Why Embry-Riddle?

It is easy to appreciate world-wide interest in aviation because aviation is an industry with an assured future. Assured, that is, to the fellow who is sitting in the "driver's seat" with the proper license tucked in his wallet, a license which spells proficiency and, like a rear-vision mirror, shows what's behind him.

From foreign countries, from all sections of the United States boys and girls come to Embry-Riddle. Why do they choose Embry-Riddle? Because Embry-Riddle's facilities for mental and physical guidance are second to no other school.

Equipment is of the best. Instructors are highly trained, carefully chosen. We have the finest flying climate of any school or training center in the world. We have an excellent reputation built over a period of many years. But probably the best reason, and that of which we are proudest, is the loyalty of our thousands of graduates who are today found wherever planes are flown or built. These are the reasons for the ever-increasing popularity and growth of Embry-Riddle.

In a few short months a youth can prepare himself for better service in the armed forces and lay a solid foundation for his place in the post war period.

A boy who has had mechanical drawing experience in high school, who has attended art school, or who has had some commercial art, usually makes a very satisfactory aircraft drafting and design specialist. This course leads to the engineering division of the aircraft industry and interesting work designing and developing planes.

Aircraft drafting and production illustration also lends itself to those with artistic talent. This is a new field which is rapidly being seized upon to expedite aircraft production. It involves the technique of producing three dimensional mechanical drawings as a supplement, and in many cases as a substitute for the blueprint.

A boy who can assume responsibility and can make split-second decisions, who is willing to study, makes an excellent radio technician. Those with a mechanical bent can become instrument technicians, aircraft engine mechanics, or aircraft mechanics. Interest in air navigation and meteorology can be profitably directed toward Link training, a course from which the student arises a fully qualified Link instructor in instrument flying and Ground School instructor in related subjects.

Continued on Page 9
Letters to the Editor

210 Azalea Court
Country Club Village
Spring Hill, Ala.
February 22, 1944

Dear Mr. Brinton:

Your kind and informative letter, together with the copy of the Fly Paper, were highly appreciated by both Mrs. Guenon and myself.

I was very pleased to learn that the old "war horse," Art Ramer, is connected with your organization at Dorris Field. Art and I, as chief of the protective organization for Elmira Area Soaring Corp. and the 18th AAFTD, sweated it out together both at Harris Hill, Elmira, N. Y., and at Bates Field here in Mobile from May 1, 1942, to March, 1943.

You are to be complimented on your enviable record of making flyers out of those wild young sprouts, and those poor instructors certainly will be well taken care of in the hereafter.

While Paul, his mother and myself are keeping our fingers crossed for fear he will wash out, we all hope he has what it takes to meet your requirements.

We hope the opportunity to visit your organization while Paul is there will present itself.

Again may I express our thanks for your kind letter and offer our compliments to you and your personnel for the exceptional job in connection with our War effort.

Sincerely,
A. C. Guenon

Editor's Note: We feel sure that Paul "has what it takes" and that the young men will soon sprout wings. General Manager Roscoe Brinton of Carlstrom Field sent your letter to us, Mr. Guenon, knowing that we, and our readers, would enjoy your touches of humor regarding your son.

Hq. 248th Ftr Grp.
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.
"New Guinea"
February 13, 1944

Dear Editor:

For months now I have been receiving the Fly Paper regularly, but only because my father has been forwarding it to me. You have me listed as residing at my civilian address which is in Miami, but since 1941 I've been in the USAAF and, after covering more territory than I had anticipated, have ended up in foreign service, as you will notice.

I've been here going on a year now and Dad kept right on sending me the paper, but now he is in China with China National Airways Corp. Will you please change my mailing address from 1628 N.W. 13th Street to that in the upper right-hand corner of this V-mail? I'll appreciate it very much since the paper means a lot of enjoyment to me, and I hate to miss any copies.

I don't suppose you know me at all, because I was going to Embry-Riddle in 1941 and all they had then was what we Floridians called the "Million Dollar Hen House." In fact, the school had one floor...and at that time Embry-Riddle really was a "Riddle." But we all stuck with it and you can see just how much good has come to pass for the school and the students.

I guess that is just about all as far as my "official" business goes, but I'll just finish up the page with a few facts that may be of some interest to your "kaydets" and such.

I've been with a P-47 outfit for better than a year now—you probably call it the "Thunderbolt"—and we were the first ones to introduce that ship to the southwest Pacific area. Since we have been here we have destroyed 175 enemy planes...and have attained a sort of world's record in that score for the length of time it took us to do it.

Our Commanding Officer, Neil E. Kurbay, hails from Texas and has 20 ships to his credit, having got six of them on one flight which won him the Congressional Medal of Honor. They tell us that Life magazine has given us a write-up and also that Gen. MacArthur has cited us...so you see we have been doing our share. And believe me when I say that the pilots can't find any more Japs. They just don't like to tangle with the "Thunderbolt."

We have a major with us who claims that he got on the tail of one of them and the Joker did a barrel roll and bailed out...knowing that as a rule we don't shoot men dangling in parachutes.

That just about finishes me. So I'll close this time thanking you for the favor. I surely would like to hear from you, either by mail or through your "Letters to the Editor" page.

Sincerely yours,
Dominic J. Bizzoco
S/Sgt., 34057381

Editor's Note: We greatly appreciate "Nicky's" letter to us and we know that the "kaydets" will be extremely interested in his account of the P-47 outfit. We called his mother, here in Miami, and told her not to forward the Fly Paper to him as we would see that he received copies of his own. She told us that after Nicky left Embry-Riddle he went to Chanute Field, where he specialized on teletype machines, which is his job out there in New Guinea. He wouldn't know the "Million Dollar Hen House" now—all four floors and the tower busting with students, instructors and office personnel. Thanks, Nicky, for your letter—our answer to you is on its way.

307 Devon Court
Mission Beach
San Diego 8, Calif.
February 10, 1944

Dear Editor:

We've missed the Fly Paper since moving from Billings, Mont., to California and I hope this note will put us back on the mailing list.

Clete is test pilot here for Consolidated Vultures and runs into a lot of Embry-Riddleites on his duly appointed rounds. All inquire for the latest news from "down south."

Charles Kilgore, ex-Dorris Field Instructor, is here with Convirall, also, as a Captain.

Greetings to the gang.

Mrs. C. E. Huff

Editor's Note: Thanks, Mrs. Huff, for notifying us of your whereabouts. As Clete was one of the first Instructors to come to Carlstrom (February, 1941) and was a Squadron Commander when he left, many of his old friends will be interested to know that he is a test pilot. Say hello to Capt. Kilgore for us and write again when you have a moment.

Riddle Field
No. 5 BFTS
Clewiston, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I wonder if you could arrange to have the Fly Paper sent to my home address as I'm sure the folks would be very interested to hear of some of our activities.

I might add that your paper is really appreciated here and each issue is looked forward to with the greatest of interest.

Yours sincerely,
Charles F. Holliday

Editor's Note: The Fly Paper is on its way to your home, Cadet Holliday. We hope it will convey to your family a picture of Riddle Field and the training you are receiving.
EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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LENT

by Chaplain L. H. Shonfeld,
Dorr Field

At the beginning of Lent each year I am reminded of how Jesus Christ approached those events which were destined to become the first Good Friday and the first Easter. Luke, the gospel writer, records that He said to His disciples, “Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished.” (Luke 18:31). That was no ordinary journey. By His own words it is evident that He knew He was going to “be mocked...spat upon...scourged...and put to death.” Yet He went without hesitation or fear.

He was faithful to His high purpose of loyalty to God. Herein lies the genius of Jesus’ greatness, The commentator, David Smith, says, “Never had they seen Him so kindly.” He faced the evil wrath of ecclesiastical demagogues rather than condone their false and empty formalism. He suffered death on the cross that the world might know the power of God in the resurrection. For Jesus, Jerusalem was the epiphany of evil, the synonym of death. Yet He set His face resolutely in that direction. Easter is the consequence of His courage.

We continue to celebrate Easter because each generation in history has produced men and women who emulated Jesus’ fearless sacrifice for idealism. Without them there would be no America, no democracy, and no hope of Easter today.

Lent is a challenge to each of us to set our faces toward modern Jerusalems—to oppose evil in international, national, communal and personal life. The strength for victory stems from the spirit of adventure—some courage which Jesus displayed. If we will follow that example, we will realize anew the blessing of Easter, effect the resurrection and restoration of all that true men hold dear, and assure the world of future Easters.
Letters from England

18 Connaught Avenue
Hounslow, Middx.
England

Dear Sir:

I am writing to ask you if you could do me the greatest of favours. I am the mother of Sgt. Maurice Russell Lang who gained his wings at school in February of last year. I regret to inform you that my son has been killed in an air accident over here.

I would like a photograph of the Wings parade—I think he ordered two, but we never received them so they must have been lost at sea. I would be very grateful if you could please get in touch with the photographers and obtain one for me. I will send the money if you let me know what the photo will cost.

I will be very grateful if you could do this for me.

Yours very faithfully,
Mrs. H. Lang

Editor's Note: The photographs of Course 10, of which Sgt. Lang was a member, have been forwarded and we trust that they will reach England in good time. The sincere sympathy of Embry-Riddle is extended to you, Mrs. Lang.

Sgt. B. Johnstone,
"Old Chugs"
Ashes Lane
Hadlow, Kent, England

Dear Jack:

I thought it was about time that I dropped you a line and gave you some account of the doings of Course eleven. Quite a lot of us have copped for twins, and, as far as I know, only about three people have managed to stay on single engined stuff.

Dave Brook, Johnny Potter, Burgess, Hatchwell, Jeffries, and I believe, Bob Higgins, are all instructing.

Jay Jorgensen, Charles Hicks (may his shadow never grow less), Hugh Trotter, Puff Train, Bert Kent, Tubby Thomas, "Mac" McIntosh, George Watt and myself are all on twins and should be at O.T.U. by the time you get this.

Thatcher is already doing a twin O.T.U. Sandy Jack did A.F.U. with me and is eventually destined for Mosquitos.

Hurn of Course 12 was also with me but was posted while I was on leave, so I don't quite know where he has gone.

Pete Varley and Doug Hanlon are both training for twin-engined night fighters. Cox, Phil Tattersall and Geoff Cheesborough are all at single engined A.F.U.'s. Pete Deverson, I regret to say, for his sins, is towing targets.

What has happened to the rest of the boys I don't know.

Well, Jack, there's your Course 11 copy for this week, slightly overdue, as usual.

To turn to the personal side for a second: Last time I saw Sandy Jack he was still indulging in profuse correspondence with the sister of a certain Link Instructor, said Link Instructor living in the general region of St. Pete.

Bob Higgins and Kathleen Watson were married on September 17th. In case you happen to read this, Bob, my heartiest congratulations.

Being on leave at the moment, I'm writing this letter in bed, and I rejoice to add, it is nearly midday. The weather being typical of English winter, bed is about the best place to be, as far as I am concerned.

Shortly I shall put on some clothes and stagger down to the local for a game of darts.

I would like to round off by conveying my regards to my old instructors—Fritz Sebek, Phil Coon, and "What's Cookin'" O'Hara, and to S/L Hill who adopted Course 11 as his own when we first arrived.

Bye, bye, Jack, and all the best,

Yours sincerely,
Brian Johnstone

Editor's Note: Copy of this type is always welcome Brian, even a little late. Have been Fly Paper Associate Editor from Course 11, Brian is used to giving out with "gen" and certainly lets us know about himself and other fellows in 11.

6 Croft Street
Hyde, Cheshire
England

Dear Jack:

Many thanks for your letter and all the news. and may I thank Embry-Riddle through you for the Fly Papers which continue to arrive regularly. It is good to hear the news of Riddle Field.

As you see I have headed this letter with my home address as I shall be leaving my present station in a few days for a leave and then on to O.T.U. Incidentally, I am at present at Grantham which I see from the Fly Paper is where Riddle Field's new C.O. got his wings. It has seen many changes since then, no doubt.

From the Fly Paper I can see the old Field must be almost unrecognizable with its paved road, runways and ramp. I really was sorry to hear that the old road had been paved, it just couldn't be Riddle Field without those familiar bumps, though I guess there will be fewer car springs to be repaired in Clewiston.

The only item of news about the members of Course 12 is that Eric Kay was married a couple of days ago. I had hoped to see the poor fellow "lose his freedom," but my leave was put back as result of rotten flying weather recently, and I couldn't make it.

Must away now, Hoppy. As always my regards to all at the Field and to yourself the very best wishes for '44.

Sincerely,
Brian Jenkins

Editor's Note: Regardless of your statement, Brian, please convey our congratulations to Eric—we'll wager you'll follow him in "losing your freedom" pretty soon. The above letter was sent to us by the former editor of Riddle Field News—Jack Hopkins.

34 Berkeley Way
England
Heston, Middlesex

Dear Mr. Durden:

I should like to thank you for the engraved bracelet I received from the Riddle-McKay Aero College. It is a fine thought of John Paul Riddle to send bracelets to cadets of previous courses, and I am not alone in stating that our thanks are due to you all for starting us on our flying careers.

Best wishes for the future.

Yours truly,
F/Sgt. A. L. J. May

Editor's Note: Thanks to F/Sgt. May for his note of appreciation, and thanks to James Durden, Assistant General Manager of Riddle Field, for sending the letter to us for publication.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you weekly, 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
ESCOLA TÉCNICA DE AVIAÇÃO

Papel Pêga-Mosca

"STICK WITH IT"

EMBRY-RIDDLE SALUTES
NEW PAPER FROM BRASIL

Papel Pêga-Mosca finally is making its way to the Embry-Riddle headquarters in Miami. To Donald Peck we want to extend our sincere compliments on the “paper to which the fly sticks,” which he hopes will “like an acorn grow into a representative and creditable official publication of the Escola Técnica de Aviação, in São Paulo, Brasil.”

Its 12 mimeographed sheets are packed with interesting news and authoritative information about the School and the beautiful country in which it first saw the light of day. We read avidly the personal items among our old friends now down in the land of the brasileiros.

São Paulo Personalities

We read Jack Mata’s accounts of the tennis matches and bowling leagues; we found that Jim Troy deserves thanks for many of the interesting outings and that he is responsible for organizing a transportation system. It seems that Administrator Fred Foote and Secretary Lucile are “champion” bowlers and that Bill Boddy and Sandy Saunders were seen sipping tea after a game of billiards!

Maria Mosca tells us that Jim Lunnon “leads the field in the rapidity with which he mastered our newly adopted language,” and that Jimmy Koger has invented a newly developed language which he calls “Enguese.”

In a message to his associates, James Blakeley says, “We are on the threshold of a tremendous undertaking, and as the door of advancement gradually opens wider, we can see beyond it the panorama of a beautiful future for Brazilian aviation. All this has been made possible by the friendship and foresight of two great men, Joaquim Salgado Filho and John Paul Riddle.

All for One

“All of us are working shoulder to shoulder and arm in arm, proud to be a part of this wonderful adventure and, as time passes on, we will all look back with pride on the part that each one of us contributed to the Escola Técnica de Aviação.”

We salute James Blakeley, on whose shoulders fell the mantle of mentor. To him will go much of the credit for the sound upbringing of this child of Dr. Salgado Filho and John Paul Riddle. To him has fallen the privilege of leadership, the guidance of a corps of instructors who have been transplanted to a new land, and in whose hands training of Brazilian cadets has been entrusted.

The Fly Paper wishes Papel Pêga-Mosca a long life and a full one. As its parent paper, we will watch its growth and hope that some day it too will find its way around the world.

OH! FOR AN AMERICAN HOT DOG!

Sao Paulo Market Places

Are Architectural Gems

Yesterday morning, riding to school on the bus which Jim Troy has arranged for us until Embry-Riddle gets a fully organized service, I passed São Paulo’s glorious market houses (two of them) and I thought how you would enjoy the marketing here.

I understand they have neighborhood markets in different parts of the city, but I am referring to two enormous, and beautiful architecturally, buildings in the center of the city, where country people bring their products and offer them for sale.

Some of these days when I have, in fact, met the obligation I feel to master this Portuguese language in a hurry, I am going to get time off to really see them, for they look wonderful.

Years ago, as a kid in Baltimore, I used to feel somewhat the same way about the Lexington Market, which had more or less a national reputation. But that was just a bunch of wooden sheds, strung along for blocks on an extra wide street, where the neighborhood market-gardeners were able to back up their horse-drawn vehicles and display their products.

When these brasileiros get a notion to do something, they do it right, and the market houses which they have in Baltimore nowadays, and in Washington, Chicago, Indianapolis and elsewhere—well, they are just poor imitations of the real thing.

Editor’s Note: The above are excerpts from a letter written by Charlie Maydwell to Mrs. Alice Van Kirk Richards.
DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

THE GOOD NEWS
by A/C W. E. Stokes

Sgt. George K. Evans received the official War Department notice "... regrets to announce the death of your brother, Captain William B. Evans, killed in action in the China Theatre of War." Sgt. Evans received a fifteen-day furlough from the Commanding Officer of Dorr Field to attend the funeral.

Then the good news came. The Captain was not dead. His War hawk was shot up by a flight of Jap Zeros and he was forced to bail out. He landed six miles from the enemy lines and was escorted back to his base by a band of Chinese guerrillas.

Loyal China

Last week, officers and men at Dorr heard Capt. Evans tell of his experiences in twenty-two months of combat fighting in China. He spoke of the Chinese as good Allies and told how the people and the guerrilla bands would help American flyers back to their bases.

Strafing, bomber escorts and dive-bombing are the most used tactics on the China front. Asked if the stories recently published of Jap atrocities were true, the Captain said that from his experience with the enemy he would say emphatically that they are true. "Our biggest fear is being captured." He said he would rather fight a hundred battles than be captured by the Japanese.

The 14th Air Force, Major General Claire Chennault's "Flying Tigers," is the outfit Capt. Evans served with over the flexible battle lines of China.

To The Old Pilots
by E. W. Wilkins

Your flame is dim and glory spent,
Just dreary toil you know.
New fires have hidden the daring
Past and flame of long ago.
The lives you spent and chances took
Each left its glowing spark
To kindle flames so high today
Your light, once bright, is dark!
But though your skill is seldom praised,
Your name is never read,
You fly the battle skies again,
Your day is not yet dead.
For in each plane that plys the sky
There fites a part of you—
Your knowledge, skill and years of hell
Each help to get them through.
So transpose a part into each lad
You take into the sky,
For then through him the spark returns;
Your flame can never die!

DORR'S KEYHOLE
by A/C E. D. Righthower

Squadron 2-G ended the week riding on a wave of success, with overnight passes rewarding their attempt to become the best Squadron of the week, and with their skillfully executed drill maneuvers, under the direction of C. Cleatis Jerden, causing comment in the best Dorr military circles.

Cadet C. W. Johnson of Squadron 3-H presented his amused and tolerant Squadron mates with cigars last Thursday night in the celebration of the arrival of his latest contribution to the Johnson family—a six and one half pound son.

Communicates from the home front state that the heir to the Johnson fortunes resembles his sire in all respects... since he possesses diminutive replicas of both his father's hazel eyes and titian wig.

Overcoat Overture

Bill Jackson said that when he opened his locker the other night, an unidentified representative of Florida wild life the size of your Uncle George sauntered out nonchalantly, wearing his overcoat and carrying two jars of peanut butter.

Jackson realized almost instantly that the monstrosity wasn't one of his roommates (because it had antenna), so he grabbed the nearest chair and charged. But the intruder proved very agile. It hurled a bed, ducked under the table and rushed through the bathroom with Jackson hot on its heels.

He circled around the room and finally cornered it behind a door... but when he made a pass at it with the chair it countered with a jar of peanut butter to the jaw, jerked the chair from his hands, hit him over the head with it, kicked out the window and disappeared into the Florida night... with one jar of peanut butter and Jackson's overcoat. And that's the nightmare of the week, dear readers.

Cross Countries

Cross country week proved to be a momentous break in monotonous routine for the Squadrons of 44-G. Some Cadets derived a tremendous thrill from cross-country flying... and some didn't. The enjoyment was inversely proportional to the altitude.

Edgar W. (Christopher Columbus) Guy scorned the beaten paths during his cross-country hop and ventured far into the vast, unknown expanse of the "Great Prairie." However, since his navigation data wasn't as adequate as he wished, Guy very prudently reversed his course and returned to Dorr before he discovered anything noteworthy.

Another visiting airman from the South
Pacific gave Dorr Cadets more first-hand information on combat conditions last week. The visitor, a pilot in a P-39 Squadron, explained parts of the operational phase of fighter squadrons. His list of performances included Guadalcanal, where the Japanese fired anti-aircraft guns at planes in the Henderson Field traffic pattern, New Georgia, New Britain and New Caledonia. He stressed above all other things the importance of "air discipline."

According to Tex Townsend, control surfaces offer very little resistance to stick and rudder application when the tachometer registers zero. Townsend's latest landing, sans engine, was made skillfully and with very little effort...but with lots of praying...on the part of the pilot.

Class Book

The 44-G class book finally emerged last Saturday, accompanied by sighs of relief and favorable comments. The general opinion was that, for twenty-five cents, the book's a bargain.

Arcadia's drugstores experienced a "run" on mange medicine recently when Dorr Cadets began to realize that "Washout," 44-H's imported mascot, wasn't losing her hair through old age. Two of the most malodorous remedies with which the forlorn pup has been dosed are "Creosote Dip," contributed by A/C Thomas, and Glover's Sarcoptic Mange Medicine, applied in large, greasy gobys by the Group Staff. The patient is doing as well as can be expected...under the circumstances.

Hats Off To Our Girls!

When it comes to doing their part in this War, our hats will have to be taken off to the girls in the Airplane Maintenance Form 41 Room. They are not only doing a swell job of keeping the records on the airplanes, but several of them have husbands "over there."

Gertrude Griffin is a Gold Star Sister. Her brother, Gunner Robert Griffin, was killed in the Gulf of Mexico while on active duty. Our sympathy is extended to Gertrude.

Lola Culp is working every day to help hasten the War's end so she can see her husband, 1st Lt. Robert Culp, who is stationed in China with the U. S. Air Forces.

Lorraine Twitchell is patiently waiting for her husband, S/Sgt. James Twitchell, who is somewhere in England. She also has a brother in the Navy, who is somewhere in the Pacific.

Betty Jo Allgood is anxious to see her husband, Cpl. Herbert Allgood, who is stationed in North Africa. She, too, has a brother in the Army overseas.

Continued on Page 14

Whitnall Wit

by Jack Whitnall

Here it is again, March 15th, and what does the 15th of March signify to you? Well, we'll give you three guesses! The easy way to figure your income tax is as follows:

Supposing your income is in the three digit bracket. You take 20 per cent off and give it to the Government—if you have got that much. If you ain't got that much you'll be fined 10,000 ducats; but of course you can deduct all your taxes which should amount to $64534. From this amount you are allowed personal exemption of the amount of 10 per cent. To figure this you take the number of the license on your automobile (if you ain't got an auto, you'd better get one) and subtract it from your phone number which should give you the fiduciary. Then take 33 per cent of this, add the white of an egg, a pinch of salt and heat in a warm oven.

If You Live

Should you survive this, start all over again with a new pencil and fresh paper. Be sure and save all the paper that you waste in figuring; it can be used next winter in starting fires in cold weather. Next year all income tax return papers will be made out in Chinese symbols so that the average citizen will have no trouble in making out returns.

Congratulations to the Canteen for going over the top 100 per cent in the National War Fund subscription. We would like to call the attention of certain parties to the fact that all airplanes start better when the gas is turned on; in fact, they won't start with the gas turned off.

Carl Dunn was heard saying that he saves $50.00 a day. Seems that there is a fine of $50.00 for shooting quail out of season...so he doesn't shoot quail out of season.

Drowned Duck

The tall story of the week concerns none other than Dorr's C. O. Seems that while on a recent duck hunting expedition he saw a duck swimming around a lake. Taking careful aim, he pulled the trigger, the duck immediately went under the water, and the shot missed him.

After two or three more tries, the C. O. sat down under a tree and contemplated better ways of murder. Taking his pipe out and stoking it real well, he lit up. At the first puff of smoke, the duck, thinking it was the smoke from the gun, went under water again. After smoking six pipefuls, the C. O. claims to have drowned the duck.

Lt. Hand while on A. O. duty the other night got very little sleep. Seems that every five minutes the phone would ring and the conversation would be something like this: "Sir, are we going to have a fire drill tonight?" The answer, "No, Sir. Mister."

Huh, as far as we're concerned, Lt. Weaver does not need a love potion. A contribution is being taken up by the enlisted men of Dorr Field to purchase a triple potion for Lt. Boyle.

Congratulations to Sgt. and Mrs. Lam- bert upon the arrival of a baby daughter this past week; mother and daughter are doing very nicely. No doubt "Poppa" will be passing out cigars, no doubt!

And How!

Willie Carson: "Martha, doesn't that young man know how to say good night?"

Martha Holbrook: "Boy, I'll say he does."

Now we know why some of the Carlstrom-ites come over to Dorr so often—to get a good drink of water. We might add that for the nominal fee of five cents we will allow you to take away a gallon of our excellent water. Of course, you furnish the jug. This does not apply to Tom Davis for every time he gets his head under a faucet our water supply system goes dry.

At this time we wish to thank Kay Bram- blett for the coke she always makes upon buying us each time we visit the auxiliary Field.

Toll'ably yours, Jack

Note of advice to Jack: You'd better start ducking when within "throwing range" of certain ladies in the Administration Building. Cording to the grapevine, they're really laying for you!

A Gremlin

John Lyons, Group Commander at Dorr Field
DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

THE GOOD NEWS
by A/C W. E. Stokes

Sgt. George K. Evans received the official War Department notice: "... regrets to announce the death of your brother, Captain William R. Evans, killed in action in the China Theatre of War." Sgt. Evans received a fifteen-day furlough from the Commanding Officer of Dorr Field to attend the funeral.

Then the good news came. The Captain was not dead. His Warhawk was shot up by a flight of Jap Zeros and he was forced to bail out. He landed six miles from the enemy lines and was escorted back to his base by a band of Chinese guerrillas.

Loyal China
Last week, officers and men at Dorr heard Capt. Evans tell of his experiences in twenty-two months of combat fighting in China. He spoke of the Chinese as good Allies and told how the people and the guerrilla bands would help American flyers back to their bases.

Strafing, bomber escorts and dive-bombing are the most used tactics on the China front. Asked if the stories recently published of Jap atrocities were true, the Captain said that from his experience with the enemy he would say emphatically that they are true. "Our biggest fear is being captured," he said. He would rather fight a hundred battles than be captured by the Japanese.

The 14th Air Force, Major General Claire Chenault's "Flying Tigers," is the outfit Capt. Evans served with over the flexible battle lines of China.

To The Old Pilots
by E. W. Wilkins

Your flame is dim and glory spent,
Just dreary toil you know.
New fires have hidden the daring
Past and flame of long ago.
The lives you spent and chances took
Each left its glowing spark
To kindle flames so high today
Your light, once bright, is dark!
But though your skill is seldom praised,
Your name is never read,
You fly the battle skies again,
Your day is not yet dead.
For in each plane that plys the sky
There flies a part of you—Your knowledge, skill and years of hell
Each help to get them through.
So transpose a part into each lad
You take into the sky.
For then through him the spark returns;
Your flame can never die!

DORR'S KEYHOLE
by A/C E. D. Hightower

Squadron 2-G ended the week riding on a wave of success, with overnight passes rewarding their attempt to become the best Squadron of the week, and with their skillfully executed drill maneuvers, under the direction of C. Cleatia Jerden, causing comment in the best Dorr military circles.

Cadet C. W. Johnson of Squadron 3-H presented his amused and tolerant Squadron mates with cigars last Thursday night in the celebration of the arrival of his latest contribution to the Johnson family—a six and one half pound son.

Communique from the home front states that the heir to the Johnson fortune resembles his sire in all respects... since he possesses diminutive replicas of both his father's hazel eyes and titian wig.

Overcoat Overture
Bill Jackson said that when he opened his locker the other night, an unidentified representative of Florida wild life the size of your Uncle George sauntered out nonchalantly, wearing his overcoat and carrying two jars of peanut butter.

Jackson realized almost instantly that the monstrosity wasn't one of his roommates (because it had antenna), so he grabbed the nearest chair and charged. But the intruder proved very agile. It hurdles a bed, ducked under the table and rushed through the bathroom with Jackson hot on its heels.

He pursued it around the room and finally cornered it behind a door... but when he made a pass at it with the chair it countered with a jar of peanut butter to the jaw, jerked the chair from his hands, hit him over the head with it, kicked out the window and disappeared into the Florida night... with one jar of peanut butter and Jackson's overcoat. And that's the nightmare of the week, dear readers.

Cross Countries
Cross country week proved to be a momentous break in monotonous routine for the Squadrons of 44-G. Some Cadets derived a tremendous thrill from cross-country flying... and some didn't. The enjoyment was inversely proportional to the altitude.

Edgar W. (Christopher Columbus) Guy scorned the beaten paths during his cross-country hop and ventured far into the vast, unknown expanse of the "Great Prairie." However, since his navigation data wasn't as adequate as he wished, Guy very prudently reversed his course and returned to Dorr before he discovered anything noteworthy.

Another visiting airman from the South
Pacific gave Dorr Cadets more first-hand information on combat conditions last week. The visitor, a pilot in a P-39 Squadron, explained parts of the operational phase of fighter squadrons. His list of performances included Guadalcanal, where the Japanese fired anti-aircraft guns at planes in the Henderson Field traffic pattern, New Georgia, New Britain and New Caledonia. He stressed above all other things the importance of "air discipline."

According to Tex Townsend, control surfaces offer very little resistance to stick and rudder application when the tachometer registers zero. Townsend's latest landing, sans engine, was made skillfully and with very little effort . . . but with lots of praying . . . on the part of the pilot.

**Class Book**

The 44-C class book finally emerged last Saturday, accompanied by sighs of relief and favorable comments. The general opinion was that, for twenty-five cents, the book's a bargain.

Arcadia's drugstores experienced a "run" on mung medicine recently when Dorr Cadets began to realize that "Washout," 44-I's imported mascot, wasn't losing her hair through old age. Two of the most malodorous remedies with which the forlorn pup has been dosed are "Cresote Dip," contributed by A/C Thomas, and Glover's Sarcoptic Mange Medicine, applied in large, greasy gobs by the Group Staff. The patient is doing well as can be expected . . . under the circumstances.

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**Hats Off To Our Girls!**

When it comes to doing their part in this War, our hats will have to be taken off to the girls in the Airplane Maintenance Form 41 Room. They are not only doing a swell job of keeping the records on the airplanes, but several of them have husbands "over there."

Gertrude Griffin is a Gold Star Sister. Her brother, Gunner Robert Griffin, was killed in the Gulf of Mexico while on active duty. Our sympathy is extended to Gertrude.

Lola Culp is working every day to help hasten the War's end so she can see her husband, Lt. Robert Culp, who is stationed in China with the U. S. Air Forces.

Lorraine Twitchell is patiently waiting for her husband, S/Sgt. James Twitchell, who is somewhere in England. She also has a brother in the Navy, who is somewhere in the Pacific.

Betty Jo Allgood is anxious to see her husband, Cpl. Herbert Allgood, who is stationed in North Africa. She, too, has a brother in the Army overseas.

*Continued on Page 14*

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**Whitnall Wit**

by Jack Whitnall

Here it is again, March 15th, and what does the 15th of March signify to you? Well, we'll give you three guesses! The easy way to figure your income tax is as follows:

Supposing your income is in the three digit bracket. You take 20 per cent off and give it to the Government—if you have got that much. If you ain't got that much you'll be fined 10,000 ducats; but of course you can deduct all your taxes which should amount to $645.34. From this amount you are allowed personal exemption to the amount of 10 per cent. To figure this take the number of the license on your automobile (if you ain't got an auto, you'd better get one) and subtract it from your 'phone number which should give you the fiduciary. Then take 25 per cent of this, add the white of an egg, a pinch of salt and heat in a warm oven.

**If You Live**

Should you survive this, start all over again with a new pencil and fresh paper. Be sure and save all the paper that you waste in figuring; it can be used next winter in starting fires in cold weather. Next year all income tax return papers will be made out in Chinese symbols so that the average citizen will have no trouble in making out returns.

Congratulations to the Canteen for going over the top 100 per cent in the National War Fund subscription.

We would like to call the attention of certain parties to the fact that all airplanes start better when the gas is turned on; in fact, they won't start with the gas turned off.

Carl Dunn was heard saying that he saves $50.00 a day. Seems that there is a fine of $50.00 for shooting quail out of season . . . so he doesn't shoot quail out of season.

**Drowned Duck**

The tall story of the week concerns none other than Dorr's C. O. Seems that while on a recent duck hunting expedition he saw a duck swimming around a lake. Taking careful aim, he pulled the trigger, the duck immediately went under the water, and the shot missed him.

After two or more tries, the C. O. sat down under a tree and contemplated better ways of murder. Taking his pipe out and stoking it real well, he lit up. At the first puff of smoke, the duck, thinking it was the smoke from the gun, went under water again. After smoking six pipefuls, the C. O. claims to have drowned the duck.

Lt. Hand while on A. O. duty the other night got very little sleep. Seems that every five minutes the 'phone would ring and the conversation would be something like this: "Sir, are we going to have a fire drill tonight?" The answer, "No, sir. Mister." "Huh, as far as we're concerned, Lt. Weaver does not need a love potion. A contribution is being taken up by the enlisted men of Dorr Field to purchase a triple potion for Lt. Boyle.

Congratulations to Sgt. and Mrs. Lambeth upon the arrival of a baby daughter this past week; mother and daughter are doing very nicely. No doubt "Poppa" will be passing out cigars, no doubt!

**And How?**

Willie Carson: "Martha, doesn't that young man know how to say good night?"

Martha Holbrook: "Boy, I'll say he does."

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At this time we wish to thank Kay Bramlett for the coke she always misses. Upon buying us each time we visit the auxiliary field.

**Tol'ably yours, Jack**

**Note of advice to Jack:** You'd better start ducking when within "throwing range" of certain ladies in the Administration Building. Cording to the grapevine, they're really laying for you!

*A Gremlin*
BOYS PREPARE FOR SERVICE AND POST WAR JOBS
First Lieutenant John Ordway, AAF, who was graduated with Embry-Riddle’s first Aircraft and Engine class, is typical of the students who have gone into the armed forces. “Every day in every war,” he says, “I am thankful for the know-how I got at Embry-Riddle. There may be times when guessing or trusting to luck will get you by, but knowing the right answers really counts right now.”

And knowing the right answers after the War will really count too. Aviation will continue to grow—that is certain. But when the War ends, the industry will place less and less emphasis on quantity and sheer numbers and will place the specialists at a high premium. Competition will boomerang with the coming of peace and rudely awaken us to normal living. Will you be able to compete?

In training the mind, Embry-Riddle does not lose sight of the fact that physical and social development are of prime importance in turning out a well-rounded individual. Guidance on the athletic field is capably handled by Lloyd Budgie, former tennis star and top-notch all-around athlete. Sports competitions under his direction attract every student, and for those who need instruction, there is no better teacher than the famous Budgie.

Private tennis courts on the Tech School grounds are available to students at all times, and when a student enrols he automatically becomes a member of the Macfadden-Deauville Cabaña Club, Miami Beach, where he has free range of the club’s facilities—lockers, pool, beach.

Low cost, well-supervised housing and excellent meals are an integral part of the Embry-Riddle program. An entire floor of the Technical School building has been reserved for boy students. The convenience of living in the Dormitory is a decided advantage, for close at hand is the Technical Library, an enviable collection of books which have been selected discriminatingly to fill the needs of the technical student. Close at hand too are the Cafeteria, the Canteen, the School Laundry. Motion pictures also are shown at intervals and may be attended free of charge.

The School is a community in itself, a community whose very air is permeated with contagious activity and progress, a community where young minds are invited to meet and join the world of aviation, the world of youth.

by Vadah Walker
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

The Carlstrom-Dorr Enlisted Men's Club officially opened with a bang last Saturday evening. Most all the personnel of both fields visited the club rooms for at least a little while during the evening, and all report a grand time! The enlisted men of the two fields did all work themselves, completely remodeling the rooms. The boys enjoy doing it and the club is definitely a success. Congratulations, GIs, on your opening night and on the swell job you're doing!

Welcome back to Cpl. Clayton MacPhail who has been off on furlough. Also, welcome back to Capt. Norman D. Stuart who has been transferred once again to Carlstrom Field.

Cpl. Scotty Seres has been elected Secretary-Treasurer of the C-D Club in the recent elections held at Carlstrom.

From Miami

Karen Draper, Aviation Adviser to Women for Embry-Riddle, flew up from Miami with Joe Horton and flight student Madeline Fite last week. Madeline is the daughter of Col. Hugh Fite who is well known to Riddleites and is now overseas.

Congratulations to the Canton department for being the only department on the field to contribute 100 per cent to the War Fund Drive which was held recently!

Word has been received that Mrs. Alfred Odena recently spent a couple of weeks in the local hospital. However, she's out now and here's hoping she'll make a quick and complete recovery.

Our sincerest sympathy is extended Instructor Nelson Otto who was called to Niagara Falls upon the death of his mother.

A/C Bennie F. Benton, Jr., defeated A/C Ira L. Long, Jr., in two out of three tennis matches to become the Singles Tennis Champion for Class 44-G.

Six mechanics have been transferred to Carlstrom Field from Embry-Riddle Field at Union City. They are: Joseph Howard, Burl Jones, Leonard Merritt, Fred Terry, Thompson Wilson and Russell Reddick, who, by the way, worked at Carlstrom before going to Union City. Welcome, fellows, and we hope you'll like it here!

Old Enough

Congratulations to Willie "Red" Humphries on his 23rd birthday March 11, 1944. Now that he's old enough, Willie says that the wedding bells will ring for him on Easter Sunday. Congratulations again, Willie!

Saturday, March 4th, Pat Allen and Sgt. John Livangood were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William T. McGalliard. The ceremony was performed by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt. Mrs. McGalliard was the bride's only attendant, and Sgt. Wade H. Howe acted as best man.

Wedding Dinner

Following the wedding ceremony, a dinner was given for the bridal party at the McGalliard home. We extend our congratulations to Sgt. Livangood and wish both him and the Mrs. much happiness in the future.

We enjoyed having Harold Neely, from the Chicago District of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, spend a short time with us during the past week. Come back more often, Mr. Neely.

RED CROSS WAR FUND

The American Red Cross renders assistance to all men and women of the United States Armed Forces. Its war fund, unprecedented in size to meet the unprecedented need, must reach $200,000,000 to carry on its job in 1944. When you send in your donation be generous.

SAFETY SLANTS

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

One of these days the War will be over and the problems of conversion to peacetime operations will have to be faced. Similar problems may arise at an earlier date through the completion of old contracts and the start of new. Many of us will have to switch to other jobs or other employers, probably in a much more highly competitive market than has existed in a long time.

He who has the greatest skill, the widest training, the best record—with the "most on the ball"—is going to have the best chance to stay in his present, or obtain new, employment and to rate more rapid advancement and higher pay.

Prevent Accidents

The foreman with a record of safe operations in his department has "more on the ball." Accidents are expensive—they lower profits, production and morale, yet can be prevented. Regular attendance at and participation in the Embry-Riddle Foremanship Safety Training Conferences will teach you how to prevent accidents and give you a real advantage over the other fellow when the going gets tough—when it's a question of the survival of the fittest.

This course of training costs you nothing in cash and only twenty hours out of a lifetime. Many of our supervisory personnel are attending every session. Our accident frequency rates drop as knowledge of hazard recognition and accident prevention increase. If you are in a supervisory capacity, if you are not attending, if you don't think you owe it to your employer and the workers under you—be selfish—you owe it to yourself. GET "more on the ball." It isn't too late to start NOW.

RATIONING REASON

Fat Pedestrian (knocked down by a car): "Couldn't you have gone around me?"

Motorist: "I wasn't sure whether I had enough gasoline to make it."
Things have been quiet this week, both on the Army side and the Riddle-McKay. We have just learned the reason—Capt. Cromwell is on leave. Not that we didn’t miss him, but you know how it is.

We are happy to have Mrs. Marcus, Supervisor of PBX Operators, back with us after several days’ illness. We missed you.

The saying goes, “All great men will come to the top, sooner or later.” We hereby announce on this first day of March that the following enlisted men received their promotions sooner than expected: Sgts. John G. Baker and Robert A. Storms to Staff Sergeants; Cpls. Russell Chesley and Reginald A. Smith to Sergeants; Pvt. Donald L. Bracht to Corporal; Pvt. Justin G. Stewart to Private First Class. Congratulations!

Double Celebration

Seen at the club Saturday night celebrating their fourteenth wedding anniversary with a number of friends were Mr. and Mrs. T. E. “Boots” Frantz, Jr. It seems that George Washington Jones, Jr., was trying to get in on the party by celebrating his twenty-seventh birthday. Mr. Frantz reports that he doesn’t know whether they ever got to “Flywheel’s” part of the party; however, with the combined parties a lovely time was had by all.

Well, at last it’s happened! Mr. Lobdell has passed his physical and is to be inducted as Pvt. Lobdell in March. We want you to know you will be missed greatly and our very best wishes go with you always, George. So long, Soldier!

Love Bird Tweets

Tweet! Tweet! There that love “Bird” goes again. That thing is really busy these days. Mr. and Mrs. Laverne “T” Erickson have just returned from their honeymoon and now John Shamp, Flight Instructor, and Louise “T” Cashon are married. Last Friday was the big day. Wonder who will be next on Cupid’s list? Watch that “Bird,” folks!

Guess why Lt. Saul “T” (Salty) Sheriff is growing a beard? Could it be that he is trying to camouflage his face? Can’t see why with a handsome face like that!

Our visitors this week were “Len” Povey, his assistant, Bob Davis, and W. B. O’Neil who is still with us.

Cpl. Cunningham and Fran Hochsteller of Omaha, Neb., were married February 12 at Christ Church Cathedral in St. Louis.

It’s good-bye to Instructor Gordon McCann who leaves for Clewiston, Fla., where he will instruct RAF cadets. Gordon has been written up several times for his patriotism. He takes his entire salary in War Bonds.

As your English Cadets will say, “Cheerio, ole man, and lots of good luck to you.”

Soldier Song

Dear Mom:

Can’t write a thing. The Censor’s to blame. Just say I’m well and sign my name. Can’t tell where we sail from. Can’t mention the date. Can’t even number the meals I ate. Can’t say where we’re going. Don’t know where we’ll land. Couldn’t inform you if met a band! Can’t mention the weather. Can’t say if there’s rain—all military secrets must secrets remain. Can’t have a flashlight to guide me at night. Can’t smoke a cigarette except out of sight. Can’t keep a diary for such is a sin. Can’t keep the envelopes my letters come in. Can’t say for sure, Mom, just what I can write so I’ll call this a letter and close with good night!

A Pilot’s Fantasy

by Jo Anne Cottrell

The intangible touch of a distant cloud
The sense of a majestic delight
A gush of wind, the freeness of flight
Are the things of a pilot’s heart!

The sound of the motor’s persistent hum
Above the miniature earth below
Colors that dim even Rembrandt’s glow
Are the things of a pilot’s heart!

Clouds lined with the colors of Persian silks
Touched by sunset’s crimson ray
The awakening of stars, ending of day,
Are the things of a pilot’s heart!
ROUND RIDDLE

The ladies of Riddle-McKay are getting in full swing on their basketball and golfing and a few of the girls are playing tennis. We have found a few coaches who have been kind enough to help us.

Mrs. Marjorie Bjornsen is very efficiently coaching the basketball girls into good shape to represent this Field in competition with other teams.

Dorothy Webster is the patient and efficient tennis coach and so far we have about seven girls on the team. They are Miss Webster, Virginia Dwyer, Julia Dyess, Lois Hefflin, Claire Carlisle, Louise Roath, Lucille Binkley and Jeanne O'Neill.

The golf instructor is Mr. Leonard, the Clewiston "pro," and great things are expected from the girls in golf.

Softball is being organized with practice scheduled this week. All persons interested should contact Mr. Ruhlander of the Army Office who will get the teams from the various departments under way.

The first class has completed the new instrument course conducted by F/C Johnny Cockrill and the second class is now under way.

F/C Ken Woodward is now completing the AAF instrument course at Bryan, Texas, and is expected to return shortly.

F/O Paul Badger is leaving this Field today for parts unknown. Best of luck, Paul, and come back to see us.

Sgt. Studley of the Hospital staff is expected to return to duty this week. Sgt. Studley was called home suddenly because of his father's illness.

Jimmy Cousins, Commander of the Harvard Squadron, has been given a leave of absence because of ill health. A steak dinner in his honor was arranged by the members of his Squadron last week at the Instructors' Club.

Chef for the evening was Larry De Marco and guests included General Manager "Ernie" Smith, Director of Flying, Harry Lehman, Major Durham and W/C De Gruyther.

One of the first of the personnel here at Riddle Field, back in early '42, Jimmy has made many friends and all join in wishing him a speedy recovery and an early return to his old post.

COURSE 18

During the past week our total of AT hours has run well into two figures (the average figure is a military secret) and several of us have been subjected to the AT torture chamber—you know what!

To the majority of us the amazing fact about the AT is that the more you fly it the less you seem to know about it. As we are the eighteenth course, no doubt this has been thought, even if not recorded, seventeen times before.

Speaking of military secrets, the music is on order and under way. What music?

Why, the music for our Barber Shop Quartet. As prophesied in this column, our rugger experts stripped the pants off Course 19 to the extent of 18 to 3, although we will concede a relatively minor soccer reverse to them; and just to keep the Instructors under control, our basketball representatives checked them handily and handsomely.

COURSE 19

Between Monday and Friday of last week we have very little to tell about ourselves. Flying and swatting are going on as usual, with a mad panic to get in solo hours in preparation for next week's cross country.

The week end brought most of us a major thrill, in the form of our first visit, en masse, to Palm Beach. We are still filled with wonder at the beauty of that city and the amazing hospitality of our hosts and hostesses—Mrs. NeSmith in particular.

As for the feminine coastguards, SPARS, who helped us have an absolutely wizard time, I think we are in favor of them.

To those of you who wondered last week what the heck a "Beltie" fringe is, our contributor is frantic to inform you that the word "Beltie" is a printer's error. (Personally, we think it was merely due to his poor writing.) Anyway, the words intended were "Celtic Fringe."

Editor's Note: Personally, you're right. We too wondered what the heck "Beltie" was.

IN FULL FLYING REGALIA are Cadets Charles Taylor, left, and Jack Hayward of Course 17 at Riddle Field.
AIRCRAFT and ENGINES
by Dick Hourihan

Production and more production is the paramount goal of the Aircraft and Engine Division. Production is the life blood of any organization and it is up to us, the employees of this Division, to keep it flowing. The time has passed when a half-hearted effort is all that is needed. We must spend every minute and lend every effort towards production. The future of the Aircraft and Engine Division is our future as well. The possibilities are unlimited and the rest is up to us.

Better

If we were to stop and study our organization, we would find first of all that the employees are as good or better than any other similar company. Second, the working conditions and equipment are of the best. Third, the wage scale is a high if not higher than any other plant in this area. And last, the executives are unsurpassed anywhere. Now, with the combination of these four what can possibly stop us?

It will be necessary for each of us to work and study hard to gain a thorough knowledge of the aircraft industry. The specialization in one phase of aircraft construction is not enough. The future demands a good sound knowledge of everything pertaining to aircraft and even to the art of flying itself.

We must study and master every type of aircraft, engine and instrument. We must learn to fly 'em as well as build 'em. We must understand the punishment an airplane takes. To acquire this knowledge will require time, study and sacrifices. Is it too much to pay for a good solid future?

Novices

The majority of us couldn't tell an airplane from a sea sled when we started to work in this Division. We have, since that time, done remarkably well. We have made mistakes but that is to be expected from green hands. Now we are old enough at this game to ripen into honest-to-goodness aircraft mechanics.

In order to insure our future and the A & E future as well, we must not only do our work better than anyone else, but we must reach perfection in all our operations.

The Aircraft and Engine Division must not be second rate. We must maintain our good and honest reputation of having the best in aircraft, engine and instrument overhaul. And this we can do. Let's give it all we have.

Don't waste wastepaper—Save it!

ANN WESTERVELT

INSTRUMENTS
by Walter Dick

Well, something went wrong last week and "Grace" was credited with the column instead of just the poem at the end. Errors are the thing we correct in Instruments and strive to prevent in our work, but errors like the above mentioned can cause a chuckle.

Things are buzzing again as Mel Klein and Hugh Skinner. This time it is additional electrical test equipment. Not that they were handicapped for lack of equipment, but we are always after the best that can be had.

The name Skinner brings to mind why was Jane Skinner so happy Monday? Frank Torian has been having a big time of late with those engine gauge units. The units and telling the latest jokes to his two bench partners have really kept him busy.

Chilly, Eh?

Rod and Jim have been quite busy the past few days running temperature checks on altimeters—just a look at the thermometer in the test chamber made you look for your fleece-lined shoestrings—60 degrees below is cold.

Snyder, one of our watchmakers, has been doing some nice work on those timepieces so dear to the heart of the watchmaker—elapsed time clocks. Nice going, Snyder.

Saturday we had a visit from Lt. Young, USN, now stationed at Opa Locka. Glad to have you, Lieutenant, and hope you will visit us again soon.

Ann Westervelt, wife of our Maurice Westervelt, is spending a 21-day furlough here. She paid us a visit Monday. Ann worked with us prior to her enlistment in the WACS last September. She received her six weeks of boot training at Daytona Beach and was sent to Carlsbad, N. M., where she is now stationed with the 4th Air Force, 8th Service Command.

Monday we had a visit from a group from the Jack & Heintz Gyro company, including Mr. Bill Jack. They were shown through our shop by Joe Horton and Bill Beckwith. We hope all our visitors liked our shop for we are proud of it and the work we turn out there.

Buy Bonds

In an item from the Orlando Morning Sentinel there appeared a new low-down on the Japs. I quote: "The Oriental red bugs prefer rats to Japs." Folks, when even the lowly insects detest the Japs, is it not time we did our best to push these little yellow creatures back to their own little island and wall them in or even push them into the sea?

Let us all do our best at our jobs and then use our money for War Bonds. Yes, I know the big drive is over, but the War isn't, and the purchase of War Bonds is still as essential as ever. Buy another Bond this pay day.

Now in closing here is a thought given me by one of our crew: "You can't spell Victory with an absent T."

WING FLUTTER
by Chester Abdorf

As most of my readers at Aircraft Overhaul know, I am on a somewhat overdue vacation and am making good use of that time by taking a busman's holiday working with the Field Service department.

For the past few days we have been at Chapman Field where Field Service has been assembling the Stinson SR-9C aircraft belonging to the Grimes Manufacturing Company, Urbana, Ohio, following a major overhaul at Aircraft Overhaul.

We left Miami on Friday morning to go to Chapman where the aircraft was to be assembled. Everything went very smoothly and by late Saturday afternoon the assembly was almost complete, pending electrical and radio work, which had to be done by the Radio Engineer at Chapman.

It is the opinion of all those who saw the ship assembled at Chapman Field that it is the most beautiful job yet done at Aircraft Overhaul.

Continued on next page
ENGINE NOISES
by Wally Tyler

Now that Division Accounting is well established in its new domicile, and the little group is thoroughly enveloped in duties, and Dick Honour is, as usual, hunting for some bedraggled soul to write this column, stumbling on me as the not uncommon resort, I find that it is very much like old times, when we were originally set up in Engine Overhaul.

We are all glad to be back over here, and Tech II has a little to do with it, because there were no really good places to eat near our old office. I have noticed a few extra pounds floating around our office, and much to my regret they are not on me.

John Ross, familiarly known as Joao, has just returned from a trip to North Carolina, where he spent his vacation. He informed us that the chilly blasts of winter are still raging in those parts, and Miami was a welcome sight.

Oldtimer

This week we had a visitor in Engine Overhaul who was one of the first employees of Embry-Riddle and was the first to join the Army, Jimmy Bothwell, now stationed in Mississippi, took a turn around the place and all his old acquaintances were mightily glad to see him again.

We have a new ping pong table along with all the paraphernalia that goes with it, even down to a few good players. It has already been initiated and seems to be destined to become one of our most popular games.

A proposal has been put forth that we organize a small tournament, with the opening game to be a doubles match between Charlie Griffin and William Thomas on one side, and Joe Horton and Ted Nelson on the other side, with Bill Ehne as referee.

Marguerite Lapham, who keeps track of our stock inventory, has been having a slight epidemic of automobile blues. On top of a flat tire every now and then, she discovered that her gasoline was taking a short cut to the road by way of a few extra holes in the gas line.

All Wet!

Part of Division Accounting's feminine crew sailed down to Matheson Hammock beach last Sunday, arriving just in time for a good rain storm. Louie Allison, May Sandridge, Marge Aston and Jackie Cross escorted one long, and I'd say very lucky, soldier but they all missed out as far as acquiring any more tan. They plan to catch up with it on another Sunday.

Carl Heider, Bill Twitchell and Ernest Sinnes took all of Mr. Griffin's office equipment, including his model car, engines and miscellaneous knick-knacks, over to the new office, not to mention all of the draftsmen's equipment. Aledre Klinger and Valois Smith had no idea that our General Manager had so many interesting things.

MOVIES AT TECH

"The Nazis Strike," the second in the Army's "Why We Fight" series, will be shown on Monday and Tuesday nights on the fourth floor of the Tech School in connection with the Foremen's meetings. These movies should be seen by all employees and arrangements for other showings may be made through the Safety Director.

A. D. D.'S
by Mary Frances Perner

Flash! Patricia A. McNamara while frying potatoes one night last week proceeded to cook herself along with the potatoes. We are all sorry to hear of her accident and wish her a speedy recovery.

Malcolm L. Porter celebrated his birthday March 7th. He declined to mention how many candles should have been on the cake that was given to him by Supply, but we all hope he has many more birthdays.

Dorothy Keyser is looking forward to a trip to Arcadia for the Dorr Cadet dance this week end. Don't smile at too many of the boys, Dorothy, or they may not let you come back to Miami.

The reason for Betty J. Ferguson's absence this past week was a visit from her mother who lives in Ohio. We know you were happy to have her here, Betty.

Buddy Brown, who is now a Staff Sergeant in the Army, and his wife came to visit us last week. We hope they will come to see us again soon.

Our Captain is going to leave us this week for a visit to Warner Robbins Air Service Command at Macon, Ga.

We had a visit this week also from a former soldier stationed at Embry-Riddle, namely S/Sgt. Red Adams, who was Pvt. Adams when we knew him here. We hope he will hurry back.

PS. My little information glemlin just informed me that Sgt. Brown is entering O.C.S. on Miami Beach with the new class and will be "incommunicado" for a month. The best of luck to you, Buddy.

WINING FLUTTER
Continued from preceding page

At Chapman Field we find that the sound of aircraft engines replaces the sound of riveting hammers that we are accustomed to hearing at Aircraft Overhaul. It is a beehive of activity, with the constant drone of the planes overhead, with student pilots at the controls. One experiences a feeling of pride standing there watching the pilots practicing approaches, landings, take-offs and other training maneuvers, knowing that each one of us has had a hand in helping to train these students, students who may help to shape the destiny of tomorrow.

Perhaps you repaired that damaged rigger in the fuselage of that airplane the last time it was in for a major overhaul. Maybe you helped cover it or assemble it. Each little job, well done, has made this a safer airplane for that student to fly.

We were sorry to hear that Virginia Wainescott was thrown from her bicycle and badly injured last Saturday night. We hope she will recover soon and will join us again.

We are glad to have with us at Aircraft Overhaul the following members of the Cuban Air Corps: Lt. Martin Mendez, Lt. Jose Cagigal, Sgt. Jose Mesa, Sgt. Manuel Gonzalez and Sgt. Quirino Cruz. These men have been sent here by their government to study our methods of aircraft repair. We heartily welcome these gentlemen and hope they enjoy being with us.

HATS OFF
Continued from Page 7

Susan Flowers has a son in the Seabees, Seaman 1/c Gordon Flowers, who is stationed in the Aleutian Islands. Margaret Lyons' brother, S/Lt. W. L. Lyons, is in the Pacific area. Most of the other girls have sweethearts in the service some place in this vast world of ours.

Now, we do not mean that the girls should have all the praise, for the men of the Maintenance department are doing their part too. Many of them have sons and brothers in the armed services of their country.

Walter Szemore has two brothers in the Army, Pts. Harold and Carl Szemore. William M. Proctor's son, James A. Proctor, is an aviation cadet. William H. Smith has a brother in the Navy, S/2c Irvin J. Smith. Owen Mercer has two brothers, A/C James L. Mercer who is stationed in Arkansas and Pvt. Adam F. Mercer who is stationed on one of the islands of the South Pacific.

John F. Bellflower has a brother, S/1c Barney Bellflower, in the Coast Guard. Emory L. Cross has two brothers, Cpl. Harry Cross who is stationed in South America and Sgt. Clay Cross who is stationed in Italy. Jack Pooser has a brother, Pfc. Mike Pooser of the Air Corps, stationed in Italy. Capt. "Rocky" Steele, brother of Jack Steele, is somewhere in England.

Willie C. Allgood has a son-in-law, HOM 2/c Ernest Forehand, who has been in the Navy two and one half years with twenty-six months of foreign service. Dolph Rude has two sons-in-law in the Navy, ARM 2/c Frank Hendry and MM 2/c Thomas (Bo) Strickland.

There are, of course, many more from this department who have close relatives in the services. Our hat is off to them all.

The men and women of Airplane Maintenance are doing double service for their country by keeping the home front functioning and also helping to keep the fighting men supplied with food.

Keep it up, you men and women of Dorr Field, and buy more War Bonds.
DORMITORY LIFE

by Edith Chapman

Hanging on to Mrs. Sessions’ newly painted limousine, we sped at the rate of two and a half miles an hour over to the new Dorm on Menores. We were greeted by the girls and some visiting friends from across the street.

Peeking into the housemother’s apartment, we found Ora Mae Beery slaving over her income tax, but who doesn’t these days?

Added to our harem is Peggy Humphries of Tarrantown, Conn. Peg is taking Flight and although she has only been here a few days already has acquired one of Skip Selby’s haircuts. Cute though.

Sis Gibbs, from Yazoo, has found a new admirer at Tech . . . need we say more?

Al and Irish seem to have made quite a hit with the British Cadets from Clewiston. These two are inseparable so no wonder they are always being confused in the Fly Paper.

Dunkless Solo

“Peppy” Flite soloed last week, but we’ve had no reports about a bathtub dunking. Something must be done about this, girls!

After completing our visit at Menores, we strolled back casually to find our own Dorm quite the same, except for the ending of a hilarious navigation problem. Seems as though it lasted several days with Martha Howard the acclaimed winner.

Our own Jan Williams has a new twinkle in her eyes. Could it be because she’s heard from Steve, or is it a new flame?

You haven’t lived until you’ve tasted Jo Rudford’s burned toast, or heard her crunching it at 6 a.m.

“Stinky” Willis had as her guests at Golden Beach over the week end Deaton VanOver, Bonnie Bonner, Jenny Worley and Bette Moffett. All reported a wonderful time. The main event was an alligator hunt. When asked what they would have done if they had seen it, they shuddered and turned a very pale green.

Edith Bubas made her cross country flight this week. She’s not only a good pilot but a wonderful cook. All males take note.

To our Gillie we’d like to say that the thoughts of each and every one of us are with you. Hurry back to us.

TECH TALK

by Pauline Bodell

At the wedding of Chauffleurette Martha Cooper and Andrew Warga, February 21, all of Transportation was present. Rae Lane was the bride’s only attendant and Cooper Warga, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. Rev. Everett Smith united the happy couple in marriage.

Lost to Transportation is Wilma (Billy) Mahry who is sorely missed by the PBX operators.

Dorothy Scott, whose husband is on the Brazilian program, is working temporarily in Mr. Helvey’s office.

Jean Carty is the proud possessor of a new picture of her husband who is with the Quartermaster Corps in England.

Virginia Casey, better known as Gimmy, is Mr. Carlton’s new secretary.

Wonder Man?

Wonder who gave Mary Manos that box of candy?

Katherine Sandmeyer, who used to be Supervisor of Canteens, is going to Fort Bragg for four months’ training in an Army hospital after which time she will be appointed an Army nurse.

S/Sgt. R. W. Adams, who was with the Permanent Party here at Tech, paid us a visit Friday. He’s stationed at the Lakeland Air Base. “Red” was bedecked with sharpshooter medals and the Army Good Conduct ribbon.

The WAVES lost another recruit when Larry Hall was not sent to Puerto Rico. Helene Hirsch has decided to remain a civilian a while longer.

Poor Red, our four-footed friend, leads a dog’s life. Mamma Cat will not allow him on the south end of the porch.

Mrs. James McLaughlin, whose husband is on the Brazilian program, is smiling again since her husband found the diamond which she lost out of her ring.

It will be nice when the 15th of March is past and the corners of our mouths can turn back up.

Little Carol

Colorful visitor at Tech Tuesday was little red-haired Carol, daughter of Lois Mills of Mimeograph.

And by the way, nobody mentioned that I embarked upon my first plane trip at vacation time, so guess I’ll have to do the honors myself. It became rather embarrassing to have to admit that I worked at Embry-Riddle yet had never soared about in the blue, thus my initial flight, which certainly will not be my last.

DORMITORY LIFE

by Edith Chapman

By joining the WAVES, Mary Catherine Gendall has rounded out the war effort of her family and becomes the third member in active service. One brother is in the Navy, another is in the Army and her father is a USO director. Mary Catherine has been employed as assistant to Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women.

She has been accepted as an officer candidate and will be in training for an Ensign’s commission at the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipman School, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Family of Doers

Mary Catherine comes from a family of “doers,” who frequently land in different states on various interesting jobs. Right now, the family headquarters are on a farm they call home in Bucks County, Pa. But not a single member of the family is left on the farm, and probably won’t be there until the war is ended.

Her two brothers in the service are Gilbert H. Kendall, Jr., a Lieutenant (jg) in the Navy, somewhere in the South Pacific, and Robert M. Gendall, in the Army, studying under the specialized training program at the University of Michigan.

Boy Scout Executive

Her father, Gilbert H. Gendall, was formerly regional executive of the Boy Scouts of America for more than fifteen years during which time the family was located in Rockville Center, Long Island, N. Y.

Mr. Gendall retired to his farm, but not for long. He is now working at Rochester, N. Y., as director of the USO there. Mrs. Gendall is with him.

Mary Catherine was educated at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, and following her graduation worked for four years in Cleveland in the business office of the Bell Telephone Company. After the war started she was employed in defense plants in Pennsylvania.

Her hobby is music and she has a large collection of records. But her principal interest is aircraft building, and she hopes to be able to follow that line of work in the future.

RADIO STUDENT JANNE WILLIAMS, who lives at the Embry-Riddle Dormitory for Girls, is a native of Lynbrook, N. Y. She expects to use her training to good advantage in war work on the home front.
My dear Syd:

It is a long while since I have heard from the noble tribe of Embry-Riddles, but who should turn up in this Squadron but our friend "Parachute" Riggs of Course 5. In fact, he shares the same room with me and binds me over my (illegal) electric fire.

The lame brains in charge of the pilot's refrigeration, I mean the fuel officer type, have provided us with some magnificent fireproof coke, which just doesn't seem to know there is a war and that it is expected to burst merrily into roaring flame, like the best Derbyshire nuts . . . nuts to it.

Well, Syd, how's yourself? Still housing the ever increasing multitude with ever increasing skill? I've immortalized you and Mr. Riddle in a world famous best selling novel, only no one seems to realize this and no one wants to publish it. A terribly poor show of which an exceedingly dim view is taken by the author who would gladly send you an autographed copy were there any copies to send. I have since written another on the same theme which I think is better and have more hopes for it. It's a depressing life.

I have been flying "Spits" for the last year, and it's a wizard kite. Nothing quite so well mannered anywhere except perhaps the old Stearman.

Do you ever get out to Clewiston? I expect it has changed beyond all recognition now. More grass, less sand and bigger, better, juicier ice cream sundaes. I love those civilian-air-marshall-Hollywood glamour hats dished out to the instructors. Boy, what a line one could hand out safely enshrined under one of those.

You're English so you'll understand this. I was worried at first when our American friends came over. No one seemed to take much notice of them and you'd see them standing around in lonely looking groups wishing beer was coca-cola and tea was coffee. After all they had done for us out there it made one's conscience tingle at a ten AMP tingle. But now things have melted. English people are just as kind but they take longer, and they go about it differently.

We have got used to having each other around, and I think we are doing all we can to make their stay as pleasant to remember as possible. We are sadly handicapped. It is difficult to do anything spectacular with rationing and a blackout, but those who have opened their homes to them have each helped in his own way to bridge the gulf that separates mutual love and understanding of our two nations.

I think we all realize now who is winning the War for whom, or who has the best this and that. Slowly it is beginning to be generally understood that we are all winning the War not for any flagwaving jingoism, bolshevik or capitalist nonsense, but because we all happen to be fighting for our lives, and the less said the better.

I think if intelligently handled, the whole situation will be to the good. There are many things we could usefully learn from America and there are things that they could pick up from us without being any the worse for it.

There are faults like the almost vulgar exuberance of the youngish nation, and the time mellowed in-a-rut stiffness of a nation whose ideas are fundamentally the same since Magna Carta. The two should be allowed to interplay and soften each other, without detracting from the character of either.

Anyhow, here's to all those thousands who had to come over here to fight a War they didn't want any more than we did.

Give my love to the gorgeous Pennoyer who never sent me the photo she promised. Riggs sends his love.

All the best, Syd, and ever yours,

Desmond Leslie

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