The Colonnade Building—New Home of the General and Administrative Offices of the Embry-Riddle Company

The Coliseum — Headquarters of the Technical Division of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation
Letters to the Editor

“Somewhere in England”

Dear Editor:

This will be an unexpected letter from a chap overseas, who attended as a soldier your welding course in 1942, from March to July. I’ve often thought of everyone back there and wish to express my appreciation for the Fly Paper, which I have periodically received since leaving Embry-Riddle.

I wonder where my instructors are, and if they are still with Embry-Riddle? Chief A. E. Barr, Howard Herman, Robert Townsend, Philip Varicri, Joe McGourney and “Pop” J. D. Adams. Regards to Minnie Verdon, who truly understands what it means to be married; Charles C. Ebbets, Photographic Division; Murray L. Wilkes, whose main ambition was to join the Navy; and last but not least convey my best wishes to my dear friend Jo Skinner.

Needless to say, I’d like to be back with you all again, but overseas I am. Have been here for more than thirteen months and shall probably stay for a while longer.

My present work is Chaplain’s assistant, and in my association with the Chaplains of this base I feel that I have received spiritual and moral stimulation—something no soldier ever had too much of! I feel that this work provides an opportunity to serve my God, my Country and my fellow men. I couldn’t ask for more.

Sincerely,

Morris J. Tovian
Cpl. U. S. Army

Editor’s Note: Your letter was a surprise indeed, Morris, and we were very happy to hear from you. Your answer is on its way to you. Your attitude is inspiring and we are certain that you are doing a splendid job.

England

Dear Editor:

I was most pleased to receive a letter from you, especially since mail has been slow coming through. You bet I am still interested in the Fly Paper! It’s a darn good paper and it really covers the works of the Fields. Had I not been sold on it, do you think I would have worked so hard getting cadets to turn in articles for release?

I would more than appreciate it if you would arrange to have the paper sent over here to me. Letters sometimes fail to mention news and events that are exceedingly interesting.

I have not as yet had the opportunity to see too much of England. Transportation in this country is a big problem. The nearest town is over three miles away and you get there by walking. While a rather large city is situated only twelve miles from here, train schedules are so poor that Saturdays are the only times we can make connections.

The countryside is divided into various farms by stone or bush hedgerows. Flowers abound along the roads and in pretty little gardens surrounding all homes. The houses, many of them very old, are built of stone.

Most all commodities are rationed. It is unlawful to make ice cream, and candy is almost non-existent. Food is difficult to obtain in restaurants, so it is necessary to dine early before they run out of food and close the shop.

We too are limited in what we can buy. We get seven packages of cigarettes, two bars of candy, one bar of soap, one 3c box of crackers, two razor blades, etc., per week. We have little reason to complain, however, since it is sufficient if used wisely.

I should greatly appreciate hearing from you again and any of the people I knew while stationed at Dorr Field. Letters mean a great deal more when you are overseas.

Sincerely,

Bill Hand

Editor’s Note: Lt. Wilson B. Hand was Public Relations Officer at Dorr Field for some time and did a grand job of obtaining cadet articles for the Fly Paper. Letters are very important to the men overseas, so any of you Dorr-ites wish to write to Bill, just contact this office and we will gladly supply his address.

Spartan School of Aeronautics
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Dear Editor:

I am a Brazilian student staying at the Spartan School to study mechanics. How I should like to have the Fly Paper from your school.

If it is not too much trouble, I also should like you to send the Fly Paper to my father in Rio de Janeiro. He likes to know everything which the United States does to help Brazil in its progress; I mean, about your school in São Paulo.

I will be glad if you can satisfy my request, and I say thank you a lot.

Always yours,

Benedicto Alvés da Rosa

Editor’s Note: We are very happy, Senhor da Rosa, to send the Fly Paper to you and to your father.

313 Water Street
Belhaven, N. C.

Dear Editor:

I’m not one of the many lucky service men or students of aviation that have written such interesting letters. I’m just an onlooker who really enjoys your paper and who has dreams of attending Embry-Riddle in the future.

You see, I’m quite a long way from Florida, and any news about aviation from that famous school, Embry-Riddle, is eagerly awaited.

So, here’s to the future and an excellent opportunity for me—and thousands of other boys and girls—to gain our goal in aviation.

Sincerely,

Iris Wilkinson

Editor’s Note: We were very pleased to receive your nice letter, Iris, and we hope it will not be long before your dream of flight comes true and you can join our students here in Miami.

Verona, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I received a letter from you some time ago request ing information as to the whereabouts of Lt. Robert F. Agne.

After leaving Clewiston, Robert went to Billy Mitchel Field, Wisc., leaving there the latter part of September, when he went to Denver. He was with the Transport Command until late in January when he was transferred to Gore Field, Great Falls, Mont.

He writes home that he has been in thirty-seven States and has had several trips to Alaska.

He also has had the pleasure of meeting a Charlie Weber, one of his Clewiston acquaintances who was flight leader in Course 12, the course ahead of Robert. He is in the same squadron with Robert at Gore Field.

This is about all the information I can give you at the present time. If anything interesting comes up, I will try to let you know.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. Elmer Gerwig

Editor’s Note: Robert was graduated from Riddle Field with Course 13. His mother writes in reply to a letter from Ernie Smith, General Manager of Riddle Field, which requested information concerning Robert’s present activities.
Letters from Britain

"Woodlands"
Tittensor
Stoke-on-Trent
England

Dear Sir:

In replying to your recent letter I am pleased to give you the following information regarding my son, Thomas S. Haynes.

I must say, however, he has always been very reticent regarding his activities, but I want you to definitely understand this is the sole reason why you have not received any news from him.

You may take it from me that he has nothing but praise and sincere gratitude for the Embry-Riddle company. On his behalf, I am very reticent regarding his activities.

I cannot close without a word regarding the Fly Paper, realizing the amount of time and thought that must be spent in compiling each issue. As some little compensation, permit me to say that I have met many people in all parts of the country who are recipients of your journal, and without exception they all look forward to receiving every edition, each of which is always full of interest.

Yours sincerely,
T. Haynes

Editor’s Note: Ernest J. Smith, General Manager of Riddle Field, sent us the above letter in order to convey Mr. Haynes’ expressions of appreciation to all concerned in his son’s training. Even at this late date, we wish to send best wishes to F/Lt. Haynes and his charming bride. We hope that other members of Course 3 will read this interesting letter and will be inspired to write to us.

Sgt. Mess R.A.F.
Culmhead, Taunton
Somerset, England

Dear Editor:

Much water has passed under the bridge since I last gazed upon that fair “island-in-the-swamps,” namely Riddle Field. However, we have been able to maintain close contact with all your activities through the medium of the Fly Paper, which seldom fails to arrive on schedule.

As you know, I was a member of the celebrated “Chiefly’s Gang,” in other words, Course 10. I am sorry to say that “Chiefly” Ward has been reported wounded in action.

Upon raking over the old “grey matter,” I find I have several items of news concerning old course members which, although some of it is old, may be of interest to you. For instance, Tony Donell and Peter Chappin are in India. I hear they were tired of England’s cold weather after spending a few months in Florida so decided to find a warmer climate!

David Roberts, who is now a Flight Lieutenant, has just completed one tour of operations in Bomber Command. Freddie Fox also is over halfway through his tour, flying Lancasters.

Of the fighter boys from our Course, I’ve only met three, Digger Townsend, Freddy Penny and Jimmy Moody. I think they are all flying Typhoons. I was fortunate enough to be sorted out for Spitfires and am now really enjoying life on one of the many Spitfire Squadrons.

W/O Bob George, an old Carlstromite, is also on this squadron and is regularly receiving the Fly Paper. P/O Frank Quinby is on staff work somewhere in Scotland. Derrick Button of Course 10, photographer for the Fly Paper, and Neville Pereira, also Course 10, have been commissioned and are flying “heavies.”

I would like to tender my sincere thanks to all at Riddle Field and the surrounding district for making our stay out there as enjoyable and beneficial as it was. I especially salute Mr. Veltrie, Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Langhorne whose unfortunate lot it was to have me as one of their pupils.

In closing, I would like to wish you every success in your new venture in Brazil; if it is conducted in the same manner as your schools in Florida then I know without a doubt that it is bound to be a great success.

Yours sincerely,
Sammy Easy

Editor’s Note: Thanks, Sammy, for all the “gen” on Course 10. On this page you will find a note from “Chiefly’s” parents, telling us the good news of his recovery. Please write us as soon again.

100 Meadow Street
Moss Side
Manchester, England

Dear Editor:

We now send you a few lines regarding our son, William B. Ward, who was trained at No. 5 R.E.T.S., Clewiston. He is now a Warrant Officer—thanks to your training.

Recently he was seriously injured whilst on night operations, but we are glad to say he is now recovering and we think he soon will be on the wing again.

We are always glad to get your Fly Paper.

With best wishes and happy landings to all at Embry-Riddle.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Ward

Editor’s Note: This encouraging note came on the heels of a letter from Sammy Easy (published on this page) telling us that “Chiefly” had been wounded in action. We are happy to know that that famous member of Course 10 is on the mend and soon will be back in the air.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, Post Office Box 666, Miami 30, Florida. Requests for papers to be mailed to servicemen overseas must be signed by the addressee.

Name

Address
Forgiveness

by CHAPLAIN L. H. SHONFELT

The doctrine of forgiveness is essential in every creed. Furthermore, it is one of the highest Christian virtues. I have always maintained that a practical religion should apply to every experience and circumstance of life. But can forgiveness be applied realistically in our present national and international situation? It is not a popular, but a most pertinent idea. Thoughts of forgiveness are usually foreign to a people nearing military victory.

Forgiveness means to excuse the faults or forego the penalty. I think of it as an erasure on a typewritten page. The mistake is rubbed out and then corrected, though the evidence of a mistake remains. To strike over the mistake with the correct letter results in a meaningless blur.

In terms of life the humiliation and sense of failure is removed though some stain of sin may remain. Meaning and a sense of right is restored to life. To attempt to build a world of righteousness upon a foundation of unforgiven sins and of desire for revenge is doomed to dismal failure.

The only hope of a postwar world of justice and peace lies in the attitude of forgiveness. The morning paper carries the news of Congress threatening to investigate the military. Labor accuses capital of profiteering. Capital accuses labor of lack of patriotism. We will need to forgive the mistakes of war years. We will need to forgive our enemies. If possible, we will need to forgive ourselves the tragic mistakes that led to war and the sin of war itself. Even as I cannot type legibly without an eraser at my fingertips, so the world cannot progress cooperatively as nations, or as a family of nations, without the well-used eraser of forgiveness.

Forgiveness is essential in a world of imperfect humans. The scripture says, “If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.” (Matthew 6:14) Likewise when we forgive each other, we prepare the way for our own forgiveness.

I remember reading this story which came out of World War I. A group of children were kneeling before a shrine amidst the debris of war-torn Belgium. They were saying the Lord’s Prayer. They came to the words, “Forgive us our trespasses as we . . .” At that point they faltered and could not go on. One of the older children said, “We must say the prayer. Let’s begin again.” Again they hesitated on those same words, but a strong masculine voice took up the prayer, “As we forgive those who trespass against us.” That man was the king of Belgium who happened to be passing by.

It was a Divine King who first spoke those words in prayer, and it requires a
COLONEWS
by LIL CLAYTON

Heretofore "Tech Talk" has headed this column, but the Tech School has moved to the Coliseum and your associate editor is lodged amidst the hubbub of the General and Administrative offices at the Colonnade. What shall we call this column? You tell us, and we'll buy you a nice, long, cool coke.

I've tried valiantly to find out what's going on around G and A and the following is an example of what happened upon entering various departments in the search for news: "Put that desk over here... No, not there, I have to have room to get around it... "My telephone table must be near the telephone"... "Oh, where is my telephone table?"... "Where's my secretary... there you are—take a letter... "Where is my steno pad... pencil?... Whose filing cabinet is this?... "Better put my typewriter on that box, I'll sit on the floor and type this letter." Well... all in all, it's been fun. Moving day is always a mess, but when it is all over there's much pleasure in new surroundings. We all hated to leave our beloved Tech School building, but we didn't go to a "strange country" when we settled down in the Colonnade. Many of us have been here before. We all know we will be happy here. Being in the midst of busy, buzzing Coral Gables has its advantages in affording opportunities to shop during lunch hours and finding different places for a "snack" at noon.

What is it?

Many have wondered about that strange contraption in the reception hall on the second floor. We finally located Truman Gile, supervisor of the research department, and he proudly demonstrated what he claims to be the only one of its kind in the world—a plastic turn and bank indicator. Truman explained that this is standard equipment on a plane's instrument panel. It was not manufactured for practical use but for visual instruction of students. It shows clearly at a glance the method in which a gyro resists opposing forces. Complete in every detail, it operates precisely as the instrument installed in all modern aircraft and has brought commendation from technicians, engineers and military authorities who have seen it.

Use of the turn and bank indicator follows out Embry-Riddle's educational policy of emphasizing visual instruction, and the Research department has constructed many mock-ups of plastics and wood, along with cutaways of various instruments, engines, carburetors, oil pumps, hydraulic systems, etc., for this purpose.

Best Wishes

G & A's best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. George Wheeler, Jr., for a long and happy married life. We miss you, George, as we've been missing you, Gene, but we know your honeymoon up North will be perfect, as will your life hereafter, together.

MRS. GEORGE GWYNN WHEELER, JR.
(Photograph by Pilkington)

Embry-Riddleites Attend Wedding of Gene Bryan
And George Wheeler, Jr.

There was an undercurrent of excitement around the Colonnade building on Friday afternoon, August 4th. The business of the day went on as usual, but there were activities strange to the legal and purchasing departments and definitely foreign to the office of the executive vice-president.

A wedding was in the air, a wedding that had as its principles two important members of the Embry-Riddle family—the executive vice-president and his erstwhile secretary—George Wheeler and Gene Bryan.

Embry-Riddle Bridal Party

Late in the afternoon a chosen few slipped quietly away from their offices to attend the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Daniel Iverson at the Shenandoah Presbyterian Church. None other than John Paul Riddle gave Gene away and Capt. Leonard J. Povey, vice-president of Embry-Riddle in charge of operations, acted as best man for George. Legal advisor Benjamin W. Turner and purchasing agent Arthur E. Carpenter were ushers, while Gene's sister, Mrs. Thomas Wesley Donaldson, was matron of honor.

Other Embry-Riddleites who attended the services were Mrs. Riddle, Mr. and Mrs. John G. McKay, Mrs. John G. McKay, Jr., Mr., and Mrs. Glenn Kuhl, Mr., and Mrs. Stephen Zachar, Mr., and Mrs. Nate Reece, Jr., Mrs. Povey, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Carpenter and H. T. Carpenter.

We know we speak for the entire Embry-Riddle organization in wishing Gene and George all the happiness in the world.
Air Commodore D. V. Carnegie, A.S.C., Director of Flying Training, Air Ministry, England, honored Riddle Field with his distinguished presence last week.

The Air Commodore was accompanied by Group Captain C. G. Lott, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.S.C., Wing Commander T. O. Prickett, D.S.O., D.S.C., and J. B. Heatley, deputy director of administration and finance of the R.A.F. Delegation at Washington. W/C Prickett at one time was commanding officer of Riddle Field, where he made a host of friends.

F/O P. G. West, D.S.O.

News was received this week that Flying Officer P. G. West of Course No. 10 has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

The following is a copy of the citation as it appears in the London Gazette Supplement, dated 16th June 1944:

"Flying Officer Peter Gerald West, 150199, Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, No. 164 Squadron.

"This officer was the pilot of one of a small formation of aircraft detailed to attack a ground target on one morning in May 1944. His objective was the destruction of a light gun position which menaced the success of the operation as a whole. In the execution of his task, Flying Officer West displayed such precision and resolution that the enemy gunners were unable to fire a single shell in defense of their position. "His main task was accomplished, but seeing the guns of another emplacement further west, Flying Officer West pressed home an attack on this position on which he expended the remainder of his ammunition. As he turned for home his aircraft was hit by a shell. Flying Officer West was severely wounded in the arm and leg, both limbs being rendered useless. "His radio-telephone was put out of action. Nevertheless, this gallant pilot displayed the greatest coolness. With his good arm he lifted his maimed one above his head in an effort to decrease the flow of blood, and set course for home. In this position he flew the aircraft to this country. Soon after crossing the coast he successfully effected a crash-landing in a field near a main road. This officer displayed courage, endurance and devotion to duty beyond praise."

COURSE 20

Course 20 has progressed far since last their deeds were chronicled in this humble column. From peering goggles-eyed and open-mouthed at the mighty complications of the A.T. 6, they have graduated to throwing them about the sky with confidence, in fact, with far more confidence than their instructors have in them.

Ground school somewhat naturally weighs a little heavily at this Pre-Wings stage, and it is quite easy to detect a Course 20 man at this juncture. His face is preoccupied to the point of complete blankness, with bloodless lips moving soundlessly. No, he hasn't mosquito-bite poisoning, or Link lunacy. It's just Mental D.R.

We all morn the passing of the fiercest face fungus of the course. Although the shaving was coveted by Chief Keeth, who can never quite suppress his inherent scalping instincts and would have gladly done the job gratis, it was reverently removed by the hand that for so long had stroked and twirled it. Now that it's off we don't know whether Johnny Warrington is glad or sorry, but he does look queerly at the broom sometimes.

Course 20 are all very sorry to hear that Mr. Auringer will not be with them after Pre-Wings, so far he has done a wizard job of initiating them into the mysteries of Met.

Round Riddle

Bob Walker reports that the Instructor's Club is now bigger and better than ever before. This is due largely to the new management in the persons of Jimmie Cousins and Larry DeMarco. Short orders are being served every evening, and the full dinners will be available every night as soon as more help is obtained.

The Frank Veitries became the proud parents of a baby girl, Frankie Dianne, week before last. Congratulations.

ANNIVERSARY DANCE

The long awaited, oft postponed Anniversary Dance will take place on Friday, August 18th. It will be held in the Mess Hall on the Field. All Officers, Permanent Staff, Cadets, and Riddleites are welcome. Dancing will be from 9:00 till. — Admissions will be as follows: $1.00 single; $1.50 double; Cadets 75c.
COURSE
"LISTENING OUT"

"19"

STUART H. PATerson.
"The Notorious 19th"

"A and B Flights"
August 15, 1944

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It”

Page 9
It all began last winter in a small Canadian township. The New Brunswick landscape was covered with a mantle of snow, it was cold, but the sun shone brilliantly. To the inhabitants of that small town it was quite an ordinary day. As they went about their daily tasks little did they, or anyone else, realize that it was a day that would go down in history. Information which would make the walls of the Wilhelmstrasse tremble on their foundation. Of course 19 was on the way.

Eager, if erroneous, anticipation passed through our minds as we reclined in those relics of railroad ancestry. Florida—our far off destination, a land of tropical splendour. Clewiston—a city of 50,000 inhabitants, adjacent to the sea complete with night clubs, dance palais and theatres, awaiting us with open arms. An evening’s stroll into Palm Beach or Miami. Relaxation in bathing attire ‘neath the shade of cocoanut palms in the company of blonde and brunette harem-pieces. Oh, those lines we will shoot! The spare time sport of flying and just a little ground school revision to prevent us getting stale. Yes, brother, life is grand.

New York, a glimpse of that splendid city, before we were plunged into the subterranean confines of Pennsylvania Station.

Our entry into Washington was heralded by the sirens of a practice alert, which was unfortunate in preventing Congress from turning out to greet us.

The snow had long since disappeared and orange groves now lined the track. Why did that train stop at the wrong places? With the aid of a time-table chart, graciously supplied by the A. C. L. Railway Company, and a little mental D. R., our circle of uncertainty embraced the state of Florida.

The orange groves had given way to an endless, swampy wilderness. Eventually an outpost of civilization appeared on the distant horizon. Although somewhat out on E. T. A., as the train drew to a standstill the beaming countenance of the Wing Commander in the station portico established beyond all doubt a first-class fix. Dirty, and travel weary the course traversed the final winding hilly miles to Riddle Field.

The ensuing months of toil and sweat did but little to dampen the spirits of the indomitable Course 19. Process hardened by discip’ N. C. O.’s battle courses and the stomach disturbing rigours of a mid-winter Atlantic crossing, No. 5 B. F. T. S. was taken in its stride.

To our officers whose worldly wisdom and guidance kept our youthful spirits within respectable bounds—we thank you.

To our instructors whose patience was worn to exasperation in fashioning that heap of raw material dumped on Clewiston station into the finished articles . . . surpassing the noblest efforts of Pygmalion—we thank you.

To Mr. and Mrs. NeSmith and the very kindly people of Palm Beach and elsewhere in Florida who took the course to their hearts, providing a delightful and unforgettable memory—we thank you.

—P. T. Murphy
Brooms to the left and mops to the right;  
Crumbs! What a hectic industrious sight,  
Buckets of water all over the floor,  
Somebody scraping the paint off the door.  
—It's Saturday morning.

Shifting the cobwebs from all the nooks;  
Frantically hiding superfluous books,  
Expressions this morning are terribly grim,  
Darn it! Who's hidden the perishing vim?  
—Yes, it's Saturday morning.

Jim over there is all in a fluster;  
For he lost the vim and he's lost our duster,  
We all throw him looks well fitted to kill,  
And meaningly point to the window sill.  
—Definitely Saturday morning.

A thump and a bump and a horrible groan;  
Joe's slipped on the soap and he's out like a stone,  
We grab him and haul him on to a bed,  
We think he's alive—his face is still red.  
—Indisputably Saturday morning.

Zero hour is drawing nearer;  
And the windows won't come clearer,  
Anxious glances are cast outside,  
God! They'll never think we tried.  
—It could only be Saturday morning.

We rush to the bathroom mirrors and shelves;  
Fear drives us on to exceed ourselves,  
Then loathing looks are cast at me, for  
I've dropped Smith's pipe and it's broken in three.  
—Oh! The horror of Saturday morning.

A shout, and we look at each other aghast;  
Disaster's descending upon us at last,  
We shiver and listen with bated breath,  
We can hear the approach of hobnailed death.  
—Preserve us from Saturday morning.

The door opens wide, "Room attention;"  
We offer a prayer for now we are done,  
Dimly we see the C. O. inside,  
The adjutant follows with purposeful stride,  
—The climax of Saturday morning.

Somebody mentions the dirty mop;  
Till the Adjutant firmly commands him to stop,  
All numbed by anticipatory fear,  
We shake at what next the C. O. will peer.  
—Saturday, Saturday morning.

But the C. O. is really very kind;  
He doesn't frown and he doesn't bind,  
He just walks quickly, affably through,  
And says with a smile he thinks that will do.  
—There's no end to a Saturday morning.

The silence is broken by sounds of a fight;  
It's the Adj. and a spider, a remarkable sight;  
The Adj. was about to denounce her lair,  
But Miss Spider considered that very unfair.  
—It's torture—is Saturday morning.

A few moments more and the party's passed on;  
Someone shouts, "Relax boys, the brass hats have gone."  
We collapse on our beds—all except Smith,  
Who stands there immobile, unnaturally stiff.  
—We've survived Saturday morning.

I close my eyes, then jump with a shout;  
I've just got in front of a powerful clout,  
It was Smith who aimed that wicked swipe,  
"Hurry," he grinds, "repair my pipe."  
—That's the end of our Saturday morning.

—E. A. Barrie
The Pilgrimage

Verily the morn was filled with panic; was not this the day chosen by the almighty Station Master to spread the word? Were not his disciples departing to the outer bounds of civilization? To Monroe of the State of Louisiana, all points west—aye, even to the far north?

Many were the preparations for this feat of aeronautics; quantities of multi-coloured papers descended into the rear-most cubicle of the machine of tutelage. Ye Patron St. Joe was oft beseeched to provide element conditions in ye heavens, and ye directions of flight were noted on strangely wrought tablets.

So, with the parting benedictions of the fair damsel in ye minaret of control resounding in their machines of aerial converse, they set forth on their pilgrimage.

The substance of ye heavens was temperate albeit ye first 100 cubits, but this was the chosen hour for St. Joe to imbibe his quota of ambrosia, and his guardianship was neglected!

Ye heavens fell! and great was the fall of them; likewise the intrepid aeronauts descended to ye deck, aye even to ye daisies, and many were the orbits of doubtfulness. Many fell by the truckside; some fell upon good terrain in a precautionary manner, and were right hospitably entertained by mariners; whereat one again, by the grace of the Lord ascended in a perambulator, descending in confusion by ye Force of Gravity; his speedy return to ye active lists was effected by ye pharmacists and apothecaries.

Of ye multitude who departed from ye haven of peace and rest, few only arrived at ye trysting place at ye appointed hour. Great was their welcome, and great was their line!

Came the dawn, and great was the wrath of the Chief Disciple, for ye U/T disciples had imbibed deeply of the pleasures of Morpheus, and ye hour of departure had fled. Yet the sands of time smoothed the furrowed visage, and all was well in the house of the Raffo.

Then they returned to the promised land, nay—one alone strayed from the straight and narrow path, but his comrades sought the lost sheep, and he returned to the fold.

Could ye but witness the reunion at Valhalla; ye prevarications; ye perjuries and forgeries. Thus they came as they went, happy in the knowledge of Joe's work well done, and their existence as navigators of ye air assured.

—S. W. G. Grainger

Compiled by P. T. Murphy and E. A. Barrie
Sketches by D. P. Harrison
Frontispiece by S. H. Paterson

Pro
Patria
Mori

MICHAEL KEVIN HINDS
July 13th, 1944
CHAPMAN CHATTER
by CARA LEE DillOLL

As a parting contribution from yours
truly, I would like to wax sighingly remi-
niscent and maybe slightly sentimental
in an effort to trans-
cribe some of the more delightful mem-
ories I have filed
away for future mu-
sing of a great gang
who made possible
so many fine times.

The dawn of Aug-
ust 12th, 1944 mark-
ed the second year
of flight operations at Chapman Field.
Many of the old gang, who had pioneered
from Municipal to the wilds of Chapman
in search of fame and fortune, were still
intact. All have found their fame, but some
have more fortune elsewhere.
So it is to them that this column is dedi-
cated, not in the obituary sense of eulogiz-
ing but in the commemoration of their
diligent efforts and the sincere but light-
hearted spirit in which they worked.

Cheers for Mr. D

First of all let us give three bells and
3,000 packs of Luckys to E. Arthur Gib-
bons who in all his modesty has won the
continued respect and admiration of all
who knew him. As Tidemaster over a
house of tyrants he is due much credit
for keeping us out of deep water and on an
even keel. In his spare moments he works
as philosopher, father confessor; income-
tax authority, notary public and a walking
bureau of information. He can and will
answer any $64.00 question for half-price.
All joking aside, he is our unquestionable
nominee for top man in our Flight Division.

Roll of Honor

And speaking of likeable people, let us
pay due tribute to the “Happiness Boys”
who fly for fun and fill out flight logs and
records for a living. They are the ones
who on rainy days keep spirits high and
production low. When they get started
nothing but physical exhaustion can stop
them. They are the only humans on earth
who can take the simplest problem and
reduce it to its most confusing form. But
we love those sky-happy buzz-boys.

“Cookie”

At any rate, I would like to mention
one of the more delightful memories I have
filed away for future musing of a great
gang who made possible so many fine times.

The dawn of August 12th, 1944 marked
the second year of flight operations at
Chapman Field. Many of the old gang, who
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of Chapman in search of fame and fortune,
were still intact. All have found their fame,
but some have earned fortune elsewhere.
So it is to them that this column is dedi-
cated, not in the obituary sense of eulogiz-
ing but in the commemoration of their
diligent efforts and the sincere but light-
hearted spirit in which they worked.

Cheers for Mr. G

First of all let us give three bells and
3,000 packs of Luckys to E. Arthur Gib-
bons who in all his modesty has won the
continued respect and admiration of all
who knew him. As Tidemaster over a
house of tyrants he is due much credit
for keeping us out of deep water and on an
even keel. In his spare moments he works
as philosopher, father confessor; income-
tax authority, notary public and a walking
bureau of information. He can and will
answer any $64.00 question for half-price.
All joking aside, he is our unquestionable
nominee for top man in our Flight Division.

Roll of Honor

And speaking of likeable people, let us
pay due tribute to the “Happiness Boys”
who fly for fun and fill out flight logs and
records for a living. They are the ones
who on rainy days keep spirits high and
production low. When they get started
nothing but physical exhaustion can stop
them. They are the only humans on earth
who can take the simplest problem and
reduce it to its most confusing form. But
we love those sky-happy buzz-boys.

ENGINE NOISES
by JO BLAKELY

Who said something about moving? We
also have had our share, but we feel ex-
tremely fortunate in having been able to
join forces with such a swell gang at Air-
craft Overhaul.

Hats off to the boys for the efficient job
of transporting Engines to Aircraft, One
week from the Old Tech School location to
Aircraft Overhaul, stock room and all,
and continued production. Joe Simpson is
still wondering how the boys moved the
Engine stockroom in one day without loss of pro-
duction. Welcome back, Mr. Austin. Max-
ine Stevens certainly will need your help
now that the Stockroom has practically
doubled.

Harold Malcolm is back in his old com-
fortable spot in Accounting. Has he a lease
on that chair? Poor Mr. Smith is trying to
keep up with what’s going on in both Ac-
counting and the Stockroom. We are re-
quitioning roller skates for him.

The dominating color in the Aircraft and
Engine Division has changed from khaki to
blue . . . . or should we say Navy Blue?
It’s “All out for the Navy” now. We are
overhauling utility aircraft, including en-
gines and instruments, which is right down
our alley.

BUY BONDS

Dormitory Days
by SIS GIBBS and HELEN GRANTHAM

Upon entering Casa Del Mar, the new
Embry-Riddle girls’ dormitory, we are
welcomed by the quiet calm and dignified
atmosphere made possible by the absence
of Em Em Freeman and ourselves, who
have set up an establishment of mirth and
madness nearby.

But soon the atmosphere is shattered; we hear freckle faced Joan
Adams shouting at the top of her voice,
and Billy Sturgeon, loudly taking the op-
posing side of a political argument. Peeping
to see who is winning, we see Dot Bausker
village hairs, cotton stuck in her ears, in-
dustriously sewing buttons on her Red
Cross uniform. Dot tells us she enjoys
the work and is happy that she can be of some
help to that wonderful organization.

Escaping with only a very few strands
of hair missing, we dash madly to a haven
of safety offered by our ex-neighbors, Lois
“Gibbie” Ross and Muriel “Moo” Shafer.
“Moo” who hails from New Jersey looks
over a summit of freshly washed clothes,
(wish we had some) and wishes us suc-
cess in getting to the third floor.

As we start up the steps, we glance for-
lornly at our old room and think how lones-
some the room looks without the smiling
face of Al Wittenberg who is vacationing
at Ocean City, N. J., before taking up flight
instruction.

Soon everyone is pulling Helen Gran-
tham away from the radio, where she has
come enthralled with an electrical cur-
rent. This gives us energy enough to plod
down to apartment 9 where we are greeted
cheerily by Pat Patterson and Marcia
Elion, who are taking life easy between
flights.

Looking across the way we find Robbie
Jo not at home as usual, so we begin our
journey down to the most pleasant part
of the dorm, “Mom” Berry’s apartment.
Here we always take our problems, joys
and sorrows and hopes, as we know we will
find a listener and a comforting word.

Having disturbed the quiet calm and
dignified atmosphere of 222 Calabria,
we leave for our own abode at 135 Calabria.
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL
by EVA MAE LEE

THE R. A. I. SIDE

Congratulations to Fred A. Sheram, Jr., and his squadron for winning the 44K Squadron Efficiency Contest. We are glad to see Joe Carlin back on the instructor staff after a few months in ATC training. Frances Kacsmaryk of Jack Schopenhauer's office is eagerly awaiting the arrival of her pilot husband from overseas. He is a brother of Joe Kacsmaryk on our instructor staff. A letter from "Carl" Odena says that the second group of ATC trainees from Carlstrom all passed with flying colors and are on their way to Blytheville, Ark., where they will graduate in about four weeks. He also told us that Lt. A. B. Klopfenstein, former Commandant of Cadets at Carlstrom, is now a major and stationed at Macon, Ga. as Commandant.

Ray Farwell, Chief Parachute Rigger, has just completed his second job of airplane overhaul and has had it CAA approved. So if you're contemplating an overhaul job soon, go see Ray about it. (Isn't that plug worth at least a coke?)

Mildred Keene, formerly of Overhaul, is now employed in the Parachute department and Allie Wright has been transferred to Accounting.

Personals

We all were sorry to say good-bye to Jackie Livingstone and Mrs. McLeod, both of Accounting. Jackie has been at Carlstrom since December, 1941. We'll all miss her gaiety and friendliness but wish her happiness in her new job. Congratulations and best wishes to Mrs. McLeod who will be married and make her home in Arkansas.

Asst. General Manager Bob Bullock returned from a vacation spent on the east coast recently. He looks quite fit after golfing and fishing to his heart's content.

The Army Side

For the past week or two the Army Administration has been jostled and joggled and moved around so that any similarity to its former self is purely accidental. Mrs. Dykes and her Academic Board Section have moved from Barracks 2 to Administration. Lt. Naughton, Statistical Officer, also makes his headquarters there.

Similarly, Personnel has moved kit and kaboodele to the barracks with W/O Burrows, the new Personnel Officer, in charge.

Capt. Arnold Q. Edmundson, Adjutant at this station for the past few months, has been transferred to Smyrna Army Air Field in Tennessee and Lt. Stanley Greenwood, former Personnel Officer, has now assumed the duties of Adjutant.

And if you're looking for Lt. Lifton, don't go to the Processing Room, go instead to the Sgt. Major's office. Lt. Mayberry you will find in the Commandant's office. Now isn't that simple? . . . That's what I thought too—Clear as mud!

New Flying Officers

Two new flying officers have been assigned to Carlstrom recently. They are 1st Lt. Garrett Chisenhall of Gadsden, Ala., and 2nd Lt. Casperine Milo of Smithers, W. Va. Lt. Chisenhall was an instructor here, in Herb Wolf's flight, in the latter part of 1942. He entered the army in December of that year, was commissioned in June, 1943, and received his promotion to 1st Lt. this month on the day he reported to Carlstrom. He has been stationed in the Western Flying Training Command, coming here from the Primary school at Helena, Ark.

Lt. Milo graduated from twin engines at Spence Field the latter part of June and was assigned to Carlstrom almost immediately. Prior to entering pilot training however, he saw 18 months service as an enlisted man in various branches of the service: Engineers, Quartermaster, Signal Corps. He was stationed in England doing intelligence work from July, 1942, to March, 1943. As a civilian, Lt. Milo was a high school math teacher. He is 28 years old and single.

Lt. Agnost is the proud papa of Frank, Jr. Capt. Agness is engaged to Betty Parker, music teacher at the local high school. The wedding will take place in September.

I see Sgt. Erwin's new appendage, supposedly a moustache, is now gone. I guess he decided that 20,000 people (more or less) couldn't be wrong. If anyone knows where there is a good watermelon patch, please, oh please tell Lt. Lifton about it.

Congratulations to Lt. Weiner, the Wisconsin crooner, whose cadet group has won the drill competition at three successive Field Day events.

44K Fledglings Graduate
by LT. ROY J. WEINER

As a farewell gesture honoring the Carlstrom Field graduates of Class 44K, the traditional Officer-Cadet banquet was held in the mess hall on Thursday, August 5th. Lt. Ernest L. Haring, Special Services Officer, M-ceed the affair, introducing each of the featured speakers with a song regarding his home state.

First to receive the nod from Lt. Haring was Wing Commander Clarence E. Ball. The speaker, a resident of Jacksonville, expressed his thanks to the officers in behalf of his class for the cooperation and guidance given by the commissioned personnel. The Yankee melody version of "I Wish I Were in Michigan" introduced Capt.

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2 Carlstrom Graduates Give Their Lives in War

Capt. Albert F. Amiero, Carlstrom graduated of 42-K, was awarded the Silver Star for devotion to duty during a raid over Germany on March 6, 1944, when he gave his life in the service of his country. The citation reads:

"While piloting a B-17 on a bombardment mission over Germany, March 6, 1944, when approximately 200 miles from the target, hostile fighters made a vicious assault on his aircraft and succeeded in knocking out one engine and setting it ablaze.

Continued to Target

"In spite of this, knowing full well the danger of an explosion, he kept his plane in formation and continued on to the target, bombing it effectively. Just prior to reaching the coast of Europe on the return journey, the blaze flared up with increasing intensity. He radioed the group leader that he would be forced to abandon plane and shortly afterwards a number of parachutes were seen to open from the burning aircraft.

"The gallantry, devotion to duty and will to fight on against overwhelming odds displayed by him set an inspiring example for others and contributed to the destruction wrought on a vital enemy installation."

Further Citation

Capt. Amiero, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Amiero of Dundie, Ill., was with the 100th Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force since July of 1943. He was awarded the Air Medal on December 14th of that year and an Oak Leaf Cluster on January 14th of this year for "exceptionally meritorious achievement on bomber combat missions over enemy occupied Continental Europe."

Last Flight

Sergeant Pilot Kenneth D. Lee, a graduate of Carlstrom's United Kingdom Class 42-G, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross on October 14, 1943 for meritorious service. Mrs. Rupert Smith of Ar-

WAR BOND WINNER

Margaret H. Reeve of Carlstrom Field has been awarded a $100 War Bond by the Embry-Riddle company for selling the largest amount of bonds during the past drive. The maturity value of $4,650.00 is credited to Margaret. Congratulations! There has always been good natured rivalry between Carlstrom and Dorr Field, so there was nothing unusual in the fact that the two Fields ran neck and neck in the War Bond contest. Martha Holbrook of Dorr ran a very close second with her sales amounting to the maturity value of $4,525.00. Too bad, Martha, better luck next time.

The winners of the individual prizes at each division had not been announced when we went to press, but will be made known within the next few days.

The Embry-Riddle School of Aviation wishes to thank one and all for his or her enthusiastic participation in the War Bond contest. In buying these bonds you not only have helped yourselves but you have given aid to the boys overseas. Buy more and more often!

Welcome To 45-B

45-B, you are the 39th class of cadets to be trained at Carlstrom Field. You have the best of instruction, both on the ground and in the air, that is to be had; the best of care is given to your well being. You have the added privilege of training at the school with the highest safety record in the country.

We welcome you heartily and hope that your stay will be a memorable one.

Forgiveness

Continued from Page 4

Kingly character to repeat them with sincerity. Unless we American people can adopt that attitude of Christian forgiveness, we lack the moral stature and spiritual acumen to meet the challenge of world leadership and to bring in the day of justice and enduring peace.

Field Day

Field Day is a big day at Carlstrom Field, and one of the best ever presented was held on August 2nd. It is on this day that the cadets rise and shine for the benefit of many spectators including their wives and sweethearts. As is the custom, the morning was given over to drill and athletic events included basketball, volleyball, football, softball, tennis and swimming.

Honors To Group D

Group D of 44K, under the direction of Sgt. Dick Roberts, capped the honor ribbon for athletics by winning 25 out of the available 30 points. They scored highest in each event except swimming. Group C of 44K, under Sgt. Mickey Treadway, close behind with 22 points, starred in the swimming events.

Cadet W. L. Hurt won the 100-yd. free style in 67.5 seconds; Cadet A. C. Ezelle, the 50-yd. breast stroke in 39.8; and Cadet G. M. Buyce, the 50-yd. back stroke in 34.8. The 75-yd. medley was made in 48.6.

Tennis stars showed up in Groups A and B of Class 45A. Cadets Felix Fleming and Alfred Gaston won their singles and exhibited some real tennis playing.

Class 45A came to the fore when its Group B under Lt. Roy Weiner was presented the ribbon for the drill competition. This makes the third consecutive Field Day at which Lt. Weiner's group has won the honors.

An excellent demonstration of student flying was presented in the afternoon when the outstanding cadets of the graduating class took part in a bomb dropping contest and exhibited their skill in aerobatics (which included snap rolls, slow rolls and immelmanns). The judges announced the winners as A/C James E. Smith and A/C William L. Stephenson.

Hair-raising

Climaxing the day's activities was a program of exhibition flying. A pleasure to behold was the formation flight of Capt. Clarence Porter, our popular Commanding Officer, and Lts. Marvin Lindsay and Alvin May. Hair-raising would describe the ma-

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DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

by A.C. L. J. FARRELL

Kaydet Korner

Among the surprises this writer has experienced recently was the request to do this column for the Fly Paper. And so, not knowing exactly what to expect, I embarked on this literary venture, with a somewhat vague idea in mind as to what this is all about. By way of warning, dear readers, proceed at your own risk.

Just about a month ago, Class 45A put in its appearance at Dorr Field, and now we have moved into that excited strata, the upper class, and a new group of "gadgets." 45R has arrived. To them we say welcome, and wish them a very pleasant stay.

A Clinch

The "vets" of A, as is the usual procedure, are pouring many and varied tales of woe into these new and unsuspecting ears. Almost anywhere you hear such statements as "check rides, boy, they're awful" or "naw, engines are a cinch," and so on. But don't worry, boys, soon we will be moving on, then you can take your turn passing on all of this valuable information to another incoming class.

With 45A moving up as the new upper class and consequently becoming eligible for week-end passes, quite a beaten path now exists between Dorr and surrounding towns. The crop of sunburned backs was quite large, too, after that first week end. Florida sun is really hot, eh boys?

Who Knows?

Monday mornings now see sleepy eyed cadets wending their way to reveille, tired but happy. 45A cadets, now in the midst of flight checks, wander around with dazed expressions. One cadet was heard to say, "Who knows how to fly the Stearman?"

With 44K cinching the Dorr-Carlstrom Field Day meet recently, it now remains for 45A to keep up the good record and keep the cup in its rightful place. Dorr Field physical training instructors are grooming the cadets for this event which will come off some time in early September. Of course, the Field Day will be just a formality. We already know who's going to win it.

A Jump Ahead

Several cadets now training at Dorr were well indoctrinated in the flying art before reporting here. A/C Marcus Chart is an ex-pilot of C-47s with considerable time in those ships. Among others who have flown previously are A/Cs Bill Haverland, Demedoc and Mountcastle, the latter having been a civilian student of Embry-Riddle in Miami, his home town.

By way of signing off for this time, let it be said that 45A has greatly enjoyed its stay so far at Dorr Field and, when the time comes for us to move onward, we will take with us many happy memories and pleasant recollections of this tour of duty.

Field Day

By winning Field Day (on August 3rd) the Dorr Cadets of Class 44-K gained permanent possession of the Carlstrom-Dorr Trophy for athletics during the past year—Classes 44-A through 44-K.

During this time Carlstrom won the competition four times, Dorr won five times and three were two ties.

Much credit should be given the Dorr Field boys of Class 44-K for winning this competition with five matches to none as the results.


Stars of the Meet were: (Dorr) Parker, Robey, Singer, Sanderson, Szatrowski, Finstad, Sales, Doyle, Hofaker, Bergell, Moller, Venus, Casseels, Henry, Marye, Knoke, Surface, Nelson, Loebig, Smith, Ridaught and Vann. Carlstrom cadets, as available here, were Hunt, Ezelle, Buyce, Lambo, Frickle, Bell and Foster.

BACK DORR

by A. GREMLIN

"Farewell" to Major Curnutt, departing C.O., and "Greetings" to Capt. Connee who has assumed command at Dorr Field.

Mr. Stroud dodd it again! Hired another pretty young lady, Marjorie Hamm, to work in the Accounting department—all he needs now is a platinum blonde to complete the group.

Tis heard that Jack W. and Earl (the bus driver) are now telling duck stories.

Lt. Cameron and Class 44K put on a fine graduation dance according to all reports.

Ohs and Ahs of the Month

Marjorie's darling off-the-shoulder-but-not-all-on-top hair-do. And then when she wears that pretty shade of blue—W-O-W! Gertrude G.'s blushes when questioned on the subject of 'phone calls! Betty Stephens' new dance fock—just couldn't be improved upon! Martha says she hasn't been doing a thing of interest—a good story. Martha! The energy displayed by Betty Deham is an ever-new surprise to us—she must get it from those triple-decker ice cream cones.

Sgt. Little is now the proud papa of an 8½ pound son. Congrats.
A SIMPLE MATTER

Now it is an odd thing that “pay” can have such a different meaning in the Army as compared to that other world. It seems that pay day in the Army means to pay out and not so significant is the pay received.

After many questions and evasive answers (or maybe we asked the wrong persons) I found that we lost $1.22 in lieu of paragraph 3, section 7, volume 6, series 392-1/2, which specifically states that subsistence allowance on food for A/C is one dollar a day on a thirty day month basis; however, August has thirty-one and 22/100 days, if you follow me (better not, I'm already lost), you will not doubt see why we lost $1.22.

Pay is figured by adding the credits and subtracting the debits and then the balance is divided by twelve and we finish by having a small payment deducted from our salaries each month to balance our accounts.

It is a simple matter (?) for a C.P.A., but as for me, from now on I'll take what I get and not try to figure the whys and hows.

WHITNALL WIT
by JACK WHITNALL

It's been so long since we wrote anything for this column that we hardly know where to begin. First, we'll mention a known way to keep Frank Haynes happy—just be sure that he gets to see the Western Movie every Saturday night. The other night the guards claim to have heard somebody singing western songs over near the mess hall. The Editor of this column requests a sufficient quantity of cotton wadding for the ears.

Two new additions to the canteen, Dickie Meyers and Ray Spere, both of Arcadia. Ray's Dad is City Recorder in Arcadia, while Dickie is the Grandson of "Pop" Meyers of the Auxiliary Field. Ray's sister Laurie works in the Administration building.

We wonder just where Instructor Bardol got that pair of swimming trunks we saw him in the other day? Boy, they fairly shriek.

The Army Side

Welcome to our new Commanding Officer, Capt. Conneen, who hails from South Orange, N. J. That state being famous for its mosquitoes, we wish to apologize for what our skaters lack, but we hereby announce that all Florida skaters are equipped with a spearhead invasion thrust and it is a known fact that only the female bites (as yet we have never met up with a male skater).

To all and sundry—tech order No. 23/4 is in effect; that the lake on the S. W. corner of No. 1 Auxiliary Field (not Carlstrom) will in future be known as Visor's Lagoon, named after Dorris' adjutant. (In fact, he named it himself). We might also add a word of warning to Capt. Conneen: Sir, we advise you not to lend Capt. Visor your coveralls, Major Curtiss's were used as a net to catch fish.

If we hadn't seen it we never would have believed it. Lt. Heckle actually caught a 5½ lb. bass (now don't heckle, it was not 5½ lbs. either).

Strong and Silent

Another fisherman for whom we have the greatest admiration is Lt. Joseph Green, one of the strong silent types. We saw him get one of the worst backlashes in history, but he did no ranting and raving, he just gave the backlash to us, laid down and went to sleep. A timely suggestion would be that he take two or three mechanics fishing with him next time.

Thanks, Lt. Rubertus, for the return of our lawnmower. Mrs. Rubertus told us that she found it to be the easiest one she ever pushed.

Welcome to Lts. Anderson and Sawyer. Have you noticed the contraptions that they boastfully call automobiles? Lt. Anderson's a tri-motor job, you try to start the motor one week and rest up the next.

Welcome to Capt. Smith, new sawbones at the Infirmary. Among his professional talents along surgical lines the Captain is one of the best car polishers we ever saw. (Paid ad.)

To'ably yours,
Jack

Capt. Joseph L. Conneen New C. O. At Dorr Field

Capt. Joseph L. Conneen, new commanding officer of Dorr Field, relieved Major Curtiss on 5 August 1944. Capt. Conneen formerly commanded the 2161st Base Unit at Ocala, Fla., and prior to that duty was Air Inspector at Bennettsville, S. C., for 22 months. The Captain, with Class 42-E, received his wings at Spence Field, Moultrie, Ga.

South Orange, New Jersey, is the home of Capt. Conneen and before entering the Air Corps he attended Lehigh University where he majored in Business Administration. In the near future he expects to have Mrs. Conneen and his sixteen-month-old daughter, Mary Jane, join him in Arcadia.

Our sports fans may be interested to learn that the new commanding officer prefers wrestling, tennis and baseball in the sports field.

Like most newcomers, Capt. Conneen agreed with oldtimers of the Field that Dorr is in an excellent location and has fine facilities for primary pilot training.

FIELD DAY
Continued from Page 17

neuovers performed in an AT-6 by Capt. Len Povey, famous acrobatic flyer and vice president of the Embry-Riddle Company.

The final parade was particularly impressive. It was at this time that the Commanding Officer presented the guidon ribbons to A/C Thomas E. Hall, Group D Commander, and A/C Daniel T. Keenham, Group B Commander. Identification bracelets as trophies to Cadets Smith and Stephenson, winners of the flying competitions.

FLEDGLINGS
Continued from Page 16

Wilson M. McCormick, director of Physical Training, who presented the trophies to the great athletes of the outgoing class. After expressing his love for Kalamazoo, the Capt. awarded the swimming championship trophy to A/C William L. Hurt, the track trophy to A/C Willie F. Kelley, and the tennis cup to A/C Donald W. Lambro. Lambro and A/C Albert V. Hollister were deadlocked for the Physical Fitness Award but both received trophies emblematic of their athletic superiority.

Capt. Clarence W. Porter, Commanding Officer, addressed the cadets following the song of his home state, "Take Me Back to Colorado." Capt. Porter complimented the class on its flying record and wished them success in their future training.

Having listened to three speeches and several ad lib jokes, which made the audience think of Iowa where the stuff grows tall, the cadets were eager for open post scheduled at the termination of the banquet. "Enough said."
Engines Instructor at Sao Paulo School Tells Willard Hubbell of Life in Brasil

São Paulo
July 6, 1944

Dear Jean and Willard,

Nick tells us that you are all going back to the Gables. That should make you happy now that you will have the time each morning for that extra glass of California orange juice. (This is one time that I can have the last word for ten second or more.)

The day that I arrived in São Paulo I felt pretty sure that you hadn’t done me a favor after all and that George Zimmer was luckier than I. However, I’ve changed my mind since then and I really do thank you for your help. Nuff said.

Everyone is a little amazed when they hear that Mary actually arrived in São Paulo the day after I did. Two days after her arrival we were in our house out in one of the Jardins. The bonde to the center of town passes in front of the door, and the school station wagon picks me up and deposits me each day within four blocks of the house.

We sort of had our fingers crossed at first, expecting some kind of repercussion from the sudden change of food, water and climate, but so far the only effect has been that we eat more than we used to eat. And speaking of food, it really is a sight to go to the open air markets. Mary, Sally and the maid go twice a week and come home with so much food that they have to have a small boy carry the basket.

The work at school is interesting but by the end of the day my mind is in a whirl after concentrating all day on Portuguese. The third week I lectured 16 hours in Basic Electricity, when one of the men was ill. I have found, as have most of the rest, that we learned enough Portuguese in Miami to make ourselves understood, but it takes quite a while before one is really able to understand the language as it is spoken. To hasten this day of understanding, Mary and I have arranged to have a girl who works here at the school come out to the house in the evenings to swap English for Portuguese.

It won’t be long before I start my courses in the Instructors School. I don’t seem to be making my preparations fast enough to suit me, but we’ll start on schedule. If all goes as I am hoping and planning, I should have an extensive department. Mr. Sprague has let me have 90 hours instead of 40.

Please give my regards to Zed, Emmy, Rosemary and Don and anyone else I know who is still in Miami. And Willard, please tell Lydia (hope that is spelled right) that each time we have fried bananas I think of the first time I ate them out at your home.

Jim Moller
As ever,