CARLSTROM Field... born a generation ago, child of World War 1... bearing the name of Major Victor Carlstrom, pioneer Army Airman who lost his life in the line of duty... training pilots by the score for Uncle Sam's Infant Air Corps... then the end of the War... Peace... Carlstrom continues training Cadets... one of them in 1921... a quiet, soft-spoken man with dreams, a man named John Paul Riddle... a decline of air consciousness... Carlstrom is prairie... back since 1922 for lethargic years to pasture land... a great natural airport lying fallow.

Carlstrom Field... born again... wars and rumors of wars grinding a long dulled interest in aviation to razor sharp keenness... a man of dreams becomes a man of action, builds an institution from an air castle... Riddle Aeronautical Institute, an oasis in a forgotten prairie... white buildings, palm trees, and very green grass... first class of Aviation Cadets for the Southeast Training Center... then the British, class after class of them... now American boys again, in a never ending stream... learning to fly, to defend, to attack... hundreds of them, girding themselves against the forces of evil... learning new methods, trying new means... amazing the nation with a clean slate for safety.

The Flight Line... civilian Instructors joining hands with the Air Forces in the gigantic task of moulding a legion of fighting pilots... patience, forebearance... an understanding word of encouragement here, a deserved dressing down there... elementary eights, stalls, spins... correcting for torque... forward pressure, back pressure... neutralize the rudder... precision and accuracy... good days, bad days... try just a little bit harder... get that smoothness required of Uncle Sam's Airmen.

The Flight Line... the unrestrained joy of success... the masked sorrow of failure... striving always to progress... finding a better way... seeking a safer way, a quicker way to Victory.

Preliminary... all wonderment... meeting the Instructor, the man who, alone, holds the key to what lies ahead... seeing the ship that is to be your life for eight crowded weeks.

Gadgets... first cockpit check... trying to feel at home among all those thingamabobs... aching for a try at those controls in the air.

It's all yours... You're actually flying!... what if something should go wrong?... it can't with him up there... relax a bit now.

Continued on Page 9
Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Tyson:

I should like to thank you again for the interest you took in us whilst we were at Clewiston.

You were always very courteous and friendly to me and I want you to know that it was appreciated.

Best of luck for your future efforts.

Yours sincerely,

M. B. Campbell

Dear Mr. Durden:

Thanks again for the splendid show you put up at our listening out. I, more than most of the others, realize the amount of work involved and I am very grateful. The party was a success and most of the credit is due to you.

The missing photograph didn't matter, but you won't forget to send us ours will you? I should like one of all the photos taken on that day if possible.

Thanks again for all your general help and kindness during my stay at Clewiston.

Yours,

P/O Michael B. Campbell

Editor's Note: The above are letters to G. W. Tyson, General Manager of Riddle Field, and his Assistant, James W. Durden, from Pilot Officer M. B. Campbell, who was a member of Course 12 at No. 5 RFTS.

57th Training Group
Squadron 137
Keesler Field, Miss.
June 8, 1943

Hello Wain:

I have been going to write to you for some time but just kept putting it off.

I have run into a lot of Embry-Riddle people here—Johnny Carruthers, Seaplane Base editor, was in the 57th Training Group when we arrived here. Dick Todd, who was in the Gables, is an A. M. student on the Field and there are a few Dorr Field Cadets here.

It's hot as h--- in this part of the world. We go from five until five, seven days a week, for a few weeks and then we get week-end passes to New Orleans.

I am acting Sergeant of our Squadron. The hardest part comes in getting up in the morning to get the KPs in your Squadron out by four to the mess halls.

Life here isn't too hard—on Friday night we have a GI party. We clean out the place from top to bottom for Saturday Inspection—our bunks must be clean 24 hours a day. Comes time for mess and mail call, so I'll stop for the time being.

Your friend,

Truman Gilre, Jr.

Editor's Note: Many at Tech will be glad to hear that "Junior" is happy in his new life. Having worked in Civil Engines and in the Electrical department, he also managed to take flight instruction at Chapman, where he logged about 30 flying hours. Best of luck, Junior, and write again.

Base Camouflage Office
McChord Field, Wash.
May 27, 1943

Dear Dorothy:

A few days ago I received a very interesting camp newspaper from Arcadia. I wondered who had sent it to me, then I saw the name Dorothy Burton.

Surely there can't be more than one Dorothy Burton and her daughter—named Dorothy too. Please write and let me know which it is.

For the past three months in my spare time I have made the covers for the Rip Chord.

If you are you, will you tell me what you are doing? I know Arcadia pretty well as I have painted all around there. Do you know Arman Williams?

Sincerely,

Stanley Woodward

Editor's Note: Our Librarian, Dorothy Burton, asked us to print the above, stating that "she is not she." Arman Williams frequently contributes cartoons to the Fly Paper and we find that he is responsible for putting Mr. Woodward on the mailing list.

A Former Student Writes

"I guess you will be surprised to hear from me. It has been quite some time since we left Miami; I wish that I were back there, too.

"I believe Tom Odamo saw you in Ohio at the Goodyear School. He gave us the telephone number you sent, and we were glad to hear from you. I guess you remember "Plow Bow," better known as John Almand. I know you couldn't forget him, as he was always in the cockpit dropping the bomb on the P-39.

"We have been here since January and have been working on the line on Beechcraft AT-11s. The biggest job is pulling inspections. They keep us busy at times though. They are training bombardiers and navigators in them.

"'Plow Boy' and myself have been accepted as Aviation Cadets and we are waiting to start training. I hope that we get started soon.

"I feel that I learned a great deal in your class. I have talked to other fellows who went to different schools and it seems that Embry-Riddle is one of the best if not the best. Give my regards to everyone."

Editor's Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to William Lehman of Military Aircraft from Pvt. Billy H. Allison, a graduate of 4-43-E, now stationed in New Mexico.
"...THE BONDS WHICH UNITE..."

by Willard Rodney Burton

Last week the second War Bond drive opened in the Technical Division, predicated upon the assumption that while the great American custom is to let George do it, George did not war.

Speeches were made all during the week by Ed Greenfield and me, until Ed developed a glassy-eyed look and I lost my voice and couldn’t even argue with my wife. The response in general has been excellent, and as I write this I am told that the Welding department has come through 100 per cent with payroll deductions. But from some quarters, frankly we have not received the response that was expected.

Misunderstanding

Part of the lack of response was due, I am sure, to a lack of complete understanding of the mechanics of buying bonds. For one thing, the biggest single point on which objections were raised was this: the deduction is made, say, on May 15th, and the Bond is not delivered until June 5th or 6th, in some cases perhaps even later.

But remember, your Bond is safer in the hands of the Accounting department during that time than it would be in your second dresser drawer at home, and—no matter when you receive the actual piece of paper, the Bond begins working for you and drawing interest as of the first day of the month in which the deduction is made; in the above case, May 1st.

A Lot of Bonds

Ours is a big organization. The Payroll department, those overworked and under-appreciated people, handle payrolls for all the Fields, Overhaul and other activities beside our Technical Division. That’s a lot of Bond deductions to be tabulated each pay-day and a lot of Bonds to be made out.

So let’s be a little more patient. After all, what are you going to do with the Bond when you get it, except store it away in a place certainly not as safe as it is in the hands of Embry-Riddle?

Getting very serious, though, the American public has developed, over the years, a peculiar and at times dangerous philos-

phy. They have developed in their minds, and this has been fostered by slogan-seeking newspaper scribes, the concept of this country as divided into beings, or groups of beings, of different races, characteristics and motives, labeled respectively Government, Army, Public, Labor, Capital, and so on down to the smallest groups.

Thus from this press-inspired symbolism has sprung the idea that the Government will take care of us, that the Government is possessed of limitless wealth and resources, and that the Army will win the war for us. This is a comfortable philosophy but one which, carried far enough, will end in rude awakenings.

Remember the Preamble? Ask me what Preamble and I’ll let you have it, “We, the people of the United States—” We are the people. We are the public. We are the Government. And we are the Army. Thus, it behooves us to realize immediately that only through the work, cooperation and financial responsibility of each of us can this war, far from being finished, eventually be won with glory.

Accidents of Life

“But for the grace of God—” For one reason or another some of us are home and some of us are on the fighting fronts or in the training camps. The accident of where we are and what we are doing does not change our responsibility. It does change the form in which we are privileged to discharge our responsibility.

The man on the fighting front is risking his life and giving his life and all the far-foremost future and hopes of which it was made (even as yours and mine), not just to fight for himself, but to fight for you and me and him and himself. In other words, for all of us.

All we are asked is to do our work well and conscientiously and to invest in Bonds until it hurts. This war, said Churchill, must take its toll in blood, sweat and tears. True enough, but in money, too, millions of dollars, day in and day out, to buy the planes, the tanks, the guns, the food, the medicines and all the supplies of War, your War. And yet, by so investing, you build yourself a tidy bank account for the future, and your money makes money while it’s resting.

Don’t Boast

Don’t boast about the number of Bonds you’re buying. Be proud to be doing part of your share, but don’t boast. Be proud to get shoulder to shoulder with the men and women of Tunisia, Australia, the Solomon, the lost but unforgettable Bataan and Corregidor, Buy a share in America and have the right to say, when peace has come, “WE won the War!”

To find fault is easy, to do better may be difficult.—Plutarch

MAIL AT TECH


Should you know where any of the above can be reached, please notify Florence Gilmore in the Mail room.

COINCIDENTALLY

We were nearly bowled over the other day when a note came to us from "Boots" Frantz’ office in Union City signed by Maxeye Hurt.

Immediately we called Colonnade Cynamonde pinch-hitter Maxine Hurt, who is in the Identification office, and told her of the unusual goings on.

Doubles at Embry-Riddle, or is it just the Gremlins?

ELAINE DEVEREY WEDS

LT. GEORGE HAMILTON

Of interest to all Embry-Riddle-ites is the marriage of Elaine Devery, Secretary to Mr. Riddle and Assistant Secretary of the Embry-Riddle Company. "Dev," as she is better known to all of us, became the bride of 2nd Lt. George G. Hamilton, U.S. Air Corps, on June 10th in the Chapel at Tarrant Field, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Elaine, daughter of John J. Devery, Instructor at the Coliseum, was graduated from Miami Senior High School and attended the University of Miami. She came to Embry-Riddle in 1940 and obtained her private pilot’s license in January of the following year.

Lt. Hamilton also attended the University of Miami and was associated with the Commercial Credit company in Miami before entering the Air Corps.

"Dev" was accompanied by her mother to Ft. Worth and was joined there by Winifred Wood, former Link Instructor at the Colonnade who is now training with the WAFS at Avenger Field, Sweetwater, Tex.

To Lt. and Mrs. Hamilton, who are residing in Ft. Worth, the Embry-Riddle company extends the very best of wishes.

Always appear what you are and a little below it.—Modern Greek Proverb.
With many new Instructors and refreshers coming to Riddle Field, let us point out to them that they and their wives are eligible for membership and are invited to join the Instructor's Club or the Co-Pilot's Club.

The Instructor's Club has a nicely equipped Club House, where facilities for cards, dancing, ping-pong and refreshments are available. Any of the officers, President Lou Place, Assistant Advanced Flight Commander; Secretary Bob Walker, Assistant Engineering Officer; Treasurer Frank Veltri, Advanced Flight Instructor, will be glad to sign any of the new Instructors or Refreshers or old Instructors not yet members. This includes Ground School and Link as well as Flight Instructors.

Co-Pilot's Club

Wives of the Instructors are cordially invited to enroll in the Co-Pilot's Club, which has the same facilities as the Instructor's Club and where many social meetings are held jointly by the two organizations. The Co-Pilots are very active in Red Cross Work, serving at the Cadet's Club and engaging in other worthwhile activities. Officers of the Club are: President, Janet Reid; Vice-President, Helen Ziler; Secretary, Mary Brink; Treasurer, Ethel King. See any of them for membership in the Co-Pilot's Club.

Softball

Rallying for three runs in the seventh inning, the RAF softball team from Course 14 defeated Maintenance 6 to 5 last week. The RAF had trailed most of the contest before their game winning rally and thus notched another win in their comeback trail after a disastrous start at the beginning of the season.

A heavy softball program was on tap this past week, so we should have several results in the next issue. One of the games was the opener for Course 15's AAF team against the Mechanics.

The third Riddle Field Intra-Squadron Swimming Meet was held last Wednesday, when a large crowd gathered around the pool. Results will be published in the next issue. The Riddle-McKay swimming cup and F.S.I. individual prizes were awarded at the conclusion of the gala affair. The complete list of entrants was as follows:

- Two Lap Free Style—Slater and Bevan, Course 13; Smith, Greaves, Tyson and Lawrence, Course 14; Craven and Myers, Course 15.
- Two Lap Breast Stroke—Finch and Renzi, Course 13; Murdock and Bonsey, Course 14; Hewetson and Parkinson, Course 15.
- Egg Race—Entries were made at the pool.
- Two Lap Back Stroke—Slater and Renzi, Course 13; Butler and Pocock, Course 14; Ogden and Parkinson, Course 15.
- Three Lap Medley Relay—Finch, Slater and Gwatkin, Course 13; Lawrence, Butler and Murdock, Course 14; Parkinson, Ogden and Brasch, Course 15.
- Flying Suit Relay Race—Entries were made at the pool.
- 100 Yard Free Style Relay—Gwatkin and Garland, Course 13; Butler and Adams, Course 14; Fisher and Brasch, Course 15.
- Diving—Gwatkin, Finch and Harris, Course 13; Smith and Cox, Course 14; Brasch and Spinks, Course 15.

MIXED THREESOME

Left to right: From Wales, Tommy Jones; from Connecticut, Johnny Roy; and Charlie Slater of London, all training together at Riddle Field with Courses 13 and 14.

AT EASE

Cadets Bentley and Fisher in a quiet corner at the Cadet's Club.

100 Yards Free Style Relay—Gwatkin, Slater, Bevan and Renzi, Course 13; Smith, Butler, Adams and Lawrence, Course 14; Raven, Fisher, Spinks and Guest, Course 15.

Diving Screwball—Entries were made at the pool.

- Plunge—Gwatkin, Harris and Bennett, Course 13; Smith and Adams, Course 14; Jackson, Brasch and Craven, Course 15.


Course 15

Course 15 has been at Riddle Field nearly three weeks now and is more or less in the groove. However, we find life still a little strenuous, particularly at 5:30 a.m. when we have noticed that the voice of the chap who wakes us seems to increase our drowsiness rather than dispel it.

Most of us have had our hides well cooked by the sun and know now what it means to be skinned alive and to stew each in his own juice!

Our esteemed Under Officer Jones, always to the fore, already has given us a demonstration of the perfect ground loop. Maybe we ought to feel mated and do likewise, but we feel we really "didn't ought."
KING JAMES III

Manager Butson of this extra work.
E. A. Ball, the harborman, has returned from a short vacation in Georgia and Alabama.

Enjoying a short stay in Virginia is mechanic Mort Feldman.

Tennis Tournament

Most of the first round games have been played, and contestants are reminded that the second round contests should start at once. Following is a list of the entries in the singles tournament, with practically the same persons also participating in the doubles competition.


Course 14

Since the day we arrived here, Course 14 has had its eye on those big, shiny, zipping AT-6's and all they did was make us wish more and more that we were off those slow little, simple PT-17's which were so easy to fly. (†)

Last Tuesday, after our too short leave, we finally got a chance to fly one of the mature airplanes. Each of us returned to his barracks somewhat staggered that there could be so many gadgets and guages and controls on one airplane to be operated at one time by one person, to say nothing of the passenger in the back seat, whose temper is about like one of those AT's in a power stall after we have tried one of said stalls for the umpteenth time and come out spinning every time.

Nothing Like It

But for all the work involved in learning the new cockpit procedure and for all the nostalgia we now allow ourselves for the dear, simple PT days, there's nothing in our experience to match that surge of power when we first put that throttle to the gate or when we put the nose above the horizon and watched it stay there climbing hard and beautifully as the altimeter spun to new heights, or when we dived at four miles a minute. Lots of new things to learn, but if the other courses before us have succeeded, you can bet your last bob that Course 14 will beat them.

A Good Show

Athletically again, we took the Mechanics last week in a rousing softball game that would have done credit to any American diamond. The Course's godfather, Jack Hopkins, led us to a close 6-5 victory over the nut-and-bolt lads and we hope we can schedule a game with them again soon. They put on a good show.

During our short leave two weeks ago at the end of Primary, many of the lads took the opportunity of making acquaintances in the Daytona Beach, Miami, and Tampa areas besides the usual West Palm Beach and Ft. Myers beats.

Last week-end we made a little more certain of some of these acquaintances and are beginning to think that we may like Florida and these United States after all.

Thus with leaves and the AT's, we chase off the worry Gremlins until a week before the next exams.

One Year Ago

June 18, 1942—departmental report on Riddle Field bond deductions is presented—87% of employees are participating—Desmond Leslie, Course 5, is presented as Man of the Week—Green Flight (Course 7) is on leave, and many go to New York, and some as far as New Mexico—Kenny Berry, Hospital Attendant, is Guest Editor of Riddle Round-Up column—Tom Pullen, Chief Timekeeper, is pictured.

An American soldier in England was giving some illustrations of the size of his country. "You can board a train in the State of Texas at dawn," he said impressively, "and 24 hours later you'll still be in Texas."

"Yes," said one of his English listeners, with feeling, "we've got trains like that here, too."

FLIGHT COMMANDER

Chief Sitting Bull, alias F/C Denny Rocener

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SWIMMING MEET WITH MORRISON FIELD

The winners of the local swimming meet have been chosen as the Riddle Field swimming team and will compete against Morrison Field at that place on Wednesday, June 30. Good luck to the team, and we hope that they "bring home the bacon."

Advanced Flight Instructor Jimmy Taylor with the third James Tobacco prices we would remark that Cadet Ogden is no relation to the tobacco merchant and is therefore not to be pestered for "fag-ends."

Where's That Gremlin?
The change of environment has affected our chaps in various ways. One, in particular, Bill Brooks, to-wit, lately has been seen wandering round with glazed eyes and fevered brow, casting furvive glances at Link trainers and looking beneath PT's wings for evidence of occupancy by the more malevolent type of Gremlin.

He is certain that one followed him on the boat from England for the sole purpose of providing comparison between "home made" ground loops and the type provided by our hospitable American friends.

Unfortunately, his hobby, which is followed by many of us, of systematically tracking down "Old English Ale" has been curtailed, and at certain moments, low and anguished cries of "Mild and Bitter" or " Draught Bass" usually followed by the supplication "for the love of allah" may be heard. However, of this driving—more anon.

Here and There

The marriage of Armaments Instructor Sgt. Tom Chappell and Miss Mary Julia Doub of Belle Glade, took place in that city on Saturday, June 12. Congratulations to the newlyweds, who are honeymooning at Palm Beach.

William Rose of Course 15 is another who will aid us in reporting the gen from his flight, and we are happy to add him to the Associate Editors.

F/L Nickerson has been confined this past week to the hospital in Ft. Myers, where he underwent a appendectomy. All here at the Field wish "Nick" a speedy recovery, and for those of you who will want to send him a card, his address is: F/L W. G. Nickerson, RAF, Station Hospital, Buckingham Field, Ft. Myers, Fla.

General Manager G. Willis Tyson made a business trip to Miami Saturday.

Associate Editors George Morse and Peter Hardware and several other members of Course 13 have started work on their Listening Out issue.

Mrs. B. L. Warnock is the new head of the Purchasing department and will be chief buyer, relieving Assistant General
DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whittall

The Airplane Maintenance department comes out ahead again. Last week Floyd Cullers, Superintendent of Maintenance, was the receiver of a $100.00 War Bond which was presented to him by the company for achievements and improvements on the flight line far beyond his regular duties.

When we went down to congratulate him, Mr. C gave all the credit to his excellent Maintenance personnel and machine shop force. Again we all say, “Congratulations, Mr. Cullers.”

Have you seen the bill that “Doc” Rude has attached to his hat? You can’t help but see it—each time you pass him you have to detour around about three feet.

Have a Persimmon

Did you know that Clara Winters of Army Intelligence can’t whistle? We saw her trying the other day and her story is that she just can’t get her lips to pucker up properly. Uncle Abner advises seeking some real sour persimmons? Ain’t we helpful?

We’re all glad to see Dora McLeod back on the job at the switchboard again after a siege in the local hospital. Yes, she’s just as sassy as ever.

We usually spend a pretty peaceful time at the Field we have to stay all night, but “Drip” Platt had to occupy the lower berth the other night. Now, we want to tell you that should you want an evening’s entertainment just listen in. He talks in his sleep and his snoring even puts that certain A.O to shame. Mrs. Platt, if you want to know what D. L. talks about, see us some Saturday evening.

Tie That One!

“Drip” is not one of those graceful snorers—when we awakened him and informed him that his snoring kept us awake, he told us in no kind way to shut up and go back to sleep—that he didn’t snore, in fact, he had been lying awake listening to us snore, the big so and so.

Congratulations to Mr. Rockett upon his recent promotion to the rank of Chief Warrant Officer.

We haven’t been able to get much dope on the Army this week. However, we did think that there were three A.O.’s the other night according to the snoring. We accused Lt. Sheridan of being the offending party, but his excuse was that when he snored it kept him awake. Now you figure that one out.

In the Army Share-The-Ride club Lt. Anderson says that he picks up his fellow officers at the oddest places. For instance, the other morning he picked up Capt. Palmer and Lt. Frank at a dress shop. Maybe Lt. Frank was buying his wife a dress. Mrs. Frank, you can’t say we’re not plugging for a new dress for you. Believe it or not, it was at the beauty shop that he found Major Boyd. Now just what could the C. O. be doing in front of a beauty shop? Just where did Lt. Anderson start?

That Issac Wallonian Sgt. Lambeth and the fish that he’s always catching! They must be authentic as there’s no fish market adjacent to Dorr Field, otherwise we would wonder.

Short Snorter’s Log

Talk about the Louvre, it has nothing on the Instructor’s ready room—Sqd. No. 3-431. Mr. Hughes seems to be the chief connoisseur of art with all the others running a close second.

If we should win this piece of horse flesh that is being raffled off, just what we’ll do with it has caused considerable worry. We could sell it to “Hop-a-long” and he could make a team to pull his Packard.

Tellably yours,

Jack

P.S.—If Vadah has something catching, let’s keep her in the dog house.

The following were taken from actual letters received from mothers, wives, etc. of men in the service. They were either making or correcting applications for allotments.

My husband has worked on shift from about two months, and now he left me and I ain’t had no pay since he has gone or before either.

Please send me my elopement, as I have a 4 months old baby and he is my only support and I need all I can get every day to buy food and keep him in clothes.

Please send my wife’s form to fill out.

Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and baby.

I have already wrote the President and if I don’t hear from you I will write to

 Uncle Sam and tell him about you both.
Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children. One is a mistake as you can see.
In answer to your letter, I gave birth to a boy weighing 101 lbs. I hope this is satisfactory.
You changed my little girl to a boy. Does this make any difference?
In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.
I am told that my husband sets in the Y.M.C.A. every night with the piano playing in his uniform. I think you will find him there.

LEISURE HOURS

The Recreation Room at Dorr Field

A VISITOR AT DORR

This story has been told many times and in many forms by every newcomer, and it is one that Dorr Field can always be proud to have repeated again and again.

Let us start at the beginning. In response to a call for her services at the 54th Flying Training Detachment, Miss Newcomer entered the front gate one sunny day for her first visit of Dorr Field.

The long, low, rambling buildings with the unique Colonial-styled Administration building at the entrance was a most gratifying sight, particularly to one who had traveled many long miles into “unknown” territory.

After her new employer, one of the fine group of officers at the Field, interviewed her, he took her on a tour of the Post which turned out to be one of those dreams come true.

Glowing Picture

The spacious lawns, the colorful blooming hybiscus, the towering palm trees, the beautiful swimming pool with all the colorful furniture surrounding it, and the well kept tennis courts all made a glowing picture in the mind’s eye of Miss Newcomer.

Then they came to the two patios of the Mess Hall, where the customary Buffet Suppers are held. Patios had always been “one of those things” that Miss Newcomer
had only read about in books. To actually see them and imagine the setting of brilliantly colored lights under the Florida moon—well, I guess she must have been a bit of a romanticist to have grown so eloquent at their beauty.

Famed PT

Lunch at the Canteen came next on the tour, climaxcd with a tall delicious sundae. Miss Newcomer then went into the Recreation Hall expecting to have a try at one of the games, but the suggestion of a visit to the famous Flight Line took immediate precedence and there she came face to face with real Army planes—the famed PT (no smiles, please) she had heard so much about, and then a glimpse of the BT.

The activity on the Flight Line was orderly, and the evidence of excellent management was everywhere. When she couldn’t inveigle a ride from anyone, the tour continued to the Hospital—all spic and span and ready for any emergency—and thence to the Ground School, where the model planes captivated Miss Newcomer’s imagination.

Diplomatic Evasion

She immediately started plying the kind Lieutenant with countless questions, but he cleverly managed a quick take off from there and proceeded to the Link Trainer. One of the Link Instructors took the trouble to explain some of the instruments, but when it was suggested that the young lady in question get inside and try a spin, she immediately sought that old alibi “some other time.”

The tour then came to a close, but not without an explanation of the traffic pattern the planes follow when taking off and landing at the Field. It was pointed out that there are important rules governing air traffic as well as that of land and sea.

CEaseless Work

All during the tour, the drone of the planes, the undercurrent of ceaseless work and energy, directed to accomplish the goal set for training flyers to win this War, made a most lasting impression on Miss Newcomer. With a humble heart she joins all the other newcomers and oldsters in wanting to do her small part in keeping the wheels running smoothly.

TECHNICAL DICTIONARY

Adriano Ponso, who conducts the Embry-Riddle Portuguese classes, has compiled a Portuguese-English technical dictionary. Copies are available free of charge to all members of the classes.

The dictionary, which required a tremendous amount of research, will be of untold value to students of Portuguese who are connected with the aviation industry.

DRAFTING STUDENT

Turning his talents to War work, Richard Guthrie, former commercial designer, is studying drafting at the Tech School, and upon completion of the course he expects to secure a defense job drafting airplane designs.

He and his wife, the former Lilyan Clair Rabe of Pittsburgh, with their child, Angla Gale Guthrie, make their home in Miami. When in Pittsburgh, Guthrie was a member of the Longvue Country Club and of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club. He is a graduate of Carnegie Tech Art School and of the Arnold Preparatory School.

Hobbies useful in his new work include building models of cars, boats and planes.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

by Eric R. Sundstrom, Coordinator

Inter-American Training

The Inter-American boys are extremely happy this week due mainly to the fact that they have received their CAA ratings in Aircraft and Engines, their Ground Instructor ratings in Aircraft and Engines, and last but not least, their first pay check.

Word has been received that Trainees Juan Mena and Israel Silva of Nicaragua, now training in Clewiston, will leave the “kingdom of bachelorhood” before going north for further training around the first of August.

Two of the boys who are in Maintenance at Clewiston have found out that Lake Okeechobee isn’t so easily circumnavigated in a dollar-and-a-half-a-day boat with a limited amount of gasoline.

We shall omit their names for several reasons, but the Clewiston-ites working with them will be able to pick them out by their red faces when their having to row instead of being able to “putt-putt-putt” their way back is mentioned.

QUIZ PROGRAM

Preparing a quiz program are Lynne Fox, program chairman of the Miami Chapter of the Pilot International Business Women’s Club, and Adriano Ponso, Portuguese Instructor, who was guest speaker at the meeting of the Club Tuesday in the Towers Hotel. Lynne and Adriano look over a Brazilian magazine as they outline discussion topics.
CARLSTROM R. A. I. NEWS

by Kay Bramlitt

Inasmuch as most everyone on the Field has had a day off during the past week so that they might spend those No. 17 coupons, most of the news this week has to do with travel.

O. B. Lightfoot and Tom Davis made a hurried (?) trip to Miami in Slim McAnly's pick-up.

Lorean Bond spent the week-end in Tampa not so long ago. And Roberta Dudley went to Tampa last week, too, but couldn't find what she was looking for. So, she's gone to Lake-land now. Eva Mae Lee also has gone to Lakeland for the week-end.

Off and Away

Mary Garrett and Ella Mae Carlson (Maintenance) traveled all the way to Miami to see Mary's brother who is stationed on Miami Beach.

Capt. Erwin (Army Engineering) managed to wrangle a three-day pass and has gone to the Magic City also. Helen Martin and hubby are week-ending at Lake Placid.

Carmen Mizelle left this morning for Selvring to spend a day or two.

Nellie LaMara (Stockroom) is wearing a beautiful diamond these days. The lucky man is Ray Pries, who most everyone will remember as having worked in the Overhaul department for some time. Ray is now stationed in Texas and is expecting a furlough in August, at which time the wedding will take place (in Arcadia, we hope).

Byron Shouppe is certainly putting on weight. His wife must be a good cook! Byron admits that he's "getting fatter than the law allows, but as long as I don't get any fatter than Johnny Glnons I don't care!"

Joe Brown, Clem Whittenbeck's able assistant in the Refresher School, made a very nice parachute jump on the 11th. Charlie Riddling piloted Van Petten, Jr.'s Cub Cruiser for the event, and all went well.

Deep Secret

Although the time and place, and even the event itself, were supposed to be a secret, about 200 people watched from the line. What young lady in the Overhaul department was heard to remark that she would simply love to make a parachute jump, or was that only rumor?

A. C. Meyer, Assistant Fire Marshall, has the flight line and grounds of the entire Field looking very neat and clean. However, he refused to take any credit for it, stating that all department heads and employees have given him full cooperation and have only themselves to thank.

Capt. "Bill" Harmon of Class 43-D visited us for a short time last week. Bill is now stationed at Orlando Air Base and is a Test Pilot on Pussuits and Bombers. Best of luck to you, and come see us again.

Maj. Jack Hunt stopped overnight several days ago, and his many friends on the Field were more than happy to see him again. We hope it won't be long before he can pay us another visit.

No Details

From all we can gather, Sgt. Ralph Hesperger, Army Engineering, was really initiated into the local Elk's Lodge last Wednesday evening. However, he "ain't talking," so no details are available!

Wonder why Capt. Powey told Lydia Sammon the other day that he wasn't going to call her "Skinny" any more?

Betty Vickers will spend this week in St. Petersburg with her husband, who is to go into the Army shortly. Woe is us 'cause we'll be short-handled on the Switchboard again. Anyway, Betty, have a good time, but don't forget to come back!

Joe Gaunt, Accounting department, is off for Miami this next Friday and won't be back until Monday. Take it easy, Joe, not too much week-end!

Clayton MacPhail of Headquarters visited in Miami last week-end and from all reports had a swell time. At least, he succeeded in obtaining a nice sunburn.

The Civil Service girls and enlisted men of the Army Headquarters office had a party at Lake Placid last Sunday. It seems that the girls went out on Saturday evening and spent the night at the Dozier's cabin where a good time was had by all—especially Wilda Smithson who won 30 cents.

Pvt. Auler and Sgt. Jones were the only two fishermen, so to speak, in the bunch, and Auler apparently is more of an expert than Ralph Jones. We hear, however, that Ralph is very expert at changing tires!

Pfc. Downend spent the entire day with the Lake Placid Girl Scout Troup! My! My! Events of the day included swimming, eating, fishing, eating, boating, eating, eating—the food certainly must have been tasty.

We're all sorry to learn that Tech 5th Grade Duvall is being transferred to Maxwell Field shortly. He was one of the first enlisted men to arrive at Carlstrom Field back in February, 1941, and we all join in wishing him the very best of luck.

Pvt. Arthur Karas of the Medical Corps recently was promoted to Private First Class. Congratulations!

Fatal Step

Lt. Norman A. Stuart, who has been stationed here a couple of months, will take that fatal step next Saturday, the 19th. We're all anxious to meet the Mrs. and wish you both much happiness.

The Army Supply Division entertained each other at a fish barbecue "somewhere near Duncans" which is on the road to Joshua Creek" during the past week. No details were available, however, so you can judge for yourself as to how much of a success the party was. But, knowing that gang, we can bet a good time was had by all.

AVIATION CADETS ON THE FLIGHT LINE AT CARLSTROM FIELD

June 18, 1943
CARLSTROM
Continued from Page 1

Off we go... the Dawn Patrol... the Eagle Squadron... the Flying Circus... these are my pals... learning flying together... you don't forget these fellows.

First Spin... the world goes teeply turvy... the sun is behind you... in front of you... behind you... the world slows down, stops... the nose rises... all is well again.

Why—When—How... explanation, demonstration... you take it... correction... keep plugging... each time a little better... it's done this way... it's done for a reason.

Hangar Flying... plenty of it... "hull sessions"... this is the right way... my Instructor showed me... just a touch of rudder coming through your point.

Forced landing... remember your wind direction... best field available... no turning under 200 feet... "Whattya wanna do, Mister, pick a basket of oranges?"

First landing alone... front cockpit seems awfully empty... get lined up with the tee, now... mustn't ground loop... stick back just a little more.

Physical fitness... muscular and organic toning... building resistance to air fatigue through sweat and aching muscles... en masse games... general conditioning... group activities... individual activities... chest out, Mister, and lift those legs high!

Physical fitness... swimming, tennis, archery, medicine ball... cross country, double timing, calisthenics... relays, tug of war... conditioning apparatus... games of timing, games of balance... competition to develop sportsmanship... exercise to develop breathing for high altitude flying... Uncle Sam's fighting men must have lightening-like reactions, endurance, and stamina.

Link Trainer... building full of earthbound flyers... stubby wings, but the works... instruments, needles, controls, dials... Sarge following my course at the desk... center the needle and ball... watch your airspeed... they won't stay put... and it's hot in here... time to bail out... next victim.

The Ground School... classroom laughs along with the serious side... the "hot foot" for a sleepy Cadet... interesting, vitally important work for all... a sound foundation on the ground to sharpen efficiency in the air, and help pave the way to ultimate victory.

Exams... proof of the pudding... stubborn answers... answers scribbled with fingers crossed... then time out for a moment of relaxation.

Mechanics Applied... Cadets in the midst of overhaul operation... knowledge that may come in handy some day at some lonely jungle airport.

Umbrella in the Wind... a hundred thousand men owe their lives to this bit of blowing silk... truthfully, if you need it and don't have it, you'll never need it again.

All Work and No Play... fighter pilot Jack can't be a dull boy... he must develop body, mind, and heart alike... he must learn to use to the fullest those precious moments of relaxation... sing things we must know... there will be one on hand to tell us when we are hundreds of miles from our base and "on our own"... the complications of power plant operation... they too are important... and theory of flight... the strength and limitations of our aircraft... the facts about enemy ships... if we are to fight them, we must know them.

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All Work and No Play... fighter pilot Jack can't be a dull boy... he must develop body, mind, and heart alike... he must learn to use to the fullest those precious moments of relaxation... sing a little... laugh briefly... dance with his girl... say goodbye without fear... back on the job at a split second's notice.

Thus the Days Fly... dodo no longer... check rides taken and passed... a measure of skill attained... the first hurdles behind you... chandeliers, lazy eights... Immelmans, rolls... mysteries no longer... a firm foundation of flying habits... solid ground to build upon... and then, the final retreat.

A New Day Is Ahead... assignment... travel orders... congratulations... farewells, promises... Primary Training behind, but not forgotten... now for the future... so sing together... make it ring... Praise the Lord, and... Pass the Basic Trainer!

The Story of Carlstrom... a story most simply told in these words: not my job, not your job, but our job... soldiers and civilians working hand in hand toward a common end... for here, too, is where wars are won... here on the pilot training production line... here where there are no citations, no medals for devotion to duty... he serves best who accomplishes his assigned task—and the story of Carlstrom is the story of accomplishment.

CARLSTROM PICTORIAL
If any of you Carlstromites would like to have additional copies of the recently published booklet depicting the life of the Carlstrom Cadet, you can get them from Kay Bramlit at the Administration building for the small sum of 50 cents.
UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Ken Stiverson, Editor
B. C. Humphries, Howard Cooper, Jimmy Glover, Associates
Frank Haynes, Photographer

Ray Ryan is well on the road to recovery from an appendectomy at the Union City Clinic. He says the only thing that bothers him is the fact that he isn’t allowed to eat all he wants.

1st Lt. George Cochran and his wife, Ida, paid “Boots” and Audrey Frantz a brief visit last week. Lt. Cochran was an instructor at Dorr Field before joining the Ferry Command, and now is stationed at Memphis.

Harold Prather is the proud papa of a baby girl. Harold did pass out the Caronas. Mother and baby are doing fine.

In about four weeks Jim Long will have fresh vegetables for sale from the surplus of his victory garden. By the way—why call them Victory gardens now? Didn’t people have gardens before the war?

Not Chiseling

Former Staff Sergeant Cannon is now Tech. Sgt. Cannon. Congratulations, “Sarge.” How about the Coca-Cola’s? “Sure!” Why does everyone have to be reminded? I ain’t chiseling, but what with the income tax and stuff a guy can’t afford to buy his own.

We bow our heads in shame. The officers have defeated the civilians in volleyball at last. Of course 40 of the civilian players were on vacations. And John Brannon had a sore toe. Charlie Vowell was thinking of home and biscuits. Anyhow, the officers had to ring in a private. And what a private. He was hot stuff.

The Refresher School has turned out a host of new Instructors. The following men have passed their final checks and have been assigned students: Brad Mott, Victor Fite, W. T. Barner, Lawrence Bohon, Carl Leubbers, Bob Phillips, Dick Symmes, Joe Grow, Ralph Horn, Laverne Erickson, John Corey, Bill Dorr, Johny Doane, Joe Lemaniski, Don Schwarm and Cliff Sparrow.

Statement

Lt. Kleiderer just came in and made a statement. The statement? Just that the officers will beat the Instructors the next four volleyball games in a row. How about it, fellows? You know this sorta stuff can’t go on. Let’s and then play while I keep score. Don’t forget, Lieutenant, you were beaten the first two games.

According to Kussrow and Boatwright the breeam that swim in the limpid (haw) waters of Reelfoot Lake are the largest on earth. But some other guys went fishing there and all the big ones were on strike. Some more of you know whose work, we guess, or suppose, whichever you prefer. Maybe that don’t make sense.

I’m gonna have to bring this little epistle to a close. My key stabbing fingers are cramped from the violent speed at which I operate this machine. So-o-o see you next week.

Typhoid injection
Squadron and section
Oblique direction
Homesick dejection
Posture correction
KP selection
PX confection
Sun-tanned complexion
Colonel’s inspection
Squadron’s rejection;
“Lacking perfection.”
Sherman was right.

NEW SYSTEM RELIEVES DENSITY OF TRAFFIC

A new system of flight control on all point-to-point flights of military aircraft in the United States was launched recently with the inauguration of the Army Air Forces Pilots’ Advisory Service in two regions where the volume of air traffic is particularly dense.

Providing an additional safeguard for Army flyers, this new service was instigated by the AAF Flight Control Command, headed by Col. Sam R. Harris, and will be in operation throughout the continental limits of the U. S. by the close of this year.

The first areas to benefit from this serv-
ice were in the northeast, covering the New England states and part of New York, and the northwest, including Washington and Oregon, western Idaho and the northern part of California.

In outlining the functions of the new service, Col. Harris said:

"The Pilots' Advisory Service enables a close contact to be maintained with pilots on cross-country flights, and provides them, while in the air, with the best possible information affecting their missions. Thereby, it undoubtedly should help to reduce the number of accidents to military aircraft and personnel, as well as speed the locating and rescue of forcefully grounded ships.

"It is being operated by a specially trained staff of AAF Officers," the Colonel continued, "stationed in existing Civil Aeronautics Administration traffic control centers, and, for the first time, supplementing the valuable work of the CAA personnel by extending an advisory service to pilots flying off the regular airways."

These officers, it was pointed out, will, at all times, have full information regarding both traffic and weather throughout their respective areas. In case of any sudden changes in weather conditions, revised orders, the approach of large formation flights or other emergencies, they will be able to contact by radio all pilots aloft the locality affected and immediately give them all necessary advice.

"Of course," Col. Harris concluded, "complete cooperation of all pilots will be required to enable the new measure to be fully effective, in that all pilots must do these three things:

"1. Plan their flights carefully in advance, whether on or off the airways, indicating the communication contacts they will make while enroute.

"2. Accurately report their exact positions at each radio fix.

"3. Maintain an alert listening watch throughout each flight."

Flight Control Command

Jack Routhwaite has developed a technique of his own on those Flight Indicators and is really turning them out. Keep it up, Jack. Virginia Conner has left our Stockroom and has taken over her duties as Head of the Instrument Paint Shop. It is not new to her as she was there before she went to the Stockroom. Good luck, Virginia.

Sue Villeneuve, who has been on vacation in North Carolina, will be back with us Monday. We have missed you, Sue, and it will be nice having you back. Hugh Skinner has an order for his private flying ticket last Monday—hope you made it, old top. Mr. Hill is our new Inspector and

Stockroom man serving the night crew—we're mighty glad to have you. McAllister and Kimbrough surely have been giving good accounts of themselves on those Turn Indicators the past number of weeks. Keep them rolling through, but don't let 'em drift. If those pilots don't know what time it is while aloft, it won't be Snyder's fault, for he has been turning out plenty of plane clocks for them.

Now we have the subject of time suggested—time it appears has favored at least two of our fighting fronts. The news from the Mediterranean area as well as in the Aleutians has been very good, especially the past week. There is, of course, more than one reason why we needed time to prepare for those big offensive operations—it takes plenty of equipment and supplies.

It also takes plenty of tonnage to transport those things to our far-flung bases and time to get them there. That, folks, costs money—yes, staggering sums of it. This is where we at home come in. It is not only our duty but a great privilege to back up our armed forces through the purchase of all the bonds we can possibly buy.

How glad those people on Pantelleria would have been to have given their all to stop those bombs falling on them. We have our chance now to buy bonds, the safest investment in the world, to keep Axis bombs from our land. You do a two-fold job when you buy those bonds—secure your homeland with its liberties and build a security in cash for the future—for you get your money back at good interest. See our Bond department today.

NEW BOOKS AT TECH

Rifle Company Weapons, by Bond.

Education for the Air Age, by Engelhardt.

Elements of Pre-Flight Aeronautics, by University of Nebraska.

Aerology for Pilots, by U. S. Bureau of Aeronautics.

Air Navigation, Parts 1, 2, and 3, by U. S. Bureau of Aeronautics.


Mathematics for Pilots, by U. S. Bureau of Aeronautics.


Biography of Flight, by Fitzpatrick.

Geographic Education for the Air Age, by Renner.

The Air We Live In, by Renner.

Elementary School Science for the Air Age, by Ayre.

Social Studies for the Air Age, by Bartlett.

Globes, Maps, and Skyways, by Bauer.
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Lola Hayes

My apologies dear readers. Pardon me one moment while I polish up my Quill and Scroll pin. Even an Editor needs inspiration on days like these. After all, this column serves two purposes. One is to keep “Cookie” out of the dog house and the other is to entertain our many (ahem) readers in the usual manner to which they have resigned themselves.

The other day one very observing Naval Cadet approached ye roaming reporter inquiring, “Why is the Administration building adorned with Army Wings?” I tried to explain the evolution of Chapman to its present status. The building was erected by the Army Air Corps and the wings still stand. Perhaps it will be changed before too long. Almost like a christening.

Protection

The most satisfying thing about wearing those awful identification badges is that we really don’t look like that. Or do we. Besides, we need some protection. Which reminds me of one young fella who walks around with citronella. You guessed it, Dave Vanderbeck.

Amid the mad rush of things, Robert Kahler dropped in the other day for a visit. A lot of his sun tan had faded out but the smile is still there. Even after so much WTS training. He is soon to report to Randolph Field for more training on heavier ships, and then—he will be an Instructor. He brought news that our previous Cross Country Boys are doing fine.

Some of the students have been bringing shoes to wear while flying. One look at G. I. Brogans should convince anyone that rudder action would only be retarded by such heavy foot gear.

Portuguese

Sterling W. Camden is among the ardent pursuers of Portuguese and it is not unusual to hear him indulge in a phrase or so. With Miami destined to become a great Port of Entry after the War and Portuguese the leading language of many South American countries, Embry-Riddle will be prepared by having its employees trained.

I was a little disappointed to find that the new class begins at four o’clock in the afternoon. Rather inconvenient for those of us working out here. However, if anyone cares to go in a bit late, it lasts until six-thirty.

The popular question of the day: “What is good for Sunburn?” And you might be surprised at all the answers we receive. Vinegar, noxema, calamine lotion, and right on down the list to baking soda, tanic acid jelly, aloe leaves, etc. Please address all entries to ye editor.

Nautical terms are being heard all over the Field since we started training Naval Cadets—phrases are contagious. We are busier than ever and it will take cooperation on the part of all of us to make their training here a big success.

Not knowing the editorial policies of the Fly Paper, I absolutely refuse to be held responsible for the contents of this column.

Continued on next page

OFFICIAL FLY PAPER “DOG HOUSE”

M.A.A.: Have any of you fellows ever done any work around an office? Chorus of voices: Yes, sir!

M.A.A.: Good! You’re all detailed to paint the new office building!

In spite of Lola’s efforts it’s into the dog house with “Cookie” and her appendectomy this week. From the hospital to the palatial residence of “Bosco” is quite a jump, so watch those stitches, Cookie, and hurry back to Chapman and your column.
Paging Mrs. Penoyer! Helen, if you’ll just come on back … we’ll let you bring “Penn” with you! My only consolation is that this doesn’t have to be book length!

An agent for sun-burn lotions would certainly do a land-office business around the Colonnade every Monday morning … I for one would be his best customer … and Donald Peck would be running a close second! Maybe we just aren’t the outdoor type, Mr. Peck!

Bike Limp

Jackie Dillard and Rae Lane decided to forsake the beach for bicycling last Sunday … is that a slight limp I detected in their walk? Jackie is no doubt proving to herself that the birthday she celebrated last week didn’t make her a day older!

Did you know that the Colonnade can boast of a fire department practically its very own? Harry Rinehart and Guard L. R. Steffelbach have the honor of being its first two members. Harry was seen dashing madly out the front door the other day, fire extinguisher in hand, to put out a fire in someone’s car! He explained his haste by admitting that his own car was parked next to the burning one. Who so very generously sent Harry a book entitled “How to Use a Fire Extinguisher”?

Mr. Steffelbach is loudly singing the praises of his newsboy who noticed a fire in one of his apartments! That too, was put out with the aid of a fire extinguisher and without disturbing the City’s fire fighters. Very patriotic gestures on the part of both men, we would say!

We are very sorry to lose Avis Hoagland from our Switchboard. Avis has gone back to her home in Chicago. Also missing from our family are such familiar faces as Helen Bass, Vic Mercer and Lois Johnson! We surely hate to lose them!

Don’t all you girls wish you could wear than up-sweep hair-do as well as cute little Skippy Sandberg? She looks as cool as a cucumber even on the very hottest days!

The second floor is welcoming Norma Denny and Lucille Fox into their nice offices. Lucille had a head start on Norma, having worked for Mr. Hillstead when he was located at the Tech School, and all of her friends are mighty glad to have her back again! Norma is in the Auditing department taking over Lois Johnson’s work.

Pal Art Rhunke

Gee, I had quite a thrill the other day! These news hunters really get around, I’m glad to say! My pal, Art Rhunke, from the Photographic department, visited me the other day and invited me to go up to Instrument Overhaul with him to snap some pictures. He even let me carry the flash light! Such a place I’ve never seen, air conditioned and all … and so many busy people. William Beckwith very kindly showed me around and patiently explained all those gadgets … but I still can’t see how they manage to put all those little screws and things back in the instruments after they get them out! Tricky, no less!

Mr. Clay of Personnel can really take it … and has proven it by being so good natured at the kidding he’s getting from the girls re the flat tire on his car! We saw a car in front of the building the other day with one of the flattest of flats … and remarked that the owner was going to be mighty sick when he got off from work and found it.

Mr. Clay was quite sympathetic, until he turned right red in the face and said, “My goodness, that’s my car!” Aren’t you glad we saw it before five o’clock, Mr. Clay?

Mr. Varney tells me that Willard Burton, who is now with Mr. Blakeley at Tech School, spoke at the Lions Club luncheon the other day and held his audience spell-bound the entire time.

Whew! Here’s that deadline staring me in the face again … and I said to myself, “Maxie, if you’ll be a good girl and sit down and get busy on that column so Wain won’t be mad at you … I’ll let you go out and get yourself a nice cold coke out of that new coke machine we have right near Paul Baker’s Parachute department.” So here I go!
**JUST WHO GETS THE LAST LAUGH IN THIS MIX-UP**

New Rochelle, N. Y.
June 8, 1943

Dear Mr. Fletcher:

When I sent in that Bowling cartoon about my brother I sat back to enjoy a laugh. But, when I saw the next issue with a write-up entitled "Bordas the Bowler," where you changed my status with my Draft Board and my brother added insult to injury by adding one word to your story, namely, "Boomerang"—well, instead of Bordas laughs at Bordas, it’s Bordas laughs at Bordas.

If you want to use the enclosed it will show my brother I can take a "Boomerang" laugh too.

Incidentally, do you know Bela Lugosi, the horror man of the movies? Would you make a "Miss" out of that horror pass? Well, I’m horrible too! Just get me out of this girlish make-up.

Yours in fun,
(Mr.) Bela Bordas

Pronounced Bay-la.

**EDITOR’S NOTE:** Now fun’s fun! Mr. Bordas, the editor is not Mr. Fletcher. We grant you that the name Wain is a bit confusing, but we were too young to defend ourselves.

If you’ll forgive me for your girlish make-up, I’ll forgive you (and at the same time many, many of our correspondents) for giving me the masculine term of address. Good heavens! Maybe the Draft Board will be after me!

**THINK FIRST**

If someone accused Mr. Average Citizen of giving information to the enemies of the United States, he would be indignant. Yet, through the careless, unthinking talk of civilians, our enemies are learning many facts which, when pieced together, enable them to kill, sabotage and destroy.

One doesn’t have to give a blueprint of a secret weapon to the enemy to aid him; careless discussion of the equipment being produced in our factories, the rate of production, the type of armament being used on our fighting vehicles—all such bits of information play right into the enemies hands.

**Potential Danger**

Each little scrap of information, perhaps an innocent quotation from a soldier’s letter, about munitions and our fighting forces, is potentially dangerous. When added to other comments just as innocently dropped and already in the possession of enemy agents, it may help to round out a story which may tell our foes where and when to strike and in what force.

The next time you discuss letters from Servicemen “expecting to be sent across,” stop and think—you may be signing a death warrant for a friend or loved one.

A good general rule is: Talk about what you read in the newspapers or magazines or hear over the radio. Such information is the public property and no responsibility for spreading it rests on you. But when you’re tempted to spread unpublished War news, think before you talk!

**ANGELO SANDS STUDIES RADIO AT TECH**

Angelo Sands, sound projection operator for Miami Wometco Theaters for the past 17 years, is studying radio maintenance at the Tech School to prepare himself for work in that field with either the Army or Navy.

Sands, who comes from Jersey City, N. J., attends school in the daytime and continues his work as projection operator in the evenings. He is 38 years old, married, has three children and owns his home here at 111 N. W. 24th Ave. His favorite sports are baseball and swimming.

Also in Radio Maintenance is Randall McGough, former resident of Gillespie, Ill., who came to Miami nine months ago. He was married in April to Miss Nellene Cannon of Avon Park, Fla., and they are now making their home at 21 S. W. 14th Terrace.

A Scotchman told a friend that he was running for an undertaker, as his wife was seriously ill.

"But," remonstrated the friend, "It’s not an undertaker you want; it’s a doctor."

"Na, na," was the reply, "I canna afford to deal wi’ middlemen."
The opponent of lazy lips and bad speech wants advice. What will he do with so many people who want permission to take his speech class? The Doctor has proven that people are interested in self improvement. Many bow to Professor Sprague. Anyone wanting advice on what to do with the cherry tree should see Lloyd Barker of Hydraulics. His formula is emphatic. Smiling, friendly and efficient Joseph P. Murray, head of the Military Aircraft, spent most of his vacation in the dentist’s chair.

Elston, “Hot Stuff,” of Engine Change has many fish stories, sans fish? Any proof, Paul?

Faithful Philip Paine of Tech Order fame maintains his high enthusiasm for Tech Orders. Phil reports that the uphill fight for Tech Order consciousness is nearly won.

The happy gleam in the eyes of George Uffenorde is caused by the anticipations of his “soon to be taken” nuptial vows—Attaway, George. Boa Sorte.

Rumor has it that another young Senior in P. & W. will soon follow the same blissful trail. Guess who?

Our capable Fire Marshall Pooley reports no fires, no trouble. Everybody on the beam.

The genial, capable, and versatile Eric Sundstrom is the M.C. in the office of Many Tongues, where Greek, Spanish, English, Portuguese and Swedish are spoken with ease by only three people.

Marie Hess of Allison Engines submits graphic proof of her allegiance to Emily Post. Mrs. Post recently advised Women Defense Workers on the proper procedures when thumbing rides to work.

“Gear Train” Duffy (recently called Llewlyn) of Allison Engines reports that Mr. Duffy is the perfect husband—good cook, good mixer, good housekeeper, and brings his check home regularly. Congratulations to Mrs. Duffy.

Curvacious Selma Hayden, Instructor in Allison and Rolls Royce and student of Pratt and Whitney Radial engines, quite naturally prefers the streamlined, in line engines.

Instructor Dickens of Hydraulics is still interested in selling chickens. If the chickens are as good as Dickens they are some chickens. Free Delivery!

Speaking of chickens, Senior (Salesman) John Berry of Military Engines is clucking like a mother hen over a recently acquired Magnetic Inspection Machine, commonly called Magnaflux. For further information on this miraculous machine, see John.

War Bond “Pep Talkers” Burton and Greenfield report that Instructors in all departments are increasing their War Bond purchases. Attaboys!

Senhor Sertoria Arruda, Assistant Professor of Languages, has been awarded a scholarship in Aeronautical Engineering by the University of Texas. Congratulations, Senhor! Your happy, peppy, and friendly personality will be welcomed in Texas and greatly missed by us.

Charming Evelyn Doane, Secretary to genial K. C. Smith, left Saturday for a vacation in the Smokies. She was so excited over leaving that she forgot to say goodbye to the girls and—the boys.

The bewildered look on the face of Ralph (Rolls Royce) Finn can be explained by the magic words “Flight Kit.” Ralph’s daily prayer begins and ends with the words “Flight Kit.” Try Saint Anthony, Ralph.

Congratulations to Billy Shanahan, Walter Weightman, Clyde “Gremlin” Taylor and Joe Keenan, Instructors in Military Engines. All of them have recently passed the rigid Flying Cadet Examinations. Nice going, men!

SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE

by Claude Miller, Military Engines

O Senhor Adriano’s Latin charm,
Despite his coupon seventeen’s restraining pain,
Inspires the class, in composition barn,
To battle tense and conjugation bem.
His sprightly South American verse
In conjuring quizes damnable and quaint
Is equaled only by his grande nerve
In calling that old verb “to be” a saint.
From half past four until the flag comes down,
Our good professor and the fair Lorraine Set forth in liquidingo verb and noun
And other words that thereunto pertain,
Until our Mr. Stahl, whose name shall shine.
In desperation thunders, “Hold de line!”

The Fly Paper goes to press
Any number of things have been happening around the Engine Overhaul homestead lately. Wedding bells and birthday bells have been clanging and clanging. Helen Gates and Sgt. Marion Warner took a trip to the altar and are now happily married. Dottie Vacca-ro is glowing with happiness after her quiet wedding to Jack Shelnutt, a former employee of the Engine Overhaul department.

June bugs with birthdays this month include Larry Boyl, Walt Barrie, Rubie Bosley, Ruth Bradfield, Sam Constance, Clarence Parker, Joe Henry, Nellie Diamond, Virgile Ruark, Larry Varier, Polk Hatton, Max DuBois and Dee Monroe. Many happy returns, kids!

Sorry, Sir!

Our apologies to L. S. Hendrix, Chief Army Inspector at our Depot, for not mentioning that he too went to Warner Robins with “Joe” Horton, Lt. Bacon and Charles Grafflin. By the way, gentlemen, we hear a package of Mother Sill’s tablets would have come in handy on that trip. Right?

The Magneto-Starter department is right in there pitching on this birthday situation. Most of the credit must go to Nellie Diamond and her delicious cakes. Just like Mother used to make.

Not to be formal about it, but we do take pleasure in welcoming some new employees to our department, namely Catherine Adams, Inez Cochran, William E. Nesbitt, Carl Heider, Abel Pollard, John Hasting, Heber Jones, son of “Casey” Jones of the Test Stands, Edmund Youmans, Jr., son of Ed Youmans of Final Assembly, and Aubrey Tubbs.

What Goes On?

We figure there’s nothing like getting things done when necessary, especially when it’s little things like taking the roof off the test stands or shifting windows around in the hangar. We wonder what ingenious person has these brainstorms!

Did we ever mention Ace Brindle’s phenomenal beginner’s luck at darts? Or tell

about Helen getting chased by a horse? We might also make nasty remarks about the fellows working on the windows and making such an unearthly racket, just to prove they were working hard.

The Serious Side

On the serious side for a moment, we should perhaps take advantage of a word of praise from one of our newcomers who is impressed with our efficiency here, in contrast to other companies for which he has worked. Stick out your chest, Engine Overhaul!

And in closing we will quote a line of Georgian philosophy, courtesy of our own “Georgia” Boy: “Let the good luck happen and rough ends drag.”

Wing Flutter

by Otto Hempel, Jr.

Without delay and in the mood that we are in here at Aircraft Overhaul to “Do it now,” we get to the meat (unrationed) of the week’s news.

The Sheet Metal department is getting into stride and speeding up the job of repairing metal wings. Ailerons are going through so fast we almost expect to find a stick and control cables attached to them as they come off the jib on their way to the paint shop and covering room.

Burning It Up

The Wood shop and Wood-wing department are going in high gear too. We are afraid now that if they work much faster, the wings will be rejected by the Army because of charred wood. It has been gratifying because each week we have inquired as to the number of wings turned out and have been told that there has been an increase.

The Covering department and the Finishing departments have kept pace with them because they have turned out the finished wings as fast as they have received them.

It just shows that with all departments, Sheet Metal, Wood-Working, Covering, Finishing, Maintenance and Administration, working together and accelerating together a tremendous amount can be accomplished.
Hi, folks. I’m back again with a little more news. Note: Wain, I know I’m in the dog house, but let me tell you I was on the sick list last weekend and that deadline really caught me before I could recuperate.

Last week we had the pleasure of welcoming several new employees. Among us we now have Lillian Kerce, Irma Cole, Edward Sharkey, Will Johnson, and several others whose names I do not know. We are glad to welcome every one of you to our happy family.

Al Williams “up” and bought a hopeless looking object which he says is a Taylor Craft. All eyes are upon him with wonder, but Al expects to have it ready to fly by Fall. And if you think that seems a long time, just consider that he is undertaking to recover and overhaul it alone. However, “Mommal A1” declares that “Poppa A1” cannot have a plane and a car too; she is willing to settle for the car.

On Wednesday, June 9th, we raffled two War Bonds for the employees of Overhaul. The proud winners were Sibbie Davis of Sheet Metal and Hubert Blair of the Spray Shop. Sib was so flabbergasted that she was unable to speak for ten minutes. She was silent so long I started for the camphor bottle. Also, $2.00 in Stamps was won by Estelle Thomson. Although Estelle came in third, she was just as proud of her winning.

We are going to do this again as soon as yours truly can collect enough money to buy the Bonds. This will be in the near future, as I am doing right well, only needing about $5.00 more. However, I hope and expect to succeed in getting the rest of the money next week. So come on, folks, stay in and pitch. While we are having fun drawing the lucky winners, we are helping to win the War.

Nellie LaMara, formerly of Overhaul, who now works in Post Supply, is sporting a beautiful new diamond ring these days. The lucky guy is none other than Pfc. Ray Pries, also a former employee in Overhaul, now stationed at Amarillo, Texas, in the Air Force Technical Training Unit. The wedding is planned for some time in August. Both Nellie and Ray have many friends here who wish them the best of luck and happiness.

Glad to see Cora Boatright back on the job with her dope bucket and brush. Cora spent a week with her husband, Sl & John, at Gulf Port, Miss., and reports that she had a lovely visit.

Willard Billings passed his refresher course with flying colors and is now the proud Instructor of five Cadets. Willard is the brother of Bob Billings of Motor Overhaul. Congratulations, Will. We are proud of you.

I almost forgot to mention Frank Zeutroner and his watermelon raffle. I believe he plans to buy a Bond with the proceeds. By the way, Rames won the melon and Williams consumed it—kind and all—I think.

Down in Hangar 1 everyone misses “Ma Sloan,” but all are hoping she has a grand vacation.

Mert, the painter girl, rates the title of number one Romance girl in Hangar 1. She keeps the boys on their toes wondering on whom she will bestow her winsome smile next.

Welcome to Sheet Metal—Slim Hartley and Bill Candy. Beware of Rosie the Riveter, boys.

To those who are not in the know—the young lady who visited Ola Duncan one day this week was her daughter.

A word of praise for Harold Garret who recently took charge of the Tool Room. Harold is really doing a swell job and is improving the Tool Room daily. Always on the job with his ready smile and good humor is Harold.

Where and why: Where did Jan Klint get the new Congo hat? Where did Frank Zeutroner get the watermelon? Why does Hubert Blair look so happy these days? Why does Pearly Wrrcer sing as she works? Where did Dave Pearce get the idea he could sew? Where did Marjorie go Saturday night? Why did everyone look so unhappy when the Fly Papers came in this week?

Why don’t I stop this rambling? Okay—I will, but I’ll be looking at you, Dave.
EMBRY-RIDDLE SOFTBALL

The second phase of the Embry-Riddle softball league got under way with a surprise victory by the Colonnade team over the A&E Division. When the scorekeepers finished with their adding machines, it was found that the Colonnade had scored 17 runs and 14 hits while kicking the ball around for 6 errors. A&E Division tallied 15 runs, made 16 hits, and were guilty of 5 errors.

The leading batter of the game was Wheeler, A&E Division second baseman, who kicked out a double and four singles in his two trips to the plate. Walt Barrie, who worked on the mound for the losers, knocked out two hits for three times at bat.

The batting star for the Colonnade boys was Syd Burrows, who batted out three hits in his six times at bat. Ted Treff, with two hits in three attempts, and Gordon Bowen with two for four, also batted well for the victors.

Bill Woodcock, A&E Division third baseman, hit a home run with the bags loaded in the first inning and repeated with two on base in the second to mark himself as one of the most dangerous batters in the league.

The second ball game of the softball league was probably the best played game to date. The Army took the measure of a greatly improved Chapman Field team by a 6 to 3 score. A home run by Lt. Wells in the last half of the fifth with two on base was the deciding factor for the Army boys.

Wells also knocked out a triple on his first trip to the plate to make himself the batting star of this ball game. Pitcher Deyer of the Army held the Chapman Field batters to six hits, while Jerry Cook, working on the mound for Chapman, allowed only five hits and fanned five batters.

WHERE, OH, WHERE?

The Army continued its blasting tactics by taking the measure of the A&E Division in a one-sided 21 to 4 game. The Army boys gathered 14 hits off the combined efforts of Ray Thompson and Walt Barrie and sewed the game up in big third and sixth inning rallies, netting seven and six runs in each.

George Lehr, classy Army shortstop, was the big man at the bat, getting four hits in five trips to the plate. Lt. Wells rapped out two doubles in four trips to the plate, and third baseman Fike got two doubles and a single out of six times at bat. Walt Barrie was the heavy striker for A&E, getting two hits in three times at bat, the first one being a home run.

The Instructors, using a line-up consisting largely of borrowed players, beat the Colonnade by a score of 13 to 5. Starting off with a three-run spree in the first inning when Cecil Cook hit a home run into right center, the Instructors were never headed.

The Colonnade’s only threat came in the last of the seventh when Malcolm Byrnes hit a home run after two were out. An error by the pitcher, a double by Syd Burrows, a single by Perrin, and a triple by Buzz Cooper netted the Colonnade boys four runs.

Cecil Cook was the leading batter for the winners, collecting three hits in three times to the plate. Mel Goeke gathered four for five, and Sandy Saunders collected three for four. “Rose Nose” Willbanks baged out a homer also for the winners.

Buzz Cooper with two triples in three attempts was the leading batter for Colonnade. Merle Lang pitched a fine game for the Instructors and allowed only six hits.

GALLOPING JEEP

Remember, Horuchi, if any more of our honorable soldiers desert just to ride in cursed Yankee Jeep—shoot to kill!—By Bill Bruce

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SUMMER BOWLING

The second week of the Embry-Riddle Summer Bowling League saw the Cincinnati Five and Chapman Field No. 1 pull away from their rivals by maintaining their undefeated status. Cincinnati Five, paced by a red-hot Fred Wignall, spotted the Sandblasters 91 pins per game and still swept the series.

The closest game was the third and the margin of victory there was 44 pins. Wignall turned in a fine third game of 215 and posted a set for the evening of 532. His team-mates, Mega and Sabin, were not far behind him with 498 and 492 respectively.

Percy Branning of the losers was their best pin getter with 423. Chapman Field No. 1 spotted Military Engines 58 and were a little harder pressed to remain in the undefeated ranks than their rivals. Their first game was taken by the narrow margin of four pins.

Sgt. Usterle was the high pin getter for the victors with a set of 507. Humphrey Helm was top man for the losers with 439.

The hard working Gremlins moved into third place one game behind the topnotchers by taking all three of their games from Transportation. Their best scorer was Critchfield, who posted a set of 498 and a high third game of 205.

Brosius and Bely, with 481 and 475 respectively, also greatly aided the Gremlin attack. Andy Godfrey was the most consistent bowler for the losers and posted a set of 458.

Piston Pins moved into fourth place by taking the measure from Administration in all three of their games. Harry LefRoy and Fred Foote tied for top honors in this match, each posting a set of 434. Emmitt Varney was high for the losers with a 392.

The Coliseum Volts and Chapman Field No. 2 put on a pitched battle that was finally decided in favor of the electricians by a 2 to 1 margin. Howard Hendrixson and Ed Hadden tied for top honors for the winners with identical sets of 472. Jerry
PRISONER OF WAR

A message broadcast from Berlin by Pfc. Marvin J. Harris, brother of Pfc. Aldin Eugene Harris, Class 13-43-AMC, was the first word which reached his family since he was taken prisoner in North Africa in the battle of February.

"Dear mother and all," he said, "I am well and safe. Do not worry, I am a prisoner of war. Send me candy, cigarettes, writing paper and matches through the Red Cross. Tell all hello. With love, Your son, Marvin."

Pfc. Harris was in the 168th Infantry and received his training at Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Cook of Chapman was the high scorer of the match, though, with a 433.

In the other contests Coliseum Amps benefited by a 148 pin spot to take two of their three games from the Aircraft team. Brown was the high Amps scorer with 419 but the best individual performance went to the losing side. George Rynd turned in a set of 429 for Aircraft and boasted a high third game score of 215.

ARMY BOXING

The continual fine display of action and boxing cleverness, such as last Friday's card and the main event in which Bill Ettore and George Moran battled six rounds to draw, is progressively building up an ardent following of fight fans.

The evening also marked for the first time that 12-ounce gloves were used at the request of both Ettore and Moran. In their highlight bout, the first over the longer distance, it was age against youth with Moran giving away 15 years to his opponent. Moran may not be the fighter he was back in 1927 when he reigned for six years as the lightweight champ of the Army, but he demonstrated that he can still take it and dish it out to any Japanazi that he might meet at the fighting front in the future.

His boxer-slugger opponent, Bill Ettore, who learned the science of fighting from his famous heavyweight brother, Al, set a very fast pace for the first three rounds. Moran not only matched his speed but also stayed even with him on points.

In the fourth and fifth rounds Ettore was forced to slow down and they were also the rounds in which Moran made his best showing with hooks to the body and head. Ettore came out in the last session apparently in good condition and peppered Moran with punches that were thrown from all angles. Ettore effectively employed his weaving and hooking and finished at the sound of the final gong with a spectacular right hand that was blocked, but which nevertheless dumped Moran on the canvas.

The decision of a draw was well received by both the fans and the two middleweight fighters.

As the result of two previous wins apiece and their evening contest, Ettore and Moran were both awarded the tournament prize of a pair of inscribed boxing shoes.

In a scuffle full of fireworks that captured the hearts of the fight faithfuls, Bill Agnew out-slammed his Gables opponent, Chalmers Helbe, to win a close decision that could have gone either way.

The fact that Helbe received a cut lip in the closing seconds and appeared the more tired influenced the verdict in Tech's favor. Both fighters weighed 150 pounds.

Chuck Intrabartolo's rushing offensive and choppy right hand blows that brought the blood from his rival's nose gave him an easy win over his welterweight Gables opponent, Davis Warner.

In a match between two middleweight Gable bays, Isaac Hazen won a decision over Charles Weczyneki.

The officials of the evening were James L. Brant and George Dennis. Judges: Russell Hastings, Referee; and Mario Maresca, Timer.

Next week's show will have the added feature of a novelty exhibition match between two young paperweight boys in Neil Anderson and Vernon Elder. The shows begin promptly at 8 p.m. every Friday evening.

TENNIS

The Embry-Riddle Round Robin Doubles Tournament was held last Saturday afternoon at the Tech School courts. Sixteen players participated in the event which was won by Jack Mata, Military Aircraft Instructor, and Bill Boddy, Welding Instructor.

The boys played perfect tennis to win the top half Round Robin without the loss of a game. They then played Arthur Carpenter and Lt. Leslie Miller, winners of the lower half in a play-off for the title, and were victorious by a 6-1 score.

Boddy served well and was content to play steady, defensive tennis in the rallies to give his hard hitting partner, Mata, a chance to finish off the points. This system proved effective and earned the boys prizes of a tennis frame each.

Lt. Miller and Carpenter only dropped one game in winning the lower half. Their nearest rivals were Lt. Frank Wells and E. T. Duncan of Aircraft Overhaul, who won third place in the final stand.

Gladys Goff of Engine Overhaul had the distinction of being the only girl to participate, teaming with Eric Sundstrom to good advantage. It is planned to hold events of this nature about every two weeks.

THE CAR POOL WOULD HAVE SAVED THESE OL' SHOES OF MINE!
SCRAP NOT NEEDED

Contributions to the nation's scrap drive by airplane pilots are unwelcome.

Taxing accidents are almost without exception the result of the pilot's failure to keep a sharp look around him. While poor visibility is the cause of many accidents attributed to carelessness, there is little excuse for a pilot to move until he is positive that no parked planes or other objects obstruct his course.

A pilot should never take-off, taxi or land unless he is positive that his operations will not interfere with the operations of any other pilot. While taxing accidents produce few fatalities, they nevertheless assume vast importance in damaged equipment, minor injury and loss of flying time.

No landing is complete until you have taxied and parked on the line, shut off the motor and locked the brakes and controls.

Keep your airplane out of the scrap metal heap.

YOU BELONG TO THEM

Nobody need remind you that—as an American—you make your own decisions, are your own master.

But since the day you started flying you ceased to belong solely to yourself.

You belong to the countless thousands who would give their right arms to be in your cockpit seat; the people who want to fly, but who, through circumstances beyond their control, are depending on you to fly for them. They include young men and old men, civilians and service-men, mechanics, office workers, buck privates, bank presidents and major generals.

You belong to your friends and family. Parting with you has been a sacrifice greater, perhaps, than they would admit, but a sacrifice they are glad to make.

You belong to your best girl or to your wife. They would rather see you come back from a combat zone with some kind of citation for bravery-in-action than watch you buzz their roof-tops.

You belong now to the hordes of men and women, who, working on night and day shifts, have fashioned your airplane. That ship is tangible evidence of the hundreds of work-hours and thousands of dollars which were expended to keep you aloft. Its multiple parts add up to a silent prayer asking you to protect it, to fly it hard but intelligently.

Yes, you belong to these people—all of them.

And the answer, of course, is: "When you have the answer."

Are you pondering over the riddle of a successful career in Aviation? If you are, why not get the answer here with us, along with scores of other folks who are headed for success in one of the world's fastest growing industries?

41 different courses from which to choose. Pick the branch of Aviation in which you're most interested—get the facts—and plan to enroll soon.

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