Air Commodore Warburton, MBE, To Present Wings At No. 5 BFTS

Wings for Course 16 will be presented by Air Commodore P. Warburton, MBE, next Saturday, February 5. The ceremony will take place at 11 a.m. instead of 10 as in the past. The Listening Out Dinner will be held that same evening at the Sugarland Auditorium.

Credit for one of the best "Listening Out" issues goes to John "Monty" Manners, who has been a faithful associate editor during his training here at No. 5 BFTS.

Robert Carson has served as Under Officer. Flight Leaders are David Marande, Harry Parrish, Richard Franks and Thomas Ramsay.

Brian Partridge of Course 9 in a letter to "Tex" Speer informs us that he now is recommending matrimony to all bachelors. Brian, who was No. 1 in Ground School as well as No. 1 in flying while here, is piloting Hurricanes along with Gordon Smith and Roland Temple.

He says: "We have just welcomed Dan Campbell and the Very Rev. James Kerr home from foreign parts. They're fit, have log books full of hours and are full of ambitions to fly the biggest planes they've got." Both Campbell and Kerr instructed at Majors Field in Texas, where they accumulated the hours Brian mentions.

In the same letter we learned that Tony Lavender has had some unkind people trying to shoot him down. He is now at O.T.U. flying "that very sweet aeroplane, the Mustang." They say it's taboo to fly over fifty feet above the deck, so he goes crop dusting to his heart's content!

Johnny Cockrill is back to take up his duties as Chief Pilot, after successfully completing the Instrument Proficiency Course at Bryan, Texas.

F/L "Steve" Harvey left for Washington shortly after the Wings examination, followed by W/O Jim Woodward. They will assist in correcting the papers.

Continued on Page 22

Cadets Of Course 17
See Pre-Wings Exams
Darkening The Sky

It was quite obvious from the popularity of Riddle Field last week-end that Pre-Wings exams were too close for safety. Even Trovan took a quick look at his notes, while the rest of us hung around waiting for any little morsel of knowledge that might "drop from the rich man's table."

Those Cadets who didn't get around much on Primary leave had an opportunity last week to "see Florida while you are still young," when quite a few Cross Countries were completed successfully. One of the few distractions was a few seconds over Palm Beach but, as Ivor Pratt remarked gloomily, "You can't see much of the Biltmore from 2000 ft."

A/C Porkert will at last have found someone to whom he can explain the intricacies of "The Spiral-Snap-Roll-Immelman-loop-off," in the shape of the hospital staff at Ft. Myers. We hope that his appendixitis proves to be a good one and that he recovers quickly. With Paddy McCandless, Miles Hardie and Sandy Hall he will no doubt make many new friends in Course 18.

Our predictions about Course 18's rugger team came true sooner than we anticipated, for it ran ours around the Field last Thursday night to the tune of 10-5 in the Juniors' favor.

Did you hear what a linesman said to Blackie Szafranowicz when he landed at the 36th Street Airport to honour them with a lightening visit?

"Sir, would you mind taking your ship to Number 1 hangar for gas, Sir?—and your coffee is waiting in operations, Sir?"

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CUBAN AIR FORCE

Four sergeants of the Cuban Air Force have arrived at Riddle Field to pick up a few pointers on Maintenance. We welcome Delfin Buria, Diego Vasquez, Juan Bustos, Arturo Fajardo—and hope your stay here is pleasant!
The Prodigal Son
by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt, Dorr Field

The following is an excerpt from the sermon preached on January 16, 1944, at Dorr Field.

I occasionally meet a service man who reminds me of a certain Bible character. His type, I remind you, is in the minority. His character is the Prodigal Son. He was away from home, in strange surroundings, having his own money for the first time and bumping into the world's various temptations. He went down hill fast until he found himself without funds or friends and thoroughly ashamed of his conduct.

Then he awakened. He thought of home. His eyes were opened to the value of moral virtues and religious living. The Bible says this realization came "when he came to himself."

How many times the term "Be Yourself" is used with the opposite connotation. When logic fails to persuade a man to indulge in that which is below his moral standards, his pals will resort to "Be Yourself."

But that is good advice if rightly understood. Be Yourself—your true self. You are created in the image of God. You are by nature a moral being. You are living in a moral universe wherein only right living pays dividends in happiness. You are working and fighting to preserve the ideals of the home and the highest moral standards of civilization. BE YOURSELF."

Tennyson advised: "Be loyal to the royal in thyself."

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

—Howard A. Walter
Letters to the Editor

W/C George Greaves
3 Eton Road
Stratford-on-Avon
England
December 27, 1943

Dear Jack:

I received the November 19th issue of Fly Paper, and in it I saw the message of good wishes from Course 16. Please, Jack, let them know through your paper that I appreciate their thought.

I would also like to send them my good wishes for their Wings examinations, and may they come out well on top.

I was sorry I had not the time to say goodbye to all my friends at No. 5, Clewiston, Palm Beach and Miami, so if you can, please say goodbye to them for me, and say I was very happy to have known them.

How did the Wings Parade go off for Course 15, and did they have a fly pass? If so, what was it like?

Well, that's all and as I am too late to wish you a Happy Christmas, I will wish you all good wishes for the New Year.

Yours sincerely,
George Greaves

Editor's Note: This letter from the former Commanding Officer of Riddle Field was received by Jack Hopkins and forwarded to us in order that the message to Course 16 might be conveyed in this, their Listening Out issue.

1024951 Sgt. D. Button
110 Langsett Avenue
Sheffield 6, England
December 3, 1943

Dear Editor:

Almost six months have passed since I stood at Clewiston station bidding farewell to my many instructors and friends from Riddle Field.

During these six months I have had my feet on the ground all the time—something I did not perceive while in the States. Only last week did I start flying again—at a twin engine advanced flying unit.

What have I been doing? Well, there has been a bit of commando training to get rid of the surplus weight obtained in the “Land of Plenty,” and after that my head was embedded in books of knowledge at a C.R. school, preparing me for Coastal Command, which I hope to be in presently.

For security reasons, I cannot write a more detailed account of the last few months, but I can add that I have missed the brilliant cloudless skies and the delicious fruits of Florida.

I keep meeting fellows from Riddle Field and only today I met Amos of Course 11 who has just arrived here for further flying. Yes, true to tradition, the Riddle Family is very strong—and active!

But let me get to the main point of this letter, which is to thank you very much indeed for the continuous supply of Fly Papers. One of the first means of relaxation when home on leave is the reading of the Fly Paper. It never fails to interest me. Keep up the good work; you have many ardent readers over here.

Before coming to a close, I would like to send you my very best wishes. I convey the same to Mrs. Richards, for the moment it is cheerio—but remember, not goodbye.

Yours sincerely,
H. D. Button

Editor's Note: Derrick Button was one of our most faithful Fly Paper correspondents during his training at Riddle Field with Course 10. He was also one of the editors of his Course's Listening Out. We'll be very grateful, Derrick, if you will continue to write us what news you have of our boys “over there.”

F/O E. C. Skidmore
Officer’s Mess
R.A.F. Station
Lynham
Chippingham, Wilts.
England
December 16, 1943

Dear Jack:

How goes it these days? Hope the old place is still thriving and growing. I was most pleased to get your letter with all its news. I’m afraid mine won’t be half as interesting, because I shall be handicapped by thoughts of a blue pencil.

Queer you should mention Course 12, because I had a very good friend on that Course—E. Kay. He’s home now and completing his training to be a fighter pilot.

Quite a number of Course 6 have bitten the dust by now, I’m afraid, but I reckon you know all about that. Sid Slape wrote me recently. He’s just done a short tour of “ops” on heavies and is now doing an instructor’s job while resting up. I also saw Timms within the past few days. He was on his way overseas, where I’m hoping to go.

I’ve been wandering up and down the length and breadth of England with Fighter Command, but beyond that can’t say more.

Please remember me once more to many friends out there—Bob Johnson,

Kenny Woodward, Messers, Benson, Coon and Stubblefield, Robinson, Mrs. Van, Leola, the Morgans and Himbles and just everyone.

And now I must close. Cheerio and all the best.

Yours,
Skid

Editor's Note: Your letter was sent to us for publication by Jack Hopkins, Skid. It was good to hear from you again.

Andrew Jackson High School
1704 N. W. 36th Street
Miami, Florida

Dear Miss Draper:

The members of Miss Framback’s Airplane Club wish to thank you for conducting us on a tour of Embry-Riddle.

We especially enjoyed getting into the airplanes and listening to the code messages.

Yours sincerely,
Bill Wheatley,
Club Secretary.

Editor’s Note: The above letter was sent to Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women, who enjoyed the tour as much, if not more, than did the club members.

A. A. F. P. S.,(B)
Bainbridge, Ga.
January 20, 1944

Dear Editor:

I became acquainted with the Fly Paper during Primary Training at Dorr Field and grew to like it very much. I would greatly appreciate your sending me each new edition.

I will let you know of any future change of address.

Sincerely yours,
A.C.John T. Grollimund

Editor’s Note: We are glad to send the Fly Paper to you, John, and hope to hear from you when you receive those coveted wings.

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

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

FORMER EDITOR ADVANCED

F. C. “Bud” Belland, founder and former editor of the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper, is now a full lieutenant in the U.S. Navy. To Bud, who is stationed at Opa-Locka as a Navigation Instructor, we say, “Nice goin’ and come visit us soon.”

Kenny Woodward, Messers, Benson, Coon and Stubblefield, Robinson, Mrs. Van, Leola, the Morgans and Himbles and just everyone.

And now I must close. Cheerio and all the best.

Yours,
Skid
DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

by Jack Whitnall

Thanks to A Gremlin for giving us a helping hand last week. We shall certainly have to call on him (or her) again.

This week we take up the subject of animals. First we have Oscar, the Mougye's cat. Some cat too, in fact, it's the biggest cat we have seen outside a zoo. As for his pedigree, it's some of this and some of that, mostly that.

He's a good mouser if someone will catch the mice and bring them to him. Oscar has been in the Mougye family for the past eight years.

Next we have the wonder dog of Dorr Field, that fine and noble animal (man's best friend) that belongs to Carl Dunn. We understand that this fine animal will point anything living or dead: in fact, sometimes he is not particular as to just how long the object he points has been dead. This dog answers to a variety of names not fit for publication.

Culler's Coon

Then we have the pet coon that belongs to the Cullers family. The first time we saw said coon the head of the family was trying to feed him via the bottle method. We must admit that Mr. Cullers was doing all right for himself after quite a bit of coaxing on the part of Mr. Cullers, such as "Come on coonie, nice coonie drink your milk. COME ON YOU LITTLE "!*!*!*!*!*!" and drink your milk and let go my finger!"

Then there's Lt. Austin's fine and noble animal (we beg your pardon Sir, did you say a wire-haired fox-terrier) by the name of Skippy who has a sort of stiff legged walk caused by an ailment since childhood.

All Dorr Field will miss that popular man, "Buttercup" Taylor, who left us last week to join the Armed forces. All we can say is good luck and we'll miss you.

Tasting "Buttercup's" place is Abbie Benton, who just loves people who lose the form ones from their ships. We have heard him called "short, dark and handsome."

Two Silver Bars

Congratulations to Captain Frank upon his recent promotion; those were mighty fine cigars too. We understand that after witnessing the exhibiton of marksmanship put on by Ken Beegles. Lt. Rubertas was heard to remark that just wait until we have our firing range in operation then he'd show us some shooting that is shooting.

Charlie Ebbets suggests that an apple be placed on the noble brow of Lt. McLaughlin and from fifty paces Lt. Rubertas, with a .45, will attempt to shoot the apple from said noble brow. Should he miss the first time he will be blindfolded . . . admission price will be any sort of flowers.

No, Lt. Cameron, that little red switch in the Administration building is not a light switch—it blows the fire siren (as you know).

Big Business

A new enterprise has been started on Diaper Row. Dorrville, Arcadia, Florida, by the Farmer Construction Co., the president of the company being Lt. Farmer. The first job is now under construction, the making of a bull pen for John G. Farmer, Jr. Whooee, what the president of the company says when he misses the nail and hits his finger!

Again we wish to mention to the guard detail that the noise they heard the other night was not the boiler at the Mess Hall about to blow up, 'twas just Mr. Flanigan snoring.

Next week we're going to give all the gals the lowdown on the single officers on the Post, their merits (if any), etc. We'll organize a Lonesome Hearts club with Whitnall's Love Potion thrown in for free. O.K. youse all, youse all had better be asking me do I like chocolate or marshmallow sundaes bestest.

Note to the Editors of the G.I. Short Sheet: let's pool our results and send them in to a Syndicate.

A visit from Sterling Camden from that auxiliary field (Chapman) this past Sunday afternoon. Always glad to see you, Mr. Camden, come again soon.

We wish to welcome Lt. Boyle to the Dorr Army Personnel. The lieutenant, who is attached to the Army Supply, is from way up North and he is single and a very good prospect for some of Whitnall's Love Potion.

Good Show

Quite a few of the employees from both Dorr and Carlstrom enjoyed the picture show put on at the Court House this past week by Director of Safety Graves. We found the pictures entertaining as well as educational.

Come over to the Main Field sometime, George Mackie, and see a real No. 2 gate house with all the fixtures. (Note to all Dorr Guards: Should G. M. come, be sure to search him upon leaving.)

Tol'ably yours,

Jack

Marge: "What's the difference between dancing and marching?"
Sarge: "I dunno."
Marge: "I thought so."

FUTURE FIGHTING MEN OF THE AIR ARE DORR FIELD CADETS OF CLASS 44F. Left to right are Cadets Joseph S. Petillo of Yankees, N. Y., Earl R. Horner of Tipton, Ind., Charles E. Byers of Maywood, N. J., Joe Rockenmacker (rear cockpit) of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Jack Reagan of Long Island, N. Y.
DORR'S KEYHOLE
by A/C W. E. Stokes

A/C Norm Sharpless, who has been doing all this pecking through Dorr’s Keyhole for the past six weeks, has left our midst for new worlds to conquer. Along with our thanks for his good reporting go our wishes for the best of luck in the new tasks he has before him.

Crowds of Cadets continue to swarm to the regular Sunday dinners at the Woman’s Club, and the V.F.W. Cadet Club has become so crowded on Saturday nights that new help has been employed.

Cadet Club

We notice with approval the increased percentage of the fairer sex who, since the “new room” has been opened, have been making the Cadet Club on Saturday night and Sunday afternoon a “must.” When the new furniture and fixtures arrive (keep your fingers crossed, 44-F, it may get here before you leave!), we will probably have to hang a S.R.O. sign for stag Cadets.

As the old and almost legendary 44-E tackles the rigors of Basic, the new and wing-sprouting fledglings of 44-G take their places as heirs to the E-men’s rooms, Instructors, Stearmans, and (may the gremilins be kind) P.T. formations.

By this time, G should be well acquainted with “the mysterious Link,” the man on the speaking end of the goosport and the thousand various methods assured to accomplish a ground loop. We only hope they have found that the latter is not a required maneuver.

New Classbook

Plans for 44-F’s classbook are already well under way and Lt. Hand has issued an appeal for snapshots to make the “pin-up” section. Squadron pictures have been taken and most of them turned out well. More workers are needed, however, in order to get the book out on time, so even if you have no talent but are willing to help, turn up at the next meeting.

It looks as if the Mess Hall Lounge is becoming to Dorr what The Little Church Around The Corner has become to thousands of New Yorkers—a traditional place for marriages. Since Lt. Rubertus was joined in wedlock there a few weeks ago engagements for its use have been coming in fast.

Another Wedding

The most recent addition to our ranks of Dorr Field weddings was that of A/C Lee Kirchoffer, Sq. 1, 44-F, and Virginia Ellingsworth. The ceremony was held Saturday evening, January 22, with Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt officiating. Best man was Cadet Bochenek and a white-gloved Cadet honor guard made the ceremony complete.

“It’s Easy” Department: Scribbled on the side of the Dispatcher’s Tower on the east side of the Field are the following immortal words: “Don’t get discouraged. You can’t be as bad as I was.” It’s signed by a member of 44-B who will receive his wings this week.

CADETS OF 44-F PROVIDE MUSIC
by A/C P. J. Dahlberg

“Four Hits and a Miss” (as one represents Carlstrom) the lads of 44-F have a way of enjoying open post and oddly enough helping other Cadets enjoy it too. Tribute goes to these jam artists for furnishing Saturday night U.S.O. entertainment in Arcadia, and for providing music for Cadet graduation dances.

The tribute goes double for reasons of handicaps to be overcome. Members of the Cadet orchestra are products of outfits with fairly popular names in their respective home States, and consequently have been used to good arrangements and top shape instruments. Here, there is no written music and the instruments valiantly gathered by the local U.S.O. are ones to be discarded by Arcadia’s Junior High School band—if it had one.

Yet, despite the lack of the “spots” and

Continued on Page 5
Sports at No. 5 BFTS
Cover Wide Range
by Sgt. Jock Moyes

Volleyball (A & B Flights): 13 Course, 4; 17 Course, 1; 18 Course, 1; 17 Course, 2.
Softball: 17 Course, Harris’ ten, 8; Cohen’s ten, 6; 17 Course, 29; 18 Course, 35.
Basketball: 17 Course, 24; 18 Course, 8.
Cricket: 17 Course; A & B Flights, 26 to 3 wickets. C & D Flights, 40 all out.
Tennis: 17 Course, 6 matches; 18 Course, nil.

Soccer: 17 Course (A & B); 2; 18 Course (A & B), 0; 17 Course, 4; 18 Course, 1.
Rugby: 17 Course, 5; 18 Course, 10.
Referee, U/O MacIntyre.

18 Course’s victory in Rugby avenged last week’s defeat by 17. Once more these two sides put up a hard, if not brilliant game.

17 took the lead when Farquharson touched down. Berkeley brought out full points with a nice kick and White equalized for 18 when he converted a try which he had scored.

Both ends were visited in turn before Rudd, collecting a ball near his own goal line, ran half the length of the field before passing to Morris who touched down. White once more converted the resultant kick.

Berkeley of 17, who had been playing well, at this stage sustained a leg injury and had to leave the field. 17 Course, although handicapped, held out the eager 18 Course men to the end.

Best for the winners were Rudd, White and Pope, while Crossley, Berkeley and Farquharson played well for the losers.

ATTRACTION NATALIE REECE slipped out of General Manager Ernie Smith’s office at Riddle Field just long enough for us to snap this picture.

RIDDLE
Continued from Page 1

Jim plans to spend several days in New York after his work is completed.

Hilton Robinson has returned from Miami. We’re glad his hospital days have ended.

With ten minutes warning we were asked to round up some girls and cadets for camera posing. The occasion—a visit by Wain Fletcher, Vadah Walker, Dorothy Burton and Mike Harlan, all of Miami. The results of the “roundup” will appear soon.

Jimmie Cousins spent a few days in the Infirmary and is now resting in Miami.

The activities of Course 18 will no longer remain “unsung”—they now have three associate editors: Todd, Jackson-Moore and Rowland. We’re informed, by Under Officer Harper, that this week’s column is mainly Ivy’s work. It is obvious that the news famine from that Course has not been caused by lack of talent.

Hunziker’s Son Visits

Ensign Fred A. Hunziker arrived last week for a short visit with his parents, Navy Wings having recently been pinned on him at Corpus Christi. Fred received his pre-flight training in Athens, Ga., and primary at Norman, Okla. His next station will be Opa-Locks, for transition training.

All Riddle Fielders are glad to see Capt. Wilkins back after his course at Randolph Field. “Doc” is now qualified as an Aviation Medical Examiner.

Capt. Thomas R. Williams has returned to his home station at Greenville, Miss.

Golf Team is Defeated

Last Sunday’s golf tournament ended in a large-size victory for the Belle Glade team. The Riddle Field members were treated so handsomely that the week-end’s net result was good. Cadets were entertained at a dance Saturday night at Belle Glade’s Country Club, and many were overnight guests of the members.

YOUNGEST COURSE AT RIDDLE FIELD
SUBMITS COLUMN

Though it is now over six weeks since Course 18 arrived at Riddle Field, this is our first appearance in the Fly Paper—apart from casual remarks of other Courses in previous issues.

To anybody at Riddle Field who has not yet heard of our arrival, we hasten to introduce ourselves. Modesty forbids us to enumerate all our achievements up to date.

Suffice it to say that we believe the number of records already established by the Course itself constitutes a new all time high.

Those of us who reckoned we ought to be granted our wings after first solo in a P.T, have had some rude shocks recently in Ground School. However, the primary examinations are awaited with calmness and in a spirit of sober confidence.

An example of eagerness to learn was set by the Cadet who asked the Instructor in a Signals class what a ground loop was for, supposing it to be a kind of radio aerial.

The Course has started night flying at an earlier stage in its flying training than any previous Course. We nightly pray the sandman to keep his sand away from our eyes and our “underpants.”

Athletically, results so far have been disappointing. An early rugby victory over a then unbeaten Course 16 set an example we have so far been unable to follow. Hidden talent is still being unearthed. Certain people amaze us by a newly developed prowess at softball.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Cook on the birth of a daughter.

MILTON STEUER

Word has been received of the death of Second Lieutenant Milton Steuer, who was killed in the crash of a cargo ship on January 2, 1944, in a Los Angeles suburb, while serving as co-pilot.

Milton will be remembered as a member of Course 12, Riddle Field, that being the first Course where British and American Cadets were trained together. He was also an Associate Editor of the Riddle Round-Up column.

All of Riddle Field wish to extend sympathies to his parents in New York City, as do his former classmates, Second Lieutenants R. R. Moore, R. P. Schmidt, C. Cuhlm, O. Skuhall, R. Rissman and G. B. Gillette, who were stationed with him in Dallas, Texas.

A Country Worthy Fighting For... Is Worth Investing In... BUY WAR BONDS!
Here we are, the “famous” Sixteenth, our stay in the millionaires’ playground of America at an end; and so with the usual tradition we present our “Listening Out”— and record our appreciation to those who laboured so hard to help us on our way.

We came through with flying colours—our ranks, en route, depleted by a few who did their best—we remember them.

Our expectations of all that our training in America would produce were far surpassed—and the unrepayable generosity of the Americans have made our work and play here more enjoyable.

The grand bunch of American boys who trained with us has in its small way, we are sure, helped to pave the path for a greater understanding between our two countries.

So the time has come for us to bid farewell to all the friends we have made—maybe a few of you we shall meet again—to those we say—we eagerly await the day—to all the rest we say—your words and deeds will not be forgotten.

CHEERIO,
Course 16
These we have loved.

D. MARANDOE
'Lightning'

T. O. RAMSAY
'Typhoon'

W/C. G. GREAVES, A.E.C.
W/C. A. A. DE GRYTHER, D.F.C.

R. D. FRANKS
'Spitfire'

R. CARSON
'Harvard'

H. J. PARKISH
'Mustang'

QUEENIE
We Shall Never Forget...

The train journey down through fifteen of the forty-eight states, the few hours stay in Boston and New York, and how it became hotter and hotter and HOTTER as we came farther South.

The first time we saw Clewiston, and the long walk we thought it was going to be from camp to “town.”

The Palm Trees.

The first days on Primary when reveille was 5:30 a.m., the towering cumulus and electrical storms in the late afternoon.

The Mosquitoes.

Thursday evenings and the inevitable visit to the Dixie Crystal and the drug stores.

The Clewiston Inn.

The first day solo and still more thrilling, the first night solo.

The few days leave at the end of Primary and the souvenirs we bought.

Wing Commander Greaves.

The first ride in the A.T., the terrific rate of climb and the ease with which it will do aerobatics.

Our frequent week-ends when we could visit our friends in Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale, Miami and other towns and “hamlets” nearby.

That “man is not lost—only uncertain of his position” as quoted by Mr. Cowlishaw.

The Barber’s “Dixol” Shampoo.

All the P. T. we did and how we enjoyed it.

The ringing of bells in the early hours of a cold Floridian morning, and a short sharp march to a breakfast which we knew would be either eggs or flap jacks!

The grapefruit we picked at Wimauma.

The hours spent fixing the instrument hood and your instructor’s voice, no longer saying “Centre the needle, and centre the ball” but “Keep the little aeroplane on the horizon.”

How valuable the instrument flying became during night flying.

The long cross-country, new contours, the Mississippi, Brink-Cook’s Tour of Florida. The cadet in the back telling you exactly where you were, as if you didn’t know.

The beautiful colours seen at sunset and sunrise (which every course has mentioned up to now).

“Dick Tracy versus Crime, Inc.”

Mr. Auringer’s “Chesterfields.”

The most interesting six months of our lives, spent with people from many parts of the world.

How indebted we are to the officers, N. C. O’s, flight and ground school instructors and all the personnel of Riddle Field, whose untiring work has enabled us to earn those coveted “wings.”
THE ONLY SIXTEENTH

MONTY MANNERS

J. A. NEIGEL

BOB SADLER

TOM HUGHES - GETTIN' SOME IN.

R. C. TAYLOR, PAUL DANFORTH, A. N. OSMOND, F. ANDREWS, C. L. NORMAN, N. H. STEVENS, R. PRESTON

TOM MASANO

H. N. WOOD - ON THE BALL

K. M. MARTIN "SUPER NATURAL"

G. E. A. (LEMON) CURD

A. B. PHILLIPS
I'm Course 16's Yankee section saying so-long. Perhaps I shouldn't call myself "Yankee" section because five of my sixteen elements don't consider themselves flattered by that title.

Those who hail from southern climes are Butt, Parrish, Phillips, Royce and Sharpe. But the fellows from the land of White Christmases ... Brasch, Carson, Curry, Danforth, Hall, Harpham, Masano, Neigel, Peck, Stevens and Wierks ... outnumber their southern pals.

I am a good cross-section of that part of the U.S. east of the Mississippi; thirteen states in that area are represented.

When I came to Clewiston some six months ago I was filled with curiosity. In addition to the wondering I felt about what the training was going to be like and what Florida would be like, I was anxious to know what my English classmates would be like.

It didn't take me long to satisfy my curiosity. As soon as I met the officials and instructors at Riddle Field I knew that, training under such regular fellows, I couldn't help getting the utmost out of the course here.

Florida's generous hospitality pointed immediately to a very enjoyable half-year's residence; as for the English boys, I was both surprised and pleased. Having heard so much about the ways of the British, I was surprised to find that they are much like me. I was pleased to discover this for I knew there would be harmony between us.

And so it has been. Of course, we've had some pretty heated debates at times but that is what has made our stay here the more perfect.

The fact that we've lived together for six months and have never failed to respect each other's opinions has proven to all of us that the Great Britain-United States alliance is constructed on a truly solid foundation.

Now, as I leave Florida, I feel a sense of loss in leaving all the friends I have made here. However, the feeling of gain is far greater; my experiences here will have an indelible effect on my life.

For a very valuable and extremely enjoyable six months thank you, everyone at Riddle Field, thank you, people of Florida, and thank you, all of my British friends.

So-Long
DEAD REC

Man is not lost; he has his maps
Which very clearly set
The scene for him, although perhaps
They might be clearer yet.
They show swamps (green) where sometimes lie
The cities (yellow); roads (in gray)
And many small lakes, partly dry
And many, partly wet.

What matters if you miss pp's?
No need to flap or fret
Sit back; relax! Don't spoil your ease
Because you never met
That railroad (now abandoned); why,
You'll come upon it by and by
Between the small lakes, partly dry
And others, partly wet.

The knack is just to
Ignore landmarks you
You'll never fail to get
When trying to forget
The changeless scene
And stretches every
Of many small lakes
And many, partly wet.
ECKONING

From long experience up there
I find my wisest bet
To breathe a prayer of most sincere
Contrition and regret
Toward the dome of Heav'n, where I
See tow'ring cumulus piling high
Above the small lakes (partly dry)
And smaller (partly wet).

But we are never lost; we note
The course, height, time, et cet.,
Along our green and yellow route
It's hard to check, and yet
In practice it's good fun to try
To work out running fixes by
The many small lakes, partly dry
And many . . . partly wet.

—K. E. J.
"Personalitiphobia"

This is the story of a U/T pilot, written by a person whose vocabulary obviously has been affected by the members of Course 16.

“GOOD, ALL my cockpit check done,” murmured the SHARP pilot, one of those TALBOYS with unkempt hair, as he checked his (SUTTON) harness. Having left the line and not forgetting his vital actions, he opened up the Rolls-ROYCE engine and took off.

At a safe height, with his teeth nashing and a haggard look on his face, he did a three turn, high speed, power-on, flat spin out of a snap roll. Finding this not too difficult, he tried a loop, and then a barrel roll round a MARTIN Marauder during which he grayed out. He was lucky to get away Scotty free.

Just when he decided to return to the field, his engine cut and he found himself over a wood (or was it an orchard, he couldn’t quite make out).

So, assuming the correct gliding angle, picking a suitable field and checking the cockpit (No, he didn’t go to sleep in airmanship lectures!), he thought it would be good manners to miss the cars on the road and land with the aircraft Amin’ into wynned.

This he did successfully and found himself in the grounds of a Norman Hall near Preston, where he breathed a Frank sigh of relief.

The comparative quietness was soon shattered by a blood curdling yell from a dog, who arrived with a BoyCtous “FARMER” with a reddish-coloured face.

“How do you do, lad?” he said. “My name is Dan” (his other name was forth!) “Ee, is this the Taylor or the fuselage?” asked he pointing to the wing-tip.

Without waiting for a reply, Dan asked the pilot (whom he thought was an Air Marshall) to accompany him into the house, where he introduced him to his wife Hilder, who was just putting some Cole on the fire.

“Here’s Reynolds News to Reid,” she said offering him the paper.

“Thank you very much, Butt may I use the telefaun first?” the pilot requested, and so it was that the “young ace” contacted his C.O. and told him the whole wiERks!

SIXTEEN

There is sameness in both Course and Light;
Reputed dim, but in reality
Shining so shyly, bashful and yet bright
Unseen, but felt, in their locality
Their number’s up, respected with a hush
For each has hid its light beneath a hush
SMART AIRMEN
MARTIN CAHAY
DICKE HALLET

HERBERT HALL, RUSTY PECK,
—JOE HAREPHAN, DOC SHARPE.

CARRYING THE CAN
J.J. JONES
A.J. OAKLEY

WHAT'S YOUR LAST EIGHT?
H.H. EDWARDS

TED GRAY

"LAUGHING BOY"
DAI COLE

A.G.
RICHARDSON

BILL TALBOYS

W. BUTT - JOCK - HERB. HALL

K.F. CRAWFORD, DITCHING

BILL GOL DING - J. HICKSON
"Anti-Climax"*

He fondled this and fingered that;
With every kind of hold,
He then exclaimed in tones so flat,
She really must be cold.
In desperation then he strove,
To bend her to his will,
He tried every kind of move,
But yet she stood quite still:
Then good advice to him there came,
The blow to him was stunning,
The ignition Switch! He pressed the same.
And got the engine running!

*I instructor's name withheld out of "fairness"

Show Me the Way to Go Home

(Crews of aircraft flying the long cross-country were issued so many maps covering the route that they were obliged to spread them out on the floor to get a complete picture of the trip.)

America is laid in State across the barracks floor
The Mississippi trickles underneath the bathroom door
We set course from the book-case and are ultimately led
To Riddle Field which is revealed beneath the bottom bed.
I'll simply hate to navigate on long, long trails which wind
From Alabama on my feet to Georgia on my mind
But is our plot worth-while or not? It's dismal to relate
To have our States united makes the place an awful state.
The Pilot's Nightmare

When I tell you I'm keen about flying,
I only mean when I'm awake
For when I'm asleep, I shiver and shake,
And I dream my instructor is crying.

I arrive on the line
Feeling perfectly fine
At seven o'clock in the morning:
I've a cross-country flight
In a lop-sided kite
Without any previous warning.

I'm used to these hops
And I rush down to 'ops,'
Where everyone's terribly matey:
They say there's a 'low,'
A fog that will grow
And a wind that's from south-west at eighty.

The flight is a race
To an unknown place
With check-rides for all of the losers
I find that the plane
Is soaked through with rain,
And the cockpit is full of confusers.

I've forgotten my maps
And I put down the flaps,
There's a horn that's continually blowing:
The whole engine shakes,
There aren't any brakes,
And the Tower says it's time I was going.

The throttle's a fixture,
I can't find the mixture,
The pitch is perpetually coarse:
The windscreen is dirty,
The airspeed's on thirty,
And the Tower is transmitting in Morse.

The pressures all fall
And I get in a stall,
The controls haven't any effect:
The instruments grin
At my inverted spin,
But the needle and ball are correct.

I try to force-land
On a small strip of sand
Completely surrounded by trees:
I call up the Tower
At the last final hour,
The reply is just, "One at a time, please."

P. R.
Our Host

We have seen the southern seasons shyly change,
But still the palms retain their beautiful green;
Through storms, with light effect resplendent, strange.
Our field, our home behind the rainy screen;
Sunset and dawn, our plane's a silhouette;
That mid-day heat, before unfelt by most:
Bright evening lights, eclipsed in our land yet.
All this and more. America, our host.

Poured full, the sand proclaims that we shall leave
These starlit States for Britain, island home.
In mind, strong things a pattern true did weave.
Remembrance of things past, of people known.
Our folk through us will learn your kindness true
Of how you welcomed us into your home.
These simple deeds, these simple words of you
Will strengthen allied hands across the foam.

—A. J. O.

A Tribute To Our Instructors

In this Oasis, raised by the cunning hand of man
From the surrounding desert of unfriendly swamp,
For six months we have lived, and learned,
Midst men to whom the conquered air is life.
Unsung Heroes they; for them no transient glamour,
But patient application to their daily task:
Shaping the tools to place in Freedom's hands.
Let us, the Tools, as yet unfinished,
Moulded skillfully from raw, base metal,
Pay tribute to their workmanship, and vow
That, building on foundations they have laid,
We will apply ourselves with vigour to the task
Of bringing near that long-awaited day
When Thunder Birds will fly across the skies
On peaceful Errands.

F. R.

...Pro Patria Mori

ANTHONY JOHN OAKLEY
January 1944

...Pro Patria Mori

THOMAS JOHN PARRY
January 1944
THIS IS COURSE 16

ON THE LINE

SWITCHING OFF

out
Well, here I am again, after a big weekend in the city. Kinda got a stiff neck from looking at all the tall buildings. You know, country boy goes to town.

Ole Man Weather sure is smiling on us this week. Almost seems like Florida. One thing ahead of us though is the knowledge that there is always a February.

Never saw so many grins and smiles on faces since we had the old Stearman around. Yep, the Stearman is coming back. Gosh, are we happy!

Jimmy Glover was made very happy today when he received a telegram that Dad and Mom were arriving in Union City from Virginia.

The stork paid a visit to Lt. Beall. He is the proud papa of a fine baby boy, named Arthur.

Sgt. Irving J. Schwartz has returned from his furlough in New York, after visiting his mother, and really has a lot to tell about the big city.

Major General Hall

Major General Charles P. Hall, in command of the 11th Army Corps, San Antonio, Texas, and others visited the Field Tuesday. They also visited Camp Tyson.

Poor Baker! Was he ever bad off—there he was with a big black eye and no points for a beefsteak!

Mrs. Marcus, Supervisor of PX Operators, entertained with a delightful chili supper recently. Those enjoying the supper were Alva Taylor, "Bird" T. Payne, Martha Houston, Margaret Burcham, Mrs. Joel Hufstutter, Margie Young, Louise Bruce, Maurine McCord, and the hostess.

Wonder why Cpl. Smith beams so much these days? Could it be that the return of his wife and baby has something to do with it? Sorry to break the news to you, girls—it’s too bad, but only four of the student officers are unmarried.

The girls of the Mess Hall wish to express their appreciation to all the Army officers for their Christmas present.

What certain Romeo has been making Alva Nelle Taylor lose so much sleep?

Capt., "Len" Povey and his assistant, Bob Davis, arrived Wednesday for a visit with us.

Lt. Leo A. Beaupre done up and gone again—last time he had the flu, this time he has gone to Maxwell Field to attend a Conference of Intelligence Officers of the Army Air Forces Eastern Training Command.

"Tillie" Cloar has been transferred to Army Engineering. We’ll miss you, "Tillie."

Were we ever shocked when we saw Marg T. Burcham and Lt. Beaupre at the City Hall ‘other night! Wonder what they were doing there?

Feminine Guest

Our new Major McNally’s wife visited him at the Field this week.

Lt. L. A. McRae has just inherited the Army Supply, serving in the capacity of Supply Officer. Army Supply has been transferred from the 373rd Sub-Depot Account in Dovers to the 67th AA FTPTD here at Union City.

Chief Guard J. C. Johnson reports that five of his six guards who have been absent due to illness are now on the job again. W. A. Cook is still indisposed.

WHITECAPS

by Cay Sillcock

It looks as though you’re all stuck with me again this week for no one will take pity on me and scribble a few lines anent the Seaplane Base. Oh, well!

Two of our “globe-trotting” students, Rusty Sheehar and Mary Jessup, have returned to the fold. We are happy to have them back too. Now that you’ve had such a grand vacation we shall keep the whip cracking if you don’t toe the line, gals! So beware!

It was a delightful surprise to have "Skeeter" Barton drop in. She has returned from the cold, cold north and is apartment hunting—unhappy job.

Mr. Bustamonte, our friend from Cuba, has been in town and doing some flying with us. The other day he brought Edwin A. Link, Sr. You can well imagine how pleased and excited we all were and how much we enjoyed hearing about the new trainer he is working on for use on the water.

That gal with the sparkling personality, Babs Beckwith, added another feather to her cap in the form of a water rating. Don’t forsake us, Babs, just because you’ve taken your rating. Lt. Jim Hamlet received a rating too. He is a bomber pilot and is now on his way to “parts unknown.”

You should have been here the day Gardner Royce was checked out on Joe Moller’s serviceray. Joe decided he wanted to sell the contraption and Gardner was all for buying it. Such fun! A nifty and gas-saving way to get to the Base. Naturally, a practical demonstration was in order. The ride was enjoyed so much that we thought we’d never get the passenger to relinquish the vehicle—then came the sad awakening! Joe decided not to sell.

The newsmongers have it that Mary Amanek loves coffee. It is also reported that this great passion keeps her very busy. What did you do about the coffee situation on your solo cross-country, Mary?

Most any day now a little stranger is expected in our midst. Bruce Hadley swears that we will have another cub on the water within a few days. Would you call that “cubin’”?

And so, as Uncle Wiggily said, “Good-night, kiddies, and next week I shall tell you all about the happy little Seaplane Base and its brand new baby cub.”

SAFETY SLANTS

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

Statistics issued by the Office of War Information indicate that the average man is still safer in the armed forces than in industrial occupation. In Jan. 1, 1944, 7,000 more died from injuries sustained at war jobs than from battle wounds.

It is also interesting to note that working men’s injuries since Pearl Harbor are responsible for the loss of four times as many man-hours of production as have been lost by strikes.

The damage and destruction of equipment in workers’ accidents far exceeds the value of American cargoes that have been sunk.

Lost work-time from on-the-job accidents totals 450,000,000 man-days, enough to have built 7,500 average-size merchant ships.

While Embry-Riddle lost-time accidents are definitely on the decline, they are still nearly four times more than the average and many times too high in number.

The sound movie “War Department Report” has been shown to close to a thousand Embry-Riddle employees. During the period of February 1st to 8th, the films “Mary Smith, American,” “The Navy Flies On” and “Kill or Be Killed” will be shown in connection with safety meetings and to as many other employees as possible. Watch for specific announcements.

TWO-YEAR ANNIVERSARIES

Wednesday, January 26, marked the close of two years of operation with the Embry-Riddle company for James E. Blakeley, Director of the São Paulo school, Willard R. Burton, Assistant to Col. Arnold H. Rich at Tech in Miami, and Dorothy Burton, Librarian at Tech. Congratulations to the trio!
The formal opening of the Pilot-Officers' Aero Club was held last Saturday evening and was termed a huge success by all who attended. Much credit for this success must go to the orchestra who furnished such splendid music. Those fellows must work pretty hard on those arrangements and spend a considerable amount of time in rehearsals. We take our hats off to them: Bob Abruzzo of Dorr Field, Sammy Hottle and Saxon Rowe of Carlstrom Field, Al Fradel of Dorr, Earl Wilbur of Carlstrom, Don Bates of Dorr and Ray Auler of Carlstrom.

Out-of-Towners

Among out-of-town visitors at the opening were Wain Fletcher and Yadah Walker, Editor and Assistant Editor of ye olde Fly Paper, and Dorothy Burton, Librarian at Tech. We hope you enjoyed the party as much as we enjoyed having you.

Charlie Ebbets was a welcome visitor at Carlstrom last week, taking pictures of the soon-to-be-graduated Cadets and their Flight Instructors. Wife Laurie was along too, for a change, and we were mighty glad to see her. Mike Harlan, Charlie's assistant, was also on the Field for a short time, but he's promised to return soon.

Sterling Camden and Ben Turner are other Miami-ites who visited Carlstrom for a few hours last week.

If you didn't collect your cigar from Rod Vestal last week (the 18th to be exact) he still has a few left—and if he gives out before you get there he'll buy some more. The occasion was the arrival of Michael Ender Vestal, 7 lbs. 15 oz., at the Arcadia General Hospital. Both mother and son are doing fine. Congratulations!

“Short Sheet”

The Enlisted Men at Dorr Field publish a most interesting weekly “Short Sheet” on Dorr personnel and doings at the “abandoned airport.” Editor is S/Sgt. Phillip “Pinky” Martin, Assistant Editor Cpl. Freddie Heis and Art Editor S/Sgt. Erwin “Jake” Jacobi. Keep up the good work, boys, you're doing a fine job.

In case you haven’t heard: Johnny Dorr's Squadron 2 won the $50 prize in the Squadron Efficiency Contest for Class 44-E. Congratulations, fellows!

Carlstrom old-timers back on the Field last week included Lt. W. L. “Bing” Crosby who is now stationed at Brooks Field, Texas. “Bing” really likes the Air Corps and is looking fine.

Another ex-Carlstromite who “came home” for a visit was Lt. Bert Thrasher. Bert came in with the inspection party, and now works out of Maxwell Field.

Lt. Richard Welles and F/O Bob Bevis, both Arcadia boys, also spent a few hours last week visiting old friends here. Dick was a Cadet in Class 43-J, and is being transferred to Austin, Texas. Bob is now at Morrison Field.

Lt. P. O. Benjamin of Class 43-F flew onto the Field for a few hours’ visit with Byron Shouppe, P. O. is stationed at Warner Robins Field, Ga.

A recent issue of Yank tells a story on Pfc. James F. Downend (former Carlstrom mail clerk who now is stationed in Arkansas). It seems that Downend saved his money for quite some time to buy a good pedigreed dog to send his girl back home. Finally, after some months he had sufficient cash, bought the dog and sent it to his girl who immediately returned it with a note that she definitely didn't like dogs. Consequently, Downend now has another mouth to feed!

Come Back Soon

We were sorry to lose Lts. Connelly and Van Arsdell from the ranks of Officers at Carlstrom. Both of these officers were ordered to Randolph Field, Texas, and left here on the 17th. Rest of luck, and we're looking forward to a return visit some day soon.

The December issue of Douglas Airview tells of the adventures of “The Ruptured Duck,” a B-18, and its crew. Listed as co-pilot is Lt. T. R. Bazzel, who was a member of Carlstrom’s first class—41-H. Tom was a classmate of Ground Instructor
January 28, 1944

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It”

Page 25

Jack Hobler, and our thanks to Jack for letting us read the article.

Sgt. Mickey Treadway is no longer a patient in the Infirmary, and we’re mighty glad to see his smiling face around and about again. Methinks the reason for his quick recovery might be the sudden appearance of WAG Sgt. Quinnell Taylor!

By the way, did you know that an apron is very becoming to Lt. Agnew of the Infirmary?

“Blue Devils”

The Carlstrom “Blue Devils” played return games with the Hendricks Field Five and with the Buckingham Five last week. The scores were 35 to 33 and 35 to 25 respectively, Carlstrom maintaining the low scores. However, both games were particularly close, and the boys played good basketball throughout.

We’re wondering what Nell Monk is doing now that Mart Gould has left. Come on, Nell, break down and give the Cadets a chance now.

It’s goodbye to Lorean Bond who left on the 21st for Texas where she will be married shortly to that much-missed soldier we’ve heard so much about. Best of luck to you both, Lorean!

Wanderers

Word received from former Carlstrom Instructors reveals that they are scattered all over the country now. Lt. Earl Martin is stationed in Wilmington, Del., with the Air Corps; while Lt. Albert E. McCravy of Carlstrom, Dorr and Clewiston renown is with the Air Corps at Brownsville Army Air Base, Texas. Cliff Quesenberry is with the Naval Air Corps at Corpus Christi, Texas.

Major Les Richardson, formerly of Carlstrom Field but now of Avon Park, stopped here for a short visit last Sunday and informed Nate Reece of the arrival of a baby girl at his home last December. Congratulations to Les and the Mrs.!

Welcome to Norma Johansen who is now working in the Accounting Office here. Norma’s husband is a Cadet in Class 44-G, and Carlstrom welcomes them both.

Former Cadet

A letter from Mrs. Lathrop W. Barnaskey reveals that her son, George Lathrop Barnaskey, is now stationed in New Guinea where he is flying a B-25 and has recently received a promotion to First Lieutenant. George is married now and has an eight-month old baby daughter whom he has never seen.

George was in Class 42-I at Carlstrom and his home address is 116 Fisher Avenue, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

The following poem was written by Miss Carolyn Lyons of Brookline, Mass., in tribute to George on the day he received his Wings at Turner Field, Ga.

CARLSTROMCADETS FORWARD MARCH!

“WINGS”

WINGS for a warrior of peace! WINGS that will soon bring War’s surcease! WINGS that will give to life new lease! You are wearing these WINGS today!

Angels’ white wings your ship will enfold! God with His strength your WINGS will uphold;

And all your mission will bring joy untold With the WINGS you are wearing today!

God keep you ever aloft in the Blue; We on the earth will be praying for you, Confident He will see you through On the WINGS you are wearing today!

CADETS OF 44-F

Continued from Page 5

via this sad plumbery, modern music as well as the old standards seem to blend in perfect rhythmic harmony. These fellows know their music and love it, so a mere broken B-flat key, a rumbling bass drum or a bent-valved trumpet are not enough to keep the “ork” from its weekly jam sessions.

Quick-fingered Zilman (Woody) Wood skitters on the piano keyboard. His talents include arranging and composing as he, as well as Dinah Shore, used to be part of Kentucky’s Roy Holmes’ orchestra. Woody wrote a song, “All I Own,” expressly for Dinah’s style, and expects to have it published come sometime.

The trumpet man is Frank G. Brookings, whom many of us remember in Nashville as the lad who replaced “Reveille” with the trumpet solo of “Boy Meets Horn.” Frank is from Los Angeles and has played with Gus Arnheim’s orchestra.

Charles Wauford is the artist of the “slush pump.” Chuck played with college bands up Knoxville way; he has a way of bringing in his trombone to place the jazz strictly into the realm of Dixieland.

The winner of the battle against a very broken down saxophone is John G. Rudd of Long Island. His orchestra days included a position in Dick Rogers’ “ork” (formerly Will Osborne’s).

Last and probably least (as he comes from Carlstrom Field) is Harold (Stretch) Martin, drummer and novelty artist. His tact with the brushes on the snare overcomes completely the thunderous rumble that belches forth at the slightest tap of the bass drum. Stretch displayed his talents with Stan Kenton’s “ork.” The War brought him down from Baltimore, Md.

For the mere joy of playing, the “Four Hits and a Miss” offer their services for free to you Cadets (you’re all broke anyway). They will doubtless play for the 44-F grad dance, their grand finale of performances for which we are grateful.

“There’s something odd about you this morning,” said Hitler to Goering. “Yes, I know what it is. For the first time since I’ve known you, you’re not wearing your medals.”

Goering looked down at his chest, “Great Heavens,” he cried. “I forgot to take them off my pajamas.”
Mary Gaston, Toppy's roommate, was at the meeting Monday night, so here are some facts. Mary is from Boston, where she attended the Concord Academy and the Nursery Training School of Boston. She taught kindergarten for three years, has her private license and now is in ground school. Her goal, of course, is to join the WASPS. This being Mary's first visit to Miami she is intrigued with the idea of swimming in the dead of winter—however has anyone had such courage in the last few weeks?

Gathering of the Clan

Monday evening rolled around and Karen Draper gathered the clan together, but many familiar faces as well as a few new ones were not to be seen. It was learned that they were at school—ground school. Many of the new students, and some of the oldtimers, mentioned that they would like to go through the Tech School. Karen announced that she would be glad to have anyone and all for luncheon and a tour at any time.

After the meeting the gals went over to Miami High for a basketball game with the Aircraft and Engine Overhaul gals. Seems we did a hang-up job of creaming that department—hey, Cookie, how about that? Mary Gilman, Rusty Shethar and Bonny Bonner were the stars of our team, but Fran Rich, Edith Bubas, Helene Allen, Jean Sessions and Skeeter Barton were on the beam too.

It takes a whole team pulling together to do a job well, but let us say right here that Nellie Diamond of the Overhaul team was a one-gal streak, and her scoring power is something to be watchful of. The score, by the way, was 48 to 14 in our favor. Karen was our coach—and she got so excited. Lloyd Budge, the timekeeper and scorer, made this all possible and our thanks to him.

Lost Yanks Return

At long last our two lost Yanks have returned to roost—Mary Jessup and Rusty Shethar. They said the skiing was so wonderful—could you possibly blame them for delaying? Not at all, considering what the weather man has done to us here in Miami. They both look swell and we're glad to have 'em back even if they were pokey about it.

Also just in from the north is Skeeter Barton, now working at Pan American. She finished her flight at the Seaplane Base just before Christmas but liked Miami so well she returned. A mighty nice person and we hope she visits often at the Dorm!

Jan Williams is in another one of her mix-ups. Seems she writes a certain someone at an Army Camp, but there is another lad there with the same name—well, things have become most confusing as far as Jan's concerned—life is so complicated.

Easing Up

Jo Rudford has decided to take life easy for awhile. She now has thirty flying hours, but has more to accumulate as well as some ground school before she gets her private license.

Edith Chapman took her third class radio test and passed—here's hoping she does as well on her second class operator's license.

Hear there is to be a Leap Year Dance given by the Company soon. In other words, better catch a man while you can.

Don't forget the tennis matches.

Bay War Bonds—
We Want Our Boys Back!

NAVAL AVIATION CADET C. Q. STEWARD, who is receiving his flight training at Chapman Field, smiles as he prepares to sign his log book. And who wouldn't at the sight of beautiful Frances Letson at the Dispatcher's window?

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

To make a long story shorter and sweeter we are, due to limited time and unpardonable treason in the ranks, making this a dehydrated and super-condensed resume of the past week's eventful happenings.

Soon, if someone will ring out the fanfare we'll present Instrument Instructor Lewis Smith, more, popularly known as "Smitty," with exotic orchids and hearty congratulations for the splendid work and patience he has had with our many Instrument prodigies. Lates theu, right off his Instructional line are Jungle Jim Pollard and Lil' David DaBoll. Due credit to ya'all too.

"A Little Girl"

An' while we're congratulating, everyone will be pleased to know of the new addition to the Jerry V. Cook family. (Jerry is a former Chapmanite and now a Riddle Fielder.) It is "a little girl," as Jerry says, weighs 7 lbs. 3 ozs. and is named Jacqueline Ann. Congratulations—may she be as pretty as her mother and pull a pipe and bat a ball like her dad.

We have communications from Pvt. L. McDaniel at hand, and he wishes to be remembered to all the gang. Mac is now restricted to the hospital with a touch of flu and would appreciate no end a note from some of you fellows. All communications may be addressed to No. 34790626, 57th Training Group, Class 229, Keesler Field, Miss.

"Octane and Power"

Willbar Sheffied, Chief Ground School Instructor, has informed us that a movie entitled "Octane and Power" will be shown on the Field Thursday, February 3, at 2:00 p.m. The arrangements were made by Mr. McMurray through the courtesy of the Standard Oil Company. This will be of major interest to many—further details may be secured from your Department Head.

Another announcement that will be of interest to the girls is that a basketball tournament will be played at the Miami High School gym. The next practice will be held on Monday, January 21, at 7:30 p.m. We had a swell time last Monday and any and all others are cordially invited to join in our fun.

Snowbound

Before closing allow me, on behalf of the office force, to say "Hi, boys" to our faithful fans up St. Louis way—namely Michael Rustin, George Laughlin and other Miami Naval Cadets snowbound at Lambert Field. Stick to your guns, boys, it'll be sunny. Florida and Advanced Flight before you know it.

A soldier wrote home: "Dear Dad—Guess what I need most of all? That's right. Send it along. Be$t wishes. Your Son."

The father replied: "Dear Son—Nothing ever happens here. Write another letter a No. N0w must say goodbye."
WING FLUTTER
by D. H. Martin

My ability as a news gatherer certainly received a decisive setback, for no sooner had the word got around that I was to write the Fly Paper column this week when a terrible plague swept over the plant.

This scourge affected one and all in about the same manner—loss of memory, hearing and speech. In shopping around for a choice bit of gossip, my usual greeting was a vacant stare and the same words, "I don't know nothing."

Slippery Sam

Slippery Sam, our super snooper, finally came through with his thousand word article entitled "Why Didn't Modern Barting Write Wing Flutter This Week?" in which he delved into the great unknown and came up with strange signs and passwords, mysterious figures flitting about the office carrying envelopes marked "Fly Paper." It grew so complicated that in order not to over-tax my feeble brain I will let it remain the unsolved mystery.

Agatha Drip, our sophisticated sob sister, met the last minute deadline with a few well chosen lines. Many thanks to Lloyd Budge, Dick Hourihan, Bill DeShazo and anyone else instrumental in getting the fine basketball court placed in our back yard.

Any Noon Hour

On behalf of the girls' basketball team, Agatha is issuing a standing challenge to any of you guys who think you can beat them. Just get your team together, any noon hour.

Agatha says that the Aileron department looks like Old Home Week, what with the hustle and bustle and the rivet guns singing again it's no wonder that there are so many smiling faces back there, and Leo Courson is so happy.

Slippery Sam's Question and Answer Box:

Q. What is bothering Natalie Pryharski these days?
A. Don't tell anyone but I understand that she is still looking for a pound and a half of flesh, lost somewhere in the vicinity of the basketball court.

Q. Where did Clifford Root get that lovely polo shirt with the green and orange stripes?
A. Ask the gals in the Stenciling department; they too are interested.

Q. What has Joel Gross got that the rest of us guys haven't?
A. No answer.

INSTRUMENTS
by Walter Dick

Last week in naming the changes Instrument the Overhaul department it seems that somewhere a line or two was dropped which told of Francis Hendrix now being in charge of our Stock Room. So sorry, Francis, you are doing a good job.

We are snowed under again with instruments and everyone is in high gear getting them out. Most of our crew is back on the job but we have one new casualty of "gremlin" flu—Jane Skinner. Fred Merritt, one of our inspectors, has been transferred—temporarily we hear—to Engine Overhaul.

Marjorie Rosebush had a particularly happy look on her face Saturday afternoon—could it be the nice light indicator she was given for repair? Al Kimbrough also received an unusual type flight Saturday. Richard Heid is very much occupied with "Climbs" and figuring out theory on fuel cells.

Barber Shop Quartet

We didn't know until this week just how shy Mel Klein really is, but when our "barber shop quartet" broke out with "Happy birthday" he had immediate business with the rack of storage batteries.

Peggy Harrod had a centrifugal tach this week which she wished the Indians had back, but like the good gal she is she repaired it and the Indians won't get it. From the additional equipment we see moving in it seems that Paul Baker is expanding his Parachute department here at the Colonnade. We also note that the Engraving department is again to inhabit the room formerly occupied by Special Projects.

Lt. (jg) J. C. Moore, U.S.N., paid his first visit to our shop. We are proud of our department and are always glad to have interested visitors such as Army and Navy personnel and Airline officials who come from time to time.

Well, here we are in the second week of the Fourth War Bond drive. Need I remind you again that we must not let the men at front down? I know that each of you will do your best. Let's go folks—get that extra bond today.

A. D. D.'S
by Dorothy Keyser

Life could be a constant picnic 'round here if our work didn't interfere. That chocolate bar is still effective. Throw in a few packages of cookies and some fruit and you have a perfect vision of "How we'd like to spend our working day if we could." (And who wouldn't?) (And who could?)

Some of the gang are off on vacation, including Rose Burke, whose whereabouts remains a mystery... could hash out a romance on that basis but it's gossiped that she's sharing her brother's furlough... Then there's Catherine Kerr who is still with her son in California... Erma Dienes is due back shortly from her furlough with her hubby.

Gang Up

Mary Francis Pernar is still recovering from her appendectomy. We hope to welcome her back shortly. Rumor has it that she was once a journalism student, so having publicly placed her in a hole, maybe we can prevail upon her sometime to strut her stuff. Unless someone contributes some gossip about Cornelia van Nus by this time next week, I'm going to resort to my own file of slander.

Newest addition to our payroll is Rose Marie Rowley who is taking Dot Goyer's place as Mr. Hendrix's Gal Friday. Mr. Hendrix is at present the sole occupant of our new quarters at the northwest section of the field, and we hope to join him by the first of next month.

That's All!

Been striving vainly for the past few weeks to get some word about what's past the main office... all I've got to say is that a minute interview with her provides a liberal education, and that's all I've got to say.

Capt. Bacon has just announced that everyone will have to get in and pitch on inventory for the next three weeks. February 15 has been set as a deadline for it to be completed. It looks like we are getting involved in a racket, a "numbers racket" if you ask me.

Lack may hold for a privileged few, but safety's best for me and you.

—Bill Jaster
Sao Paulo Club Requires All-White Tennis Suits

Escola Técnica de Aviação
São Paulo, Brasil
January 8, 1944

Dearest Mary:

We are going to play tennis this afternoon at English Club. You will like it there. One rule they have is that one must wear entire white outfits when playing tennis or badminton. White shoes, socks, shorts and shirts, or in your case tennis outfit and sun cap—all white.

We visited the Ford and General Motors plants here this week—quite interesting. I sure am trying to learn Portuguese, carry a small dictionary in my pocket all the time and have some time carrying on conversations with people who do not understand any English at all.

Have not received any letters yet, but neither has anyone else in my group, so maybe soon. Sure do hope Mr. Riddle brings us back some good news about you wives. Latest rumor here is that you may be sent very soon.

This is really a large city, lots of people, big and modern buildings, nice movies and very similar to an American city hustle. Parts of the city are hilly, and the city is surrounded, within limits of vision, by a range of mountains.

The weather since I have been here has been very much like Miami, but I am told that later we'll have plenty of rain and cold weather. Lots of people carry umbrellas.

Bill is going to Santos tomorrow, Sunday, but I believe I'll not go for I have a lot to do. I have four buttons to sew on for one thing! Boddy and I get along fine here in the apartment. I couldn't have picked a better fellow to live with until you get here. I sure am glad to get acquainted around the city because it will help in finding living quarters when you arrive.

I am able to get an edition of Time Magazine about a week and a half after you get it in the States. It is nice reading. I think I'm going to order some Air Mail stationery with my name and return address printed on it.

I actually start school next week, getting four hours of Portuguese every day. Sure hope to be able to converse in Portuguese by the time you arrive. Maybe I'll surprise you, and I hope you do me.

Guess I am going to have to buy a couple of pairs of white shorts. I can use my white sport shirts—also will have to get some white sport socks. My books have not arrived as yet, but I have hopes of their getting here by Monday.

You'll have to learn to eat meals slowly down here. Last night Bill and I went to a restaurant and started eating about 8 p.m. and didn't get home until 10:30—almost two hours just in the restaurant.

The school now has a station wagon and we hope to have more to furnish transportation to and from the school. I miss my alarm clock but manage to wake up with out it.

I hope to receive a letter soon.

Sandy

Editor's Note: Mrs. Sandy H. Saunders kindly gave us permission to publish the above letter from her husband who is a senior instructor in hydraulics at the technical school in São Paulo.