AIR THINKING IS NATURAL TO CARLSTROM CADETS

When the Wright brothers were first heard of, a pilot had to be both a mechanical genius and a magician. Now, 40 years later, science has put practically everything into an airplane except a mind.

That is where you pilots fit into the picture. That is why you have a personal obligation to obey every flight regulation and follow every instruction you have ever learned. That is why carelessness is a payment in American life to Mr. Schicklgruber.

Although carelessness is everyone’s concern, you should regard it as your own problem to be solved by you personally. Carelessness is a mental attitude—the wrong attitude. It can, therefore, be corrected simply by your will to correct it. Forethought and air thinking can become as much second nature as brushing your teeth regularly.

The moment you climb into the cockpit your ship becomes a personality—your personality. And whether at the end of your training period you have a smooth air personality will depend upon your constant effort to lick sloppy flying.

Failure to check your gas tank before take-off, failure to know the hourly gas consumption of your plane, failure to look out for other air traffic, are all human failures. And so far there is no “UR” for human failure.
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* * *

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PATRICIA HILLIS, Seaplane Base

EDITORIAL

Did you ever stop to think why you refer to your airplane as a person? Why, for example, did the crew of the Memphis Belle think of her as something more than just an ordinary Flying Fortress?

Whether you ask this question of a long haired philosophy professor or a psychology prof with a crew cut, the answer will be the same. It is because through your wanting to be a good pilot you have actually transferred to your ship something of your personality.

Air Discipline

When you are flying, you represent someone more than Richard Jones from Yankton, South Dakota. When you are a pilot you represent a picked man with a good brain operating the finest airplane American engineers can build. But along with this enviable background you need a sense of air discipline.

You do not have to read much history to discover that mental discipline is responsible for the progress of mankind. And it is certainly to your advantage to learn as quickly as possible that your progress as a pilot will depend on your willingness to respond to air discipline.

A Part of You

You may have the coordination of Joe Lewis and the courage of Superman, but the personality of your ship goes far beyond this. It is hand in glove with your personal attitude. The instant you put your hands on the controls your ship becomes a part of you.

Air discipline and air personality are phases which are tied up with words like effort, alertness, judgment, skill, knowledge, and several others. You might think that because you have heard them several times before they bore you to hear them again. Nevertheless, the activation of these words means successful flight.

Courtesy Army Air Forces
Office of Flying Safety

EYMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC DIVISION

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PHOTOGRAPHIC DIVISION

CHARLES C. EBBETS, Chief of the Photographic and Identification Division
Letters to the Editor

Marion, Indiana
October 17, 1943

Dear Editor:

Cadet Billy Shanahan reporting, and may I start this report by saying that I really miss sunny Florida and its beautiful southern beaches.

Here’s an accurate report of my activities since I left Embry-Riddle. I spent two lovely weeks vacationing up the east coast, passing most of the time in Washington. Of course, the ten to one ratio of women to men there had nothing to do with that.

After the two exciting but rather tiring weeks of vacationing, I journeyed home. Home means the little town of Marion, Ind. After contacting the proper Army officials, I proceeded to loaf until the 27th day of July. Upon that eventful day I was sworn into the United States Army Air Corps as a flying cadet. So I say, “Ah, at last I shall see some action.” But alas and alack, the dear old major said, “Son, you’ve been transferred to the Air Corps Reserve. Go home and loaf awhile longer. We’ll call you when your turn comes.”

Home I went and loaf I did. At least until it became so boring that I nearly went crazy. Guess what I did then. Oh, you’ll never guess, so I’ll tell you. I went to work. Yep, that’s right. I’m working for the Farnsworth Television and Radio Corporation. They make radio transmitters for bombers, and I’m a test operator on the transmitters. Oh, it’s really quite a job, or at least that’s what the boss keeps telling me.

Confidentially, nothing looks good to me now but active duty with the U. S. Air Corps. I wish they would call me and quick. I am slowly shriveling into just a shell of my former self. It amuses me in a way. There are so many fellow fighting to keep the Army, and here I am just begging to go and they won’t let me. It makes me mad.

I want you to know that I’ve received the Fly Paper regularly ever since I have been here and it truly has been appreciated. Without it I know I surely would have gone insane. Every time I get to feeling morbid and blue, I just haul out a Fly Paper and read all about Florida and my wonderful friends and everything is sunny again.

I started with full intentions of making this just a note and it has almost developed into a book. I hope you are well and will be able to visit me some time.

Your friend,
Billy

Editor’s Note: That’s one of the nicest letters we’ve ever received, Billy, except for the part that tells us you’re still waiting. We remember how very anxious you were to get into the thick of things and we had hoped that by this time you would be bouncing around the sky in a basic trainer. The Army always comes through, however, so maybe your next letter will be postmarked Union City, or Arcadia. Wouldn’t that be a break? Write again soon and let us know what Uncle Sam is doing to you. If you’ve grown another mustache since you left here, try shaving it off and making a return visit to the Army officials. That may be the source of all your trouble!

32364766
9th Academic Sq. Bk. 255
Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

Dear Editor:

This letter comes from an instructor at Johnson Field who has received copies of your Fly Paper. They have afforded me many hours of enjoyment.

My first copy was sent to me by a young lady named Lucille Nelson of your Mail Room. She has sent me various copies for which I am very grateful. Reading your papers sort of makes me feel as if I am one of a great family, the Air Corps. You see, I had dreams of flying, but wearing glasses has proved a hindrance.

I am closing for it is nearly time for my next class of students. I humbly send my thanks for your kindness in sending the Fly Paper. I hope to continue to receive it for some time to come. So, you keep those pilots coming and I’ll keep those men of the ground crew coming. Until we meet up in the blue yonder of our skies.

Sincerely,
Francis Bindi
Cpl., U.S.A.

Editor’s Note: Thanks so much for the kind words, Cpl. Bindi. It’s the men on the ground who keep our boys in the air, and we know from the tone of your letter that you are doing a great job.

Dear Editor:

I thank you for having sent me the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper every week for the past nine months on behalf of Mr. G. W. Tyson, Jr.

I have looked forward to his coming because I found it exceedingly interesting; also, it portrayed to me the love and devotion that my nephew had for the Riddle-McKay Aero College.

Yesterday, I received the edition in which you paid your final respects to Mr. Tyson, whom you believed to possess a fine character both in duty and social life. I heard earlier from his father of the fatal accident. Naturally, I share the family sorrow because I am his father’s only relative, and though many miles separate us, we are devoted.

I, too, feel my nephew in high esteem, and I am proud of the work he accomplished in his short life. I visited him in 1937 and he visited me while in England last November.

There is a great favor I would like to ask of you. Please could you send me a photograph of each of the prints that you published in the Fly Paper on August 27? I would like to frame them and have them for a continual memory.

Also I would like more Fly Papers of August 27 to send to friends who were closely interested in him.

I am sorry that I cannot send costs to cover expenses that may be incurred, but I am willing to give a donation to any cause connected with the Air Force that you may express a wish.

In conclusion, I join in with the family of Mr. G. W. Tyson, Jr., for the high tribute you have paid him. May the good influence he had on his colleagues continue the good work carried on at the Riddle-McKay Aero College.

Yours very gratefully,
Mrs. L. M. Holland

Editor’s Note: This fine letter is from the aunt of the late G. Wills Tyson, Jr., formerly General Manager of Riddle Field. We are sending her the Fly Papers she desires, and we are referring her request for pictures to Charles Ebbets, Chief of the Photographic Division. We have suggested that Mrs. Holland make a small donation to the RAF Benevolent fund.

—

Here I am in Idaho—hit here two months ago. I’m in charge of the Squadron Welding department. I expect a furlough and a rating next month. Lots of work to do. Nice base here.

Give my regards to all. Hope you remember me.

Pfc. James A. Foley

Editor’s Note: The above is an excerpt from a card received from one of our former Welding students, Pfc. James A. Foley, a graduate of Class 3-43-C.

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

Name

Address
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

The Halloween Masquerade at Dorr Field last Saturday was a bowling success (and we do mean bowling). Although a little slow in getting started, everyone who attended had a marvelous time. Food was prepared most attractively, and the lounge was nicely decorated. Most of the revelers appeared in costumes, and we doubt that a group of Carlstrom instructors really had everyone there guessing as to who they were. Too bad Halloween 'en doesn't come more often!

Alabama Bound

Alex Hayes, Squadron Commander, Oscar Smith, Ass't. Squadron Commander, and Flight Instructors Norman Bishop and Jack Drescher left last Saturday morning for a four-day trip to the Basic School at Courtland, Ala.

Lester Hudson's mother came to Florida to attend her son's wedding, and while here visited Carlstrom Field. She's a very charming lady, Les.

Squadron I of Class 44-C held a chicken dinner and party at the Elks Club Tuesday evening, October 26th. Those present were Messrs. and their better halves Alex Hayes, George Dudley, George Taber, Robert Campell, Everett Hubbard, John Spencer, Charles Riddling. The Misses Eva Lee and Kathryn Sandmire, the Messrs. John Duris, John Goodrum, James Cooner, Lester Hudson and Clarence Wunder also attended.

Everyone ate so much chicken that they were cackling; however, some of the men found enough energy for a game or two of pool where Alex Hayes displayed unusual aptitude.

The Welcome Mat

New Instructors are Harold E. Roche and William G. Newlon. Congratulations and good luck, New Refreshers are Max Kress, New York City, Kenneth McLaughlin, Des Moines, Iowa, and William Miller, Martinsburg, W. Va. Welcome!

Donato Tanguay has been made an Assistant Squadron Commander. Richard Dorn is now instructing in the Refreshers School, which boasts 24 students.

The graduation dance for Class 44-C held on the 28th proved very successful. Music was furnished by the Buckingham Field orchestra, and the Mess Hall Patio served as the setting.

The Misses Helene and Betty Hirsch, Jo Axtell and Gloria Meyers made that gruesome trip via Inter-Field bus from Miami to Carlstrom to attend, and we really can't thank them enough. We do hope you had a good time, though, and will come back again.

The regular Field Day which is held for each graduating Class was held last Saturday, the 30th. Two P-38's from the Orlando Air Base gave quite a performance for the spectators, and, much to the delight of all, landed on the Field, thus giving everyone a chance to see what a P-38 really looks like.

Three P-51's from the Bartow Air Base contributed much to the afternoon's thrills, too, when they flew a beautiful formation directly over the Field, did a little "buzzing," and finally landed.

A/C Edmund T. Barcikowski was the winner in the 180 degree side accuracy landing event; A/C John D. Debink won the 2,000-ft. forced landing event; and A/C Herbert L. Foor was the winner of the aerobatics.

Group D out-did themselves in winning both the athletic and drill events of the day. Lt. Edward W. Guest is the Tactical Officer for this group; A/C John S. MacNerney is the Group Commander; and the Cadet Lieutenants are A/C J. H. Roberts, A/C R. E. Whalen and A/C B. J. Twomey. Congratulations to you all.

Have you noticed the light in Lula Mackie's eyes recently (just ignore the cough, please)? Well, why not? George is coming home—a fact which makes us all very happy.

The Messrs. Bovey, Brinton, Mougey and Reece returned last Sunday after attending a conference in Dallas, Texas.

Word has just been received that Howard Jamison was critically injured in an airplane crash last Sunday in Hollywood and is in the Hollywood Hospital. We're all pulling for you, Jamison.

Editor's Lament

Getting out this little paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we're silly; if we don't, they say we are too serious. If we take things from other papers, we're too lazy to write them ourselves. If we don't print contributions, we have no appreciation of true genius; and if we do, the paper's filled with junk. If we make a change in someone's write-up, we're too critical; if we don't, we're asleep. If we delineate the lines of some shapely siren, we display a lack of taste; and if we don't—our circulation drops. Now, like us not, someone will say, 'We copied this from some other paper.' Well—WE DID!
Upper left seated, left to right: Thelma Ponso of the Language department at Tech; Mary Lucy Collins, visiting Brazilian wife of a U. S. Naval officer; Lucille Vallerie; and Miss Martina. Standing, left to right: Adriano Ponso, Head of the Language department at Tech; Carl R. Anderson, Assistant Vice-President of Embry-Riddle; Capt. Joel Miranda, Lt. Elio Moraes and Lt. Almicar, all of the Brazilian Air Corps. Directly below, left to right seated: Mrs. Richard Hourihan; Mildred Hollingsworth; Esther Wallich; Bleeke Kistler; Jennie Mack. Standing: Richard Hourihan and Lloyd Rames. All of the Aircraft and Engine Division. In the next picture are the five prize winners: Mr. and Mrs. Jim Goodrich of Chapman Field; Student Edith Chapman; and guests Mary Loux and Harry Nickerson. Lower left: Soft drink concessionaire “Red” Duncan of the Brazilian Program drums up a little trade. Lower center: Alice Richards and Tech School Director Col. Arnold Rich waltz. Upper right: Harry Nickerson, as W. C. Fields, says “smile for the birdie” as Charlie Ebbets gets a shot of feminine masqueraders. Right center: RAF cadets and “Hula Girl” Hopkins of Riddle Field entertain Tech School girls. Lower right: Student Edith Chapman poses with Lt. Almicar and Capt. Miranda on the stairs at the Antilla.
My gosh! Here it is Fly Paper time again and I am speechless. Here's hoping that my associates come to the rescue and get me out of that proverbial spot.

Which reminds me, fellers and gals, this is your paper, and whether you have thought about it or not, you should have a part in it.

If you have any suggestions or criticisms to offer, please let's have them. If you have any articles, news, poems, or anything of interest, turn them in to your editor. Let's make the Union City News Letter the most interesting part of our paper.

We scouted around a bit this morning, snorked up on one of our old instructors, hooted him with a rope and made him stay put long enough to get a bit of information from him.

Milton Stone Bangs, Jr.

“Bing” Bangs has worked with Riddle-McKay Company for one year and four months. He originally hailed from Detroit, Mich., along with his wife, Nancy, and their two children (sons, by the way). “Bing” attended the University of Michigan for two and one-half years, during which time he became interested in flying due to his constant “hanging around” the local airport. He has been flying seven years and can boast proudly that he has never had anything unusual happen while flying, not even a forced landing, which is really something to brag about.

“Bing” is now Assistant Squadron Commander at the local Field, and we are told he is doing a swell job. He also excels in something besides flying, for he was a former Golden Glove Boxing Champion.

After the War

Before starting flying professionally, he was test driver on a General Motors Proving Ground. He emphatically states that he intends to continue aviation professionally after the war.

I'm sure that many of our Fly Paper readers would like to know about some of the experiences of our new Intelligence Officer here at Union City, Lt. L. A. Beaupre, who served one year in the intelligence branch under General Chennault of the Flying Tigers.

Nips Attack

Lt. Beaupre stated that he was located in Kunning, Yunnan Province, China, and that only a few weeks before the United States entered the war his group sailed for Burma and China. The points they touched, including Hawaii, Manila, Singapore and Rangoon, were shortly after attacked by the Japs. He was also stationed about 1,400 miles up the Burma road at Kunning, where the Tigers were bombed daily by the Japs.

For the interest of the girls, the nice-looking lieutenant is 25 years of age and single.

 Hats off to two more new Instructors, James R. Adams and James A. Kyle. One would never know by that decided Southern drawl that Mr. Adams was from way down south in Atlanta, Ga., but that's what we are told. As for Mr. Kyle, he very proudly says that he is a native Tennessean, hailing from Dyer, Tenn. He is also a very active member of the Civil Air Patrol at Milan, Tenn. Congratulations, boys!!!

Promotion

Congratulations are in order for Warrant Officer (j.g.) Homer Dickinson, who has been promoted to Chief Warrant Officer.

Margaret Clayton, Civil Service employee at Army Headquarters, is vacationing in Louisville, Ky., Sgt. John Higby is spending his furlough in Helena, Mont. Lt. Stephenson, WAC Recruiting Officer, from Memphis, Tenn., visited Union City Tuesday.

We have added to the PBX and teletype position two talented musicians, Jeanne Williams who studied voice under Leone Kruse of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Hazel Grace Conradi who studied music in Chicago, Ill., at the Chicago Conservatory of Music. Grace was a graduate of Union City High School of 1942. We will be able to give you some good music along with good telephone service.

The regular weekly meeting of the Embry-Riddle Bridge Club was held at the Pilot's Club at 1:00 p.m., Wednesday, October 27, 1943. There were four tables of bridge and one table of rummy. Hostesses were Mrs. T. C. Cottrell and Mrs. Mona Burgess.

Prizes

Prizes were won by: high score, Mrs. James Long; second score, Mrs. Frank D. Harrison; low score, Mrs. Charles Clark.

Bridge was played by Mrs. Robert Boyle, Mrs. Bohon, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Calvin Clymer, Mrs. Lewis Dickson, Mrs. William Dorr, Mrs. Hunter Galway, Mrs. Joe Crow, Mrs. F. D. Harrison, Mrs. Frank Haynes, Mrs. James Long, Mrs. George Lobdell, Jr., Mrs. David Moore, Mrs. Harold Prather, Mrs. Ed Straight and Mrs. Jesse Tate.

Rummy was played by Mrs. J. B. Andrews, Mrs. Picar, Mrs. Fligot, Mrs. A. B. Billett, Mrs. McCulloch and Mrs. George Lobdell, Sr.

Due to the extreme need of the Red Cross and the shortage of workers, it was suggested that the game be shortened so that assistance could be rendered in rolling bandages.

The following went to the Red Cross work room for the remainder of the afternoon: Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Lobdell, Jr., Mrs. Frank Haynes, Mrs. Frank D. Harrison, Mrs. Mona Burgess, Mrs. George Lobdell, Sr., and Mrs. T. C. Cottrell.

Cadet News

For the first time during our eight months of Army Air Corps life, we are finally realizing that aim for which we all enlisted. After nine months of practically marking time, in our minds, we've at last hit our forward stride. Basic training, C.P., Nashville, Maxwell—"Is this the heralded life of an aviation cadet?"—we were continually asking ourselves. "When do we hit the 'Wild Blue'?"

Our answer came on October 3 when we stepped off the train at Union City, piled into trucks and drove the six miles to Embry-Riddle Field.

The first glimpse of the Post was of neat, long, clean-looking barracks and a huge, well-kept field, ramp lined with rows of silver Fairchild P-T 23's. Ever since

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Union City Cadet in "Grind" School

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that first look, the entire class of 44D was sold on the 7th AAF/FTD.

The ensuing few days were taken up with the orientation of the post, talks by different Staff Officers and issuing of flying equipment and ground school texts. Our eyes, however, were longingly cast to the flight line.

Three days after our arrival, we were at last set to fly. We went down to the Flight Line, looked over the ships and met our instructors. From the first we could understand the great part that these men were to play in our next nine weeks.

**Half Way Mark**

Well, here we are at the half way mark. Our upper class is ready to take off for basic, we’re prepared to assume the responsibility of becoming upperclassmen, and a new bunch of neophytes are preparing to experience the thrill of arriving at Union City.

These past four weeks have been the most rapid of our Army careers. The days just seem to fly by, one overlapping the other. New officers are being chosen; gone are the cranking days; “Have you got a solo ship for me?” seems to be the theme of the day.

Now as never before those coveted wings seem to be on the near horizon. Yes, men, we’ve worked hard for the visualization of our dreams, and now they’re in view!

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**CAN’T DO WITHOUT**

*by A/C A. J. Kashtowitz and E. M. Gilbert*

Open Posts . . .

Pellic’s everlasting good humor and wit . . .

Kiebler’s ready smile and greeting . . .

Meyer’s matchless easy-going manner . . .

Jolly’s philosophical thoughts . . .

Jude’s one-handed shots on the basketball court . . .

Kish’s effervescent light-heartedness . . .

Jourdan’s brain in Engines . . .

Kennedy’s constant innocent look . . .

Brown’s knocked-out experiences . . .

Geyer’s all-around popularity . . .

Our bugler’s terrific horn . . .

Our instructor’s cooperation . . .

Open posts . . .

The flight line canteen . . .

Those PX sundries . . .

Those mess hall steaks . . .

Open Posts . . .

The Union City girls . . .

Wolf’s bunk-flying . . .

Casella’s snoring . . .

Elwell’s “meat-grinder” . . .

Red Weis’ griping . . .

Edwards’ choral accompaniment after his recitations . . .

Eggs for breakfast???

That weekly hair cut (barbers gotta eat too)!!

Open Posts . . .

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**FLASHERS FROM THE FLIGHT LINE**

*by B. Walker and M. Burcham*

New as we are, we are liable to land in the Dog House: soon at the rate we send our news in, so move over, pooh, there are two of us.

Things have been progressing rapidly on the Flight Line this past week. Happy, carefree little “Kaydets” are joyfully singing “Praise the Lord, and Pass the Basic Trainer,” Class 44C, going, going, gone—so long, fellas.

One bright day last week our old friend, J. V. Brannon, none other, dropped in from West Virginia en route to his next station. He is now a 1st lieutenant. Congratulations and good luck, Johnny, or should we say Lt. Brannon?

**Feeding Again**

With his arrival, the old West Virginia versus any other-state-in-the-Union feud was gleefully resumed. Most of the natives of the other states have finally come to the conclusion that there are human beings in West Virginia, so many people talk about that place, (excuse us, Flywheel).

We say a fond farewell to Bob Housley and his pretty wife, Jimnette. Bob is now a 2nd lieutenant and is on his way to the same destination as our West Virginia Brannon.

**Back to the Fold**

We welcome Billy Reese back to the Flight Line after a short vacation. He is taking Bob Housley’s place in Squadron 1.

Dick Symmes, Instructor, welcomed his family on October 20. They came from Harwichport, Mass., with Mr. Symmes’ parents. They are now residing here in Union City. Maybe Dick won’t look so lonesome now.

The details of our shindig on Hallowe’en will be found in the next issue of the Fly Paper, at least, part of them.

**Nonsense Stopper**

Annette Logan, T. C. Cottrell’s secretary, just called us and we feel it necessary to put a stopper in all this nonsense. Just remember, whenever you feel gloomy, just listen to “Tubby” Worstell’s good “ole” laugh; he’s the best darn tonic.

So long.

There is an old axiom to the effect that experience is the best teacher—it’s a good axiom and I would not quarrel with it. Where accidents are concerned, however, experience is likely to be bitter and costly. The first lesson can be, and often is, the last. In flying it’s a whole lot better to learn from the mistakes of others than to make them yourself.

—Colonel S. F. Harris

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**POME**

You can tell a new Refresher by his look of great alarm.
You can tell a Squadron Commander by the two stripes on his arm.
You can tell a Director of Flying by his manner, clothes and such.
You can tell a new Instructor, but you can’t tell him much.
GRADUATION

by A/C R. N. Ludlow

It was a gala occasion at Dorr Field Monday evening, October 25th, when the graduating cadets and their instructors were given a banquet. The entire upper class of cadets and over one hundred flight instructors, ground school instructors and officers of this Field attended. For the first time in eight weeks, military customs and discipline were laid aside and an air of informality prevailed.

Far Cry

The table covers, the flowers, the cigarettes and the music were a far cry from the usual scene in the cadet mess hall. Tables were arranged so that the cadets sat with their instructors and the officers sat together at the main table.

After dinner, Lt. McLaughlin congratulated the class on behalf of the officers for having successfully completed their training here. He then introduced Jim Burt, Group Commander, and Carl Dunn, Director of Flying, who wished us further success in our future flying.

Four cadets formerly of this Field, who had flown down from basic school, were introduced and gave us a few hints about what we might expect at our next post. After the speeches had been completed, Lt. McLaughlin presented identification bracelets to the members of the cadet wing staff and to the outstanding cadet group commander.

Complete

Music was provided by A/C Arthur Katz and Hennings Nelsa at the piano. Everyone joined in singing several Air Corps songs. An amusing satire was given next by A/C Ralph Kittel, which completed the evening's entertainment.

While this is the first banquet that has been given jointly for the cadets and their instructors, it will not be the last, judging from its success.

PEEKING THRU DORR'S KEYHOLE

by A/C Art Sager

Well, the upper class, 44C, has gone on passes and we figure it's about time, since one of the Wing Staff was seen practicing his judo homework on a fire extinguisher the other week-end. They say this flying affects one.

Open Post

The worn out expression on the faces of the upper class on Monday morning seems to give evidence that the three-day post was a huge success. If you don't believe it, ask Mr. Tarr about his trip to Tampa.

At a recent football game between Arcadia and Punta Gorda there were many Dorr cadets in attendance. One of the "misters" was not happy until he finally wedged himself in among the players on the bench. We should thank those members who gave us a preview of their football ability previous to the starting of the game.

Dirt Diggin'

We leave you with a word of caution. Leave the digging of dirt to us, because if you go digging around, say, the athletic field, you might run into the body of Pvt. "Coach" who has been reported all but missing in action since Friday when he innocently joined a touch football game. There were four ex-college football players on the opposing team. Maybe that'll learn him to stay on his little white platform.

FIELD DAY

by A/S William E. Borchart

Ranking high among the fast-moving events of Class 44C's last week at Dorr Field was the action-packed Sports Field Day.

The event consisted of intra-squadron competition in touch football, basketball, volleyball and tennis, and also an individual competition in basketball shooting, football passing, chinning and the 600-yard run.

The intra-squadron championship of the class went to Squadron 4, who swept six out of eight events to establish their victory, bowing only in their tennis doubles contest with Squadron 3 and the volleyball title with Squadron 1.

Tying for the runner-up position in the intra-squadron competition were Squadrons 1 and 3, followed by Squadrons 2, 5 and 6, in that order.

Individual athletic honors were won by A/C Ray Exum of Squadron 2 who nosed out A/C D. G. Kistler of Squadron 5 by one point. Exum demonstrated his all-around athletic versatility by chinning himself 14 times, shooting ten baskets and running the 600-yard event in the fast time of 1:41. With a score of 85, A/C Exum has also made the highest Physical Fitness Rating ever attained here at Dorr Field.

Cadet Exum hails from East Orange, N.J., and attended King College at Bristol, Tenn., for his C.T.D. period. He played freshman football and competed in track events at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, before his enlistment as an Aviation Cadet.

Fly High. On routine flights of all kinds, unless there is some very good reason for doing otherwise, get up and stay. The more sky below you, the more time you have to think and act if something happens.

A/C Groundloop, N.M.I.
DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

Many compliments this week on the appearance of the guards with their new regulation hats and badge, khaki shirt and pants, and regulation tie. The Dorr Hallowe'en party was a big success, not such a large crowd as the last party held at Dorr, but the costumes were of a varied assortment and very becoming.

Carl "Rattlesnake" Dunn as master of ceremonies in his zoot suit and hat to match (boy, what a shade of blue!), all set with a feather, too, was acclaimed winner of the first prize. However, since he was master of ceremonies, he refused it and it was $10 too.

Great Scott

First prize went to Mrs. Bardol; second prize of $5.00 to one of our own Instructors who in the future should be known as "Great Scott" Weldon. We wonder where the old farmer is from whom he got those overalls. Yes, sir, they were well worn from honest labor too. The third prize went to Carlstrom Field's Bob Davis, who came dressed as "Hairless Joe" suffering with a fallen chest.

We overheard part of conversation between H.J. and a fair young lady that went something like this.

Bob Davis: "Excuse me, ma'am, but have you seen my hair?"

Young Lady: "Sir, how dare you!"

Bob Davis: "Excuse me, Lady, but it's underneath your chair." (And forthwith he drags out about half a sack full of Spanish moss.)

Schmoozles

Wonder where Lts. Rubertus and Galley dress out what they were wearing, especially the schmoozes? Well, sir, 'twere a swell evening, so be sure and don't miss the next party which we hope will be held in the near future. There have been rumors that the next party will be a kid party. To the initiated, that is where you all come dressed as the age you wish you were. Ladies please note: Here is your chance to recapture your youth.

The Army Side

Maybe you have noticed some of the enlisted men limping around this past week, some on crutches, Sgt. Lambeth with his arm in a sling, and all more or less the worse for wear. The cause of all this was a little contretemps tactics used in the football game this past week, enlisted men versus the officers. We told those enlisted men that they had better confine their sports events to table tennis and such like.

Homer and his lady friend, the two C.I. pigeons that have taken up with us down.

on the flight line, have become so tame that they will feed right out of your hand.

Best wishes to Marion Crosby and Lt. Anderson who will be Lt. and Mrs. when you read this next Saturday. All of us wish them both all the happiness imaginable.

The officers getting our winter flying gear last Thursday. We saw many cove- tuous glances cast at the sheep-lined jackets and boots. We wouldn't mind a pair of those fur-lined boots ourselves. When our feet get cold we get cold all over. How the weather changes—today we can all go back to summer wearing apparel.

No, folks, Lt. Pinson does not talk in his sleep; he just grunts something fierce.

To Whom It May Concern

Lt. Greene soloed the AT-6 this morning, October 31, 1943, at 11:30. We need him down. Lt. Pinion will attest to the truth of this statement as he was occupying the rear cockpit. Congratulations, Lieutenant. Two very nice landings.

Toably yours,

Jack

TECH GALS AT DORR

by Helene and Betty Hirsch

Jo Axtell and Gloria Meyers

After braving the elements on that cold Thursday morning, Helene and Betty Hirsch and Jo Axtell skidded to an abrupt stop in front of the Tech School in time to stop Gloria Meyers from eating that last remaining fingernail. It seems as though the Stretch-out leaves promptly at 7:00 a.m. come girls for the dance or no girls for the dance. Mr. Thornton insists that the "mail must go through." So any

way, without much further ado, we were on our way to the wilds of West Florida.

We stopped at Riddle Field for only a few moments, and then away to Arcadia. Our first stop in Arcadia was at the "abandoned airport," Dorr Field (please note, Carlstrom Field), and having it on good authority (the guard at the gate) that there was no food there, we proceeded to the "auxiliary field," Carlstrom (please note, Dorr Field).

We were greeted by Kay Bramlitt who had arranged an excellent lunch for us. At lunch we met the Special Service Officers, Lts. Haring and Weiner, who immediately took charge as Kay was suddenly called to Miami.

After lunch our Cadet Convoy, namely, Cadets Twombley, Kirk, O'Rourke and McNerny, took us on a tour of inspection of the entire Field. To quote Cadet O'Rourke, said cadets were told that they had "their choice of 40 tours or escorting us around the Field."

Touring

They chose the 40 tours, whereupon the penalty was raised to 50 tours, so as we said, Cadets Twombley, Kirk, O'Rourke and McNerny escorted us around the Field. But we know they were only kidding (it says here in small print). After all was said and done, the Cadets enjoyed the tour as much as we did, as they were allowed in several places they had never been heretofore.

We spent a most hilarious hour in the Link Trainer room, but the consensus of opinion was that in time we might be "hot pilots." We always thought that when you hit the ground that was as far as you went, but not us—we went several hundred feet under according to those little gadgets.

Then into town to dress, then back to the Field for dinner, then back to town to dress, then back to the dance. Sounds like a vicious cycle, doesn't it? It was!!! But fun!!!

We arrived at the dance, which was Continued on Page 11
Riddle Field settled down to some hard work this past week after the Hallowe’en holiday weekend. Riddle Fielders were represented at the Embry-Riddle party in Miami, and a fairly large crowd attended the party held at the Instructor’s Club here. Some (gas permitting) visited surrounding beaches and still others just stayed in Clewiston.

Half of Course 15 have finished their long cross-country and the other half are to make the trip this week-end. Courses 16 and 17 have now all soloed and are ready to learn the more complicated (if possible) maneuvers of their respective ships.

Yes, Riddle Field is “on the ball.”

Hallowe’en Party

They frolicked and they had fun at the Instructor’s Club last Friday when the Co-Pilots entertained a Hallowe’en party. Dancing, games and refreshments were enjoyed and there were prizes galore. Winners of the door prizes were Messrs. Lawson, Smith and Racener.

Asst. Gen. Mgr. Buxton brought the house down with his costume, which was called “The Hunchback of Notre Dame.”

Four Men and a Turtle

Sometime ago Flt. Comdr. Gunner Brink and Denny Racener and 1st/O Charlie Barclay found a large soft shell turtle which they captured. Later that night the turtle “mysteriously” found its way to the bathtub of the aforementioned Charles Barclay.

Came the dawn and Barclay’s roommate, 1st/O Jack McConkey, prepared for his morning shower. Alas, he looked into the tub and there was the turtle.

But being a wise and fearless person, besides being a graduate of the General Motors Institute, McConkey drew the curtains around the tub and waited for his roommate to arise. Finally, Charlie, still half asleep, stumbled into the bathroom, reached through the curtains and adjusted his shower water to just the right “mixture.” And then it happened. Without looking, Barclay drew back the curtain and stepped directly onto the back of the turtle. A yelp and a retreat followed but with no injury to anyone.

Careful there, don’t laugh too much, for Charlie says that after being dressed, cleaned and cooked that turtle made one of the best meals he’s had—and an unrationed one at that!

The Mail Bag

We have a card from Lt. Bill Cashner who graduated with Course 13 and is now at Denver, Colo. With him, from the same Course, are Lts. Slade, Morgan and Morse, and they are all flying DC-3s. Bill says, “Say hello to my friends, Hoppy, and drop me a line when you find time.”

Mrs. Carolyn Wadlow of Palmdale also sends us some information she has received from former students here. P/O Doug Pollard of Course 9 has announced his betrothal. Sgt. Tony Farthing of Course 12 is on twin engines stuff while Sgt. Ken Gowin of the same Course soloed on twins after only three and one-half hours dual. Sgt. John Curtis-Hayward of Course 11 has begun operational training after spending several days’ leave at home.

Beautified

Mrs. Wadlow and her son, Ralph, have also beautified the RAF plot at the Arcadia cemetery by planting ivy and other flower cuttings. This kind deed will be greatly appreciated by the parents of the boys who are buried there.

We are also in receipt of a letter from Larry Lillis who was with Course 14. Larry is in Winnipeg, Canada, and he requests a copy of his Course’s Listening Out, which has been sent to him.

Freddie Hunziker, son of D/F and Mrs. Hunziker, has written that he is now an Advanced Senior Cadet in his Naval Air Corps training at Corpus Christi and that he has completed his Link and Radio range course.

Here and There

Cadet John Page of Course 17 is another new Associate Editor, and he with his other two companions from his Course should really keep Course 17 in the print. Glad to have you with us, John.

John Conroy, Ollie Lynch and Earl Pet-ers, the latter two gents former flight line Dispatchers, are now taking the Link refresher.

Congratulations to Pfc. Edwin Kowatz of the Infantry who was married last Sunday. He and the former Juanita Bramley of Clewiston were married at the Community Church at 2 p.m.

Contest Winners

All the entries on our last contest finally caught up with us and here are the winners: First prize of $5.00 cash to Mrs. Joy Roberts of the Accounting department; second prize of $3.00 cash to Mrs. Mack Greene of the Weather Bureau; third prize of $2.00 cash to 1st/O Paul Badger, Link Instructor.

Mrs. Roberts is a newcomer to the winners circle, while Mrs. Green and Mrs. Badger have won in previous contests.

Meteorology

Harold Cowlisah, Ground School Instructor, is now conducting classes in Meteorology at the Ground School every Monday and Wednesday evening at 7:30 p.m. Anyone interested in a private or commercial license or instrument rating is invited to attend.

Link Instructor and Mrs. Neal Dwyer are the proud owners of a full blooded Scottie which they have named “Pepper.” Construction work on runways, ramps and the paving of all the roads here at the Field has started.

We are happy to acknowledge receipt of the New Port News, a service publication of the Hampton Roads Port of Embarkation located at New Port News, Va. The four page publication is well organized and makes interesting reading.

L. M. Hutson, Maintenance Superintendent

NICE FISHIN’

W/C George Greene, commanding officer at Riddle Field, has absolute proof of his 64-pound sailfish. See? And it stood 8 feet, 1 inch.
WHAT TECHNIQUE!

Cadets McSorland and E. B. Jones of Course 16 and two Miami ballies
dont, better known as “Mr. 5 by 5,” gave the Infirmary a radio in appreciation of service rendered. The boys at the Infirmary are grateful for this timely gift, Mr. Hutson.
Fletcher Gardner, former Chief Accountant here, visited the Field last week. “Fletch” now operates a farm near Lake Wales.

New Plane
Fred Brittain, Bill Fisher, Fritz Sebek and Harold Curtis, intrepid airmen one and all, have recently become the proud fathers of a 10-year-old Aerona G-3 airplane, powered by a super 56 H.P. 2 cylinder engine.
The luxurious ship with its eight gallon fuel and three quart oil capacity and all the be-keets of Municipal Airport where all may gaze at its streamlined form (for a small fee). The proud madmen are looking for an appropriate name for it. Suggestions such as Okoechee Floggie, Clewiston Firecracker, etc., will be appreciated from anyone.

Course 17

We regret to say that our numbers have been depleted so far by five and we would like to take the opportunity of wishing those men “all the best” in whatever trade they choose and a very speedy return to the “isle across the pond.”

Having now reached the end of the third week, the course has settled down but in a few cases with a little too much drift. We came here with the intention of being an outstanding Course and breaking as many records as possible. Little did we expect such things as those infamous “ground loops,” etc. We have, however, graduated from the “circuits and bumps” and some have begun entangling themselves with aerobatics and the feeling of being almost A.W.O.L., miraculously managing to keep in by frantically grabbing the side of the aircraft.

“Own Back”

A certain cadet while attempting a roll suddenly found the aircraft in a dive. Thinking he had performed a new aerobatic, he informed his instructor what actually had happened and was informed that they went down to find out what had dropped. He would not believe it was a piece of paper that had hit his head. Obviously a case of “own back.”

Form one errors are very much to the fore, and it appears that the new order, to write a 500-word explanation for the second error, is to be rigidly enforced. It will be very amusing to see the first essay entitled “Why I Make Form One Errors.” We expect to see these errors dwindle and vanish.
The camp was deserted last week-end, the boys evidently having taken over at the coast. It remains to be seen how well they get organized when they return—light hearted and carefree—each with a longer line than the next.

This week inter-flight rugger and soccer matches promise some good sport and no doubt our teams will put up a “good show.”

Course 16

Thanks for the nice remark, Hoppy, last week; only too willing to help a “buddy” in need—the press must always roll.

It doesn’t seem so long since we wrote that most of our midst had soloed on PT’s and now we are “pilots” taking AT’s from the line.

Heard on the R.T. this week: A plane going round for the third time called up the Tower—“Hello Riddle Control, this is No. (censored) going round again. Shoot me down at four o’clock, will you please?”

It would have shaken him had the control replied, “Wilco out.”

Last week-end was an open post and everyone took advantage of it to celebrate Hallowe’en in a really big way. Everyone staying in Palm Beach visited the G.W., and so did all the Spars, a few of whom had special late passes till 11:30 p.m. for the occasion. Twas lots of fun.

Challenge: The American Cadets of Riddle Field offer to thrash any Instructors’ team at touch football, and this goes for basketball too. (Presence of Jack Hopkins requested.)

One Year Ago

SMILES AT RIDDLE FIELD

Cadets R. G. Taylor, Denforth, Osmond, Andrews, Norman, Stevens and Preston

CANTEN MANAGER

Helen P. Welsh

TECH GALS
Continued from Page 9

SMILES AT RIDDLE FIELD

Page 11
MARIE KIEHL PRAISES U. S. INSTITUTIONS

Social agencies of the United States are doing splendid work and employing many methods suitable for use in Brazil. Miss Marie Kiehl of the department of social service, São Paulo, Brazil, said in an interview Tuesday afternoon on a visit to the Tech School.

Miss Kiehl expressed interest in seeing the school and meeting employees who soon will be her neighbors in São Paulo, where they will go to organize a branch of Embry-Riddle.

She is stopping in Miami en route home after a three months’ visit to this country as a guest of the U. S. State Department. While in America she visited various social agencies and industrial centers, making a study of community organization of social service. She will leave Thursday for Brazil.

"Correctional institutions are particularly good in the United States," Miss Kiehl said. "Americans treat a delinquent as a person who should have self-respect and are always careful to stimulate in him an interest in life after he leaves the institution. This helps turn the delinquent into a better citizen. Even in an institution an effort is made for him to live as normal a life as possible."

Miss Kiehl was high in her praise of the program of foster homes being carried on throughout this country.

"In Brazil we adopt home. But we do not have the American system of foster homes by which families receive allowances from social agencies for children they take into their homes to educate without assuming legal guardianship," she said.

She commended highly also the program of relocation of the Japanese, which she considered important in avoiding future trouble.

"São Paulo is a cosmopolitan place very much like the United States," she said. "I feel more at home here than I do in the Northern states of Brazil. São Paulo can be compared with Baltimore or Cleveland. There are many Americans here, and women are found working in offices and factories and living very much the same sort of home life as in the United States.

"Women being able to work in the larger cities of Brazil is a development that has come gradually during the past 15 years," she said. "I was one of the first girls working in São Paulo. There was no economic need, but I wanted to do something useful."

Tech Talk

by Iattie Kere and Cafeteria, Inc.

Well, here goes our first try at writing "Tech Talk." As everyone knows, our department is striving every day to satisfy the hungry side of our employees and this is no easy job; therefore, we do not have much time to go out and stir up news.

We had a nice card from George Ireland when he was on vacation and although we hope he had a grand time and a real rest, we’re glad to welcome him back.

FUTURE GOOD NEIGHBORS MEET

We have noticed a lot of new faces coming through our line lately and this makes us all feel very good, but we hear that many familiar countenances will be missing before long when some of our Instructors leave for Brazil. I guess we envy them just a little.

We had quite a pleasant surprise on the 28th of October when one of the girls in our group, Edith Powers, had a visitor from Rio de Janeiro who turned out to be her nephew whom she had not seen for five years. He had a nice visit at our school and lunched with Thehma and Adriano Ponzo.

As he left the school he made this remark, "The Americans accomplish so much with so little fuss," meaning of course our school, which he liked so much. By the way, he was on his way to Purdue University to which he has been awarded a scholarship.

We had a chat with Dr. House on Friday and he tells us that he is to be with us permanently. Good luck, Doctor.

A group of employees gave a banquet in honor of Mr. Riddle on Thursday and we know it was a big success. We all were mighty proud to take part in this tribute to one who is always thinking of others and who is leaving for Brazil to begin another great project.

We will all miss James Blakeley who is leaving for Brazil also, but we feel sure that Col. Rich is the man to succeed him, Bon Sorte, Mr. Blakeley.

Marty Warren is away on a three week’s vacation which she will spend in New York and in Maine where her sister, Connie Henshaw, formerly of Mr. Riddle’s office, is residing with her husband. Happy vacation, Marty.

Before we finish this column we want to give three cheers for Grace Simpson, Mr. Reardon and all of the others who make our work so pleasant at Embry-Riddle.

BRAZIL BOUND

Mary Lucy Collins, second from right, Brazilian wife of a U. S. Navy lieutenant, paid a visit to the Tech School Monday. She was a welcome sight to Brazil bound instructors Dorothy Goergin, left, Grace Taylor, second from left, and Morelle Smith, right, who were anxious to quiz her about the feminine side of São Paulo.

Miss Marie Kiehl of the Department of Social Service, São Paulo, Brazil, on a visit to Miami meets James E. Blakeley, who soon will be her "good neighbor" in São Paulo. Mr. Blakeley is Director and General Manager of the Brazilian Technical School that is being organized in São Paulo. Miss Kiehl has spent three months in the United States as a guest of the U. S. State Department, visiting various social agencies and industrial centers.
Short Snorter Plays Cupid

When Mary Lucy Collins of Rio de Janeiro called on Adriano Ponso, head of the language department at the Tech School, their meeting doubly illustrated the “Good Neighbor” policy in romance.

Mary Lucy, native Brazilian girl, is the wife of an American, Lt. Jordan Busby Collins, and Ponso, who comes from Porto Alegre, recently married an American girl, the former Thelma Hope Elliott of Coconut Grove.

Mary Lucy stopped in Miami en route to New York to join her husband, now stationed there. While visiting Embry-Riddle, she lectured to the group of school employees who will leave soon to organize the Embry-Riddle Division in São Paulo.

She was married last September in Rio, when Lt. Collins was stationed there. She was then employed in the American embassy. A mutual friend introduced them on the street in front of a hotel, and Mary Lucy asked the lieutenant whether he was a “Short Snorter.” He produced his bill, but she failed to find hers.

He told her genially, “That’s O.K. You can pay me next time.”

A week later they were engaged.

While living in Rio, Mary Lucy worked with the USO and was a nurse with the Brazilian Red Cross, serving in the hospitals there. She plans to continue her service work in New York.

Entertaining American sailors was part of her contribution to the USO program in Rio, and she says the sailors have taught the Brazilian girls to jitterbug.

DORM LIFE

by Susie Bryan

The interesting event of this week’s dorm life was the long awaited Embry-Riddle party at the Antilla hotel, where everybody who was anybody turned up.

Petite Edith Chapman, dressed in her drum majorette costume, won third prize, Skeeter Barton and Skip Selby looked very angelic in old fashioned nightgowns, and Frankie Gilmer, dressed as an Irish Colleen, arrived in great style.

It was rather an exhausting and confusing evening for them, though. Seems they invited four Navy lads from Opa-Locka who had to return to their base before twelve. The RAF came to the fore, however, and entertained our dambos from there on.

We were very happy to extend hospitality to four nice people from Carlstrom. They included Jennie Mack, Mildred Hollingsworth, Bleeka Kistler and Esther Wallich, all from the Overhaul department. We hope that you were comfortable and will come again soon whenever there is another Embry-Riddle turn-out.

Friday Betty Barton went on a cross country flight to Palm Beach and Saturday she persuaded me to accompany her to the Seaplane Base while she took her daily soar. I don’t quite see how she does such a beautiful job of flying while concentrating on a lad from home. I know just an old tattle-tale.

Skip Selby, Bet’s roommate who is taking Link, swallowed her fears and faced a navigation test Monday. The very thought of navigation!

Josephine Wolly has flown the coop for a week and is in New York on vacation. Her roommate, Mary Francis Quinn, will not be too lonely as her very lovely cousin is here on a visit.

Mrs. Sessions, we are all sorry to learn, is now in the hospital from a bad fall Sunday. We all miss you, Mrs. Sessions, so hurry and get well.

Bye For Now.

Buy A War Bond For Christmas

A War Bond makes an ideal Christmas gift, and with this in mind the Government is now preparing a very attractive Christmas cover to be used for this purpose.

These covers will be furnished free to anyone purchasing a Bond to be used as a gift. They will not be available for regular pay roll Bond deduction purchases.

If you are planning to purchase and give a War Bond as a Christmas gift and would like one of these special attractive covers, kindly sign and return the coupon below. Since the supply will be limited and we have to advise the Government how many we want, it will be necessary to advise us immediately if you wish one or more.

You do not have to buy the bond now—anytime between now and Christmas will be time enough for that—but it is necessary that you file your request for one or more now in order that we may have them available for you.

Bond Department
Embry-Riddle Co.
Coral Gables 34, Fla.

Please obtain for me Special Government Christmas Bond Cover(s) to be delivered to me when I make my Christmas Bond purchase. No charge for this cover.

Name

Address
Right this way, folks, to meet the gang of Department 8, the finest lads on earth. Jim Blair, our Cylinder Inspector, who never overlooks anything—not even the gals. And now, our three Muskeeters or Professional Honors: Ham Greiner, Joe Friedman and Polk Hattan. Besides excelling in their profession, they have perfected “dunking” to a fine art.

Next, Red Baum, our Cylinder Grinder. He’s always looking into a cylinder for that something which he never seems to find. Who’s this? Bob Kuhn, our Valve Seat Grinder, who is as busy as a bee from dawn till dusk. Never knows when to quit.

Well, folks, this is Harry Froelich. His specialty is Grouper Chowder. Um, um, sorry, no sample today!

Don’t worry, Harry Saunders, our Rocker Arm Specialist, we’re not forgetting you. How about a big smile more often? Oh, yes, we better not forget this lad. The Chief Scrutinizer—Frank Perry, The one guy who took St. Louis on the run. We have one of our old colleagues back on the job. He sure fits right into the picture. Guess who? “No,” it’s Edward Erickson. Welcome home, pal.

Valve Packing Poppa

Whom do you think Charlie Pelton sent down from Disassembly? A Dry Martini! Oh, I mean John Martini. Ha! Ha! What a guy! Last, but not least, Klaus Stiggen, our Valve Packing Poppa, who really knows his valves.

Orchids to the only lamb among these wolves—Fay Oberg—who is really doing her bit in a great big way for Victory.

Well, it looks as if the Engine Overhaul sports program is getting underway. Just in front of the hangar is a swell volleyball court for noon time recreation. The tennis courts are also available at any time for the Aircraft and Engine Employees. I also hear there is a ping pong table on the way. Pretty good start, eh what?

If you gals and fellows have any sports preference, get in touch with Dick Houri-

han and he will do his best for us. No kidding, the Aircraft and Engine Division is going all out for us, so let’s go all out for them by supporting a good sports program.

Wing Flutter

by Medora Barling

We had a super beginning for this column, but due to conditions beyond our control it was censored. Wouldn’t you like to know what it was? We will go right into the second paragraph.

Congratulations

To Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Head, Sr., on the arrival of a new “Boss” in the family. Pappy Jimmie is doing as well as can be expected. Everyone thanks you, Jimmie, for the cigars, and a very special thanks from me for the treat you gave me, a Dr. Pepper. May there be many more Dr. Peppers in store for me.

To Bessie Carter, a recent grandmother, one of the youngest looking we know.

To Kenny Brown and Lillian Coyle, welding bells in the distance, or so we hear.

Welcome home to Jack Carp. Sorry all the big ones got away. Aside to Otto: I’m listening to Jack’s beeps and everything is under control.

Could Pauline tell us for our own information just why he always whistles at redheads and never at blondes or brunettes? How about that.

Aircraft Girl

Thumbnail description submitted to this department:

Most likeable—Harriet Hunter.

Most shy—Ethed Carruthers.

Smallest—Etha Bitch.

Tallest—“Jo” Trout.

Daintiest—“Vi” Holland.

Best looking—Arlene Arnett.

Best dancer—Jewel O’Neal.

Cuteset—Ethed Stivers.

Best sport—Natalie Pryharski.

Most attractive—Irene Cosgrove.

Quietest—Myrtus McCook.

Noisiest—Fanny Feldman.

Sweetnest—Bessie Carter.

Best bowler—Ruby Cochran.

Best worker—Nellie Knowles.

Comedienne—Lucille Wells.

Best dressed—Medora Barling.

Next week they’ll do a male edition.

Lastly, but by no means leastly, a fond farewell to my predecessor, O. F. Hempel. What’s with you, chum? We all miss you.

In closing, a thought for the day for all you good people: “Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.”

GYRO NOTES

by Walter H. Dick

Last Thursday we of Instrument Overhaul had the pleasure of viewing a large and beautifully executed pencil sketch of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. It was the work of Gonzalo Lopez Garzon, one of our instrument mechanics.

Gonzalo is a native of Argentina who received his technical training at Embry-Riddle through the cooperation of his government and ours. It was his desire to show appreciation to our government for the privilege of studying and working in this country.

Good Neighbors

He left for Washington, D. C., Friday, and while there will present his drawing to our government. It is sincere feeling like this which makes the “Good Neighbor Policy” work.

Well, dear folks, you have had some six weeks’ rest from my middle of words under the guise of news from Instrument Overhaul. I shall be easy on you and make the first dose light.

We are glad to have Mr. Clements back with us again. Mr. McAllister has just returned from a vacation spent in Georgia. Mr. Westervelt spent last week-end in Daytona Beach visiting his wife who is with the WACS stationed there.

“King Bee”

Frank Torin and Jim Upson are building up a nice record on Altimeters, assisting Leo Randenbush, the “king bee of altimeters.”

My work this week has taken me to several departments which included Tech School, and I have enjoyed seeing my friends again.

All for now.
PENCIL DRAWING

Gonzalo Loes Garzon of Buenos Aires, an Inter-American Cadet who is taking a course of Instrument Overhaul, Colonnade, drew the above pencil drawing of General Eisenhower. Gonzalo left for Washington last Friday to present it to the authorities who made possible his Embry-Riddle scholarship.

SAFETY SLANTS

Blood poison bugs will never face an unemployment problem so long as there are protruding nails and people who wound themselves on them.

Any piercing wound is serious. Deep wounds caused by rusty nails are doubly dangerous. In any puncture wound there is a possibility of tetanus (lockjaw).

The best way to avoid infection is to avoid the wound in the first place. That way you don’t give blood poison “bugs” an opening.

Avoiding cuts, scratches and piercing wounds is a matter of caution and common sense. For example, you must know where your feet are stepping. You may be obstructing your vision with something you are carrying.

Avoid Rusty Nails

House and yard must be kept free of upturned nails. Boards with nails in them can be handled in at least three ways. You can turn the board nail down. This helps, but there is always the danger that the board will be turned up again. You can put the board away where people won’t step on the nail, but the nail is still a potent menace. The best practice is to pull the nail out of the board.

Nails are just one of many hazards which produce dangerous wounds. Other cuts and scratches must be guarded against too. Ice picks, needles, razors and knives must be handled safely. Cans must be opened with can openers only, preferably the revolving-motion type. When you use tools, be sure you use the safest tool in the safest way.

WHITECAPS

by Betty Bennett and Pat Hillis

Due to circumstances not entirely beyond our control, we didn’t come through with the column last week and we are heartily ashamed of ourselves. We have never seen the recipient of so many dirty looks at once, and we were about to use carburetor heat upon our charming persons to offset the oh, so chilly winter which was just about to set in. At first we tried bravado and it worked for a while, but then we discovered that we didn’t like the Dog House as a permanent habitat.

Cracker Barrel

Last week the Seaplane Base was seriously thinking of installing a cracker-barrel and opening its own general store. All this because of our lovely oil stove. Certainly adds comfort and heat but the atmosphere is something unmentionable! The newest “No-Odor” device is placing a lime on top of the burner, thereby producing no change in the atmosphere, but it’s an effective way of making marmalade.

Herb Miller honored us the other day by coming down for a very pleasant visit. Now that you know where we live and just exactly what you have to cope with, do repeat the experience, and often too.

Ski Jump

If “IT” gets any colder around this tropical Eden of ours, we are planning to install a ski-jump (European pronunciation, if you please!) on the nearest float. Oooh-oooh! Local number 7 and 3/4 will meet at the Town Hall tonight for a short but instructive lecture on “How To Wax Your Skis”—or—that ain’t all that’s slick around here.

“The Party” last Saturday night turned out to be quite a shindig. Practically everyone who is anyone was present and accounted for, complete with cakes and costume. Herb Schultis and his wife were what we considered the most attractive couple there—they looked just as fresh as paint in their Spanish attire, and like frosting on the cake they danced too beautifully together.

That was our only claim to fame for the evening and we almost felt like the forgotten pilots, as the Chapman Field contingent was very much in evidence—their group being the largest there. However, everyone had a marvelous time, including us!

As all good ( huh?) things must come to an end, especially when temps is fugitive, we are quite, though sorrowfully, prepared to relinquish the Editor’s Chair. So, after much deliberation, we hereby elect Cay Silcock as the most likely candidate to succeed. We speak with authority when we say that Cay (alias Andohor) will be able to give you an unbiased and colorful expose of the wild life around the Seaplane Base.

UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letters addressed to the following persons will be found in the Mail Room at the Tech School: Peter King, Luella Meredith and Harold B. Smith.

SEAPLANE BASE TRIO

Ruth Norton, right, General Manager of the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base, discusses the flight and ground schedules with student Art Yates, left, and Carolina DiMolinari, former Ground School Instructor who has returned to her home in South America.
Chapman Chatter

Command Performance ofCara Lee Cook

Open Letter to Stupor Man Moxley: You have been chosen from among your friends and associates (familiar, huh?) to represent the Flight Line in the next week's Fly Paper, giving in your very own inimitable style a general idea of what transpires from the time a green cadet, who can't tell a single engine cub trainer from a four-wheeled gas truck, reports for his first flight up to the time you stay here and send him up alone. I'll be looking for the copy Monday p.m. Have fun, son. (Confidentially, people, if Tom doesn't come through, I will blackmail him within an inch of his life.)

Lobster Pink

Have you noticed the gay new shade of lobster pink Mr. deVay, Field Accountant, is sporting around? 'Tis the result of a deep sea fishing trip. We've heard lots about the sunburn, but nothing about the fish. What's the trouble, Mr. D.V., bum luck? The New Oomph in Eclipse Corps in the hangar also adds lots of color to say nothing of the shining beauty of the waxed and polished aircarriages.

It will be good news to all the co-sufferers in the D. Pearlman vs. Draft Board Case to know that his application has been accepted for voluntary enlistment as a V-2 Naval Reservist. The long delay in getting his papers in shape has practically given Dave constitutional psychopathy, sometimes mistaken for lunacy, but I think that now he'll recover.

Doghouse.

John B. Davidson is now in the official doghouse for failing to complete certain verbal promises made publicly with reference to the glamour department of Chapman Field. Maybe next week, huh, J. D.?

Hope the new dippy doodlers, more formally known as Session 44-E, don't judge Miami weather and Chapman Field by the first sight they had last Monday. Some unscrupulous Flight Instructor had one Cadet believing that at the end of his course he would get a water rating as well as a land. The lights have gone on again all over Dade County and we hope this will also allow for a bon-fire for our lobster barbecue Saturday, November 6th. Expect to see all you moles back in circulation (Fun?) P.S. A slight sum is being collected by the most over-worked collector in the U. S. and Georgia (that's me) to defray expenses.

Congratulations and all the trimmings to Enrique March and Buddy Edgerton, both of whom are brand new gadget pilots.

Antilla Antics

The Hallowe'en party at the Antilla was a rip roaring success, with Chapman as usual right in the middle of all the fun. Quite a surprise seeing our old pal, Ad Thompson, there. Don't he so aloof, Ad, drop around more often. It was also swell having the C. W. Tinsleys and the L. Mc Daniels around the same table again with the same old crowd.

The cute lil' blonde in the front office of the Administration building is Sterling Camden's new secretary, Betty Mitchell. She hails from New Jersey, is 20, loves Miami, and is eligible, boys. (Please don't push.) Welcome, Betty, hope you like us.

The Circus has come and most of Chapman is going. Mac Campbell better stay away from the Monkey Cages or they'll be throwing peanuts at him. (Or haven't you seen his new crew cut? I think I've done enough damage, so I'll sign 30).

Y'ra' Sc'r'ly,

P.S.

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