After spending five months convincing her husband, she was rejected because of her eyes.

But nothing could interfere with her desire to take an active part in War work, as she believes all able men and women should do where home conditions permit.

Reminds me of silly American superstition about three on honorable match.
COUNTRY CLUB CAPERS
by Anne Elrod

Everybody who attended the monthly dance and "get-together" at the Coral Gables Country Club on Saturday knows now that it takes a lot more than a little rain to dampen our gay spirits.

For what's a little drizzle of rain to such folks as Sailer Bill McKenzie, Florence Gilmore (our Tech Mail Room Supervisor), Vadah Thomas, Wain Fletcher and "Ma" G. T. Richards, without whom our parties would never be a success, Mrs. Richards has practically become a tradition with us and is always her sweet, charming self.

These were on hand to greet the many Embry-Riddleites who braved the storm and had a good time in spite of the weather.

"Neath Dripping Palm" 'Neath a dripping palm, in a setting of loneliness, I spied a gay group who are familiar to all—Mart Warran with Capt. Cliff Zeiger, Jinnie Mickel and Lt. K. R. Duncan, Connie Henshaw and Capt. Joe Foley, Helen Dillard of the Colonade with Lt. L. J. Champa.

Very close by were Lt. and Mrs. D. H. Williams, Mrs. Stetsen, and Ruth Lu Rue with Eric Sundstrom, our Latin-American Coordinator.

Still wearing that "honeymoon look" and thoroughly enjoying themselves in the company of the Joe Ellises were Merle and Patsy (McGuirt) Lang and party. The same goes for the Paul Millers—Paul seems to have recovered from his operation and even ventured a light fantastic or two with his lovely wife.

We met a very interesting personality—Lt. Bob Bartholomew, U.S.N., an American who was born and reared in Puerto Rico and who came back to the States last year to join the Navy.

Very much in evidence that night were Instructors from almost every department. We saw Mr. and Mrs. Paul Baker, the Dave Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mueller, and Floyd M. Brewer, as well as A. E. Barr and Jean and "Red" Duncan, who was the "keeper of the gate" for the evening.

I heard Fernando Naranjo of Ecuador say to sweet Dottie Hall, plan, "Bastando un lugar para besar." And I saw Elaine Chalk dancing with Instructor Luis Jaramillo. Frances Weist was there with Vinicius Vargas of Brazil, and Adolfo Sasso, Bill Colominas, Maurice Molino, Pedro Flores and their dates made an interesting group. The boys missed Syd Burrows, who is almost always able to begin a Rhumba contest or a good Conga.

At our table were Betty Price Williams with Lt. Ford, U.S.N. Air Corps, Elsie Moorman with Sam Bodden, Mary and Fred Pope, and Instructor Don Lee and his wife.

MAIL CALL
by Lucille Nelson and Associates

We, the messenger girls, whom all of you have probably seen, deliver mail throughout the building all during the day. We serve and try hard to please. At times we may be behind in delivering your mail—but sooner or later you get it.

Just to introduce ourselves—we are: Nancy Wright, 5 ft. 2 in., brUNETTE with brown eyes; Rosemary Youmis, 5 ft. 3 in., brUNETTE with brown eyes; Lucille Nelson, 5 ft. 1 in., BRUNETTE with blue-green eyes; Evelyn Prince, 5 ft. 4 in., brUNETTE with brown eyes.

New Postmistresses

If you've been in the Mail Room lately, you have noticed our new Postmistresses, Florence R. Gilmore, who is Wain Fletcher's sister. She has been with us since Monday and seems to like her new job very much—except that there is mail, mail, mail everywhere.

Nancy is often seen going out back to Civil Eng's to deliver and pick up mail. With her she usually has another messenger girl to help carry that heavy load.

Have you heard that George Holland, Rosemary's fiance, is in the Air Corps? George is stationed in Nashville, Tenn., and if you ever hear a commotion from the Mail Room, you will know Rosemary has just received another letter from George.

If you see someone coming down the hall and can't determine who it is because of all the mail in her case, she is carrying, it will be Lucille. We wonder how she does it, and so does she.

Did you know that Evelyn, the girl with the long brown hair, is the daughter of Peter Prince, General Manager of Aircraft Overhaul? P.S.—Excuse, please, she had the hair cut Saturday.

Have you noticed that all the messenger girls are about the same size and height? We're the "little bits" of the organization. What's this about five sailors and only four girls? Could they be connected with the Mail Room in some way? But let's not speak of embarrassing moments!

Prayer of the Week: Praise the Lord and Pass My Mail!

A GOOD RACE

Heading the Military Aircraft department is Joseph Hammill Murray. Mr. Murray was born in Cheviot, Ohio, and was approximately five years of age at the end of the last War.

His father is a physician of considerable reknown in Southwestern Ohio, being known for his sincerity and abilities. These characteristics come naturally to his son, Joe, who is sincerely concerned with doing his job well.

After Mr. Murray completed his high school studies he took an additional four years of vocational high school work, studying aircraft mechanics. He began his teaching in 1939, when he taught tank and truck mechanics for the United States Armored Forces. He then taught aircraft mechanics for the Wright Aeronautical Corporation at the aviation high school where he got his original training. He came directly to Embry-Riddle Company last April, taking a Senior Instructorship in the Engines department.

In addition to being one of those lucky individuals who managed to get a new 1941 Buick before the War froze the sales, Mr. Murray has also owned two airplanes.

Mr. Murray is a great optimist. He believes in people and gets along well with them. He has proven to be a very good administrator in every responsibility that he has had the opportunity to carry, and his only objection to a 24-hour day is that there is not enough time in it.

His belief, firmly expressed, is that with the personnel he has in the Aircraft department they are going to give every other department a good race for honors in the training given to our fine enlisted men.

We welcome you to our organization, Mr. Murray!
BARTHOLOMEU de Gusmão was born in Santos, Brazil, toward the end of December, 1684. He was the son of a Portuguese military surgeon and a member of an old family of Brazilian settlers.

He received his early education in his native village and entered the Jesuit Seminary of Belem as a novice. In 1701, wishing to become a secular priest, he left the Company of Jesus.

From earliest childhood he gave numerous proofs of his remarkable intelligence and wonderful memory. In 1701 he went to Lisbon where he astonished intellectual circles with the exhibition of his learning and talent. He seemed to be a kind of new James Crichton.

Returning to Brazil he finished his studies in Bahia and was ordained as a priest in 1709. He already had the reputation of being extremely capable as an inventor, having invented a splendid system of pumps for the water supply of his Seminary.

In March, 1709, he arrived in Lisbon, aiming to build another of his inventions, an aerostatic apparatus which employed the effect of air expansion. Being very well received by King John V, he took out a patent. On August 5 and October 3, 1709, before the Sovereign and his court, he made experiments with his balloon, a little "Montgolfire" that ascended a few metres into the air.

The results were infinitely less than the promises of the inventor in his written application for a patent to the King. Living in an environment scientifically nil, incapable of understanding the import of what was to be obtained with his unheard of invention, Gusmão was the butt of a terrible series of discouraging attacks. Being of timid disposition he did not recommend his experiences after having been insulted and ridiculed. From that time he was universally called by the nickname of Padre Voador (The Flying Priest).

Always enjoying the friendship of John V, he was, therefore, one of the court preachers and one of the Crown Barristers for important cases. In the meantime he went to the University of Coimbra where he received the degree of Doctor in Canon Law.

He was appointed to the Foreign Office and took over the very important task of deciphering the diplomatic code correspondence and the handling of many delicate affairs.

In 1720 he was appointed by John V to the new Royal Academy of Portuguese History and the following year he received a large annual allowance and his father was ennobled. A court intrigue, however, in which he took part, ruined his brilliant position in the King's favor.

Unfortunately he had the imprudence to be the friend of several Brazilian Jews exiled in Portugal. Watched and pursued by the Inquisition, he became panic stricken and burned all his papers. At the end of September, 1724, he fled to Spain. He arrived in Toledo in a state of great poverty, became seriously ill, and died on November 19 of the same year.

Bartholomeu de Gusmão was the first American inventor. When he made his experiments Benjamin Franklin was only three years old. He is incontestably the forerunner of aerostatics and it is impossible to deny that Gusmão’s balloon ascended a few meters by the heating of the air that it contained. The ignorance of the spectators was such that they could not grasp the tremendous importance of this experiment, absolutely new in the annals of science.

Regarding what some writers affirm, namely that Gusmão realized an ascension in his balloon, it is necessary to explain that there is no contemporary documental proof available.

The well known absurd figure of his balloon that did so much harm to his scientific reputation was the result of a joke. It was invented by Gusmão himself and printed before the first experiments in Lisbon and later reproduced in Rome and in Vienna.

The agreement of testimonies after arduous researches, proof without possible contestation, found that Bartholomeu de Gusmão made the first aerostat and effected its first ascension on August 8, 1709.

He was the precursor of the Montgolfiers brothers and his name cannot be omitted by anyone writing the history of science.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT
by W. Bruce Haughton

One who declares he has no time to study or to read worthwhile literature unconsciously advertises his small calibre, his slavery to detail and his arrested development.

Utilize your margins of time and study. Read everything you can, study biographies and lectures—constructive ideas are formed in this manner—by not wasting time. If your ideas are clear and vivid but your language is muddled and indefinite, you must expect failure; hence, concentrate on building words. They are your individual soldiers of the Army of Language. Put them into sentences, phrases and paragraphs and you have companies, regiments and divisions.

Victory depends much more on soldiers than on guns and ammunition. Select your soldiers with care . . . mold them into fighting language! And remember . . . put at least ten per cent in War Bonds every pay day.

EMBRY-RIDDLE BOWLING LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

In the upper left-hand picture are the Tech School Permanent Party Class A champions: Sgt. Roy Genter, Sgt. Samuel Graziano, high average and high set; Lt. Franz Moch and Pvt. Donald Sammam. Gladys Goff of the Engine Overhaul department, upper right, is the Independent League champion; and Evelyn Deane, Military Training, lower left, bowled for top lady honors, high set, and high game. The Sandblasters, lower right, are the B League champions. Jack Scala, Capt. Charles Pilton and Chester Kunkel grace the front row, while in the back are Larry Boyle and Raymond Carey.
Hooray for us and our new heading—"leit motiv" to our musical friends, and carrying out the musical (or noisy) angle. 

Credit goes to Richard Hourtah, Chief Draftsman, for his excellent drawing, and to Frank Perry, Inspector, for the original idea. Take a bow, boys.

The Engine Overhaul "Sandblasters" won the "B" bowling league competition. Charlie Pelton captures this mighty group, which is composed also of Jack Scale, Ted Kunkel, Larry Beryl, and Ray Carey. The whole shop—yes, the whole company—is proud of these fellows.

The "Ramblers" of the Engine Overhaul department attained fourth place in the "A" bowling league. We are justifiably proud of our up-and-coming department and its enthusiastic bowlers.

Kay Bruce very graciously consented to guest-author the column last week, but we didn’t know she’d "tell all." Shall we tell them about the sailor boy who is learning to sing "K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy, I’ll be waiting at Gate 4," or sompin’, Kay?

Wally Tyler did his duty for "Be Kind to Animals Week" the other evening. We hear he courageously kept two large dogs from attacking a small one. Here is a champion of the weak and oppressed, especially in dogdom.

Camilla Hamilton is in the hospital recovering from an operation. We wish her a quick recovery and hope she’ll be back with us soon.

We were glad to hear that James Bothwell, former employee of Engine Overhaul, was honor graduate of his class at Gulfport, Miss., at the advanced engines school. All of his friends here will be glad to hear Jimmy is doing so well under the tutelage of his Uncle Sam.

Last week we were honored with a visit from Mrs. John L. Whitehurst, national president of the General Federation of Women’s Clubs, accompanied by Col. Harold E. Pride, AAFTC, and Lt. Comdr. James A. Garrison, USN. You probably saw a picture of our guests in the Sunday Herald, with our own Trixie Henry, Inspector, in the foreground.

The Spark Plug department has bewildered everyone by its sudden galaxy of gorgeous gals. The night shift was switched over to the day shift, “ Ike” Haviland taking over the job of foreman. Most of the fellows, we expect, think that it wouldn’t be a "job" to mingle with those bundles of charm every day.

Ruth Ingram has started a poultry farm, brooder and all. There’s one smart girl who won’t be bothered by the meat shortage.

Good news was received by Edith Kirtland, who heard that her nephew, Sgt. Charles Thomas Krest, received the Air Medal for bravery in Africa. Sgt. Krest is a gunner on a bomber.

More odds "a ends of observations around the shop: Faye Foster’s new baby-curl permanent has been voted very becoming; Jack Brady is always interesting to talk to—reminds us of "Mother Carey and Her Chickens;" Earl Battersby always has a pleasant word for everyone; Otis Terrell has doffed his oilcloth cap to reveal to our pleased eyes a shock of brown hair.

Newcomers seem to fit right in, like Henry Zamula and his quiet ways. Evelyn Sipprelle surprised her own husband by coming to work here, and we are glad as she is a welcome addition. OI’ Sol proved too much for "Rhet" (pronounced Red) Butler Sanchez who had to work without a shirt for a while after an outing on Sunday.

Jack Shelnut has moved over to the test stands from the Production Control office, and Lester Dunn reports that he is doing very well over there. Two hearts in Trinidad are those belonging to Martha Ridings and Elizabeth McArthur these days. With the return of warm weather spirits have risen and softball is coming into its own. Welcome, sweet Springtime, and all that mush.

Yers truly, it seems, placed first in the Independent bowling league, by virtue of going there every time, rather than by any special bowling ability. That’s one time when quantity beat quality. Anyway, it was a lot of fun, and we feel that the league was very worthwhile. We are waiting anxiously to see what Lloyd has up his sleeve for future entertainment.

Our blurb about the big recreational program being sponsored for the Engine Overhaul department met with a very weak response—in fact, as Walter Barrie reported, the response was practically nil. What’s the matter—too much bowling? Let’s have suggestions from one and all. See Walter or your (as we said before) devoted correspondent for your ideas on after-work recreation.

So we will see you next week, and we wish you Godspeed and all the customary farewells.

PEACE AT A PRICE

Two women in a railway car argued about the window and at last called the porter as referee.

"If this window is open," one declared, "I shall catch cold and will probably die.

"If the window is shut," the other declared, "I shall certainly suffocate.

The two glared at each other. The porter was at a loss, but he welcomed the words of a man with a red nose who sat near.

He said: "First open the window. That will kill one. Next, shut it. That will kill the other. Then we can have peace!"

—adapted from "The Chaser"

FLY PAPER APPLY NAMED

Comes a story of a Pan American Ferry Pilot who found a touch of Miami in Egypt. In that far-off country, he walked into the Officers’ Club in Cairo, and on one of the desks spotted a copy of the Fly Paper. How it got there he did not know.

But we know that Army Cadets who received their training at the school and are now on fighting lines get the paper all over the world, via APO.

In addition to these secret addresses, one of which probably landed the Fly Paper in Cairo, the paper is sent directly to such countries as Scotland, Ireland, North Wales, Iceland, New Zealand, Hawaii, the West Indies, the Dominican Republic, Newfoundland, to the Central and South American countries, the Bahamas and surrounding islands, and of course to England, where it has a huge circulation among RAF Cadets who trained at Riddle Field in Clewiston.
OFFICIAL FLY PAPER "DOG HOUSE"

Regardless of rain, hail, sleet, snow or even broken limbs, the show must go on—and so it is with the Fly Paper. Sorry we had to go to press without you, Jimmy, but the curtain must go up and the presses must roll.

ALLOVER OVERHAUL

CARLSTROM FIELD

by Blecka Kistler

Make way children—dust off those dancing duds, send the kids to Grandma's and let the dinner burn—for it's Overhaul's night to shout. Yes sir, April 10th we want to see everyone of you at the Tourist Camp at 7:30 p.m.

It's our first anniversary party, so let's all be there. Bring your families and friends.

There'll be round and square dancing, good food aplenty, and special entertainment. Tickets are $1.00 per person and may be purchased from your foreman.

If you can't walk to or from town or your home, we'll arrange for transportation with someone going your way. Come on folks—let's have 100% attendance. It's your party so help make it a success.

Word comes from Ray Pries, former Department Head and one of the first to start in Overhaul, that he is now at Camp Luna, Las Vegas, N. Mex., awaiting replacement with the Air Transport Command.

Ray left us last December to enter the Army and has since been at Camp Dix. He came to Overhaul from PAA where he worked for four months as a mechanic at LaGuardia Airport, N. Y. Ray mentions receiving the Fly Paper and says he derives much pleasure from reading Overhaul's own column.

Current Gripe—Jack Pooser's supply problem; Charlie McRae's serial numbers; Joe Gorman's "twitterpated" woman.

Oh Spring—romances are blooming. First signs come from the Timekeeping department; there should be some interesting developments.

Greetings to Mary Bush and Harold Garrett who have recently joined us—also to Louise Devane.

Dulcena Turner surprised us and tripped the light fantastic to the judge's office Friday with the one and only—Cpl. Robert Randall who was home on furlough from the U. S. Army.

Dulcena has been with us a very long time, and we didn't even dream she had matrimonial notions. Everyone wishes them happiness and success.

Joe Gorman and the Missus made a flying trip to Miami this weekend; and judging by the looks of Joe this morning, the trip was a huge success.

I was just informed that Dorthea Wahl took the fatal step Sunday night—big wedding with all the trimmings. Best wishes, Dorthea.

That's all for Overhaul, except DON'T FORGET THE PARTY.

CARLSTROM CAPERS

by Norma Tucker

After a week of planning and talking and talking and planning the Civil Service girls can now get back to work and settle down—that is until they again decide to play hostesses at a chicken barbecue.

THE PLACE—The home of Lt. and Mrs. Wilson McCormick and Miss Wilda Smithson.

THE TIME—Sunday afternoon from three till.

THE MENU—Salad, rolls, real butter, and Cpl. Ralph Jones' masterpieces of barbecued chicken.

THE ENTERTAINMENT—Badminton, deck tennis, and croquet.

There—in a few short sentences you have the sum and substance of a delightful outing. Our candid cameraman, Lt. Edward Stauverman, has the proof in his camera—unless we can get the films before he has them developed—we hope.

During the afternoon a horse appeared on the scene and "Scotty," with his big sombrero, did some fancy riding—at least we thought it was fancy, because he kept going up into the air and coming down again, the horse being where he was not.

Dick Roberts and his wife tried their hand at rug cutting on the lawn—Edna Poston too, did her share of "dancing on the grass"—Stan Mathes found an accordion and try as he could, no one would play the monkey, so no coins were tossed, but we enjoyed the music. Wilda and her sister, Mrs. McCormick, are the perfect hostesses.

If you see Margaret Kent limping around, you'll know it came from her game of badminton. Mary Francis Burrows and Maude Dykes can really swing a wicked croquet mallet. We believe they are the croquet "champions."

If it were not for the deadline of Monday morning and the fact that after a pleasant but tiring day this quill driver tried to write this article, if it can be called that, with one eye already shut and the other threatening to close, you would hear more about the goings-on of this delightful affair; but for more information see any of the following, because they were all there.


Our thanks go to Lt. McCormick for letting a bunch of hungry-for-barbecued-chicken-hounds invade the peace and quiet of his lovely home and spacious lawn. We all had a "grand" time.
DORR UNDOINGS

by A/C J. O. Laplane

Your reporter has been invited to "cover" Class 43-H at Embry-Riddle's Dorr Field on the outskirts of picturesque little Arcadia—but he warns you that it's been nearly six months since he's had a typewriter in his hands—or under his fingers.

Dorr Field's Paper Drinking Cup for the Quirk of the Week goes to the Cadet in Flight Three who still smiles sheepishly when his prize-winning incident is recalled. Seems he had just taken off in his PT-17 and was climbing out of the traffic pattern to the thousand-foot level. His rate of climb was too steep.

"That's right, that's right," whined the Instructo sarcastically, "stall it right here." The altimeter read 900 feet. The willing Cadet, anxious to satisfy the Instructor, thereupon cut the throttle and pulled the nose still higher—while the Instructor's face turned all shades of the rainbow at once.

When the Cadet had recovered from the stall and the Instructor had overcome his speechlessness—there was some tall explaining to do—and there haven't been any more of those 900-foot stalls.

Underclassmen kept their fingers crossed during the last weekend while the graduated 43-G Cadets cavorted for the last time in Arcadia. All because the Dorr Field authorities were considering returning the "all night" pass privileges for the Cadets.

But the big pinch was that the permanency of the ruling depended on the conduct of the Cadets. "Be good" was the silent prayer of 43-H as they watched the weekend begin for the graduates.

Class 43-H gazed in disbelief—incredulous disbelief—at the bulletin board Saturday afternoon. Then they swapped glances with each other. There were no academic confinements posted—and they couldn't believe it.

And imagine the astonishment of those boys who passed the engines test, only to learn the Instructor had decided not to record the marks because of the test's difficulty.

So he gave his students another test, supposedly simpler—and the previously passing students collected miserable 60's for themselves. But it all worked when the confinements were not posted even though it looked like conspiracy at first.

When the rains came, along with the winds, last weekend, Cadets marched off the flight line in new record time. The afternoon's flyers were just arriving on the field when word came that flying was cancelled for the day.

"To the rear—Harch" was the command and, with never a break in step, the columns reversed direction and proceeded off the field when they were hardly more than on it. There was a sigh of relief too, because the boys had foreseen a long afternoon of probable inactivity, with nothing to relieve the monotony. Cadets rushed for showers and stationery—and everybody was ready for open post long ahead of time.

Seems like enough for this time—hope to be back next week with choice material and more time.

Hold that right rudder! And keep that blanket blank wing up!

—

INSTRUMENTALISMS

From the Granada Shops

by Peggy Harrod and "Scoop" Setzer

You've never heard such hammering and filing and whizzing as we heard coming from the Gyropilot room. Tip-toeing closer we heard,

"Push this valve down!"

"It comes out here!"

Quiet, the door is opening. Jim Troy comes out.

"What goes on in there?" we ask.

"We're working on Elmer," he says.

"Got him fastened to the table at last."

"Elmer who?" we ask.

"Elmer, Gyropilot. He'll soon be in good shape."

"What kind of uniform does a Gyropilot wear?" We're full of questions.

"See for yourselves," Jim invites, stepping aside. There was poor Elmer, stretched out on the table as innocent as a lamb. The finest specialists were bent over him. Haller, with the paller, was putting him in shape.

Scoop Setzer, the plumber, was insisting on flaring the tubes. Eaglesfield, the wife hunter, was fixing Elmer's pressure.

Luttrel, Ferdinand, got Elmer's speed valve in perfect shape.

The Lyons, from the lion's den, was following up Elmer's cables.

In walks Moren, pale as a ghost, having just recovered from a sick spell. He grows paler as he views his beloved Elmer. Gain- ing new strength, he goes to work on Elmer's motor.

We are glad to report that Elmer is recovering rapidly. We're sure keeping our fingers crossed and hope that Elmer doesn't take off.

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

How would you like to have to feed between 500 and 600 people three times a day? That's just what Mr. Nicodemus has to do. What with all the point rationing—so many points for this and so many points for that, no wonder all Mess Stewards get grey hairs—ours lost all his hair aworrying.

Anyway we haven't seen anyone having to take in his belt yet—and we haven't had to eat horse yet—and there are plenty of people who would give a lot for just the hide off a mule to simmer down to make soup out of. Let's use the slogan "Waste not—Want not." The three most waste conscious people we know are the cooks—Joe, Sam and Dan—who a swell job of cooking wholesome meals with a minimum of waste.

Mary Edna Parker, Mr. Culler's secretary, is spending her vacation with her sister and her husband, Lt. Dekle, at Fort Bragg, N. C. What's the story about sign painter Britton standing tearfully by with an empty plate while his cow gives her calf its dinner?

How far is it to Lynchburg, Va., from Fort Bragg—someone has been looking at the old map in the Maintenance hangar—wonder who it could have been?

Capt. Thomas L. (Squire) Gates, Major Weil and Lt. Gatch visited Dorr Field Monday. That certainly was a nice little piece of tin that they flew in on.

Karl Williams has 500 head of frying size chickens. "Buttercup" has been trying to find them the past two or three weeks but as yet with no luck. Karl wishes to say through this column that he also has a loaded double-barrel shotgun that stands right handy beside his bed each night.

Art Thorne and his Rocky Mountain Victory Garden — well, he claims it's a mountain.

Totally yours

Jack

P.S.—Ain't it about time that George Mackey and Jake Newsome were raffling off another Watermelon?

DORR FIELD BOOKLET

As a memento for the Dorr Field Cadets, the Public Relations office at Dorr, under the direction of Lt. William H. Frank, recently published an interesting pictorial review of the training at Dorr Field, AAF 54th FTD. Cleverly compiled, this booklet will be cherished by all at the birthplace of the 43 Eagles.
**CHAPMAN CHATTER**

by Cara Lee Cook

Greetings. This week unfolds another chapter in the lives of that uncivilized portion of the Embry-Riddle Company, namely the Miami Flight Division.

The joke of the week was the fact that last week’s column was in the form of a very personal booklet to my friend (Ah! Brutus) Wain Fletcher, intended as an apology for skipping the column and intended for a dark spot behind her file card “X” for excuses. I neglected however to stamp “Combustible, don’t print” on the memo. I came to long enough Friday to realize I hadn’t had a vacation after all, for Chapman Chatter had gone to press. I’m still speechless (Possible!)

The dance Saturday attracted a fair portion of our personnel who had a gay time notwithstanding the dampness of the water. Likeable Lewis Leitner and Casanovas Bill Cary kept the gang aiffin’ while Bob Mehorny and John Davidson stood guard at the soda fountain!

The balance of that Chapman Spirit was represented by Ila Stalup, Henry Gardner, Leona Gulko, Jerry Fugate, Sillman Evans, Jr., Thomas Pope, Herb Muller, Jinnie Michel, Paul and Dixie Baker and Jo Naphe, minus Francis Lowe and Cookie.

To ease the difficulty of finding an unoccupied table, ingenious Mr. Rollias printed us a very striking placard inscribed with “This table quarantined for Chapman Field,” and if that doesn’t work we’ll all break out with the chicken-pox!

Speaking of celebrities, we welcomed quite a few of our old friends back for a short visit last week: viz., Larry De Marco who looks swell, as usual, in that “zoot” suit, Charles Presbrey and Fred Howe, all Flight Instructors at Clewiston; and Ensign Wally Peterson who took precious minutes of his limited furlough to say hello to Instructor Lewis Smith and gang. He’s headed for Oklahoma now to finish his Naval Flight training.

Streamlined Instructor Roy Montes sauntered in looking very contented about nothing in general. He tells us he’s Victory Gardening upon the plains of Dorr Field. Roy is another Smith poodyg. Tom White of that mighty July session is furloughing also for a brief spell before returning to the Glider Training Center, or should I just say “The Center.”

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**Whitecaps**

by Rosemary Aubert

It was an eventful week at the Seaplane Base. The good Gremlins and the bad went hand in hand.

We had a semi-invalid in our midst. “Don Juan” Siefferman was a little on the green side. This provided keen and unkind amusement to those with the long pointed ears. We are glad to report Mr. Siefferman is practically degreened at this point and will be back on schedule in a day or so.

But now for our good news. Congratulations are in order for Barbara Estes and Hank Bronner. They now have their private licenses. We feel a new rule should be passed, however, to the effect that when a private license is achieved a second ducking in the bay should be performed to make it more legal.

The Seaplane Base enjoyed two welcome visits, one from former Instructor Laurence De Marco. We are a bit dubious, however, about his story of substituting rattlesnake meat for beef in his spaghetti sauce and feel if we should chance to dine with him we’ll stick strictly to navy beans! The other was from Mr. and Mrs. Scholz. Henry was a student here not so long ago and he is now a student pilot with Pan American.

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