D-DAY

For days, months and years the world has waited for "D" Day, the great moment when the armed forces of Democracy would commence their greatest task in the freeing of the enslaved peoples of Europe. During this time the soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines have been practising, practising and practising for zero hour.

We, the people not directly connected, have conjectured, surmised and grumbled, "Why don't they get on with it?" What are our re-actions now it has arrived?

We look out on a Florida sky, as blue as ever, with perhaps a cloud here and there; we eat, drink, work and play just the same as before. Outwardly there is nothing different, but deep within us we are whispering a prayer that all will go well with our crusaders on the other side of the ocean and that Johnny, Bill or Jack will come through O.K.

The boys over there, tense with the apprehension of combat and the long arduous training they have had, will pause after their first gruelling duel with death and think that it wasn't so bad after all. They will take out the latest letter or picture of their loved ones and reassure themselves that the ideal for which they fight is the real thing. Then on again!

To them this day is a definite and tangible step toward the time when they will recross the seas and rejoin their loved ones in the villages, towns and cities of their homelands. They think of the times they will have then, the tales they will be able to tell to their friends. Perhaps they wonder how the "Dodgers are doing!"

They cannot see the overall effect of the fighting as we can from the distance—to them, with their individual objectives, it is a job to be done to the best of their ability and as part of the great team they must not and will not let their side down.

But whichever side of the ocean we are on, whether in the fight or not, the hopes and fears are the same. Let us pray to Almighty God that the days of strife are running short and let us look forward to the days of blessed peace.

—F/Lt. L. N. Kenyon, R.A.F.
Letters to the Editor

Brooklyn 30, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I have read one of the many Fly Papers your school has published and should like to receive copies regularly.

Although I am under age for your school, I still have my hopes, for I am deeply interested in aviation.

I hope my letter hasn't troubled you in any way.

Yours truly,
Harvey M. Barenblut

Editor's Note: We welcome your interest in Embry-Riddle. The spelling of your name has been corrected. Thank you for calling our attention to the error.

P.S. You spelled my name wrong, but it doesn't matter very much.

News of local doings is pretty scarce because of Security Regulations; however, I can tell you I have been over China and have about 50 hours on combat missions.

It is very hot and stifling here in India and water is scarce and ice is not (period). China is very cool but still not ice. Beer is terribly scarce—I had a bottle four weeks ago. We are living in tents and eating in the open, in the wind and dust, out of mess kits.

Guess I had better close. Will write any further news later.

Best,
T. Waldo Davis

Editor's Note: We hope to welcome you to our school, Harvey, just as soon as you reach the necessary age. Until that time, the Fly Paper will be a regular arrival at your home and will keep you posted concerning the activities at Embry-Riddle.

“Somewhere in India”

Dear Editor,

I flew over here and had a wonderful trip. Now I have flown over practically the entire world. Occasionally I bump into Embry-Riddle-ites in all sorts of places and we enjoy talking over old times.

Tell the fellows at all the Schools that their boys are doing a fine job. It does my heart good to run into an old student of mine over here and have I done that several times.

Thanks for the congrats on my little gal. She is now two and one-half months old and I would surely like to see her. I hope you will send a copy of your Fly Paper to my wife each issue and send me a copy over here. Mail is very scarce and you have no idea what letters, etc., can do for a fellow's morale.

Ask everyone to drop a line to the boys they know as I know how much every letter means. Also if any of my old friends have time, I would certainly like to hear from them.

“Then I Didn't Get One”

Dear Roscoe:

I have your letter of the 21st and thank you for your thoughtfulness on account of Lewis. He is 1st pilot of a Liberator heavy bomber, having gone overseas early in February, 1943, when he was assigned to the Army Air Force and was based in Hawaii until this last November when he took active part in the seizure of the Gilbert Islands where he is now based.

He was awarded the Air Medal for meritorious achievement on May 7th, 1943, in connection with long distance raids on the islands of Nauru and Tarawa in the Gilberts, made from Funafuti, a temporary base. He was promoted to the rank of 1st lieutenant on October 31st, 1943, was awarded the Purple Heart medal on December 31st as a result of the part he took in the seizure of the Gilbert Islands, and was awarded two Oak Leaf Clusters early in February, 1944.

Incidentally, you might be interested to know that he was back over Carlstrom Field for a few moments on Christmas Day, 1942, when after spending the day over the Gulf on practice duty he circled low over the Field in his Liberator Bomber, en route to Orlando for the night before returning to his field in Kansas.

In connection with the Purple Heart award, he does not explain at all, but apparently was not incapacitated in any way, for which we feel very thankful.

We think with much pleasure of our visit to your school; in fact, it came very near being our last visit with Lewis as he was not given a leave upon graduation as we expected, though he managed to come this way and spend two nights on his way to an Advanced training base in the West.

We feel much satisfaction in the knowledge that he was permitted to receive part of his early training at Carlstrom Field.

Our best wishes to you.

Sincerely,
Edward D. Cartwright

Later.

Dear Roscoe:

Just as my letter of Sunday regarding Lewis was mailed to you, we received some letters from him which were somewhat overdue, in which he tells us of having received around March 15th an additional award of the Distinguished Flying Cross.

While he holds that all these are routine awards denoting number of missions, etc., inasmuch as the news came so closely upon your request for his record, I thought I might be excused for sending this second note so that you might have it up to date.

It appears he is being broken in as Flight Leader and has on one occasion acted as Squadron Leader, which may explain this last award.

Sincerely,
Edward D. Cartwright

Editor's Note: The above letters written to H. Roscoe Brinton, General Manager of Carlstrom Field, unfold the activities of Lewis Cartwright, a graduate of Carlstrom Field's Class 42-G. Thanks to Mr. Cartwright for forwarding it to us. To Lewis, the very best of luck and continued successes.

West Cornwall, Conn.

Dear Roscoe:

I have your letter of the 21st and thank you for your thoughtfulness on account of Lewis. He is 1st pilot of a Liberator heavy bomber, having gone overseas early in February, 1943, when he was assigned to the Army Air Force and was based in Hawaii until this last November when he took active part in the seizure of the Gilbert Islands where he is now based.

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Sincerely,
Edward D. Cartwright

Editor's Note: Lt. Schultz was graduated with Course 12 at Riddle Field. His father writes in reply to inquiries made by Ernie Smith, General Manager of Riddle Field, who is always interested in following the flying careers of the boys trained under his management.
Dear Mr. Durden:

I wish to express my earnest appreciation for the photograph taken of our graduation, which I received a short while ago. It is a very excellent photograph and brings back pleasant memories of my stay at Riddle Field, and, as the letters she sends us show, her hospitality ripens into long-lasting friendships.

Yours sincerely,

Thomas Rigby

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Editor's Note: When you find that spare time, Tom, the Fly Paper would be more than glad to hear from you too. Are many of the Course 15 boys still together “over there”? Let us know what you Riddleites are doing.

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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. Requests for papers to be mailed to servicemen overseas must be signed by the addressee.

Name

Address
No. 5 BRITISH SEAPLANE SQUADRON

On mv first day with the Lord of Life, I was intrigued by an instrument called the artificial horizon. The miniature plane in the instrument indicates accurately at

Continued on opposite page
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by CARA LEE DABOLL

Peel out the bells, hoist up the flag and roll out the barrel, we’ve had a hallelujah day. “Buzz Boy” Bill McGrath flew his Instrument Rating Test like a homesick angel and returned with that “I did it” smile of success. Better he had flown straight skyrad had he not, says threatening but proud Instructor Helen Cavis. Congratulations, Instructor, Student and Instructor.

Crash Splash

Bruce “Commando” Hadley was unexpectedly launched last week while test hopping the Crash Boat with Al Sutter. Skipper Sutter tells us he accidentally lost balance while docking, but you know Al. Anyhow, congratulations on the new Water Rating, Bruce.

While we’re in the sunshine department, may we issue best wishes for a bright future to the bundle of blue that has come to live at the C. W. Tinsley, Jr., household. (C. W. Tinsley will be remembered by many of the old gang as one of the pioneer Flight Instructors at Municipal Airport and Chapman Field.) Congratulations, June, C. W., and Jr. III.

In our Greetings department, sincere words of welcome for our new General Manager, T. E. “Boots” Franz, Jr. Coming from Union City where he was in charge of Embry-Riddle Field, “Boots” arrived at Chapman last month to assume “commandership” of our Flight Division upon Sterling Camden’s transfer to Riddle Field. “Boots” joined ranks with Embry-Riddle in February of 1941 which makes him a 3 stripe now. “Boots” saw action first at Carlstrom Field, later moving to Union City where he became General Manager. He made an enviable record there as well as many friends, and it is our great pleasure that he has been transferred to our humble flight division. Welcome to a beautiful city and a great gang.

We won’t have room this time to tell you about friend husband for we are contributing the balance of the column to one of our most popular Flight Instructors, Tiny Wayne Davis, alias Flat Top, who is one of the original Flying Tigers, having seen action at Municipal Airport and “over the hump” between Chapman Field and practice Area No. 2. Tiny has another nickname of “Clay Indian” which he won as an aftermath of his incredible experiences as a Speed Demon on a Dirt Track.

A Fine Guy

Tiny received his Instructor Rating July 25, 1942, and since then has given instruction to more than 71 Cadets, some of whom are now flying with Uncle Sam’s forces in far theaters of War. Tiny’s treatment of students and his painless injection of psychology is a thing of beauty, winning for him respect as well as a good student proficiency rating.

Shrewd but jolly Tiny is noted for his good-naturedness and his very inimitable belly laugh that rocks the rafters of Operations, especially after he’s pressed a successful deal in his Five and Dime Concession. This latter profession is run strictly in conformity with O.P.A. Regulations, should anyone ask. Anyhow, here’s to a fine guy and a great instructor.

THRU

Continued from opposite page

all times whether the plane is flying straight-and-level, whether it is climbing, banking or diving. The image of Christ that we carry in our mind is a similar guide for living.

“Though we may be living in the clouds of perplexity or in the blackness of a night of disappointment or sorrow, the example of Christ will warn us of impending danger and direct us on our course of right-living and ultimate happiness. “We can be assured of obtaining the goal of Christian life by lovingly holding to the truth and growing up into perfect union with Him who is the head—Christ Himself.”

$500 BOND CONTEST

Embry-Riddle Offers
Five $100 Awards

Here is a chance for five Embry-Riddleites to win $100 War Bonds. At the end of the Fifth War Loan Drive, which will be July 8th, every employee, except executives and department heads, will be given a credit card for each $25 War Bond he has bought outright or has purchased through the payroll deduction plan.

Credit cards will be pooled at Carlstrom, at Dorr, at Riddle Field and in the Miami Division. An executive at each place will hold a drawing and the lucky person will receive his $100 Bond.

The fifth $100 Bond will go to the feminine employee who sells the most Bonds during the Drive. Bonds may be sold to anyone. The contestant simply must see that they are purchased through Embry-Riddle and that proper credit for the sale is recorded.

All Embry-Riddle employees, except executives and department heads, are eligible to compete in the Fifth War Loan Drive contest.

Chapman Flight Student Hopes To Pilot A B-25

“...I know I can’t take my husband’s place, but I do hope to make it possible for some other man to carry on his work,” stated Robbie Jo Popwell when she was asked why she was taking flight instruction at Chapman Field.

Her husband, S/Sgt. L. G. Popwell, born on November 11, 1918, when the world was wildly celebrating the Armistice, was named Lloyd George for the Prime Minister of England. He was killed in September, 1943, during air operations over the New Guinea area. His decorations included the Purple Heart and a citation of honor.

Fascinating

Robbie Jo’s ambition is to fly a B-25, the type of bomber plane in which her husband flew. “Flying is the most fascinating thing I’ve ever done,” she said. She had been up on sightseeing trips but never had flown a plane before coming to Embry-Riddle.

Known as “Lady Popwell” to her roommates in the Menores Avenue dormitory, Robbie Jo is determined to join the WASPS. Born in Hartwell, Ga., Robbie Jo later moved charge of Brunswick, Ga., where she attended the Glynn Academy. She was graduated in 1942 and was married a few months later.

Her mother, Mrs. G. C. Hill, also determined to contribute her share to the War effort, is in training for the WAC at Fort Oglethorpe.
Embry-Riddle Trained Aircraft Technicians Serve in All Theatres

Ten men on the ground for every man in the air. That was the call of the Army Air Forces when news of Pearl Harbor shocked the world on December 7, 1941. Of the aviation technical schools throughout the United States, Embry-Riddle was among the first to dedicate itself to the service of its country.

John Paul Riddle immediately ordered a tremendous expansion program. Under the direction of James E. Blakeley, spring of 1942 saw the large white technical building on 27th Avenue ready to receive hundreds of enlisted men of the Army Air Forces. Bank clerks, musicians, bus drivers—boys from every state in the Union and every walk of life—began their training as engine mechanics, welders, electricians and sheet metal workers.

Khaki Clad

A never ending stream of khaki flowed through the eight story building. Classrooms, barracks, work shops, cafeteria, library and clinic took on a military hue. When the rush of soldiers became even greater, Embry-Riddle’s Technical Division spilled into Coral Gables.

The Gables Coliseum, once widely known as an ice-skating rink, became a technical training center. Hotels and apartment houses where pleasure seekers had lounged for many winters were converted into barracks. Chintz curtains disappeared, vanity tables hid their faces in the darkness of storage rooms. Bare floors and double decker bunks were the new regime.

The Barcelona restaurant and the Gables cafeteria supplemented the cafeteria in the Technical School. Six a.m. was alarmed every morning on Ponce de Leon Boulevard as squadrons marched to breakfast singing the Air Corps song.

“A Marvelous Job”

“You are doing a marvelous job,” Major Gen. Walter R. Weaver, commanding general of the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command, said when he visited the School. “I know of no finer work than is being done by you in the training of aviation mechanics because aviation is going to take a tremendous spurt in the post-war period, going further than any of us can realize. You are not only equipping men to take their place in the War effort, but you are also starting them on a career.”

In addition to its Army program, Embry-Riddle trained Latin American students as instructor-mechanics and service-mechanics.

Brigadier General Lawrence A. Lawson

Presents Meritorious Service Award
To Embry-Riddle Technical School

For meritorious service in training aircraft technicians during 1942 and 1943, Embry-Riddle has been awarded the AAF Training Command’s Certificate of Service.

Embry-Riddle has graduated 6,076 electricians, welders, sheet metal workers, aircraft engine overhaulers and other technicians who are now serving on all fighting fronts.

Brig. Gen. Lawrence A. Lawson, former commanding general of Army Air Forces Training Center No. 1, Miami Beach, now in command of the Boca Raton Air Field, presented the scroll to John Paul Riddle on behalf of Lt. Gen. Barton K. Yount, commanding general of the AAF Training Command.

In reply to Gen. Lawson’s commendation for the “splendid and outstanding work” done by the School, Mr. Riddle said that he was “proud to take part in the War effort” and that credit for the School’s contribution should be given to the students and teaching staff.

To handle the tremendous training program, Embry-Riddle operated apartment houses, hotels, its own bakery, restaurants and cleaning establishments to house and care for the men.
To begin with, we want to extend our heartiest welcome to the following newcomers at the Tech School:
Geneva Berghuis, secretary to W. B. O'Neill; Elise Stephens, stenographer in Sales; Helen Thanos, Messenger; Louella Dickson, Payroll; Frances Kirkland, Canteen; and Rachel Jones, Canteen.
Dale A. Danielsen, who is a radio expert from the Midland Radio and Television School in Kansas City, is a new arrival at the Tech School and will assist G. R. Moorhead in laying out an advanced radio maintenance course.
Mr. Danielsen was Chief Instructor at the above-mentioned school and prior to that was airline radio technician and radio maintenance specialist for the Continental Airlines of Denver, Colo.

Janet and Gene
At this time we wish to re-welcome Janet Perry. Janet, as most of you know, has been with Embry-Riddle for more than two one-half years in various departments. We now welcome her back as George Wheeler's secretary. We sincerely regret, however, the loss of the very efficient and pleasant Gene Bryan, Mr. Wheeler's former secretary. We hope you will stop by and see us often, Geneva.
We wonder—Is this the real thing? Personnel's very popular Fran Frederick is visiting all the Miami shops in search of a wedding ensemble. Fran's romance certainly keeps us guessing.
Oh happy day! Fran Hydro, formerly of

Honor men of their class raise "Old Glory" on graduation day at the Technical School, Embry-Riddle has trained 6,076 aircraft technicians for the Army Air Forces.
'Round Riddle

We were honored Saturday, June 3rd, by a visit from Air Vice-Marshall R. P. Wills, G.B., who is the new deputy head of the RAF delegation in Washington, Sq./Ldr. C. M. Everson, D.F.C., and Sq./O C. M. Willis. After being shown around the Field, they attended the athletic meeting in the afternoon.

William Tartacowsky, former mechanic at Riddle Field, stopped in the other day to visit his friend, Federico Zeres. Bill is on his way back to Chile after having completed an instrument course at the Sperry Gyro Company.

It is rumored that “Gunner” Brink is still trying to master the fine art of sailing—at the expense of Lou Place and Capt. Cash. They were out on the Lake until quite late one night about a week ago.

Course 18 turned out in full strength for their graduation dance on the 3rd, and from all appearances everyone had a good time. Heard at the dance: “Are you a pilot or an instructor?”

Anniversary Dance

F/Lt. Lingard announces that plans are being made for a big anniversary dance to be held at the Sugarland Auditorium July 8th. Those of you who have attended our two previous anniversary dances know what swell affairs they are; this one promises to be bigger and better than ever before. Start planning now to attend.

Also on the social calendar, but a bit sooner, is another event planned by the Co-Pilots for the 24th. In addition to refreshments, there will be dancing and entertainment by Jed Coleman and our friend DeMarco.

New Navigation Officer

We welcome to Riddle Field F/O G. W. J. Willis who is to replace F/Lt. B. O. Smith as Navigation Officer here.

The Boeing Kaydet

with occasional apologies to Alfred Lord Tennyson

Translated from the original engine sputterings by Cadet Waller of 20 Course, “D” Flight

I come from haunts of grease and dope, Of riggers and mechanics, To fly around the countryside And sometimes cause some panics.

At heart I am a peaceful thing, With motion light and lazy, But green cadets with hamlike fists Just make me hopping crazy.

He kicks my rudder, jerks my stick, And bumps me on the ground, But when at last we’re in the air It’s I who shows him ‘round.

I dive, I zoom, I roll, I loop— My gremlins are the devil; To all these low-down tricks I stoop To spoil his straight and level.

I slip, I slide, I skid, I glide, I do a sudden stall; I gaily swing and flicker too, The needle and the ball.

I love to spin from way up high, Through cloud or mist or rain; And eyeballs pop like organ stops To get me straight again.

Soft floating cloudlets call me far From terra firma’s crust; I try to lose myself within The hydroscopic dust.

When aerobatics first he tries, With co-ordination chronic, A nice inverted spin, I find, Will fix him like a tonic.

He sometimes puts me on my back, Forgets next what to do; I let my belt out half an inch, The only thing to do.

And when he drops me on the ground I shudder, shake and quiver; This bouncing’s bad for me, I know, But so good for his liver.

But though it seems these tricks I play Are much in safety lacking, I really do them for your good, So come on chaps, get cracking!

Note War Bond Contest, Page 5
COURSE 18

"listening out!"

JUNE 1944
PROLOGUE

It was snowing—of course. It always seems to be in Canada. We looked around us at the others in the draft. Most of us had been together in Manchester, then on the boat. Now we were to go to the next part of our training—to No. 5 British Flying Training School, "somewhere in Florida."

Four days on the train. We were dirty, dishevelled and backsore. But were we downhearted? Anyway, our spirits were so restored at Sebring (lovely place) that we even started talking to each other again.

Mad scramble for overcoats, shoes, packs, etc.—we were getting near our destination—Clewiston. The train rounded the bend in a furious burst of speed, and there it was. There we were. Here we are. We were glad to see the last of that train—and boy, were those seats on the bus soft! Little did we know that the next train we would see would be in six months' time. (Some of us boarded one a trifle earlier—Toronto bound—but that is beside the point.) Whilst I'm on the subject of trains—has anyone ever seen one cross the road between camp and Clewiston?

A large sign loomed up in front of us—RIDDLE FIELD . . . 5 B. F. T. S. Course 18 had arrived at Riddle. Glad to be here; eagerly looking forward to flying training. We hadn't then heard of groundloops. If we had, we wouldn't have cared. It didn't take long to settle into the barracks, sort out our kit bags from the three hundred or more in the pile and change into khaki.

The course started on December 13th. It has come to a close. We tried hard—very hard—during our stay here. The American people have been exceedingly kind to us. We've made friends here—good friends. Other mention will be made and thanks expressed in the following pages.

May we now present the fruits and thoughts, the genius and ingenuity, the humour and good natured satire of

COURSE 18

THE STAFF and QUEENIE

IVAN HARPER
(Sweet)

JOHN IVIMY
(Blood)

TONY LINFIELD
(Tears)

FRED BAYTON
(Toll)

KEN RUDD
(Worry)

GEORGE SCOTT
(Anguish)

ROGER ALLEY
(Sorrow)

ROY MORRIS
(Care)

We have to apologise for the number of articles omitted, but . . . Paper Rationing . . . Sorry.
OUR OFFICERS

WING COMMANDER C. W. LINDSAY, A. F. C.

SQUADRON LEADER J. K. KEATES, A. F. C.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT L. N. KENYON

FLORIDA SUNSET

Yellow and black and red,
A sky of lowering clouds
With jagged rents
And crimson streaming out like gore.

Around a phosphorescent lighting,
satin soft.
The fiery disc relentlessly slips down,
And all is swallowed up in night.

—K. W. T.
"And I Can't Start It"

“I was going to land. I knew I was going to land because I had performed my vital actions. My wheels were down. Of course I was going to land! What was that my instructor had said? Something about glide at 90 m.p.h. Must be a good idea or he would not have told me. I’ll try it anyway. Now what was that about flaps? I will try them all the way down. Let’s see. Do we go under or over the wires? Plenty of room underneath. No, I think I’ll go over the top. Then if I stall out they’ll break my fall. That earth comes up fast. Wonder what’s for tea. Probably spaghetti. Heck! I’d better start levelling out. Pull the stick back gently—wait for it. That’s it. Perfect three-point! That’s funny—my tail isn’t down yet. Ouch! Now it is.

These planes certainly roll along nicely; think I’ll try to use the brakes. Never get anywhere if I don’t—except in the pond. Left, right, left, right—must think I’m Gene Krupa. Better stop mucking about with these brakes—the plane’s been standing still for five minutes. Now to turn. 90° to the left, or is it to the right? Take a chance on the left. Better put my head out to see if anyone’s looking—I mean, coming. Better open the canopy first; wonder if anyone saw that. Open the throttle—what’s happening! GLUB! GLUB! BLURP!

Oh no! Please, no, no! The engine’s cutting out. The prop is stopping—stopping—stopped! Open the throttle to the gate—past the gate—better pull it back quick. Switch tanks—marvellous idea. Switched tanks. No go. Use wobble pump. Wobble—oh! For Pete’s sake—if you don’t know Pete, then for my sake—engine. Mr. Engine, Sir Engine, Sweetheart—please! Will you start, you rotten, stinking hunk of machinery?

Take it calmly now. I’m on the ground. I’ve stopped. O.K. Let’s start from scratch. Switch off. Gas on. Throttle, mixture and—er-r-r-r—something else—the prop! Now—wobble, energise—contact—BLURP! BLURP! GURGLE! Didn’t take. Wonder what I missed? My instructor will give me heck for this. Wonder what’s for tea? (How the devil did that thought get in there?)

Where was I? Primer! Of course, the primer. Try that. Once more—contact—BLURP! HICCUP! Darn it! What else is there to do? Lock the brakes—what use is that! Switch the selector switch—let’s try all the switches. Pull everything—then something is bound to happen. What am I doing? Take your hand off the undercarriage lever. Boy! That was a close shave. What’s this under the seat? No. That’s no use. Oh, mother. Does a bomb aimer go through this? Of all people, this has to happen to me. In the middle of the Field with a dead motor. I wish the darn red light would go out!

Let’s try again. Everything all set. Energise—contact—it’s starting—hurray!—it’s starting—it’s going—ha! ha! I knew I’d get it. At last it’s going, it’s—it’s—it’s—stopped! That does it. I wash my hands of it. I’ll get out and walk. Don’t talk like a fool! Nothing left but call the tower, call the tower—let all my friends know. They will laugh at me. Cartoons will be pasted on the Ready Room wall. People will call after me on the street. Oh! Darn.

“Hullo Riddle Control. This is Two Three Three. I’m in the Northeast quadrant. My engine has stopped—and I can’t start it!”

WHO SAID . . .

“Stand at ease and pay attention.”
“that without doubt, you are the worst Course we have ever been here.”
“Hello, 254, this is Riddle Control taking off on local solo flight.”
“Hello, Colonel, this is Lee Mason. Where is Mrs. Mopp?”
“Wheels down, locked, and who knows?”
“Have I got a great circle ruler, Sir?”
“What’s the story on that, Mead?”

“Hello Control, this is 259, gear down, locked and landing on sod.”
“Flight Leaders, you have ‘em.”
“Well, er . . . class.”
“Do you get the idea of that?”
“Take it easy, son.”
“She-up on final, go row-and again.”
“No thanks, Cecil, I don’t want a solo ship.”

—F. D. W.
MEET THE BOYS –

John Alberts

Vic Brown

Don Harris

Staff De Looze

Bill Rees

John Mitchell

Jimmy Kondorf

Fred Boyton

Bill Moore

Herold Kinison

Brad Thomas

Arthur Whitman

Tony Linfield

Ecc Pape

Don Sharrow

Len Searle

Bill Austin

Bob Leaver
WHO
Jim Mead

MADE
Denys Riggs
Charlie Sweet
Bob Brown

Course 18
Roger Alley
Don Sealy
Sam Boyce

Maurice Clifford

Miles Hardie
Mike Jacobs

Pete White
Daddy McConnell
Dave Stewart
Charlie Holliday
Rex Roberts
Hugh Marshall
Alan Wright
Johnny Page
Gordon Baker
Jack Pougham
George Harris
GROUND SCHOOL

The thing I remember best about Ground School was a dream I had one afternoon in May. It was hot and stuffy in Room 6, and the Principles of Flight, which was the subject of the film they were showing, seemed to have lost their usual zip. As soon as I found that aerodynamics had nothing to do with the W.A.A.Fs., I lost interest and my head began to nod until the voice of the loudspeaker seemed to merge with the drone of aircraft outside.

Presently I found myself in a vast room which I recognised as the Intelligence Room. The walls were plastered with huge maps and photographs, and there were miles of shelves bending under the weight of immense tomes. On the floor were numerous stands on which all sorts of complicated aircraft instruments were displayed. To my surprise, most of them seemed to be alive and functioning as if worked by unseen hands. Bomb-sights were setting themselves up for bombing, drift recorders were recording drift and compasses were swinging about in all directions. A sound of hiccoughs from a corner betrayed a bubble sextant having trouble with its bubble.

Above my head the air was full of models of aircraft flying up and down the room. In one corner a Spitfire was having a dogfight with a Me. 109 which it was chasing round the electric lights. Suddenly there was a rattle of machine gun fire, but evidently the attacker has missed his aim because the chase went on until finally the Messerschmitt took refuge behind one of the maps.

"That's Griffiths' latest model," said F/Sgt. Kenward, who appeared suddenly at my side. He was indicating the Spitfire which had landed on his shoulder and was tickling his ear with its propeller. "Griffiths is very proud of it because of its dihedral or something, but its gummerly is hopeless." "What's the trouble?" I enquired. "Didn't you see?" he replied. "Why, too much deflection, of course. It always forgets that when attacking in a curve of pursuit in a steep bank, you should reduce the normal deflection allowance, calculated from the speed of the target and the angle off, by a fraction of the allowance made for gravity drop at the appropriate range proportional to the ratio that the angle of bank bears to the horizontal. So simple, isn't it?" "Most interesting," I replied cautiously.

"Not half as interesting as this," said a voice behind me. I turned and saw F/Lt. Smith, who was directing my attention to a vacant space on the floor in the middle of the room. "That, he said, still pointing at nothing, "is the most amazing invention of modern science." "I can't see anything at all," I said. "Of course you can't. That's why it's so amazing. It's a model of the Paralytic Beam Approach System, the only system in existence which enables an invisible aircraft to land on an invisible runway by means of an inaudible beam." He smiled triumphantly and went on. "It has one great advantage over every other system—secrecy, security and surprise." "That makes three advantages, doesn't it?" I ventured. "The Air Ministry says it's one," he replied sternly.

At this point my attention was distracted by the sound of voices at the other end of the room. It was Mr. Thynge, Mr. Auringer and W/O Woodward discussing one of the questions set in the last Wings exam. The argument seemed rather excited, because I could hear them clearly above the noise of Morse Code buzzer that Mr. Sherman was operating in the background, quite unperturbed by what was going on around—dit, dit, dah, dit—dah, dah, dah—FOGGY, AEROS, GYROS, etc.

The three instructors had written their answers on the blackboard, tabulating their reasons and illustrating with diagrams. Mr. Auringer was just emphasizing a point by driving a nail into the blackboard when Mr. Fowler entered and, motioning them to resume their seats, observed that, under the circumstances described, the navigator certainly would have been hopelessly lost long since, so there wasn't much future in continuing the discussion. "I agree," said Mr. Auringer, "and moreover, at the present rate, it doesn't look as if there will be any cadets in Course 18 left to take the next Wings exams anyway." THAT WOKE ME UP!
RECREATION

"All work and no play makes Joe a dim type." Acting on this old adage, Course 18 played a large part in the official and unofficial recreations while at Riddle Field.

We are justly proud of our athletic team which walked away with the cup, gaining as many points as the other two Courses put together. Among our team of stars we had a record breaker in Bill "Tennessee" Moore, who cleared five feet five inches in the high jump, while splendid work was done by Roy Morris, Pete White, Fred Price, Johnny Page, George Scott, Alan Wright, Pete White, and Denys Biggs. Few will forget our tug-of-war team which won both pulls without even taking the strain, while some will remember the disappointment when celebrating afterwards in the traditional manner to find that the cup leaked.

Our Rugger team is confident that we shall be the first to have our name on the new cup presented by John Albert's father. We have an aggregate of 93 points for us and 22 against, and of all the games we have played we only lost one to 17 Course, which was 3 nil. We have played 20 Course only once, and that was abandoned due to Florida's inclement weather. Much credit is due to Ken Rudd, Jack Bingham, Pete White and Cec Pope for their part in the team.

At Soccer we held our own and would like to congratulate Course 19 who, in spite of their invisible Ruby team, turn out a hot Soccer eleven.

Our American buddies have kept all the local teams well under control at Basketball, which we think is a very good show.

As one of the co-authors of this article, I think the Course will agree with me much credit is due to Ken Rudd for arousing the sporting interest in us, and we appreciate the work he put in. It was curious how the Rugger team always felt "very poorly" on the night of the game, but they always seemed to turn up in full strength. On these nights Bill Rees invariably had large blisters on his feet about 1800 hours, but they disappeared again by 1810 hours.

In the good old days when we weren't "tired" Course and had an open post now and again, we inflicted ourselves on the kind people of Florida from North to South and East to West, and we wish we could thank them all individually for giving us such a grand time and keeping body and soul together. When we weren't so lucky to get a week end, there was always the Dixie Crystal, the Cadet Club and "Johnny's" to satisfy our various appetites for gentle, or not so gentle, relaxation. To all the people we have met, we thank you for looking after us and sincerely hope we shall be able to come back and see "y'all" again some day.

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THE GREMLIN

Say, you've gotta beware when you're up in the air
And sailing serenely along,
'Cos I often appear with a horrible leer
And make you do everything wrong.
I run up the wing; you can hear sharp "ting."
As I pull at the wires in the 'plane,
Then I sit on the prop and the kite starts to hop;
It drives all the pilots insane.

When you're trying to think, with a devilish wink,
I proceed to bite lumps off the rudder.
You go down in a spin and I laugh and I grin,
It's enough to make anyone shudder.
So you've gotta beware when you're up in the air,
For I might appear on the spinner.
I'm a wicked old —; I know it quite well;
I'm a gremlin, a — old sinner.

—H. W. B.
and Now....

Course 18 is at the end of its stay here. Soon we shall be moving on, and our second home, Florida, will be just a memory—but what a memory! Therefore I should like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have made this stay so fruitful and pleasant.

No words can express amply our thanks to our flying instructors who each day patiently took their lives in their hands and gave us all they had. To our ground school instructors, link instructors, transportation staff and all the other personnel on the camp—not forgetting our Canteen ladies—we say thanks an awful lot.

Finally to Mrs. NeSmith, Syd Burrows and all the other good people too numerous to mention who have looked after us and opened up their homes to us, we say thanks from the bottom of our hearts. The Course here is reasonably long, but in that time a great deal has to be done, and I am sure that your kindesses to us have been instrumental in keeping up our otherwise flagging spirits.

The job we came to do is done and we must go, so on behalf of all the Cadets I say

"Goodbye, and God Bless You”

When We Get Cracking

Which is the year to be signed with our victory?
Experts predict and commanders confer,
Well-informed comment is still contradictory,
But—this is the year.

Loud is the conflict of diverse opinions,
Caution marks Whitehall’s and Washington’s views,
Warnings are heard from the far-flung Dominions,
This is the news.

Roosevelt will venture on no undertakings,
Churchill still warns us of two years to wait,
Hull cannot guess when the clouds will be breaking,
But this is the date.

Over all voices this voice has priority,
No power on earth will us knock or deter,
You have it this time on our authority,
This is the year.

This is the year that 18 Course graduates,
This is the year that we start the great fight,
For the Third Reich and all its confederates,
This is—Goodnight.

—W. L. R.

Reunion Dinner in London

This is the end of our Listening Out issue. It is not the end of Course 18. It has been suggested that we hold a reunion dinner on June 17th, Graduation Day, each year in London. The individual friendships made will be maintained after this, so why not keep the Course friendship alive. A list of the addresses of every member of the Course is included in this issue, also the addresses of the “Joes” who will do their best to organise the reunion. It’s a good excuse for a super binge (who wants an excuse?) and a good time can be had by all. The “do” will be stag (at the beginning). This, of course, applies mainly to the British members; no doubt the American members can organise a similar event. But if perchance they are in England at any time, we hope they will make use of the list of addresses. They are an essential part of “EIGHTEEN.”

That’s that, now it’s up to you. What do you say, gang?
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* Denotes a "Joe"
 COURSE 19

With "Pre-Wings" to the fore on the program and a daily calendar, crowding bags of flying hours in as fast as possible, May has fairly leaped along for Course 19. June holds great possibilities of being another crowded month, at the end of which we will be near the 80-hour mark.

The swimming pool is being used to good advantage, especially after a hard afternoon's flying. The cadets have acquired a varied assortment of swimming trunks whilst visiting the local pleasure resorts, but none can compare with the pure white pair of Tom Whiteley seen in the pool last Wednesday afternoon.

Sports Week

Saturday, June 3rd, turned out to be a very full day all round. The sports meeting held in the afternoon was a close tussle between Courses 18 and 19; Course 20, however, after much self praise of the previous week, soon was left behind by the far superior senior Courses.

We had the pleasure of dealing Course 18 the biggest shock they have encountered whilst at this school; that was in the tug-of-war. After giving them greatly needed confidence in the first pull, we wiped them off their feet in the next two.

High Jump

Congratulations to Cadet Beszant for achieving second place in the high jump; we wish him luck for the next meeting.

Course 18's graduation dance, held at the Sugarland Auditorium Saturday evening, was a great success. We were very pleased to see Mrs. Thomas of West Palm Beach, who came specially to see the boys before they leave for home. Many thanks, Mrs. Thomas.

We take this opportunity to wish Course 18 "all the best," and we thank them for their friendly rivalry and cooperation, which was greatly appreciated.

—F.C.B.W.

Field Day

The Athletic Meeting which was held on Saturday, June 3, was won, once again, by Course 18. Some of the highlights of the meet were the excellent mile run by R. V. Morris and R. R. White of Course 18, the high jump which was practically a walk-over for Connie Moore of Course 18, and the Old Crocks' race which was won by F/Sgt. Griffiths, with Cpl. Donaldson running a close second.

Comic relief was furnished by the tug-of-war between Courses 18 and 20. Just as both teams were really beginning to pull, the rope parted; for a second both teams thought they had won. In the final tug-of-war, Course 19 won two out of three from Course 18. The final scores were: Course 18—27 points; Course 19—24 points; Course 20—7 points.

At the conclusion of the meet, the John Paul Riddle trophy was awarded to Cadet Wing Commander Rudd for Course 18 by Mrs. E. J. Smith, wife of the General Manager.

Fishing Tournament

"Robbie" Robinson of the Weather Bureau has announced the opening of a fishing tournament. Membership in the tournament is open to all Field personnel— instructors, mechanics, cadets, Army and RAF personnel. All those who are interested should see "Robbie" and register before June 20th. The registration fee is only 25c. August 15th is the closing date of the tournament; at its conclusion a trophy will be awarded to the person who has caught the largest bass.

Softball

In the Softball League, Harvard Squadron is tied for first place with the Prison Camp Guards. Both teams are undefeated. The tie is to be played off in the near future, and we hope to be able to announce the winner in our next issue.
Major General William O. Butler
Is Veteran Of Two World Wars

On June 7, 1944, Major Gen. William O. Butler, who recently assumed command of the AAF Eastern Flying Training Command with headquarters at Maxwell Field, Ala., visited Dorr Field for a tour of inspection.

A decorated veteran of two World Wars, he had ample opportunity to see U. S. training methods put to the crucial test in three different theaters of the present conflict.

Gen. Butler was awarded the French Croix de Guerre for bravery in World War I, the Legion of Merit this year "for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services as Chief of Staff of the Fourth Air Force, and later as Commanding General of another Air Force.

His tour of duty with the Fourth Air Force at March Field, Calif., began December 4, 1940. About this tour and his subsequent assignment on March 24, 1942, as Commanding General of the Air Force located at Ft. Richardson, Alaska, the citation further reads:

"As Chief of Staff of the Fourth Air Force, Gen. Butler displayed executive ability of the highest order in coordinating the details of staff work in connection with the movement of troops in Pacific theaters and especially in connection with the flight of the 19th Bombardment Group to Hawaii in the summer of 1941, the first mass flight of land airplanes undertaken to that theater.

"In March, 1942, the Air Forces was inadequately staffed. The Alaska Air Depot was in an embryonic stage. The Bomber Command, Fighter Command and Service Command had not been organized. Notwithstanding this condition of unpreparedness for combat operations, Gen. Butler, by June 3, 1942, had set up an improvised Air Command and commenced actual operations against the enemy.

Gen. Butler, who received his appointment to the rank of Major General on October 25, 1942, was born in Marshall, Va., on September 23, 1895. Upon graduation from West Point in 1917, he was appointed a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery. As a member of this branch, he was detailed as an aerial observer in the Balloon Service in France and for this service was awarded the Croix de Guerre.

Gen. Butler continued his air career in 1921 with his graduation from the Airship School.

He is rated Command Pilot, Balloon Pilot, Combat Observer, Balloon Observer and Aircraft Observer.

He was graduated from the Air Service Advanced Flying School, Specialized Observation Course, in 1926; from the Air Corps Tactical School at Maxwell Field in 1932; from the Air Corps Primary Flying School in 1936; and from the Advanced Flying School, Observation Course, in 1936.

Major General William O. Butler

Former Dorr-ite

Major "Tom" Gates Receives D. F. C.

AN EIGHTH AAF FIGHTER STATION, ENGLAND: The slim, blond major who looked far younger than his 35 years calmly changed from his flying clothes and lit a cigarette.

Major Thomas L. Gates had just returned from his first combat mission with Lt. Col. Donald W. Graham's P-51 Mustang group to which he had been assigned as operations officer.

The mission had not been a "milk run." Instead of bomber escort, the group had been called upon to strafe military installations and grounded airplanes. Col. Graham's pilots ran wild, destroying railroad yards, trains, radio towers, trucks, oil tractors, warehouses and tool sheds.

"Say, this is a lively outfit I joined," the Major laughed as the pilots recounted their exploits of the day in the Officers' Club.

Major Gates had a story to tell too. Two flights of which he was a part swooped down on two FW 109s, fresh from the factory which disassembled on two flat cars.

"We really pumped them full of holes; they'll never fly," Major Gates said. In addition to sharing in the destruction of the two planes, the Major strafed a train, truck and oil tractor until "they looked like Swiss cheese."

Won Wings at Kelly Field

No newcomer to the AAF, Major Gates first joined the Air Forces in 1931 and earned his wings at Kelly Field, Texas, in June of the following year. After a year of active flying duty in the days when the AAF was pioneering toward its present great organization, Major Gates took a reserve commission.

In 1936, the veteran pilot returned for a year of active duty, followed by four years as a civilian aeronautical inspector. Then he went to Carlstrom Field and upon the activation of Dorr was transferred to that Field as general manager.

Called back to active duty in October, 1942, the Major used his extensive knowledge of flying to train young pilots. Since his arrival in this War theatre last August, he has served as a combat operations officer for a wing in the Eighth Fighter Command and for the Command itself.

Of all the changes Major Gates has seen in his long period with the AAF, he is most impressed with the modern methods of training pilots.

"These young fellows learn twice as..."
WHITNALL WIT

by JACK WHITNALL

If this copy should be too late to meet the deadline, we have nobody to blame but Lt. Heckle. We have to blame somebody and it might just as well be the Lieutenant.

To those three navigators on the Instructors list, Johnny Lyons, Lee Pike and the Honorable Mr. Hamlin, who, on a Tarpon fishing expedition this past week from Punta Gorda to Boca Grande, spent quite a little time after more ground has been put down, Lt. Heckle is the officer in charge of the fishing expedition.

A new challenger for the Lipton Cup after the War is over will be Don Herrara, the owner of a sailing vessel. Last week Don had the misfortune to have a gust of wind snap the mast—wonder if he has a piano on board?

Wonder Why

Just why has Carl Dunn quit taking physical training under the supervision of Lt. Cameron?

Welcome to Mr. Haines, our new Superintendent of buildings and grounds. Haines hails from Tennessee, the state that is noted for its beautiful red clay.

Just why was Miss Bryan of the Form room so very anxious to get to town last Tuesday? We mean to find out.

Overheard at the Canteen this past week:

Customer: “How much are ham sandwiches?”

Mrs. Russ: “Ham sandwiches are 10 cents, with ham 15 cents.”

We all hated to see Dona McLeod leave. She had been a switchboard operator at Dorr since the Field opened in 1941. We all wish her the best of luck in her new enterprise.

The Army Side

Have you noticed all the rank that has been going around lately? Congratulations to Captains Guiley and Anderson upon their recent promotions. Dorr now has six captains and one major. Gerald Taylor wants us to mention that Dorr also has one buck private, namely Pvt. Gerald “Buttercup” C. Taylor.

Oh, before we forget, W/O Flannigan is the owner of an automobile. It’s a very nice car indeed and one nice thing about it is that when it starts one can always hear the motor running. Personally, we never did like a car with a motor so silent that you had to guess if it was running or not. That noise that seems to come from under the hood is not cats squalling, it’s Mr. F’s secret motor.

Did we hear Capt. Viser request AO duty every Saturday night or are we imagining things? Yes, sir, he really got a good night’s sleep when he did go to bed. What, no fire drill yet? Tish, tish.

Let this be a lesson to Lt. Heckle and maybe next time he’ll let us know when the deadline is.

Toably yours,

Jack

Editor’s Note: Now, Jack, don’t be blaming that deadline stuff on Lt. Heckle—we also sent YOU a note stating the time.

“The enemy watcheth and listeth.”

—Prime Minister Winston Churchill

Dorr Daily Dozen

The obstacle course at Dorr Field is second to none and promises to turn out future Army pilots as tough and hardy as can be found.

Dorr boasts the finest of physical fitness apparatus. It is built especially to train the Army Air Forces cadets to meet the tests they must take periodically and offers an unparalleled opportunity in athletics.

Cadets, officers and enlisted men at the Field have been quick to realize the opportunity provided for physical development and spend a surprising amount of their free time on the athletic field. Records show that an aggregate of two to three thousand hours of free time is spent by the military personnel at Dorr Field in athletics each month.

Muscle Builders

The sports program is not a hit and miss proposition. Each piece of apparatus used and every game included in the program has been chosen carefully to strengthen special sets of muscles needed by pilots, or to develop in them emotional and mental conditions conducive to good flying and fighting.

Combat sports are one of the finest means of eliminating fear of bodily injury. When a boy engages in bodily competitive sports, he forgets himself and any fear he may have. As long as he is afraid of getting hurt he will make a poor flyer.

Two football fields, two baseball diamonds, three basketball courts and a large area devoted to playing with a six-foot push ball are among the combat sports employed at the Field.

There are five badminton courts. The purpose of this game is to develop fast reflex and coordination in the cadets and to train them to be on the alert and keep their eyes open, as they must do to follow the bird in badminton.

Cadets in training at the Field agree that although the obstacle course is a short one (250 yards—12 obstacles), it is by far the “toughest” any of them has ever run and

Continued on Page 26
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by EVA MAE LEE

Did You Know . .

THAT we have a new Canteen Manager? She is Ellen Campbell, formerly of the Status Room. THAT Tom Pate has become Chief Dispatcher? He has taken over the desk of Billy Welles who is now full-time manager of the Florida All-State Rodeos. THAT Rose Marie Bullock, daughter of our Assistant General Manager, is the pretty station wagon driver replacing Ward Metzger? Ward says he is going to retire but, via the grapevine, we hear he has other plans. He has been driving at Carlstrom for over two years. We'll miss him.

New Tack Officer

THAT Lt. Leonard Lifton is newly assigned here as a Tactical Officer? He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1919; graduated from State University of Ohio in 1941; and subsequently served as athletic coach and instructor at Randolph, Ohio, High School. Enlisting in May, 1942, Lifton was a Physical Training instructor until he was graduated from OCS in Miami and received his commission in December of 1943.

Lt. Lifton comes here from the CTD Detachment at Springfield (Mass.) College where he was assigned as a Tactical Officer and later as Commandant of Aviation Students. Note: He is single!

THAT other new faces include Homer O'Connell, flight instructor who transferred here from Dorr Field (Smart, isn't he?); and Helen Yelvington, daughter of one of Arcadia's leading dentists, who is employed in the Purchasing department?

Army Briefs

THAT Major John E. Clonts, former Commanding Officer who is now stationed at Hendricks Field, is the proud papa of John Emmett 3rd? THAT Lt. Agnew of the Infirmary is now Captain Agnew? THAT Capt. John Frisbee, former Operations Officer, has graduated from Command and General Staff School? THAT Sgt. John O'Brien of the Link department has a brand new son named Thomas Edward?

Here And There

THAT Capt. Norman Stuard has been transferred to the Basic Training School at Courtland (Ala.) Army Air Base? THA T Sgt. Howard Townsend, Finance Officer, now has an office of his own in Barracks No. 1? THAT Lt. Agnew holds up production as he practices on his violin every afternoon? Such party music, the like of which we have never heard before.

THAT Jimmie Mercer, who used to work in the line prior to his entering the Army, is now graduated as F/O James L. Mercer and is stationed at Panama City as co-pilot on a B-17?

THAT Lt. Lawrence Poole has graduated from Hendricks Field as a B-17 pilot? Poole was a mechanic at Carlstrom Field as a civilian and was sent to Dorr Field for Primary after entering the Cadet Corps.

THAT Capt. Ralph Soucy, Class of 42-G, visited friends in Arcadia while awaiting a new assignment after 15 months of overseas duty? He also piloted a B-17.

More About Alumni

THAT Capt. Herbert Dailey, former Sergeant at Carlstrom, is now Adjutant at Love Field, Dallas, Texas? So states a letter from F/O Bill Lightfoot who is stationed there in the Air Transport Command. Bill also writes that Stanley Kitt (known at Carlstrom as Kittowski) is a Civilian Pilot instructing on B-25's. Also on the B-25 is 1st Lt. Paul Mooney stationed at Romulus, Mich.

THAT in the Air Transport Command old-home week is often celebrated in every state in the Union? Civilian Pilot Bill Greene writes that he is working out of Palm Springs, Calif., and has met many old friends. Red McKendry is at Long Beach; Bob Royce, formerly at Chapman Field, is a 2nd Louie stationed at Palm Springs; Joe Brown is at Witchita but ran into Bill Greene in Tucson while ferrying a Culver to California.

We are very happy to hear about all former Carlstromites. So, more letters, please!

Thanks!

THAT Instructor Tex Williams has built a barbecue pit for the Pilots' Club? Our joyous thanks, Tex. THAT "Pop" Meyer swears he saw a big black bear in the middle of the road? Tom Davis was there too, but all he saw was a cow! THAT Bob Campbell's wife and daughter have joined him in Palm Springs where he is stationed in the ATC? THAT the Carlstrom baseball team is getting better and better? And you really ought to turn out Saturday or Sunday afternoon to join the cheering section. Yes, you?

Flight Officers

A letter from former instructor Jimmie Sapp tells us that ATC training for the first class is completed and that they all have graduated from Blytheville, Ark., as Flight Officers. He and Bill Lightfoot are stationed at Dallas, Texas; Jack Bloker and Bob Campbell were sent to Palm Springs, Calif.; Charlie Cross to Great Falls, Mont.; Myrl Kitchens and Mack Traban to Romulus, Mich.; Sammy Hottle and Lawrence Scott to Memphis, Tenn. We'll say "hello" to all of them here in the hope that they'll see this copy somewhere in their travels. Drop us a line, boys. We'd like to hear from you.

CARLSTROMITES—Note the War Bond Contest on Page 5
CARLSTROM ATHLETICS

Behind the five hit pitching of Cadet "Sparky" Brown, the Carlstrom Field baseball team defeated the Punta Gorda Air Base Club 6-3 on Saturday, June 3rd, in Arcadia. On Sunday, Carlstrom's playing-manager, Capt. McCormick, sent Sgt. Wayne Whitton to the mound against Avon Park, one of the strongest teams in South Florida. The game was ended in the fifth inning by rain with neither side having been able to score a run.

Against Punta Gorda, Carlstrom got off to an early lead by scoring three runs in the second inning. Cadet Mickey Hahn, former Philadelphia athlete, hopefully led off with a single to left and took second on a passed ball. Cpl. Johnny Murray scored him with a long single to left and Cadet Bill Chafin brought Murray home with a double to deep left. Chafin scored on Hess' single past third to make the score 3-0. The Arcadians added single tallies in the fourth, sixth and seventh innings, Punta Gorda scored one run in the fourth and two more in the ninth, although none of them was earned.

Alex Hayes Stars

The Carlstrom infield sparkled all afternoon except for two errors by Hahn who performed brilliantly otherwise. Alex Hayes donned the catcher's tools for the first time this year and played a great game.

The game with Avon Park had all the earmarks of being the best ball game of the year and was a real old-fashioned pitchers' battle until the disappointing double-downed out the contest in the fifth inning. Wayne Whitton had allowed Avon Park only one hit up until that time and Carlstrom had found Rushing, Avon Park ace, for four.

Play-Off

At this writing we are looking forward to the play Saturday at Avon Park and Sunday when Carlstrom will play the Naples team at Arcadia, the rubber match of the three game series between the clubs.

Carlstrom introduced an innovation to the fans of Arcadia during Sunday's game. Early arrivals were greeted by recorded music broadcast over a loud speaker and, during the game, Lt. Roy Weiner announced each batter and other interesting bits of information to the spectators. Why don't you come out to the Trailer Park next Sunday afternoon? You'll be glad you did.

TRACK RECORD

Lt. Roy Weiner of the Physical Training department has announced the results of Class 44-K's track meet as follows:


New Record

A/C Mikolajek set a new record for the half mile. The previous record was 2:06, attained by a member of Class 43-J.

The final scores for the day were tied at 23 points each for Cadets W. F. Kelley, A. J. Alfano and L. J. Mikolajek. Kelley was declared the champ, decision based on the best all-round performance in the four events.

Scores in the Inter-Squadron Competition are eagerly watched by cadets. So here's the standing—Class 44-J with 17 days of schedule completed and Class 44-K with 2 days schedule played:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Squadron</th>
<th>Points</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>44-J</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Squadron 3</td>
<td>260 points</td>
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<tr>
<td>Squadron 4</td>
<td>245 points</td>
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<tr>
<td>Squadron 1</td>
<td>240 points</td>
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<tr>
<td>Squadron 2</td>
<td>200 points</td>
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<tr>
<td>44-K</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Squadron 2</td>
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<td>30 points</td>
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<td>Squadron 1</td>
<td>25 points</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Squadron 4</td>
<td>15 points</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

LOIS AVANT'S LOVELY red hair adds a bit of color to the Army Office at Carlstrom.

On The Beam

The Cadet Orchestra is now comprised almost entirely of new members. The only old-timers left are Merlin Casarow at the piano and Don Cooper on the guitar. The new players are John Ciavarelli (drums), John Allen and John Campbell (sax), Donald Dorward (clarinet), Donald Bevirt and James Andersen (trumpet) and John Kelley from Dorr Field (trumpet).

This nine-man team is strictly "on the beam" as evidenced by the pleasure of the patrons at the Pilot-Officers' Aero Club on Saturday night.

Happy Landings

A/C Raymond L. Gouldthorpe of Warren, Ohio, and Elizabeth Morris of Mentor, Ohio, were married at Carlstrom Field on May 25th by Chaplain Shonfelt. Witnesses were Lois Avant of Carlstrom's statistical office and A/C Lester Wagner of Class 44-J. Happy landings, kids!

A/C FRANK BOND CAUGHT in a serious mood. Frank, who flies from Portsmouth, Ohio, is a member of Carlstrom's Class 44-J.
Brasilian General Visits Tech School

Brig. Gen. Vasco A. Seco, FAB, a member of the Joint Brasil-United States Defense Commission, recently visited the Tech School on his way to Washington from Brasil. He was accompanied by Ivan Cardoso, son of Lt. Col. Dulcedio Cardoso, Chief of the office of the Brasilian Air Minister, and Helio Moscoso, who are on their way to assume posts under Col. Miguel Lampert, head of the Brasilian Purchasing Commission.

Gen. Seco was head of the group who first inspected the Miami Technical Division, at which time the idea for the school in São Paulo was conceived. It was later that the Brasilian Air Minister, Dr. Joaquim Pedro Salgado Filho, gave his approval and the Escola Técnica de Aviação de São Paulo came into being.

While in Brasil, Gen. Seco visited the school in São Paulo and expressed enthusiasm over the great work it is accomplishing. Brasil has long needed aviation technicians to support its fighting F.A.B. and Embry-Riddle may well be proud to have a part in training these "men behind the planes."

GATES
Continued from Page 22

much in half the time; it's truly amazing," he says. "Proof of the training methods can't be better illustrated than in the favorable figures of our boys against the Luftwaffe."

Major Gates, who wears the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal, was born in New Edinburg, Ark., November 23, 1908. After attending Monticello (Ark.) grammar and high schools, he spent two years at Monticello A & M. From 1926 to 1931 he was with the Arkansas National Guard with every rank from private to first sergeant.

Luis Campellos Return To Brasil

On their way to Brasil after a four months' visit in the United States, Sr. Luis Eduardo Campello, well known São Paulo engineer, and Sra. Campello, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Riddle at their home in Miami Beach.

During their stay in this country, Sr. and Sra. Campello visited the Remselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., where Sr. Campello was educated.

While in New York City the Campellos were guests of Mrs. John Kiser, mother of James E. Blakeley, Director of Escola Técnica de Aviação de São Paulo.

DAILY DOZEN
Continued from Page 22

that they "really get a workout" on the course.

A novel feature of the course is a cargo net 18 feet high supported by a large wooden frame, of the kind thrown from the side of a ship for disembarking, that the cadets must climb over. Dorr Field was the first in the Eastern Training Command to introduce this feature, which was completed a few months ago. Since its completion, however, several other schools have copied the cargo net as part of their obstacle courses.

The use of the net develops certain coordination and agility necessary in all around development. It is also a mental hazard for many cadets in that it is a new experience with a moving support.

Other features of the obstacle course are a crouching cage, scaling wall, hand walk, a 14-foot scaling rope climb, hand vaults, hurdles, balance beans, ladder climb and a 12-foot crawling cage.

Pilots on long missions become tired through the back, particularly the small of the back, and their arms and legs give out. To avert this form of fatigue, special app-

paratus has been selected to strengthen these muscles.

Roman chairs have been installed in which the cadet sits on a bench without a back, catches his feet under a stationary prop and leans back touching his head to the ground. This gives a different twist to the body from that to which the boys are accustomed, and the pull strengthens the back muscles.

The forearm and hands tend to become cramped in flying, and to develop the muscles of the forearm, wall weights suspended from a short rod by a rope are used by the cadets to exercise the arms between with five pound weights, then progressing to 10 and 15 pound ones. Chinning bars also are used to develop the arms. Another piece of apparatus is a rope climb to develop the shoulders and particularly the pectoral muscles. A tug-of-war rope is used to develop coordination between the legs and back muscles and to strengthen the chest.

Swimming was the first exercise at Dorr, and a very fine pool was constructed when the Field was built. The cadets are taught functional war swimming and are given exercises in the water and taught to conserve their energy. They learn how to swim through fire and how to splash when they come up for air. They are taught to keep afloat by treading water for as long as one hour.

When the cadets start their training, use of the obstacle course is not on a competitive basis. Eventually a competitive Field Day is held, usually about a week before graduation, and certificates are awarded for individual achievements.

Dorr cadets meet a daily challenge from a sign on the Field that greets them with the word, "Have You Taken Your Dorr Daily Dozen?" They are not expected to perform the daily dozen in any one day, but the points serve as a spur to maximum achievement.

THIS IS IT!

The invasion is at hand. Our husbands, fathers, sweethearts are in the middle of it. How long they stay there depends upon the success of Allied plans.

We can't do anything about weather conditions that may interfere with scheduled operations; we can't lessen the strength of the enemy; we can't rush out to battle at the side of our loved ones.

What we can do is buy War Bonds to supply them with a never ending stream of food and clothing, guns, ships, tanks and planes. These are the things we can send through our purchase of Bonds.

This is it for those fellows over there—the Fifth War Loan Drive is it for us over here.
Engine Noises
by MARGARET LAPHAM

This is the first time I have had the
distinct honor of being asked to fill in at
this pleasant task—so I shall rack my
vacuum for any semblance of interest in
this group. I strolled—and I do mean
strolled—over to Engine 8 for news—and
the following is the net result of my gleanings.

You will be glad to know that the former
secretaries of W. M. Thomas and Gordon
Lennox—those darling blondes—Maxine
Hobbs and her sister, Lettie Julian—have
written that they are both employed at the
Naval Air Station at Banana River and
like it very much.

Ruth Nichols left Sunday night for
Scott Field to join her husband who is
stationed at the Radio School. We find the
place much duller without her brilliant
smile and charming ways.

Wally Tyler went away last April and
as far as I know has not written to anyone.
So, I wrote to him. Teh, teh, what women
won't do now-a-days.

Boots' brunette child wandered off
the other night and has not been heard of
since. We hope she knew her own mind
when she took Fate in her own small white
paws.

Our Gerry Smith is still out and though
we have had some excellent assistants in
her absence we will welcome her back.

Now for the happiest news—Romance! Adele Klinger, our one Titian Lovely, appeared
one morning with a radiant smile. Reason? A pet white diamond proclains to all the world that Adele is now
quite the grown up young lady, and we wish her every happiness and offer our congratulations to Norman Gundered, the
very lucky lad. He has been in the Merchant Marine for over a year, and one day
when he visited our office he told us of his last trip to Murmansk, Russia. He said "Ac­
tion in the North Atlantic" was no ex­
aggeration.

"Back" Baxton's attractive daughter,
Sgt. Margie Meyers, sent her first V-mail
letter from England which she says she
loves. Scotland is also very beautiful, and
the Scotch people are very demonstrative
in their welcome. Margie will have a
wealth of interesting experiences when she
comes home, and we wish her happy times.

We have Pat Drew with us this afternoon
and wish we could keep her. She is our
favorite gal. Beverly and Shirley, you have
one great Mama.

Thank you, Mr. Kille, for the very nice
letter and the pin for my one year's service
with Embry-Riddle. It has been a happy
year. That's all for now!

A. D. D.'s
by MARY FRANCES FERNER

Capt. Francis P. Bacon, our Commanding
Officer, had a birthday May 18th which
was celebrated in the proper manner with
a cake, congratulations and best wishes,
Captain, even if it is a little late.

We wish to welcome two new members
to the Detachment, Elsie Weiss and Ruth
Crafts. Farewells to Marion Kline, Betty J.
Ferguson and Dorothy Keyser. We are
going to miss you girls.

Pat McNamara's brother has been
awarded the Purple Heart. We hope it
won't be too long before he is back in
person to show it to us.

Arthur Rubin is away now on vacation.
Connie van Nus and Leonard S. Hendrix
are back with us after being ill. Take it
casually, folks, so you don't have a relapse.

Gloria Dean's brother, Lt. Preston
M. Dean, has returned from combat duty
and is being processed at the Redistribution
Center on Miami Beach. Gloria's sis­
ter, Margie, also is paying her a short visit.

Capt. and Mrs. Bacon are enjoying the
visit of David, Mrs. Bacon's nephew from
Jackson, Tenn.

Did you know that Mrs. Kirby of the
Army Stockroom has a lovely daughter
who sings beautifully? She entertained us
the day of the luncheon for Mildred Brooks.

Well, folks, my little information grem­
lin has been sleeping on the job (it must be
spring fever) so I'll have to stop.

Wing Flutter

It's Bomb Bay Doors and TBF-1 Wings
that are causing all the excitement in the
Sheet Metal department. The sound of
rivet guns and air hammers is "music to
our ears," So, it's hammer away, boys and
girls!

The Automotive department is in full
swing with Charlie Pelton at its head—
both he and the boys are doing a grand
job. If you don't believe it, come over and
see us sometime.

Margie Stinson is secretary to Bill De­
Shazo and Mary Schwartz has been trans­
ferred into the Aircraft Office as secretary
to "Slo" Slocum. Both girls like their new
jobs very much.

Wondering: Why the flag over the
C47 wing? Perhaps Arlie Williams might tell
us.

If we might mention rivet guns, air hose
and extension cords to a very good friend—
the electrician, Mr. Myers.

Why the sparkle in Margie Stinson's eyes
these days?

When Pauline Pyke will win a bowling
bet?
DORMITORY LIFE
by "LADY" POPWELL

Well, kids, here I am, back again with the latest flashes from 122 Menores Avenue.
I shall begin with the most important event to all of us: The Invasion of France.

On the morning of June 6, 1944, I was awakened by hysterical shouts, echoing through every room in the dorm, whereupon I immediately jumped out of the bed and ran into the hall to see what it was all about... The Invasion!

It's hard to express to you how we felt as we all gathered around the radio, listening to the description of the battles that raged over there. Even though we'd been waiting for that day so long and expecting it almost anytime, it was still a shock to us. We weren't exactly happy over it, just proud... proud of our boys and what they were doing, and each one of us said a silent prayer for them.

And boys, to you over there who might have a chance to read this, we may seem just a small bunch of helpless girls to you, but we don't feel that way and don't intend being so. Even though what we are trying to do is very small compared to the fight you're putting up, with the help of dear ole Embry-Riddle, we want to make you as proud of us and what we are doing at home as we are of you and what you have and will accomplish in the future.

We're for you and back of you in everything you do, but the only way we can fight is with our hearts and prayers. In that way, you can rest assured that we will never let you down. So give 'em all you've got, boys, and put in an extra punch for us now and then!

Now for the local gossip: Al Wittenberg and Sid Gibbs have just returned from New York where they spent a week with Al's parents. Sid, a Mississippian from way back, is just wild about the big city.

With tearful eyes, I inform you that my dearly beloved roommate, Pepi Fite, has moved from the Dorm to Miami Beach, where she will reside with her family. The Dorm has been awfully quiet this past week, something very unusual. Quite a few of the girls, including myself, have been burning the midnight oil, for we took our written exams for our private licenses on Monday.

As time, space, and paper, to say nothing of this tired brain of mine, is limited, I will sign off for this time.

Be seeing you...