MIAMI’S NEW AIRCRAFT AND ENGINES DIVISION
UNDER EXPERT SUPERVISION OF JOSEPH R. HORTON

Maintenance of All Fields
Under His Direction

A man of astounding capabilities is Joseph R. Horton. Carrying the weight of his many duties with ease and assurance he is one of the most outstanding executives of the Embry-Riddle Company. General Manager of the New Aircraft and Engine Division of the Embry-Riddle Company he is also Superintendent of Maintenance of ALL Fields, with his home office in Miami.

Barnstormer
He has been associated with the aircraft industry since the early twenties and received his flight instruction at Clover Field, Santa Monica, Calif. Flying in the old barnstorming days he experienced invaluable training with such famous men as Leo Nomis, Frank Clarke and other men of that caliber. At one time he had an important part in the handling of the trick airplane rigging for the crash scenes in the well known motion picture, “Dawn Patrol.”

Air Minded
For about ten years “Joe” was connected with Douglas Aircraft and, previous to his association with the Embry-Riddle Company, was with the Civil Aeronautics Administration, in New York City. Air minded to the nth degree he utilizes his training as a pilot by flying from base to base to check on Maintenance activities.

“Wrecking Crew”
California, born and bred, he graduated from the Hollywood High School and married Eugenia Graham from the same city. He now lives in Coral Gables with his charming wife and two boys. Dubbed the “wrecking crew” by their father, these young Hortons are known as Bill and Hank and have reached the great age of three and five, respectively. In his middle thirties he is considered on the handsome side—blue eyes and black hair.

Popular Executive
“Joe” not only commands the respect, but the devotion of his many associates and is considered, without a shadow of a doubt, one of the most popular members of the Embry-Riddle “family.”

MAINTENANCE CHIEF and MANAGER of AIRCRAFT and ENGINES
Joseph R. Horton, Superintendent of Maintenance of all the Fields and General Manager of the new Aircraft and Engine Division in Miami.
**SEAPLANE BASE NEWS**

by Bill Linkrum

Thoroughly Inspected

Helen Benson and Charlie Presbrey passed their water-ratings Friday last. Mr. Palmer and Larry Stanhope were unable to take their Private's because the Inspector was limited in time, but he promised to catch them this week for sure.

Don't say it, fellows—I know just how you feel. In fact, I waited two weeks for good weather and when the time finally arrived for the flight test, I was so nervous I knew I'd flunk it. Quite on the contrary however, the results were not bad, so it all boils down to the fact that if you trust your Instructor, he'll generally put you in shape for the test. Relax!

New Controlled Students

Mr. and Mrs. Cutler are on our Controlled Private course. Also, Winfred Wood, Lt. Flack, and Lt. Knott have signed up. Due to the increased demand for Private flying courses, we have been forced to make up a waiting list. Each week, we hope to make the list smaller as we graduate students to Chapman field and the heavier ships. It is rather inconvenient to some of our students but then, when they are finally admitted to a course, they know they will be permitted to fly on schedule, whereas, otherwise, they may have to wait for an opening on the days schedule.

Ruth Norton is working overtime. Everyday she drives to Chapman field, takes Commercial Ground school and then back to our base for her flying. Keeps her stepping alright. Ruth is going to be an Instructor and is doing a grand job. Ad Thompson is her Instructor and from his reports, she is good Instructor material.

**Base News Items**

The Bad Penny turns up! Pardon my Sarong! Or what have you. Willie Whitehead has returned. Now our flags will be operated correctly. There's only one person who keeps tabs on those flags, and that's Whitehead. Willie has been to Georgia and has returned intact. Keep 'em flying Willie.

Al McKee was starting in to take some dual instruction. It's our policy to see to that all the boys get some time in, whenever they can be fitted into the schedule. Buddy Shelton is ready for his Private flight test and by next week, we will have the good news—we hope. At this rate, Buddy will be 'flying the coop' before long. Hang around awhile, Bud.

**News Flash!**

Andy (Oh you kid) Danzel really did himself proud on his written exam for his Private License. Andy knocked off an 85 average; however, it cost Andy about 12 cokes as he bet the boys he'd have a ninety average. Still having trouble with the Rhumba line, no doubt.

P.S. Our correspondent neglected to tell you that he is the very new, very proud papa of a baby boy! This young man made his bow to the world at the Victoria Hospital on Friday, August 23rd. Danny and Mamma Claire are doing very nicely, thank you.

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**LANDBASE LAMENTS**

by Cara Lee Cook

This is your gal Monday bringing you bits of gossip, heresay and unconfirmed news (I'm just kidding, Dev) from the "Thriv a minute club" at the Landbase Division.

"Thry Shalt Cover"

Priorities and office personnel are having a field day here. For weeks we've held a wisp of a hope that some humanitarian would contribute an ole' broken down typewriter to us, but of no avail, and so when Accounting sent one "visiting" for "a few days" instantaneous methods of larceny, kidnaping, and purlining originated within our innocent minds. At times one finds it so easy to become a kleptomaniac! We were saved the trouble tho, when under the cover of twilight a traitor let it slip out, and so back to Accounting it went to live happily ever after, I guess.

**Spreading the Wings**

Hue Wheeler and Tom Jacobs, owners of commercial licenses and Flight Instructors' ratings, George Hochne has to date received his Commercial and will go up for his Instructor's rating in the very near future. Not to slight the CPT's we might say that all concerned are batting averages of 359; and speaking of baseball (technical), why is it that the Navy boys keep beating the Army boys. Can it be that the Army is more conscientious about the "all out effort."

**Renown Guests**

Carlstrom Field holds the center of attention on our visiting list this week with such personalities as Major G. J. Ola, Lieut. Klopenspein and Captain Netherly flying down for a quick look-over of this set-up. Fred Bull, of unsung Stockroom fame, has a new foolproof, fireproof, termite proof guardian chained up by the "store window." This handy devise looks like and bites like an 8 in. by 10 in. landcраб. Guess what it is.

Could it be that L.A. Classification that's making Instructor Baumgardner look like a sleep-walking fugitive from the W.P.A.?

**Trute**

We now dedicate a 15-minute silence to all the news that died or went astray between the hangar and the Administration office.
CARLSTROM FIELD

I sure feel funny, writin' to a lady editor. I guess it's because my wife made me put on a collar and tie on account of how she says I ought to at least look presentable when I address you.

Well, unacustomed as I am to dressin' up like this, I know I ain't the only one around here who is gettin' used to somethin' new. I refer to our C.O.—George Ola—who has just traded in his cuhny's bars for a major's gold leaves. Believe me, his personality ain't changed none—he's still the same O.K. guy—but every once in a while we catch him glancin' at them new leaves and reachin' up to polish 'em off with his shirt cuffs. You really can't blame him, 'cause he's the first major we ever had here for a C.O. If he keeps on advancement like that, the first thing you know even us civilians will be salutin' him.

Mystery Building

Still speakin' of somethin' new, you know that new, long, white building that's goin' up right across from the Grind School? Well, there's a lot of questions around here about what's it gonna be. I overheard a couple fellows atalkin' about it in the Canteen the other day and one of 'em said he heard it was gonna be a auditorium where they was goin' to show movies to the cadets and that was why it didn't have any windows in it.

Another time I heard one cadet tell another that it was the darkroom for the new photography lab; that they was goin' to train cadets in aerial photography here. But the best one I heard yet come from one of them ladies who works in Hangar No. 2 when she was ridin' out on the bus the other mornin'. As we was comin' into the main gate the woman sittin' alongside her asked, "What in the dickens is that long, white buildin' without no windows in it?"

And this other one said, "Oh, ain't you heard? It is the new bakery that's gonna make the bread they use in the Mess Hall!" I would sure like to see her face when she finds out it is the Link Trainer buildin'....

Going Up

Talkin' about Links reminds me of instruments, and instruments reminds me of somethin' that happened in Willie Moser's class one afternoon. He was explainin' the effects of altitude on air pressure and was demonstratin' for his boys. He was standin' on the floor and he told them, "Now I am at a certain altitude, am I not?" (Beautiful English, that bird uses.) When the boys answered that he was, he jumped up onto the desk top and asked, "Now, have I changed my altitude any?" Nobody said anythin' for a minute. Then some meager beaver in the back drewl, "Now, you ain't changed it; you're still in the room!" I suppose if you are in a cabin airplane two miles above the earth you ain't at a different altitude because you are still in the same cabin that you left the ground in.

That altitude business has sure got most of these guys screwed up, speshally in Navigation. Joe Woodward is havin' a heck of a time explainin' how to set their altimeters for a landin' at a disfunt airport that is higher than Carlstrom. One of the boys, A/C D. S. Ribeck, has drawn up a cartoon that illustrates how much of a log these boys is in on that score. But I gess Joe will straighten 'em out before long— he hopes.

Tennis Champs

There is a concentrated program goin' on here among the Army officers and the key civilian personnel to keep in shape. You can always find Lieutenant Wood tryin' to beat Sam Mummery in tennis while he is on his 99 44/100% pure power game. Jack Hunt and Sid Pfieger was out the other day for a few sets; Jack hadn't had a racket in his hands since high school, he said, and then went on to prove it. Sid has had about two weeks preparation and was just a flash of white hair (head and chest) all over the court.

Sam Mummery calls swimming orders on these cool mornin's "Frozen Techniques" and is learnin' that butterfly breast stroke. He figgers there's lots of pretty girls that goes swimmin' and if he gets this butterfly thing down pat, he will be able to flit from bloom to bloom, sippin' the sweetness of each as he passes. I don't know where he gets that idee; but he sure don't look like no butterfly to me—more like a bumble bee.

Well, that about finishes me up this week. Next week I hope to do somethin' disfunt, so watch for it.
Everything is in readiness for Riddle Field's first swimming meet, which will be held Wednesday, September 9th, at 3:30 in the afternoon. Twelve events will appear on the program, and winning flight will receive the Riddle-McKenzie swimming cup. As an added attraction, Simm Speer, former diving star at the San Francisco Exposition and now Primary Flight Instructor here, will give an exhibition.

The Complete List of Entries is:


Two Lap Back Stroke Race—C. E. Jones, Red Flight; S. Ainsley, Blue Flight; J. L. Kerr, Green Flight; A. Jamieson, Yellow Flight.

Eleven Lap Freestyle Race—L. J. Wheble and K. R. Brant, Red Flight; R. Griffin and F. M. Ball, Blue Flight; H. R. Briggs and R. Lacey, Green Flight; D. Roberts and N. Pereira, Yellow Flight.

Three Lap Medley Race—K. R. Brant, Red Flight; S. Ainsley, Blue Flight; P. Edwards, Green Flight; C. P. Hellowell, Yellow Flight.


Indian Swim Race—R. W. Pottinger, Red Flight; R. Griffin, Blue Flight; J. L. Kerr, Green Flight; M. S. Seddon, Yellow Flight.


Mr. L, ex-Mystery Man

For several weeks now, we've been receiving some very good copy from a mysterious Mr. L of Green Flight. Last week, we promised you that we'd uncover Mr. L with a photograph and story. Since then we've been sleuthing, only to find that the plot thickened. There were two "Mr. L's." Undaunted, we continued our investigations, and in a masterly Sherlock Holmes fashion, uncovered one Mr. L. This is him:

Roy Lacey alias Mr. L

L.A.C. Roy Lacey of Green Flight, also known as "Red," Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lacey, of Gillingham, Kent, he was born in 1923. Before he joined the R.A.F., Red was employed by Messrs. Parratt and Neves, publishers, as a general reporter. He has written stories covering almost every field of journalism, from crime reporting to feature writing, and is also the author of several short stories and poems.

We present one of Mr. Lacey's short stories this week, and you can see for yourself that this lad really has something. Following the story is a message to his mother, which she shall see in her copy of the Fly Paper. And next week, we'll give you the second Mr. L.

EMOTION
by Roy Lacey

I am not a crying man—now, don't misunderstand me—as a child I shrieked, yelled and wept as much as any baby at the arrival of an irate nurse. What I mean is that as a plain, ordinary man I never let my emotions run away with me.

I am a Justice of the Peace and have passed the supreme penalty on many a cowherding, whimpering specimen of humanity. The world can sway and shatter about me, but I always manage to contain my feelings outwardly. Inwardly, of course, I'm affected: probably experiencing the same sensations of fear, helplessness and distaste as any other person. But on September 29, 1940, a strange thing happened to me.

Perhaps I should explain to you that I live in a quiet street in the suburban district outside London and at this time the vileness of the Nazi war machine was materialising in the form of horror raids on the city and elsewhere. September 29th was a peaceful early Autumn day, some of the heat of August had been thoughtfully stored by Nature and leaked out in pleasantly warm afternoons that tinged the greenness of the leaves with brown.

As if intent on spoiling the quiet peacefulness of the day, the air raid sirens wailed their warning and before the last lingering, appealing note had died—the bombers came. They were just dark, tiny specks against a cloudless, blue sky when the first bomb whined close and shattered to a cloud of bricks and dust, the public house at the end of the street. I, returning from a walk after a hard morning session, ducked for cover in a nearby doorway.

The second bomb, even nearer, screamed with the noise of an express train and a house, a few doors away from me, collapsed and disappeared. Shrapnel and flying debris rained down and I was glad I had taken cover. Almost before the dust had settled a Rescue Squad arrived and began digging furiously at the wrecked house. I ran from cover and hurried over to see if I could assist.

As I reached them, two burly, ash-faced men were carrying out a little girl from under a pile of beams. With a ragged remnant of a doll clutched tightly in one hand, her dirt smudged innocent face was cradled in the arm of one of the men. She looked as though she had fallen asleep at play. Golden hair hung in long tresses and glittered in the afternoon sunlight against the dark blue background of the man's uniform.

For a moment the man stood silently looking into the upturned face, and although he was a crying man, as I watched that tragic sight, a lump came to my throat and a warm tear trickled down my cheek and splashed into the dust.

(Perhaps I ought to explain that this story is true. It was told to me in an inter-
view with a well-known English Justice of the Peace.—R.L.

A Parody to My Mother

Sometimes in the hush of eventide,
When memories cloud the mind,
I think of the joy and blessings you brought.
In days I've left behind.

And if in return for the love you gave,
I could make one wish come true,
I'd wish all sons could share the pride
That's mine, for a mother—like you.

—R.L.

Cadet Chatter

A few weeks ago, there appeared in the Fly Paper a story, or rather a letter, about the softball team at Tech. Well, this game has just recently been taught to most of the boys here at the Field, but despite this fact, and confidentially at the insistence of P.T. Supervisor Hopkins, Blue Flight has organized a team and challenged this team. This game is to be played in Miami as a twilit contest next Saturday, the exact time and place now unknown at this end. We hope a return game will then be played at Riddle Field at a later date. Now the Blue Flight lads don't really expect to win, but they will gain some valuable experience by playing this undefeated club. Here we see some of the Flight practicing this sport:

Arthur Pegram swings from the port side, with Horlock ready to catch the ball if he misses.

Sergeant Platt has joined the R.A.F. Administrative officers here, and will serve in the capacity of Discipline Sergeant. Sergeant Platt came here from the B.F.T.S. at Sweetwater, Texas.

The American and R.A.F. flags flew at half mast several days last week in honor and respect to the late Duke of Kent, who was killed in an airplane accident.

You will notice that we have added Roy Lacey, Green Flight, recently disclosed as Mr. L number one, Harry Ingram, Yellow Flight, the lad who does all these fine cartoons, and N. S. C. Colley, Red Flight, who should have been recognized some time ago, to our list of Associate Editors.

From reports it would appear that Bruce Crawford, popular "Yank in the R.A.F." of Green Flight, is a Cassanova. Already he has 30 or so girls in Bath, England, thrusting for autographer portraits. Having seen his handsome dial in a photograph, they think he's cute. Get weaving, Bruce!

No news about Red Flight this week? Well, there just isn't any. Those fellows are getting ready for Wings exams, and when that time comes, well brother, you don't have to make news.

This week we present to you the leaders of Blue Flight:

Section Leader Bob Gray,
Course Commander Charlie Woodham
and Section Leader Syd Ainsley.

They say that Artie May, of Blue Flight, is the new "Man on the flying trapeze," but that in his first performance he required the help of Bill Booty and Johnny Day.

It's tough to be broke and especially bad when you can't pay for your laundry!—Right, Mr. Sheridan of Yellow Flight?

Personal Prattle

Have you heard the latest on Lieutenant Schuber? It happened this way—the good Lieutenant had his secretary order 2,000 sheets of stationery, and in the course of events, the letter was mistyped to read 2,000 reams of stationery. Several days later, a large moving van crammed full of paper started unloading the 2,000 reams at the hangar (and 2,000 reams, my friends, is 1,500,000 sheets.)

Mr. L. N. Hutson, Maintenance Chief, became quite disturbed about the whole thing and was heard to remark, "After they get this paper in here, I wonder where they expect us to put the P.T.'s." The good Lieutenant had the whole thing straightened out, however, and the paper was soon on its way back to where it came from, less, of course, the 2,000 sheets.

New Landings

The scene is the left-hand flare path, about the dismal time of morning when the mosquitoes don't know whether they are having breakfast or supper. In the middle distance is the voice of Mr. O'Neill exhorting a student; at the other flare path is Mr. Brink exhorting everybody; down in Moore Haven, Sergeant Henley is dreaming of good deeds and kindly thoughts: Enter a P.T.: BUMP, one, two, three; BUMP, one, two, three; "BUMPity-bump, bump" goes the P.T.; The voice of Charlie Liebman says gently out of the darkness, "Those were three nice landings."

S/Ldr. T. O. Prickett

After this brief interview, we can only say that we hope S/Ldr. Prickett likes Riddle Field, for we know Riddle Field will like S/Ldr. Prickett.
**Dorr Doings**

by Jack Whitnall

Ray "Fire Engines" exclamation as he walks into Dorr Canteen—"Oh! boy, oh, boy—such pretty gals and good sandwiches."

Dorr Field Guards planning a commando raid on Jack Newsome's Victory Garden— it's rumored that some of Dorr's maintenance personnel raided Carlstrom's swimming pool—and came back with a spring board! Uh-huh! Ever since, we look closely at all Carlstrom Field trucks leaving Dorr—we have our sling shots under lock and key!

**Solid Comfort**

We like those chairs they have in the Administration Building at Carlstrom Field—we tried one out one night not so long ago after we had walked in from somewhere in Georgia.

Kay Bramlitt always has her pass with her—way, way back one dark night Kay forgot her pass—ask her what happened.

Ally Hollingsworth hanging lard pails on BT and AT propeller hubs—to catch the pitch as it runs out—anyway that's what Bishop tells us!

**Welcomes**

Welcome back, Johnny Fredendall— "The Refreshers Headache"—that's a nice cap you have.

New addition to Dorr Field guard detail—John Sapp, Gib Garner, Homer Brown, and "Old Man of the Mountain" Clyde Coker—he and Jack Duncan a "feudin" over the merits of their cow ponies.

It's Major Boyd now—congratulations, Major. We've been on a fingerprinting spree the past week.

**Hither and Yon**

Ever since John Hudson heard about Mr. Hocker's motor scooter there's been a gleam in his eye. We heard, via the grapevine, that he had already made a deal with Britt for a banner— "Ride it yourself around the circle for 25 cents." We also heard that Mr. Hocker had a gleam in his eye concerning said scooter—all we want is a bicycle! Please!

**Yon and Hither**

Vance Tonkin with screwdriver and can opener working on AT-6's! Margaret Lightfoot and her seven dates a week. Mr. Wynn's night timekeeper's nightly chorus, "Wish the canteen was open," Definition of latitude and longitude—Mr. Norman— Sgt. Emig?

Ah! our able man Stan Skeckowski and Miss Bernice Vick, of DeSoto county, were wed. Sorry no further details available, but we wish them the best.

**Improvements**

Sealing the Ready Rooms with beaverboard, besides adding to the appearance, makes them cooler to work in. Mr. Caller's office floor with a coating of red wax—and the best drinking water in the Field.

The Link Trainer Building painted and roof finished—more telephones added. La piece de la resistance—sweeping the sand off the ramp.

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**Autograph Hunters Track Down Don Budge**

ARCADIA—Don Budge seen waylaid by students at Dorr Field to autograph their pilot books. Reading from left to right, Cadet William Garold, Washington, D. C., Don Budge, our director of athletics, Cadet John Ellis, Albany, N. Y., and Cadet Clay Leyser, Garden City, L. I.

**Notes from Here and There**

One manufacturer of light planes is now removing the engine. An extra seat and controls where the engine was makes the plane a real primary glider.

In the Vega factory, they are using a laundry kettle, bread mixer and a cookie stove to make plastic molds of ground-up walnut shells.

Regulation ground steel helmets will soon be used by the bomber crews, England has used them successfully, on account of anti-aircraft bursts above them.

**Note from "Bud"**

A note from "Bud" Belland, our editor in absentia while on active duty, was labelled "not for publication." However, we can't resist telling all his old friends that "everything is super-swell." Also, he gets up "at 5:45 A.M.—to bed at 11 P.M. and busy all day.——— Much too busy to write any letters, but always glad to get them."

Bud's in the Navy now, so come on all you gang—write him the dirt.
LIBRARY NOTES FROM TECH
By Dorothy Burton

The First Smoking Period

"What does a skunk look like? Will you show me one?" asked a breathless student who had apparently run up the steps from Engines. The Library was found to possess four skunks (pictures), three adults and a child. The student left happy in the possession of three skunks (pictures), two adults and a child. The next request was an instructor's, he wanted the history of the word "homogeneity." It was found to be of Classical Latin origin of the year 1625.

"Will you please give me the spelling and pronunciation of "hysterics" was the next demand. The fourth to speak was a happy-go-lucky law student who had used the girl's picture for a book mark and left it in the book which he had returned and had anyone else taken the book out or could he have his girl's picture back? It was a charming Brooklyn maid with a sundappled Miami background—and an encouragement to reading it was plain to see.

"I have to write an original article on "Pan-Americanism." May I read all the articles you have on the subject so I won't duplicate anything that has been said before?" Whereupon several articles were found ranging from one extreme: Orson Welles' famous visit to Brazil; to another: "Peruvian Economy in 1941."

Problems

Two glamorous girls presented their problems: one wanted books on yellow fever (Our own Library had but one page of text on the subject, so Mr. Rosner of the University of Miami Library came to the rescue with three splendid works). The other, a history of Marie Antoinette—from our limited supply of general works we were able to furnish a fictionalized account of Cleopatra, or a historical account of Josephine Bonaparte—the latter just filled the bill! Another instructor arrived but couldn't wait for the answer, would I send it to him, please?—the ingredients of neat's-foot oil. This was accordingly done.

"Is there a lower gun turret on the B-25?" Neither text nor pictures could be found in the Library to answer this so later Tech. Orders were checked in another office, but apparently this is really a military secret for not even Tech. Orders told all. Five embattled and embittered soldiers rushed in to have a bet settled: which has the larger population, New York City or London? Four were chagrined to have the official census data of 1940 give London the greater number by 1,200,045.

Richard Rogero, bright-eyed Civil student—famous grower of gardenias—great patron of the Library, wanted to see his favorite periodical "Foreign Commerce Weekly." The new issue had not arrived but he was assured it would be put aside and held for his purusal and comment. With the end of the fifteen minute break came desertion—all scrambled back to class. Books had to be returned to shelves and telephone calls started to come in.

Gyration and Inertia

Sheldon Wells, heaviest individual user of the books and reference service, phoned to see if data could be found on "radius of gyration and moments of inertia." It could be and was and he dashed in, picked up the material, called his thanks, and breezed off.

A girl or two wandered in. "Has the Library anything that will show what is correct to wear if you are marrying for the second time?" [Yes, here is a copy of "Etiquette" by Emily Post that will solve your problem." Well, good!" said the little second-time bride. "Has the Library a map of South America?" asked her friend. "My brother has a new job there and I would like to trace the air route from Miami to his new home." All present followed the tracing finger with deep interest, for who doesn't plan a trip to South America in the not too distant future? The girls leave.

Mr. Patterson, Personnel, phones to ask how many different ways "stenographer" may be spelt. He took the first of many different ways discovered—"stenographer," which as Webster phrases it, is "reform spelling."

Yancy Does It

An instructor left his class to run in for a table showing temperatures at various altitudes. A good one is located in Yancy's "Aerial Navigation and Meteorology," which he took along to copy. Another instructor comes by wanting information on "salammoniac." The Library proved inadequate in this case, but a quick call to an outside agency, whose splendid cooperation never fails, soon provides the required fact.

Another young lady appears. Her boss wants to know the shortest route from Hutchinson, Kansas, to Union City, Tennessee. Her departure took place almost simultaneously with the second smoking period of the morning.

The Second Smoking Period

An argument has been settled and quickly, if the rest of us are to be able to hear ourselves speak. "How many British Colombias are there?" is the question to be settled hastily if we don't want fists flying. "Only one, and that is a Province in Canada" stills the combatants. "What is pin plate?" (P.S. Does the answer to this has never yet been found though many were consulted.)

"I wanna picture of a tough-looking sergeant or 'Pop-eye"" was the next demand. All the pictures located showed the sergeants either kindly and smiling or tenderly worried and not at all "Pop-eye" appear in any of the general magazines, so the youth conceived a great fondness for a likeness of a wood-chuck and went away whistling lustily his satisfaction.

Big Words

"What is the phobia that means fear of crowds?" The answer to this took a little time, but turned out to be "ochlophobia." "What is ethylene glycol?" was found almost instantly to be the same as "Prestone." "Where can I have a manuscript on "Aerial Photography" published?" Several suggestions were made, such as McGraw-Hill in the book line or various aviation periodicals. "Can stainless steel be magnetized?" The authority we found said that it could not be magnetized.

"Tell me what to give my girl for her birthday—it has to be something that can be easily mailed." "A compact, she'll love it, no girl can have too many!"

Another art student entered the scene, several boys from various states, each boasting about his own, had touched a native's pride. He wanted to prove more cattle were raised in Florida than any other state in the Union. While my sympathy was with him I had to disprove his statement by showing that Florida far outranked our lovely Florida on that score. "Have you a Gregg shorthand book?" "No, sorry."

Doubting Smith

"How can gold be electroplated?" The answer to that being found the next was describe a B-30. Having heard Mr. K. C. Smith describe it the night before, this question likewise was answered to the satisfaction of the three students who inquired. (Weeks later one reported to me he had doubted the information at the time but had since verified the statements made and found them exceedingly accurate. He apologized for his distrust.

"How can color-blindness be treated?"

"Have you a Greek dictionary," from our most erudite and learned instructor, "No, sorry." The same inquirer wanted the date of the first official yardstick, which Mrs. Wright, of the Miami Public Library, furnished in her efficient split-second style.

"Where the gong has called them back to class again!

(Continued on Page 10)

CAMERA FANS!

Where are those pictures of "Boss" Riddle? A month ago we announced a contest—$2,000 in cash money for the best and the "craziest" pictures of Mr. Riddle. "Anonymous" set the time limit as of last week, but not enough pictures were sent to warrant a competition.

Come on-break out your cameras and catch the "Boss" in the best pose for $2,000 and the worst for $2! We'll let you until October 15th to get them in.

"Anonymous," whose letter came from California, has already sent the money and we'd like to give it to some one.
Dear Guys and Gals:

We hope you'll be patient with us this week's 'cause

'Time is slow
The news is few
But we'll try penning a note to you' "bout Dear Young Embry-Riddle way up here in Tennessee.

Our official Staff Photographer, Frank Hayes, has really been on the job this week, and you would agree if you could see all the fine pictures he has snapped for the paper. We hope to let you in on all of them before long.

Everything here seems to be breezing along smoothly now. An important visitor of the week was Captain Richardson, formerly of Carlstrom Field, and now Commanding Officer at Albany, Ga. Captain Richardson breezed in in a BT.

Over Looking Operations

Down at Operations, things have been rather quiet this week. We did slip in and find Melvin Carlton, Parachute Rigger, sweating and mumbling over his sewing machine. Seems the thing just wouldn't percolate. We thought it rather peculiar, too, to see an ESQUIRE standing alone 'til we found Ken Stiverson hiding behind it. Speaking of Operations, Miss Renma Joyner has been added to the personnel as Timekeeper. Cute, too.

We are all looking forward to seeing the new Compass Rose, which is being completed this week. Seems as if some Compass Compensating is soon to take place.

One of the "sweet and lovely" members of our personnel wrote the following description of our General Manager:

"A jovial jello, a swell guy,
A radiant personality, no one can vie,
A beaming smile, a cheery greeting
By now, I've told of whom I'm speaking"

Everyone had an easy time discovering its origin—no one but Roscoe Brinton could fit that!

T. C. Cottrall, Engines Instructor, and Larry Walden, Ground School Director, spent the past week-end in the corn country of Kentucky. Mrs. Cottrall and daugh-

ter returned with them after a short visit with her parents.

Lieutenants Crawford and Murphy, Post Surgeons, have been very busy the past two weeks with an increased number of minor sick calls. We think our Medical staff is the best. And speaking of best, Stage Commander Boots Frantz, came back from Maxwell Field with some fine reports as to outside comments concerning the Field. We are all proud.

Cadtet Chatter

Well, we are winding into our last week of activities here at Union City. The sixty-hour checks have started and all concerned are "sweating" profusely, as is the usual procedure around check time. Such a life!

At last, fate caught up with us here and we had two "wrecks" this past week. Cadets Rauch and Ormsby, the wrecks, met a similar fate during the heat of battle on the basketball court. Both wound up in the Infirmary, Ormsby with a twisted ankle and Rauch with a twisted knee. Must have been the touch of fall weather in the air that brought back that football technique. Well, I always did advocate sun-bathing as the perfect form of exercise.

The bouquet of the week, one bunch of last season's pétunias, goes to A/C Braswel, king of the slow roll. "Hot Pilot" Bras-

well rolled with goggles up and helmet un-buckled, and lost the kit and kaboodle over the side. The force of gravity should never be neglected—and we won't tell tales on the boys who have learned the hard way about gravity and the advantages of the safety belt. A welded steel tubular fuselage makes a mighty good trapeze, doesn't it?

Although socialites and debutantes are in a long-gone civilan existence, believe it or not, we of Embry-Riddle Field are holding a "coming out" party tomorrow night for Cadets Allman, Strait, and Rauch. It seems that these lads were "slightly" reticent about returning a special pass. As a result they have spent the past two week-ends on and about our spacious and beautiful campus. But their sentence has been lifted and once more they can venture forth as free men.

This we admire: A/C "Terry O'Toole"

Ahearn's tenacity. Check rides are to him like a Mint Julep on a hot day.

By way of ending, we challenge Instructors Boyle, Bennett, and Lightholder to demonstrate their death-defying aerobatic, the "triple whispasnip," so that we can rest in peace and answer that constant question, "What is the fundamental difference between a "triple whispasnip" and a nightmare?"

A/C Richardson

67th Ready Room Chit Chat

Congrats to Cadet French, the first to solo in this new class, Cadet Leonard, for the longest solo period. Cadet Henderson, for the shortest flight on record—30 seconds. And then to Cadet Dregor, who thought a corn field would make a good runway, but was sadly mistaken and now owns half interest in a farmer's corn crop. We wonder what he will do with all that corn. Well, what?

Seen and Heard: Cadets Allen and Davis (buddies to all) who spent most of their flight line time inhabiting the ice cream stand. (Confidentially, there is an added attraction—blonde hair and blue eyes.)

Orchids: To Cadet Brandon, who, after an hour in the air doing stalls and spins, taxied in to the flight line and then fastened his safety belt.

Blame this on Yehudi: Cadet Fredericks the 3rd, who called "gas on, switch off, throttle closed" (while in the air), taxied to the middle of the area and—the motor died! He is now writing cockpit procedures during spare moments. Now who could have turned the gas off?

Can you believe: Cadet "Tee" Williams made that fatal error and is now spending his time writing a 2,000-word essay on "Why not to cross the tee" plus 25 laps around the tee with parachute, and was presented five stars? Those stars don't mean he is a General, either!

And in closing: Let us thank the Administration for the nice USO show the other evening. Also, somebody try and find out how Cadet Ferry can develop so many ailments—come time for Physical Training. Saturation point for excuses should be reached soon!

—A/C Fern
Dodo Chatter

Between isobars, Cirrus, Induction coils, angles of attack, lapse rates, variations, and weekly exams, we have for the most part, squeezed in a solo. So we hope to change this heading next week to Ready Room Chatter.

Along with solos come the supervised flights from the main base and then those hidden traps pop up. Cross Tee landings, take-offs, stars, and hikes! At this writing, that path around the Tee is becoming deeper and deeper.

Seems as though Miss Alva Nelle Taylor, the main attraction in the Post Supply, has traded those field glasses for a certain Upper-classman's bracelet. How about it, D.J.R.?

We can't close without mentioning our Dear Professor Walden's pet peeve. Seems as though a Cadet told a certain Lineman all about the air pockets he encountered. Hope we have this all straightened out now, after a little chat with that certain Lineman. Did you think it Cox's Army the other morning, Prather?

So, looking forward to pay day and another open post, we say "Keep 'Em Flying and 30!" Remember, it only takes one mistake.

--A/C Collins

Thanks for the extra copies of the Fly Paper being sent to our parents and friends. They tell us they like it and appreciate it. Bye 'till next week!

--WILLIE RULE THE BLUE IN '42--

WISH-IT-WERE-TRUE-DEPT.

by E. Lee Tron

I hate to disillusion everyone about the war going to end in 1942. Of course, I refer to the letter from Anonymus with that prediction. We have all heard the saying that figures don't lie—but, they can be made to do funny things. To disprove the numerical prediction of Anonymus, try this on your girl friend.

Write down on paper the year you were born and under that write down her age. Obviously, this statement is very, very optimistic because who, of the "stronger sex" can get a lady to divulge such a secret. So if she gives you trouble, just use your own vital statistics.

Write down the year you were born and under that write down your age. Add them together and there you are. 1942 is the answer (unless your arithmetic is like mine). So if you use two historical events and divide the answer by two, we can't get away from 1942. So in view of the press reports, I'm afraid that we are going to have to count on the war running over into the next year a little.

(To the Editor—Don't let the Axis know about this. Maybe they don't know that the figure business is a little off, so let 'em worry about where they are going to come Christmas day.)

When on controls use them light
The stick's to fly not to fight

MAIL FROM HOME!

UNION CITY TENN.----Students from the Embry-Riddle Field enjoying letters and hometown newspapers.

MORE FUN AT DEAUVILLE

by Jeannette Mickel

Well, here it is folks! The weekly dirt on the Victory Vacation Party at the Deauville.

The main attraction was Pat Smythe, R.A.F. Cadet from Clewiston. Pat really beat out some boogie woogie on that ole piano! That chap is good!

Bud Amoss was seen frantically searching for Colleen Breslin. Wally Weightman, of Engines, was there with the "Rhumba Queen" Murrill. Gene Mims and Eric Sundstrom seemed to be doing a bit of alright.

Lucille Valliere, looking her very best, seemed to be having her usual good time with our Latin American friends. Dale De Bruler, a student from Seattle, was entertaining with a grand repertoire of songs. It was swell, Dale.

Pride, Carlstrom and Dorr Fields were well represented, but where were our old timers from Tech and the Main Office? Due to the dirth of girls many of the tables were top heavy with men, but all seemed to be having a swell time.

No kiddin', If it's fun you want, the Deauville is the place to have it. And Deauville IS the place every Saturday night until further notice.

A goodly crowd came down from Clewiston for the week end—among them being the Willard F. Kings, the John Zilongs, Paul T. Flanagan, A/C David Roberts, A/C Derrick Button, A/C Ian Weir and several others. Registered from Arcadia were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Dalbuth, Mr. and Mrs. Aug Muhlke, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. La Brake and Kurt W. Kunan.

PROGRAM

The Riddle
"Family Theatre"

** **

Feature Picture
"BORDER PATROLMAN"
With George O'Brien and Ann Young
Monday, September 7th
RIDDLE FIELD
Tuesday, September 8th
DORR FIELD
Wednesday, September 9th
CARLSTROM FIELD
Thursday, September 10th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

** **

Feature Picture
"CALLING OF DAN MATHEWS"
With Richard Arlen
Thursday, September 10th
RIDDLE FIELD
Friday, September 11th
DORR FIELD
Monday, September 14th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents
EMORY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It"

September 3, 1942

LIBRARY
(Continued from Page 7)

Baby Talk

An outside agency phones to see if we can furnish directions on how to become a midshipman and can any of our Latin American cadets furnish information on the "Tatamiento" language? We can help, and do, on the first part of the question, but on the second we consult Eric Sundstrom who says it is "baby talk.""I'm a baby" is the telephone's. The向着phones to know who wrote "Stone walls do not a prison make" and is so thrilled to know she was right and that Richard Lovelace is the writer, not Oscar Wilde.

The Drafting Department again—data on the nomogram. French's "Engineering Handbook" gave them exactly what they wanted.

Meditations

Silence reigns a while and the librarian muses: "Wonder why Pauline Baker stopped reading books on flying after she took up insurance work? Wonder why the most popular, light reading is always physics, trigonometry, electricity, hydraulics, Spanish grammar, calculus, geometry, algebra, Allison engines, math and never love stories or murder mysteries? Will I ever get reconciled to lending Calvin's "Air-craft Handbook" or Lesley's "Airplane Maintenance" without feeling like mother the son off to war? William Barker shares my affection for Lesley and hoards that book like a miner with the year's prize nugget.

Wonder why the Electrical Department has always been and still is the heaviest department in the whole school on reading and research? They are all such nice people to deal with. Wonder if Paul Baker ever found as much on clothes for fliers, regulation—not Bond Street, as he wanted?

Elmer Tillman wants some material looked up, better do it now while it is quiet: How to be a gunner, how to be a glider pilot, how to be a gunner, how to be a glider pilot. These articles give him both text and pictures. The students always want pictures. Oh, yes, he also wants to know what "Purloator" means. Here it is, an oil filter. Well, that takes care of him for the present, but he'll be in again with another list of queries. Intelligent boy, must be a good student.

It was gratifying to be able to spell and define "bailiwick," when that dynamic executioner phonated. Naturally he wouldn't take my word as an authority, but Webster did confirm what I had said. One of life's sweeter moments! That student who asked for the name of the point in the middle of a circle wasn't satisfied with all the books which simply called it "the center." He still insisted it had a technical name, but neither Mark's "Mechanical Engineers' Handbook" nor any of the math books consulted gave it any other designation.

Contributions Wanted

The Reading Room is getting low on up-to-date periodicals. Have to start calling for donations and contributions again. Grover Gish, Mary Mitchell and Wain Fletcher are wonderful about bringing the newest and the best for the students. Major Stewart's gifts start for the Library but seldom get this far. Ah, at 11:30, students are beginning to come back from lunch and will have a fresh crop of questions, so brace yourself and let's go for another half hour.

"Have you a Portuguese dictionary?"
"Yes, here is a good one." "Can you give me something on the 'conductivity of mettalic structure?' Yes, for information."
"Have you a good history of aviation?"
"No, I'm sorry, we've been so busy building up a technical Library we haven't gone into the past. I will include one on the next order." "Have you the radio code in Japanese?" (We didn't have, but we were able to get it here.) "May I have a description of the stroboscope?" "Yes, certainly."

Alpha to Omega

"What is the Greek sign for Omega?"
"Here it is." "Have you a French dictionary?" "No, sorry." "Have you anything on reciprocals?" "Yes, is this enough or would you like a larger piece on the subject?"
"What should I give one of the students for a graduation present?" "Sorry, can't help you on that, I never know what to give men for gifts either."

"Where or how can I get a good, home-cooked meal?" "Get acquainted with some of the girl personnel, and be invited home to eat." "Can't, I'm a married man." "In that case we will bring the matter up before the "Kitty Foyles" and see how we can take care of cases like yours." "I want a picture of a bride." Humorous brides were found in "The New Yorker," real brides in "Life," stylish brides in "Vogue" and idyllic brides in "Woman's Home Companion," but an advertisement bride in "Saturday Evening Post" caught the young man's fancy and that hunt was over.

Postprandial Meditations

(Note to northern and foreign readers—dinner is here called breakfast in the south.)

"Let's see, a notice must be posted in the Reading Room giving Library rules and regulations which are promulgated as the occasions arise. Now to date we have: DON'T—sleep on the floor; take ice from the water-cooler; DO—return books every two weeks!"

That was thoughtful and generous of Elizabeth Roberts to send us a copy of "Victory Through Air Power," and Gene Bryan's contribution to "A Sub-Treasury of American Humor" will be chuckled over for years to come.

Little Jewel

Mr. Holden's ten "Quiet, Please!" signs are little works of art! They look too pretty to be left here alone at night. If I had a safe I believe I would lock them up like jewels, I wonder if his dog would let me treat him to a bone someday or knit him a sweater (the dog, not Mr. Holden). The new shelving certainly is grand too. It proves the appearance of the place a good 500%.

Mr. Holden has never seen the Library, but his faithful Mr. Robertson pays weekly visits and never fails to bring something to improve the appearance of the place or provide more convenience for the users.

Mary Carlisle Blakeley's comment on the cleanliness, neatness and order of the place was most gratifying. I told her Clayton Smith was responsible and a more indefatigable worker could not be found, he keeps on the job constantly.

People can't understand how librarians know all/or most of the answers. Librarians don't know from nothing, but they are supposed to know where all/or most of the answers can be found.

Time for the first afternoon smoking period. Let's go."

—WELL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

Tech-Coliseum Wedding Bells

MIAAMI—Mrs. Harold Simmons seen admiring her very new ring. The former Pauline Baker, in the insurance department at the Tech School, is the recent bride of Colseim instructor.

INTER-RIDDLE ROMANCE

The Main Office and Coliseum were all agog this week over the marriage of two Emby-Riddle-ites. Much to everyone's surprise, Pauline Baker and Harold Simmons had the matrimonial knot tied in Miami last Thursday.

Pauline, pretty brutteu secretary of Mr. Kuhl, in the Insurance Department, hails from Fremont, Mich., while Harold is a New Jerseyite, coming from Maplewood. Until recently he was with the U. S. Navy as a Civilian Engineer in Iceland and Puerto Rico, and is now a Basic Instructor at the Coliseum.

The best of luck to you, Pauline and Harold, from the Embry-Riddle Company, we were glad to hear that you are both planning to continue in your present positions.

DID YOU KNOW?

That you can use a watch to determine direction? Direct the hour hand toward the sun, then a bearing half way between the hour hand and the 12 o'clock mark on your watch is true south.
The Pied Piper had nothing on this retiring runner this past week! Trapping over this immense area with three pretty gals at her heels a few odd stragglers were collected at almost every department. Those who couldn't join the parade followed with their eyes the new gals, who will tote the Inter-Departmental correspondence from one end of the School to the other.

Lois Johnson can be identified by her cute southern drawl, those big brown eyes belong to Adle Heiden and Ruth Creel is the tall, pretty one—but, we're sorry, boys, her heart is "anchored."

There is a change in the Material Control Dept. Mn. Pearson, who has been there a while, is drafted. This is merely a change,.

Rings and Rings

The switchboard is all aflutter as Minnie Verdon sports her diamond, I hear that there will be two rings after Friday—I just heard! Also Margaret Pearson is leaving to go to Jacksonville the 29th—this time the Navy takes over! Virginia Lee entertained at a spaghetti dinner recently to prove to her friends that Gene won't starve after all.

Bob Townsend, from the Welding Department, is to be an ensign. He will take six weeks training at Dartmouth. Mr. Baillie may be drafted. This is a re-occurrence, but Johnny Keelin is still going to Blanding again—if you get what I mean! Gee! what will we do without Eddie Baumgarten? Eddie will be going to Blanding—his pastime will be playing in the band. Why won't he tell us what instrument he plays? Maybe we should already know!

New Faces

It is hard to keep in touch with the personnel in this building. The few men that are left in the Material Control Office say that the office looks more like a harem every day. There are three new girls in the Purchasing Dept. Mrs. Halland is working in pricing. Arabelle Leonard and Emily Conlon have also been added. Miss Betty Bruce is now a secretary in Mr. China's office. Also, in Mr. Estler's office there is a cute new secretary—she is Gloria Meyers.

Mr. Habig, who is now Mr. Riddle's Special Assistant, seems to think his new secretary should be one of the "Rockettes!" We'll see after Betty Hall leaves!

Blonde Bomber

Say, have you seen the new blonde bomber that runs between Landplane Base and Tech School. Her name is "Gracie" Devine—like to go to Landplane Base?

Romance still prevails—Harry Rinehart was seen at the Variety Club with Pat McNamara. Harry has two fraternity pins too. Who goes to lunch with Trixie Wood every day?

Norma Phillips, in Mr. Hess' office seemed to rather gloomy last Monday—furballs do run out.

Old faces back this week: Bill Tonson has returned, his vacation was spent in and out of bed (via hospital). He is glad to be back. Harry Koehler is back, his vacation was spent seeing all the movies in town. June McCall returned from New York last week. Jo Skinner says that she had a nice time on her vacation. Laura and Charlie Ebbets are in North Carolina. Laura's mother is ill but we hope she will be better soon.

Nice Going

Mr. Blakeley wishes to announce that he thinks his girls are about the best. He admits that they have been doing very fine work and we are commendable of him to boast about them. Keep it up, girls!

We like those snappy new uniforms of our guards—the McAllister Volunteers—and we like the efficient manner with which they handle the going-in and going-out.

Who is that swell pianist who has been entertaining us in the Cafeteria each noon? We'll tell you. It's Rollie Swan, who has been in Radio Communications for about three weeks. Hope he makes a habit of tickling those ivories during the lunch hour.

TO THE CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE

Your note to the Editor of the "Fly Paper" has been received, but as it was signed by the Carlstrom Flight Line this is the only medium through which we can acknowledge it.

We were delighted to learn that "there are several men with journalistic experience" among you and would we welcome a correspondent from the Flight Line.

Jack Hobler admirably covers the Ground School, but we would be more than pleased to have some news from another angle. Now, don't forget, we'll be expecting some copy from you no later than next Tuesday.

TECH'S LIBRARY ADDITIONS

New Books

Lewis Hamm, instructor in Aircraft asked for a list of new books received in the Library this week which he wanted to use as a guide in buying for his personal library. The list is as follows:

- Theory of lubrication, by Hersey, 1936.
- Aircraft engines, v. 1., by Judge, 1940.
- Automotive engine testing, by Graber, 1940.
- High-speed diesel engines, by Halst, 1940.
- Practical aircraft study, by Thompson, 1940.
- Airplane welding, by Johnson, 1941.
- Sheet metal worker's manual, by Broemel, 1940.
- Introduction to aeronautical meteorology, by Binder, 1940.
- Fog, by McAdie, 1934.

Synoptic and aeronautical meteorology, by Byers, 1937.

Vibration problems in engineering, by Timoshenko, 1937.

Radius of action of aircraft, by Tornick, 1940.

Simplified celestial navigation, by Weens, 1940.

Air navigation, by Weens, 1938.

Illyne's star chart, by Illyne, 1939.

Aeronautical meteorology, by Taylor, 1940.

Elementary airplane structural analysis by graphic methods, by Eames, 1938.

Elements of strength of materials, by Timoshenko, 1940.

Design data and formulae—aircraft and airscrews, by Pritchard, 1938.

Theory of plates and shells, by Timoshenko, 1940.

Engineers' sketch book, by Barber, 1940.

Technical drafting, by Schumann, 1940.

Airplane design, by Wood, 1939.


Airplane structures, v. 1, 2, by Niles, 1938.

Airplane instruments—maintenance, by Brimm, 1940.

Airplane design manual, by Teichmann, 1940.

Modern aircraft radio, by Nye, 1937.

Radio physics course, by Ghirardi, 1933.

Simplified instrument flying, by Mackey, 1940.

Hydrodynamics, by Dryden, 1932.

Aircraft materials and processes, by Titterton, 1940.

Plastics in engineering, by Delmonte, 1940.

Corrosion resistance of metals, by McKay, 1936.

Mechanics of liquids, by Powell, 1940.

Simple aerodynamics, by Carter, 1940.

Applied wing theory, by Reid, 1932.

Elements of airfoil and airscrew theory, by Glauert, 1937.

Link trainer, by Moloy, 1941.

E. R. AND O.C.S. AT THE DEAUVILLE

The Victory Vacation Party at the Deauville this week-end has an interesting new angle. Squadron Z, of the Officer's Candidate School, spoke for the Deauville Room sometime back, so we got together and are going to combine our parties.

We've often had the pleasure of having some of the Officer Candidates as our guests so we know many of them and 'tll be a lot of fun.

Dinner will be served at eight—and what a dinner! Filets! and no increase in price. That swell orchestra you heard last week will again be directed by Maurice Weiss—master maestro.

Better come early—there'll be quite a crowd.
WHERE DO THEY GO?
by Future Private Jack Keelin

Wonder if you Instrument students at Tech know that Mr. Hurt, travelling engineer for Bendix, was here recently to give you the once over. Don't be surprised if you hear more about this, and this includes students in Engines, Aircraft Mechanics and Sheet Metal.

Seems as though good jobs with good pay are waiting some of you fellows, as Mr. Burck of the American Airlines' Personnel was also here looking you over.

Congratulations are in order for the following Engine Students who successfully passed their C.A.A. exam for their engine licenses: Irving I. Magid, Edward J. Mason, Leslie Rome and Murray Gartner.

Report from Radio Communications: George Zakaria obtained a position with the Lively Vocational School, at Tallahassee, instructing primary code. He proved so competent that he was soon promoted to teaching advanced code and is now with the new Signal Corps School at Daytona Beach.

Sylvia Otis is leaving soon for Baltimore, where she will take a position in the Westinghouse testing laboratory. One of the large airlines wired Larry Schwab, Jr., an offer to join them. However, he hasn't decided to accept as he is contemplating the Merchant Marine.

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