Hello Readers! The headline above announces Course 14 come to print. May we introduce ourselves now that the curse of quarantine has been lifted by a magic word from the M.O.?

We are, I suppose, no different from the usual intake of fledglings that comes to Riddle Field. We are lanky and short, narrow and broad, dark and fair; but in one respect we do not differ at all — we are all fully keen on flying.

Our ranks are filled with men and boys from different walks of life. You will get to know more about them as each future edition puts in its welcome appearance. Will you pardon us for awhile? You may be interested in some of the impressions which in general made themselves felt to us on our entry into the U.S.A.

First Impressions

The dominating feature was size. Large size in everything — cars, trains, views, rivers, bridges, buildings, fields, swamps and lakes. Large, that is, when compared with the same things back home in Britain.

We were overjoyed when, at a Boston Station-Restaurant, we were each given a plate from which two fried eggs stared up like a pair of welcoming eyes. We have since nourished ourselves plentifully with oranges, chocolate, milk, fresh fruit juices and even some almost forgotten bananas.

We spent a few hours in both Boston and New York, and you can be sure that not a minute of that time was wasted. A large number of our feet helped dirty the top story of the Empire State Building, and Broadway heard the sound of our British voices.

The southern states with their negro settlements, cotton and tobacco plantations, swamps and strange birds, held our interest for hundreds of miles.

Cool Clewiston

Florida brought saliva to our throats when we saw fields of orange trees, and we believe, grapefruit trees. We like the palms, the pretty fireflies, and the “cool” weather (as described by a Clewistonian).

Few of us have explored Clewiston to date, you see. Our first release from camp was the signal for all thumbs to wag in the directions of Palm Beach and Miami.

Of the visits to these towns, many anecdotes are still circulating; but it must suffice when we say that the verbal exchange of experiences on the journey back was sufficient tribute to the welcome extended to us by the generous and friendly people we met.

Unanimous Approval

Now of Riddle Field! The comfort of our billets is more than we ever expected, and we are sure that no one of us was prepared to see so nice a swimming pool on the Field. Nor did we anticipate so brilliant a publication as the Fly Paper.

The reading room is a pleasure and the Canteen more than a pleasure. Yes, we like Riddle Field very much and are, and hope to remain, hard working and happy.

We already have a unanimous liking for our Flying, Link and Ground School Instructors. The informal manner in which they teach makes learning easier and more palatable. The feeling prevalent amongst us is that in such an environment Course 14 will at least keep up the standard of the men that have gone before us.

The Flight personnel is mostly British, but there are several cheery U.S. lads too, and we are already good pals all around.

A Little Humor

Over four weeks here have not passed without a few amusing incidents. Freddie Bush seemed rather disappointed when told that the small balloon at the Met office when once released could not be retrieved. Perhaps he wanted to play with it, or again — maybe Freddie believes that a balloon in the hand is worth two in the bush.

“Shaggs claims to have felt quite pleased and happy when being shown some stall turns recently. That is — until he noticed his safety belt flapping about unrestricted.

We look forward to ground instruction

Continued on Page 7
DORR DOINGS
by Jack Whitnall

Don't forget to-night, May 1st, buffet super-supper dance and bean-o at Dorr Field from 8:30 p.m. till 1:00 a.m. Admission $1.00 per person, tickets can be bought at the front gate any time up till noon of April 30th at Dorr Field. Kay Bramlett will be only too glad to take your dollar at the Auxiliary Field. Bus service is available. We hope that "cigareteteless" McCarthy has improved his shuffle board game and that it won't prove too strenuous. The bean-o game ought to be right up his alley; all you have to do is sit down and move one hand.

Sammy Hottle, one of Carlstrom's old-timers, said he was coming after we assured him that there would be plenty to eat. There was a time that Sammy had a real sylph-like figure, oh well.

"Admiral" Lightfoot has made a special request for a dart game. We would advise Mrs. L. to look into that.

A Mean Bow
What happened to Miss Winters last Saturday? Could it be that Archery is too strenuous for her? We will say she twanged a mean bow. Lois Ingram back at work this morning—just as sassy as ever.

That certainly is a nice job that Mr. Anderson and his crew did on the Canteen, painting the whole building white and trimming the doors and grill work in blue. D. L. Platt heard trying to get all passersby to buy him a coke and in exchange he would let them wield a paint brush—Dorr Field's Tom Sawyer? We understand that the next paint job is to be the front gate house, we hope.

The Short Snorter's Log

The most momentous news this week concerns none other than Jim Burt, who in the future will be known as "Hop-a-long." In the recent raffle held on the Flight Line he was the winner of that prize piece of "Horseburger," Susie-Q. We understand that a saddle has already been purchased and all we hope is that Susie-Q will fit under it.

Now that Mr. Jim is the owner of a piece of horse flesh, he is eligible for that growing fraternity "Society of Dorr Field Horse Lovers," of which Ken Neville is Chairman. In fact, most any morning we expect to see someone galloping out to open the T.

Well, we have a Rodeo coming up and the annual horse race. Shucks, we might even have an entrant in the Kaintucky Derby, gosh what possibilities—can't you see them coming down the home stretch (the day after the race)—Ken Neville's horse popped up on a pair of crutches, Susie-Q coming in a close second in a wheel chair.

Johnny Lyons is so sure that he is going to be the proud winner that he has already bought a bag of oats, but now it has to be returned. Too bad, Johnny, First thing we know Hank Llewellyn will be buying a pair of spurs.

The Army Side
Welcome to Maj. Barry and Lt. Bennett, who recently have been assigned to Dorr Field, and we hate to say goodbye to Capt. Webster who is being transferred. Good luck to you, Captain. Sorry you never got that fox.

Lt. Jennings and his dart game—wonder if he got to where he could put the dart in the board?

Did we have Lt. McLaughlin's tongue hanging out the other night over a game of Table Tennis? 10 more games and we would have had him tied. That goes for Lt. Moore too. Just when we have the edge on them they have business to attend to!

Airplane Maintenance
Mildred Franklin, first Parachute Rigger at Dorr Field. Her husband Archie is a mechanic at Dorr—where did he get that bouquet of flowers we saw him with the other morning?

If Mary Edna Parker doesn't get us some news for the Fly Paper next issue, we're going to see if we can't get her picture in the doghouse—and that ain't no threat either.

Our Colleague in Union City
I guess Ken Stiverson has the same trouble that we do when it comes to typing. Last week we got our one finger caught in the keys. Almost had to call in the Welding department with the cutting torch to get it out.

I'll bet the proof reader of this column has a merry time correcting this effort. Anyway we think we're improving. Just to show off now and then when we have an audience, we work in another finger real quick like and is it embarrassing when we hit the wrong key (how do you spell embarrassing anyway) better put in another letter just to make it look O.K.

Once or twice we put the carbon paper in backwards—Doug Hoeker saw us typing once and what did he do? Rang the fire siren, and started fanning the typewriter—that's all right, we can take it, but why don't we get someone to do our typing for

GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS AT DORR

Left to right: Huggins, Scott, House, Hoten, Wilig, McKay and Mueller.
us? They can't read our wedrriutting (see that goes to show what happens when we try and show off and use four fingers). Think we'll stop now that we have all our fingers out of the mechanism.

To'ably yours, Jack

P.S.—Wonder if Timid Timothy Waldo Davis remembers the time that George Mackie and yours truly told him that included in the duties of the Instructor O D was the carrying of a fully loaded 30-30 rifle wherever he went on his tour of duty. One of us would follow Waldo on his rounds and when he laid the rifle down for a minute to rest we'd remind him that he should have it in his hand at all times while on duty.

Good Old Days

In the early hours of the morning Waldo found out about the joke, but by that time G. M. and I were elsewhere, in fact Waldo couldn't find us for a week. Them were the good old days.

And the time that Wy Ellis was the O D and the guard at the hangar said he thought there must be a wild animal loose or something because he had heard the most terrible growls coming from a corner of the hangar. After an investigation it was found to be Wy Ellis who had curled up in the back seat of his Buick and his snoring sounded as if a dozen lions had broken loose.

And the time that "Chuck" Zeeman was the O D and they had just got through pouring the floor in hangar 3 and Chuck on his inspection tour in the dark complained how soft and maddy the ground was. And how next morning footprints were seen leading into hangar 3 on the fresh poured concrete, and what words were whispered by Riley?

IT'S DONE THIS WAY

Instructor Paul Simmons, right, has a short conference with his five Dorr Field Cadets. From left to right are Reynolds, Olsen, Sockerson, Kugel and Hubbard.

THE CHANCES ARE TWENTY TO ONE

The chances are better than 20 to 1 that if you're a pilot or a member of the flight crew, you'll go through the next 12 months without an airplane accident of any kind—not even a sprained ankle or barked shin. This prediction is based on figures prepared by Col. Sam R. Harris, Commanding Officer of the Flight Control Command, after an exhaustive survey of AAF accidents and their causes during the past year.

Other figures show the downward trend in the rate of all Army airplane accidents as well as of fatal accidents during the eight month period from July, 1942, through February, 1943, indicating that the safety campaign which was begun last year has produced results. And this has been accomplished despite a great increase in flying and comparatively inexperienced personnel.

Pilots in the Army Air Forces flew almost a billion and a half miles within the continental limits of the United States during the first nine months of 1942 . . . equal to 57,000 trips around the world or seven and one-half round trips to the sun. This is more than twice the distance flown by the Army during the ten years ending with 1939!

During that same nine month period in 1942, there was only one fatal accident in 1,750,000 miles flown, averaging only one fatality for every 850,000 miles flown.

Averaging the same nine months in 1942, it was found that there were 75 accidents of all types for every 100,000 hours flown by the AAF within the United States, with only eight fatal accidents, resulting in 17 fatalities.

These facts, together with others revealed in the survey, indicate that the AAF is making rapid strides both in its material and in the training of personnel toward a safer future for flying.

Significantly though, it was revealed that almost three-fourths of all accidents could be traced to carelessness, negligence, or error on the part of pilots and flight crews, of which a great percentage is preventable.

Pilots and their crews can do more to make safe flying a reality than any other factor for the future of aviation in the United States and to insure the success of the Army Air Forces in this War.

—Flight Control Command

DANCE AT DORR

Saturday night, May 1st, is a red letter day for Dorr Field, for it marks the second civilian-military combination Dinner Dance to be held in the beautiful Mess Hall Patio.
Two events constituted the entertainment for most everyone here at Riddle Field this past week end. The Company gave a barbecue at the Field on Saturday evening, while at the same time the Co-Pilots held an Easter party for the Instructors. Huge portions of beef and pork in Florida barbecue style were the main attraction at the Field Saturday evening.

Head Chef Harley Hook and his assistants, Luther Brown, Albert Berka and Leslie Rains, presided at the serving tables and received many compliments on their efforts.

Following the barbecue a dance was held at the Instructor's Club with the Field band furnishing some very enjoyable music. The members of the band included "Doc" Foss, Radio Department Head, Porter Thomas, Instrument Mechanic, and George Rhodes, Mechanic.

A genuine "thank you" is due the Company for this barbecue, the third they have sponsored in recent months, and it is hoped that the event can be repeated again.

Over at the Instructor's Club the Co-Pilots were entertaining the Instructors with another of their famous parties. This time the Easter motif was used both in the decorations and the lunch and there were Easter eggs galore for favors.

One of the features of the evening was the sale of War Stamp corsages, a great number of which were purchased by the large crowd present. A door prize, $5.00 in War Stamps, was won by Advanced Instructor Grant Baker.

The committee chairmen in charge of the party were Dot Woodward, catering; Rachael Ellis, entertainment; Roma Hardin, invitations; Frankie O'Neal, decorations; and Jean Speer, door.

Ground School Tops

It's getting to be a habit congratulating the Ground School on their good work with Wings Exams results, but this week the news is not only good, it is big.

According to the latest report issued by the RAF Delegation in Washington, our Ground School is on top of the relative standings on Wings Exams of BFTS schools in the United States, this report including the Course 11 output. So there you have it—another brilliant record for No. 5 BFTS and Riddle Field.

Responsible in a large measure for this great success is Cliff Bjornson, Chief Ground School Instructor. His wise planning and fair handling of his Instructors has resulted in an efficient, compact Ground School program, from which the above record has been made.

Remembering the old proverb, "No chain is stronger than its weakest link," every Instructor in the department can also be exceedingly proud of his work and its results.


So, come on Course 12—let's keep the old school on top—get in there and "pitch" on your Wings Exams next week.

Here and There

A/C Fred Hunziker, son of D/F and Mrs. F. E. Hunziker, is expected home from his Naval Pre-Flight training in Athens, Ga., very soon now. Freddie formerly worked in the Parachute department here.

Several here will also be interested to know that Paul Prior, former Primary Flight Dispatcher, is taking his Naval Pre-Flight work at Del Monte, Calif.

Colin Yates, Course 9, recently has been made a sergeant and expects to leave Canada soon for his home in England.

The Cadet Officers of Course 14 are: Under Officer, M. A. N. Hillas; Flight Leaders, M. G. Venn, H. B. Williams, B. C. Chessum, and F. J. A. Cox.

Congratulations to Cadet and Mrs. Bill Lawrence, who announce the birth of a 7½ lb. daughter, Julia Ann, on April 29, 1943. Upon unanimous request from Course 13, Cadet Lawrence agreed to designate his new daughter as his Course's mascot.

Several members of Course 12 are hard at work on Listening Out, and the copy will be ready very shortly. Several members of Course 12 are also very busy on Wings Exams preparations.

Cadets Alfred Franks and John Egley of Course 14 have agreed to act as correspondents for their Flight, and we are happy to add them to our Associate Editors.

F/L Smith has returned to his duties after spending a leave in Michigan, where he was married. Mrs. Smith accompanied the F/L back to Clewiston, where they are residing.

The clever cartoon used in this issue was done by Peter Hardware, an Associate Editor from Course 13, and is the first of a series to be done by him.

Jerry Greenberger sends this story from the Maintenance department. It seems that he was getting some information from an applicant and asked, "Do you have a Social Security number?" Answered the applicant, "No, I live on a route."

Virginia Horanis is the new Secretary at the Ground School office.

Al Garrone, the "artest" and painter, is enjoying a short vacation at his home in Pennsylvania.

Take a look at the activities of the Co-Pilot's Club. Besides their usual business of entertaining the Instructors with parties, they are doing Red Cross sewing, making surgical dressing, serving as airplane spotters, and working at the Cadet Club. You are to be congratulated for doing this fine work and having such an active program, ladies!

Our article of last week about the Cadet Club evidently disturbed a few persons. To them we offer our apologies.

Know Your Department

We have listed all of the Ground School personnel in our column this week, so we will now give you all of the Primary Flight personnel as of April 15, 1943.

Squadron Commander is Bob Johnston,
with G. H. Mason and W. F. King the Flight Commanders. Assistant Flight Commanders are P. R. Coon and J. D. Leffwich, while the Flight Dispatchers are E. E. Peters and G. Herron.


**Track and Field Meet**

The fourth track and field meet was held here this Wednesday, and we will have the complete results for you next week. The meet was held on the Athletic Field under the supervision of P. T. Sergeant Moyes and was an intra-Squadron affair. The complete list of entrants for the various events is as follows:

- **220 Yards** — Shepherd and Discombe, No. 1 Squadron; Mackie and Anderson, No. 2 Squadron; Fryer and Cox, No. 3 Squadron.
- **Cricket Ball** — Brookes and Discombe, No. 1 Squadron; Harris and Parks, No. 2 Squadron; Egley and Morris, No. 3 Squadron.
- **100 Yards** — Discombe and Glass, No. 1 Squadron; Harris and Renvoize, No. 2 Squadron; Cox and Morris, No. 3 Squadron.
- **One Mile** — Gowing and Spencer, No. 1 Squadron; Thorpe and Cole, No. 2 Squadron; Cantrill and Allen, No. 3 Squadron.
- **Long Jump** — Shepherd and Discombe, No. 1 Squadron; Renvoize and Kelley, No. 2 Squadron; Cox and Morris, No. 3 Squadron.
- **Relay Race** (Medley) — Oakes, Shepherd, Discombe and Glass, No. 1 Squadron; Gaastro, Parks, Anderson and Harris, No. 2 Squadron; Johnson, Bush, Morris and Cox, No. 3 Squadron.
- **Obstacle Race** — Feneck and Spencer, No. 1 Squadron; Agne and Denham, No. 2 Squadron; Bush and Pocock, No. 3 Squadron.
- **High Jump** — Glass and Feneck, No. 1 Squadron; Renvoize and Lawrence, No. 2 Squadron; Cox and Barnacle, No. 3 Squadron.

440 Yards — Shepherd and Glass, No. 1 Squadron; Parks and Haythornwaite, No. 2 Squadron; Bush and Holderness, No. 3 Squadron.

A tug of War was also held and was included in the championship points.

The following funny events were staged much to the enjoyment of the many persons present—Sack Race, Three Legged Race, Boot Race, and the Officers and Instructors 100 Yard Handicap.

The Officials for the meet were—F/L Crossley, Lt. Sismondo, Jack Hopkins and Sgt. Moyes, starters; G. W. Tyson, J. W. Durden, F. E. Hunziker, E. J. Smith, J. J. Obermeyer, S/L A. C. Hill, Capt. T. E. Persinger, and F/L Reinhart, Judges; F/L G. W. Nickerson, Clerk of Course; C. E. Bjornson, F/L B. O. Smith and F/O J. E. Keech, Timekeepers; Cadets Clark, Ettenger and Hills, Stewards.

**Bourne’s British Sport News**

At the time of going to print news is scarce, but it has been possible to obtain the following few football results, which may be of interest to the soccer fans who read them.

International Match — England-4, Scotland-0. The game was seen by a record wartime crowd at Hampden Park. "Fast, clean football, and a deserving win for the English team" was the B.B.C.’s comment.

Semi-Finals English League (Northern Cup) — Blackpool-3, Aston Villa-1; Sheffield-3, York City-0.

Semi-Finals English League (Southern Cup) — Charlton A.-2, Reading-1; Arsenal versus Queens Park (To be played this week end).

It is hoped to extend this column to cover other items of sport. Remember though that news does not come through regularly, but what there is—you shall have.

**COURSE 14**

Continued from Page 1

from “Johnny Mularky”—may that gentleman forgive us for the name. His lessons have the touch of a Bob Hope programme, which gives our Navigation pills a sugar coating.

Sgt. Moyes, when we first saw him stripped and ready to give us our initial P.T. period, presented us with a strong impression of what Superman must look like. His boundless energy gave us nightmares of things to come, but we’ve since discovered that he is quite human.

Having thus written more than a mouthful, this column concludes, and you will find that in answer to several requests Cadet Bourne has collected some football news and has formed a sports column which will greet you each week with British sports news. Cheerio then, until next week!

---

*A couple of shots showing the Vulture BT13. Remember when they were at Riddle Field?*
Union City News Letter

Ken Stiverson, Editor
Howard Cooper, Alva Nelle Taylor, Associates

Wal... heah we be. Pardon, that's our Tennessee drawl cropping out. Speaking of draws, you should hear Hunter Gallo.

Way are quiet at the Grind School these three weeks in the absence of Joe McClure, Meteorology Instructor, who has gone to Gunter to take a course in aircraft recognition. We're looking forward to his returning with some new ideas regarding teaching the Cadets to identify U.S. and enemy planes. Can't know too much about that.

Nothing new came from the latest meeting of the Safety Committee on the Field. Such things were discussed as the new First Aid class for the Instructors, mentioned in the February meeting.

Other subjects brought up included new methods of fire fighting and the curbing of traffic violations on the roadway around the building area. Also Safety Meeting minutes from the other Fields were read.

We have a new field for simulated forced landings now since the Obion County Flying Club has opened up a new airport three miles west of Union City. This Club is also very active in the Civil Air Patrol.

The April wind's stormin' up a blow and so's me mind with thoughts of summer comin' when a young man's thoughts turn to love-by fishin' poles, babblin' brooks, and worms—plumb poeticky, ain't it? I been that way though since I sat on my rations book and got a point stuck in me.

We are all sorry to hear that our good friend, Captain Edwin Hoyt, has been transferred to another post. Always willing to help out in any way he could, Captain Hoyt had a smile for everyone. Lt. John Tolar will take up the duties of Post Adjutant. This is the man we have to bring apples for, he censors this scandle sheet.

Mud Slingin'

Through one of our secret operatives we hear that Jimmy Glover is going to get hitched. Don't know when, but we'll let you know when we find out. Kathryn Overeynder, a beaytiful blonde, is working in the stockroom. She's "Squeek's" sister. Which reminds me—who was the gal "Squeek" was draggin' Saturday nite? From Martin?

Did anyone know that Lt. Kellam was married and had an eleven-months-old daughter?

A new method has been developed by Larry Walden for teaching Instructors how to worry. It's a tough course and is not recommended for anyone with nerves. For full particulars contact Larry.

Eeeemagine my chagrin! After seeing that landed Virginian—oops sorry—West Virginian—tolling away evening after evening on the grounds of his feudal estate, I suspected him of trying out a new system of sowing "Wild Oats"... but no... it's a Victory Garden.

Seems he's gonna call it "Random Harvest." The Brannons have a very beautiful home in one of the nicest sections of town. We're all pulling for their garden... and John's pulling weeds.

Everyone is justly proud of the big increase in War Bond allotments to aid in the Second War Loan drive. The number of bonds bought each month is more than double the previous amount.

Only one Flight Instructor failed to increase his allotment. Seems the Accounting department wouldn't let him. Why? Well, you see, he's taking his total salary in bonds now and can't buy more until he gets an increase in salary. We've told you before, but it's worth repeating. The name—Gordon M. McCan.

Spring—ah—spring has reluctantly arrived bringing flowers, and showers (which in "Sunny Tennessee" are small cloud bursts), and, you guessed it... vacations.

Stage Commander C. B. Clark just back from a fortnight of fun and frolic with the home folks in dear old Springfield, Ill... looking fit and right up to his nickname—"Chick.

The Ryan's, Ray, Marion, and beautiful little Marilyn, are driving to Rochester, N.Y., for a visit. Happy days and hurry back. In Ray's absence, Jesse Tate, Assistant Flight Commander, will look after Flight Three.

Bob Watts of Dorr Field and Pittsburgh commanded Flight Four while John was away.

The cutest card we've seen since long before the rains came... "Having a wonderful time. Wish I could afford it."

Things We Remember

The entire Post personnel blistering their tonsils for ten minutes while a Boeing B17E circled the field lazily at 1500 feet. Yes sir, Zeb, one of them there straity-liners. Engines on them there wings as thick as flies around a sorghum mill.

Overheard on the line during zero-zero weather: First Lineman: "What are those workmen doing out on the field?" Second Lineman: "Excavating for the ceiling."

And in the hangar... Instructor Bill Reese running down his pretty blue Buick limousine: "Why the reverse gear wouldn't work if you dropped it stern first off Pike's Peak."

Man of the Week

John Robert Boyle, Flight Commander of Flight Two, was born on May 11, 1919, in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where he received his schooling. While in high school he was a member of the National Honor Society and was on the horizontal bar team.

After graduating from high school he entered the University of Scranton, trying for a B.S. degree. To help earn his expenses he taught bacteriology at night.

During this period he took up flying as a member of the first college CPT program. Finishing the Primary course, he went to Baltimore and took Secondary.

Flying now began to get into his blood and he almost went to the Army Air Corps as a Cadet but decided to go back to school and obtain his degree. For ten months he studied so hard that there was no time for flying. He finished college in 1941.

Bob took Cross Country CPT so that he might secure his commercial.

In November, 1941, he went to Carlsstrom Field, took the refresher course and was assigned to Flight Three. "Boots" Frantz, our General Manager, was the Flight Commander of that Flight and helped the new Instructor to become familiar with the methods of instruction. Bob soon became a first class Instructor and was sent to Union City in July of 1942.

His ability soon was rewarded by a promotion to Assistant Flight Commander and then to Flight Commander of Flight Two in December.

He married Inez Heffron of Wilkes-Barre on September 10th. A swell looking couple.

Utility Department Hard at Work
AT EASE

After a slow start in the first round of the basketball league at the Dade County Armory, 15-43-E finally came through by defeating 2-43-B Junkers twice in succession. The Junkers, who were leading the league in the first round, put up a gallant fight.

The final game was probably the best of the season, the two teams never being more than 7 points apart. The final score was 38 to 35. Caldwell of 2-43-B was high man for the evening with a total of 21 points, while Foran lead the winners with 16 points.

GABIES GABLES

Congratulations to Class 16-43-A-2 at 345 Madeira who won the banner this week for the best barracks. S/Sgt. Coulthurst wasn’t bragging about any particular class but he thinks the reason they won it is because Class 21-43-E left for Tech School this week. All kidding aside, fellers, keep up the good work!

All the boys in Class 21-43-E were weeping this past week as they left the Gables. When passervy’s asked what the trouble was, they said they were having to leave the “E” banner behind that they had worked so hard to get.

Another family was added to the Gables this week, no other than “Spotty’s” pups, eight of them and all cute. It won’t be long now before the dogs will be following the soldiers all over the Gables. P.S. (with the dog catcher right behind.)

One of the new class members was heard to say to his girl friend, “Don’t sit too close, honey, you’ll mess up my stripe.”

We don’t mind Lt. Schwab of Coral Gables Army office singing “If I get the Neck of the Chicken” but when he demonstrated by inviting Lt. Meyer to ride to lunch with him, started the car and caught Lt. Meyer’s neck in the door we think that is going to far! What do you think, Lt. Meyer?


Syd Burrows has a brown straw hat that is a little too this and not enough of that. He wore it the other night to play baseball. He said that he wished he had one of those Army fatigue hats. Said his secretary, always helpful, “That one you have on is tired enough.”

Guard your health. You can’t be all-out for Victory if you’re all in!

It looks as if Group 2 is waiting for a class to fill Antigua to win the “E” Banner again. Group 1 is now in the driver’s seat and expects to hold onto the banner.

Lt. Schwab expects to have three classes in the Solano Hotel on the ball in a few days. How are we going to divide the Banner in three parts, Lt. Williams?

How many of the classes would be interested in a song contest? Line Chiefs turn your class numbers in at Headquarters—they could be held just before the boxing bouts.

GABLES SOFTBALL


The Tournament opened with a bang-up game in which Class 13-43-AMC (Group 5 to 8) just barely got by their first round hurdle in beating Class 12-43-AMC (Group 5 to 8) by the score of 7 to 5.

The spectators were treated to a red hot pitching duel and excellent ball playing all of the way until the last inning, when both Perrine and Scalise reached Pastilnik for a home run apiece to even the score and then win the game.

The winning battery was Meyer pitching and Perrine catching. The losing battery was Pastilnik and Stener. The game was ably umpired by Junior Corder.

In the second game of the morning Bob Fulton pitched his teammates of Class 18-43-A-1 to a 8 to 6 victory over Class 21-43-D. Moore of the winning side was the

Tech School Army Boys Caught Working on New Playground

Oxner, the man with the hoe, and Lauricella, who is doing an indeterminate something to the tree stump, are supervised by the rest of the Army.

Felling trees is just part of the game to Berardesco and Bashford. Hope you know which way it’ll fall, Lauricella!
TECH TALK
by Vadah Thomas

It certainly was great to hear Dave Hendrick's voice when he called to say hello yesterday. He's on a short leave from his Naval duties, and we are hoping he'll find time to drop up to the sixth floor of Tech for a visit.

Saying hi to Dave was almost simultaneous with saying good-bye to James E. Blakeley. But it won't be long before our director is back from his tour of Aviation Technical Schools, and we know he'll bring with him a store of interesting information. He promised faithfully to keep a diary for Fly Paper benefit, so watch for an account of his trip.

Pride and Joy

Browsing in the Library we ran across several super looking albums containing beautiful pictures of all the U. S. War planes. Dorothy Burton tells us that they're Margaret Walker's pride and joy. She has been writing scads of correspondence in an effort to make them a more complete and attractive compilation.

Sadness in the Library comes with the news that the new Link building at Clewiston is nearly finished. That means those lovely and educational paintings which have been on exhibition for the past few weeks will have to depart for their permanent home where they will do much in the way of visual education.

Did You Know?

Popular is the word for the new public speaking class which Don Sprague started at the Coliseum. It has been received so favorably that there must have been a latent need for it. We're going to attend one of them soon, for it sounds well worth while.

Military Engines Instructor Mario Bevilacqua is taking his wife to Ohio for a short vacation, and Lolly Weiner of the Army office is off to North Carolina to shake away the cobwebs.

Bill Shanahan of Military Engines is also on the relaxation list, but for a very different purpose. He's doing it all for the sake of his moustache, which he hopes will be a luxurious handle-bar affair by the time he gets back.

Taking beautiful Jean Duncan's place at the wheel of a station wagon is Jerry Williamson. Welcome, Jerry. We're happy to have you with us.

Estelle Woodward of Military Training has been house hunting lately. She swears it's all in the nature of a good deed on behalf of her brother and his wife, but we're from Missouri.

Good-bye and good luck to Pfc. Messer of the Army office who is leaving us for O.C.S. at the Beach. He'll do a good job if his work here is any indication.

Speaking of the Miami Daily News' "Heroes of Production" contest, someone suggested Lorraine Bosley of Sheet Metal as a nominee. Not only is she to be commended for her faithful work here at the Tech School but for devoting most of her leisure hours to making Miami "home" for our boys in the service.

Her mother and she invite service men to dinner frequently, and every Friday evening Lorraine attends the dances at the USO opposite the Tech School. On Wednesday nights she helps teach dancing to those boys who need instruction, and in the remaining days of the week she fills singing for USO programs. At one time she helped sell bonds in front of Burdine's.

We think Lorraine is doing her part. Let's hear more about people who are doing similar things. Little sketches in the Fly Paper might assist our committees in making their selections.

DANCE AT COUNTRY CLUB

The Coral Gables Country Club will again be the beautiful setting for a dance on Saturday, May 8. Sponsored by the Coral Gables Junior Woman's Club, all proceeds will go to the three Coral Gables Dental Clinics. Dancing from nine until one. Admission $1.10 per person. Make your plans now to spend an evening dancing under the stars.

If you run into Imogene Shepperson of Truman Gile's office, be sure to call her "Gene." She's quite emphatic about that first name of hers, and we want everyone to stay on the safe side.

New in Mr. Riddle's office is charming Helen Burkardt who was formerly secretary to Senator Gillette in Washington. D. C. Helen came to Miami when her husband, Bob, was transferred here. She has a son, Joe, two and a half years old. Her hobby, she says, was collecting elephants until she accumulated over five hundred and they became a bit unwieldy to carry around in suit cases.

BRAZILIAN CADETS LEARN AVIATION TERMS

Thirty-four Brazilian Army Aviation Cadets, who spent a week at Embry-Riddle learning technical aviation expressions in English and becoming acquainted with American ways, have left for flight training at Randolph Field, San Antonio, Texas. The Cadets, seen with Adriano Ponso, include: Olne Araujo Dutro, Minas Gerias, Brazil; William de Akel, Amazonas; Paulo Emanuel Huet Machado, Sao Paulo; Julio de Gama Moret, Rio de Janeiro; Joao Pinto de Resende, Minas Gerias; Jayme Mendel Kreitzman, Rio de Janeiro; Abraham Friedman, Rio de Janeiro; Rubens Alberto Mendona, Rio de Janeiro; Orlando Coimbra da Rego Macedo, Rio de Janeiro; Maximia Leon, Rio de Janeiro; Jose Alescar Lucio, Minas Gerias; Alfredo Viera da Cunha Lobo, Rio de Janeiro; Ulysses Valadores Salgado, Rio de Janeiro; Oswalo de Silveira Warnack, Sao Paulo; Manuel Francisco de Brito Nato, Rio de Janeiro; Antonio Arruda Camara Filho, Rio Grande do Norte; Duval Pacheco, Rio de Janeiro; Cid Bueno Patricio, Sao Paulo; Altino Ribeiro do Silva, Rio de Janeiro; Juergen Richard Ernst Hms, Rio de Janeiro; Lucilio Roviro Martins Cadalso, Pernambuco; Hector Gilberto San Juan, Sao Paulo; Jose Carlos Correa Galon, Sao Paulo; Fernanda Poes de Carvalho, Rio de Janeiro; Luiz Vergueiro Silveira, Rio Grande do Sul; Calambo Christovao, Espirito Santo; Jorge Barbosa Asuredi, Rio de Janeiro; Luiz Mollot Castello Branco, Alagoas; Percy Alan Barnard, Pernambuco; Mauricio Coutinho Dutra, Rio de Janeiro; Milton de Assis, Minas Gerias; Jose Souza Lima DuBoc, Rio de Janeiro; Percy Bluert, Rio de Janeiro; and Carlos Gomes Neiva, Rio de Janeiro.
CLUB CAPERS

It was a perfect moonlit night last Saturday when the Embry-Riddle baseball team gathered at the Coral Gables Country Club to greet the Easter Bunny. We didn’t see many saucy hats, but the evening gowns round about fairly shouted springtime.

Both Wain Fletcher and Jean Duncan wore cool shades of green, while Marty Warren and sister, Helen Dillard, added the warmth of their red and pink fascinators.

“Miss Alice,” our hostess’ mother, was her ever-popular self in ecrue lace, and Postmistress Flaurie Gilmore sparkled all evening because of the orchid which perched on one shoulder of her white jersey. The orchid, we found, was “Happy Easter” from her son Jack, who is somewhere off the coast of Africa, and his bride.

But I suppose we’ll have to admit after all that masculine fashions at our table ousted us gals. Peter Ordway was king of the Eastern Shore in his new Navy greens, with Lt. R. N. Greenbrook and Ensign James Wilhelm running him a close second with Navy khakis. Doing a single-handed job of representing the Army Air Corps was Cadet Richard Severino, who escorted Betty Harrington.

Luis Jaramillo, with Eileen Mitchell, was the only Latin-American we saw. At the next dance let’s see our usual large crowd of good neighbors.

From the sixth and seventh floors of the Tech School came the Ben Turners and George Wheeler with Louise Wheeler, Athletically speaking we spied Lloyd Budge and later Instructor Dave Beatty and wife.

From the Coliseum came Lois Darsey and Gertrude Dresing, whom we hope will return again and again. Ever faithful Dee Miller of Transportation and hubby Paul of Accounting were with us—and they still look like honeymooners. Also of Transportation was our newest driver, Kay Dean. We hope you’ll come to all the parties, Kay.

Toward the end of the evening we were happy to welcome to our group Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stiger of Coral Gables and their house guest, Mrs. Harry Mayo of Boston.

Finally we were joined by “Red” Duncan, our ticket-seller-and-taker extraordinary. But when “Red” joins us, folks, we know it’s curfew; so we say good night and do come play with us next time.

SOFTBALL

The Embry-Riddle softball team got off to a successful start by hammering the Miami Ship Building squad for a 7 to 3 victory. The game marked the opening of the Commercial League, sponsored by the City Recreation department.

A crowd of several hundred turned out to watch Commissioner Thomson pitch the first ball. The Commissioner’s opponent at the bat was Ramon Prado, star Cuban short stop, for our varsity.

Ramon was not used to the opening ceremony so prevalent in American baseball, and it took a lot of persuasion to keep him from knocking the Commissioner’s offer out of the ball park. He finally was won over and took three wild strikes in the best American form to give His Honor the first official strike-out of the season.

Our varsity went into an immediate bid for honors by scoring two runs in the opening frame. Cecil Cook went to second base on an error by the right fielder. Don Fink walked and Capt. Jimmy Wilbanks drove them both home with a double to center.

Our boys tallied again in the third when Cecil Cook led off with a single; Don Fink advanced him to third with a bunt and then beat it out for a base hit. Jimmy Wilbanks again cleaned the bags and we had two more tallies.

In the fourth we gained another score with Charlie Shepherd walking, pitcher Ray Carey’s bunt and a base hit by Ramon Prado. The Embry-Riddle scoring was completed in the sixth inning when Meade Shepherd walked, was driven to third by Gerry Cook’s double, and both boys scored a moment later when Charlie Shepherd hit to center.

The opposition managed to get two scores in the last half of the sixth on two walks and two errors and added a third in the last of the seventh with two walks and a well placed base hit. This was a fine start for our Embry-Riddle team and they looked to be real contenders for City honors.

Then there was the guy who stayed up all night and studied for his blood test.

PROP WASH

by LaVerna Powell

The welcoming delegation was on hand this week for the return of Marvin Heenan who has been gathering tips straight from the feed box. Placing out on March 5, he zoomed through a four week’s refresher course at the Hamilton Standard Propeller Company in Hartford, Conn., and a two week’s course at the Curtiss Electric, in Caldwell, N. J.

Several days at the Eclipse Aviation School in E. Orange, N. J., was also a part of his itinerary. Every time we catch him gazing thoughtfully at a propeller, that old “he knows something we don’t know” feeling plagues us.

Anyone seeing a strange craft flying over the Gables please lasso same and return to Nolan Popenhager. He has mounted a prop on a stand which is supposed to feel. In three weeks with a mere flick of the wrist and announces its official unveiling will take place momentarily.

A question is in order at this point. “When he throws the switch, what will happen?” “Will it take off, through the roof, with the ponderous pine table in tow—or—will it perform quietly as per expectations?”

Helen Carmichael is counting the hours until Jack Benny’s “Red” dies a natural, or preferably violent death. She doesn’t see why it couldn’t have been christened Gibraltar or Alcaraz. There, you have a couple of staunch rocks that could withstand constant quipping.

Wander if Pfc’s. J. W. Demos and E. Donay, Class 9-43, are still confusing unsuspecting Instructors with their similarity of characteristics.

Pfc. H. Salveson of Class 11-43 is one of those guys who no talker, but know muchee, and will do plentea to trim the triumvurate.

POSTER CONTEST

Here’s a chance to win $50 in War Bonds if you have a knack for making posters. The Medical Division of the Dade County Defense Council is sponsoring a contest with “The Miracle of Blood Plasma” as its theme.

Entries must be 22 by 28 inches in size, and they can be done in no more than two colors. They should be sent to the Medical Division of the Dade County Defense Council, Central School, Miami, by May 10th.

The first prize will be two $25 War Bonds, one of which the winner must give to some man in the service. The second award will be $10 in Defense Stamps, and to the winner of third place will go $5 in Defense Stamps.
Introducing our own Wally Tyler of the Timekeeping office, our Guest Columnist for this week. Take over, Wally.

Once in a while Jerry Goff does have a break-down or something, and that’s when a guest writer has a chance to go hog-wild on the black and white, with Engine Noises. Since she insists that she prefers to “play the field,” it may be that she is just too busy to pound the keys this week.

Father Divine

One day recently, while tacking through the engines in Disassembly, I was astounded to see John Brady, foreman of the Cleaning and Sandblast departments, coming down Final Assembly row with a glass of water and two pills in his hand.

On closer observance I discovered that he was taking them to one of his boys in the Cleaning department who had a headache and was waiting for him. Now I ask you, is it any wonder they call him “Father Divine”?

Nellie Diamond has been putting the square on all those playing darts lately, and the reason, seemingly, is that Mr. Grafflin hasn’t been around to put the double “wanny” on her. That’s the only thing that gives the other players a chance to win, and Mr. Grafflin is the only one who can apply it.

Some Grill!

Joe Henry and some of the others in the Machine Shop (mostly Charlie Thompson) recently turned out the best-looking barbecue grill I’ve ever seen; some of us even fancied a barbecue picnic a couple of times a week at the noon hour, but all hopes were shattered with the discovery that the wonderful piece of equipment was a new Sandblast Machine.

Our mascot, Shang, refused to come in out of the rain the other day. He even slept the whole afternoon with it pouring down on him. It wasn’t too good for his disposition though, as he chewed up Browne’s little Chihuahua this morning.

During that same rain Lester Dunn came tearing up the road on his motorcycle, drenched to the skin, but he seemed to like it also. That makes three of us who find a bit of pleasure in a good shower.

The Timekeeping department has been rather shocking lately, much to the dismay of Morris Dunn and Judy Tatum, and also to a few other unwary souls who wandered into my trap: heh, heh, heh!

The genius of the Wiring department had run a couple of volts through the wire around this office and we baited our visitors with the use of various methods; then at the proper moment the pass phrase “shoot the juice to them, Bruce” would float through the air, and the victim would shudder.

Lona Coehran has deserted her desk job for that job of treating engines, and all the grease doesn’t seem to bother her in the least. So you see, there is some romance in working with engines.

Out in the “foyer” of our hangar there is a new “Suggestion Box,” and our bigwigs are looking for some constructive ideas from the employees. There are cash awards for those ideas that are used, so put on your thinking caps and make use of this new way of making yourself heard. You’ll not only be doing yourself a favor, but you’ll be helping Embry-Riddle.

Saturday night’s Easter Dance was attended by at least two of our workers, namely Bud Youngman and Helen Stefani. This is my “Swan Song” for Engine Overhaul, so I shall close by saying goodbye to you all, at least for the nonce.

Thanks a lot, Wally, we enjoyed hearing from you. Perhaps some other Engine Overhaulers won’t be so reluctant to put their thoughts on paper the next time we ask them now that Katherine and Wally have been so successful.

See you next week.

OVERHAUL CALCULATIN’

by Yannah W. Wittmer

William M. Thomas, a native of Nashville, Tenn., is the guiding light of A. & E. Division Accounting department in the Aircraft Overhaul building at 807 N. W. 20th Street, and a man of action.

Under his direction this department has taken over the invoicing for overhaul and

Continued on Page 14

JOURNALISTS VISIT TECH SCHOOL

Chillion, Paraguayan and Cuban journalists who are making a tour of War industries in the United States visited Embry-Riddle on April 22, accompanied by John McDermott, Miami Bureau Chief of the United Press, and Edward Stentz, representing the office of Inter-American affairs. Eric Sandstrom acted as the guide. Included in the group of journalists were: Chile—Mario Planet, La Hora, Santiago, Autopagasto; Luis Silva, El Sue, Congression; Renato Silva, El Hurrirca, Santiago, and Mario Vergara, Zip-Zap, Santiago, Paraguay—Jorge Hipolito Escobar, El Tiempo, Asuncion; Luciano Gomez, assistant director of the section of press and propaganda in the Paraguayan ministry of the interior, Asuncion; Jose Antonio Moreno Gonzalez, Associated Press correspondent and director of La Revista, Asuncion, and Cortez Antonio Muntan, La Tribuna, Asuncion, Cuba—Jorge Marit, El Mundo, Havana.
ALLOVER OVERHAUL
CARLSTROM FIELD
by Bleeka Kistler

Aircraft Overhaul is a busy place these days. If you don’t believe it, try getting in touch with Freda Clark via telephone. Even the"Boss" isn’t permitted to talk to her, or so says Mildred Hollingsworth of the Main Office—who is determined to be a good Secretary. Clark was in conference when “Boss Klint” called her from town. Hollingsworth dutifully answered the phone, with the usual “Just a moment, please”—and in an undertone to Clark, “You’d better give her it, ‘Boss.”’ Clark was busy, so Hollingsworth says, “I’m sorry, Miss Clark is busy. Could you call later?”

“Boss” Klint wanted to know what Clark was doing, but Hollingsworth, still not recognizing the Master’s Voice, insisted that she could not be disturbed. Fine going, Hollingsworth, P.S.: Except for the restraining arms of Jeanne Mack, Miss Hollingsworth would have crawled under the desk.

Hangar No. 1 is divided into three departments—they’re known as “Dog Patch,” “Skunk Hollow,” and “Flibbertigibber Walk,” which vibrates through their midst like a noisy brook. When you enter the Hangar the first persons you see are Marion S. and Ernie S. who assemble the empannage—and Joe says he is real proud of their ability to do a good job.

Next we see Lois C. and Helen Scarbough, the two very busy facing cowling. Helen is the pretty blonde. More of these names will be mentioned from time to time.

Frank Mayer, known as “Pappy,” was made Foreman of the Landing Gear and Engine department this week. We are sure that he will be an A1 Foreman. Congrats, “Pappy.”

Greetings to Robert Billings—a newcomer from New York State. He made such a hit with everyone that it was Bob from the start. We hope you like us too, Bob.

Good luck to Marvin Miller who left last week to join the Armed Forces. We wish Marvin luck and his jelly smile.

Sibbie Davis of Sheet Metal received notice that her vacation is effective April 27th. Sibbie has shown her ability to do any kind of work that comes to hand—pleasant vacation, “Sib.”

Greetings to Mrs. Waldron, who recently joined the Fallar department. We hope you will be happy here with us.

Glady Locklear is back at the Safety Belt machine after a few days illness. We missed Glady and her ready smile.

Anne Baum leaves tomorrow for Georgia where she will spend her vacation. Anne has been with us since the beginning of

Overhaul—and has proven to be a most efficient worker. Although she is employed as Machine Operator, she is often called upon to perform many other tasks.

Speaking of celebrities—Sara Lanier, Essie Fort, Myrtice Huff, and Wilma Holloway have just reached the ninth month milestone in Riddle’s employ. They feel like veterans at the work and have proven their ability by the fine work they are doing.

Easter Sunday, Ola Duncan and spouse George celebrated their seventeenth wedding anniversary. Congratulations, Ola and George. That’s a long time.

Our deepest sympathy to Pearl Mercer, who just received word of the death of her granddaughter.

Visitor this week was Joseph R. Horton, vice president in charge of the Aircraft and Engine Division.

The other day Helen and Elizabeth happened to look out the window of the Spray Shop and spied a strange looking object covered with red and yellow flags going by. Thinking it was Ringling Circus, they waited for the rest of the parade. Imagine their surprise when they learned it was Pete Mitchell and Buck Thomas on their way to Sparkman Field for the purpose of mowing the lawn.

Lois B. and Tammie Lee T. came through with a winner one day this week by completely dopping and taping three fuselages. Fine work, girls—keep it up.

Carlstrom Overhaul was well represented at the Florida Power and Light fish supper Thursday night. Ernie S., Mae N., and Helen H. did a splendid job of consuming their share of the eats. Joe, you should have been there.

Birthday Greetings to Mrs. Robinson.
Thanks to the girls contributing news—each one of you did a splendid job, and don’t forget next week.

CARLSTROM ATHLETICS
Continued from Page 3

Wis., totaled 23 points to tie five other entries for second place in the meet.

Close on Hugunin’s heels was his home town chum, Clavton McPhail, who ran the half mile in 2.13. McPhail starred on the basketball floor for Antigo high school. He was also deadlocked in the runner-up position for the meet with five classmates.

High Jump
Cadet Don Miller of Passadena, Calif., ranked first in the high jump, setting a new record leap of 5 ft. 11 in. Miller is a former student of Passadena Junior College.

Don Parker and Bill Groose tied for second place honors in the high jump with a height of 5 ft. 3 in. Parker is a western roll specialist from Rantoul, Ill., while Groose, at present a resident of Marquette, Wis., starred in track and basketball at Winona, Minn., high school. Parker and Groose were also deadlocked in second place in the meet.

Broad Jump
John McGraw, athlete from Southwestern High of Detroit, Mich., broad jumped 19 ft. 6 in., the farthest jump in the meet. McGraw also totaled 22 points to tie for third place in the final tabulation.

Frank Weber, former football player and polo captain for McDonogh School, Baltimor...
**COLONNADE CANNONADE**

by Helen Dillard

Dear Wain:

I am going to have you picketed as being unfair to Fly Paper correspondents. I am sure you are the cause of “deadline” time coming around so soon. My poor brain is a complete blank... all right, I will admit that that is nothing unusual, but honestly just nothing has happened.

Mr. Hiss and his crew are all moved in, and the way they settled down in such a hurry was remarkable. It was almost as though they had been here all of the time—we like having them with us.

Betty Printzel, former secretary to Mr. Bowen, has left us to join her husband... he was one of the Army students here.

Of course you know about June McGill leaving us to get married. We had a lovely letter from her and she asked to be remembered to all of her friends. She is very happy and says she is going to like California, though she misses all of us. Why don’t you and Vadah write to her?

Did you hear about Texas Newhold’s husband, Bob, leaving for the Army? Well, he did, and she seems in sort of a sad mood. We will get her out of that in a hurry.

By the way, Mrs. King from the Recreation Pier called. She is always busy trying to make the boys in the service stationed at Miami Beach feel at home, and is doing a very good job of it, too... but she said that the boys have been asking about the Embry-Riddle girls. They have missed us.

I promised her I would get at least 25 girls for the next dance at the Surf Club. What do you say that you and Vadah get behind those girls at Tech and let’s make a good showing Wednesday... you know it is really a lot of fun... ask Vadah, she went to a couple of them.

You remember Donald Peck, don’t you? He was at Tech School in the Personnel department and was sent to Dorr Field... well he is back with us again and all of his old friends were mighty glad to see him. He is our Employment Manager.

I just had some wonderful news. Kitty Goff of the Battalion Board is getting married this Saturday to a Lieutenant in the Navy... isn’t that swell!!

You girls at Tech School will be happy to learn that we girls at the Colonnade will no longer have to have a hurried lunch in the crowded drug stores. Mr. Riddle is giving us a lounge, where we can relax during our lunch period... it is really going to be appreciated.

In closing, Wain, please let me remind you not to let the deadline come around so soon... because you can plainly see that nothing ever happens at the Colonnade.

Love and Kisses, Helen.

---

**STRABISMUS WRITES TO HELEN DILLARD**

Care Lady Hammond-Graeme

32 Davies Street

London W. I.

Dear Helen Dillard,

I set the Fly Paper from time to time, usually in duplicate, and wonder if the Fly Paper ever gets me.

I used to hurble pointed nothings under the name “Strabismus” and occasionally send them a news letter or disjointed ruminations from this “cockeless” country. Perhaps they arrive, perhaps they do not. It matters not little.

However, I love reading of you all and seeing the paper grow from a two page news sheet to something in the “way of Life.”

I think of you lucky people splashing your chocolate burned limbs around those white sands amid the lazy whisking of palm trees.

If I survive this haphazard war, I shall make a bolt for the warmer climate. Maybe California—I have in mind the perfect film for R.K.O.—the life of Winston Churchill. I am persuading my father to get me all the details.

You may think it silly, but I rather fancy Orson Welles for the part. With a little effort, their voices could easily be made similar. But all this is in the days of peace.

Looking back on Florida I find I’m rather homesick for Riddle Field, in spite of the “binding” I let fly there when. So much so that I have used it as a setting for a novel... I, now awaiting publisher’s decision—hrrr!!

No one has written of the U.S.A. training scheme yet, so I whiled away the winter months, instead of playing “crap” in the crew room, watching the rain, scribbling illegibly in RAF exercise books—the property of the Crown! One has to do something to keep the old brain alive—such as it is.

Well, I suppose you wonder why I wrote to you of all the Embry-Riddleites. I liked your column, and I like even more the picture of you at the top. How about one?

If you have nothing better to do, drop me a line. I can be quite a good correspondent when I get the old type-writer back from maintenance Form One A.

Best wishes to all my very good friends.

Strabismus (Desmond Leslie)

---

**CALCULATIONS**

Continued from Page 12

repair, distribution of labor cost, general ledgers, accounts receivable and payroll supervision.

During the last War he was a lieutenant in the Marines and traveled abroad through Belgium, Germany and France. Now his son is carrying the torch. Don Thomas is stationed in New Guinea and is with the Army Air Forces. In Sunday’s Herald is a picture of his wife and baby son, a charming pair.

For 12 years Mr. Thomas was connected with the firm of Ernst & Ernst, well known throughout the country. He was with the Electric Bond & Share for four years, and with the Tax Association in Ohio and Florida.

His latest positions in Miami were as Manager of the Miami Shores Golf Club, it has been worded around that he is no slouch with a brassie, and as Cost Engineer for Intercontinent Aircraft Corporation. From thence he came here to create systems for various accounting departments.

One of his most successful systems is the one he created which introduced the McBe Keysort System into the payroll departments of the Overhaul Division in Miami and in Arcadia at Carlstrom Field Aircraft Overhaul.

---

**GABLES SOFTBALL**

Continued from Page 9

star of the game, bringing in three runs with the lone block buster of the seven inning battle.

The pre-tournament favorites, Class 18-43-A-2, were perhaps considered too much competition for Class 20-43-D as they moved into the second round on a default. Maybe the number of stars on the team has a paralyzing effect upon their opponents which probably explains why so many teams avoid them on their schedule.

Many are wondering why the Permanent Party hasn’t accepted a game with them. Are there any takers?

The night-cap game was a one-sided slugging affair with Class 20-43-A-2 swamping 21-43-A-1 with a score of 11 to 4, Spor pitching for the winners also participated in the barrage and crossed the home plate three times.

The Athletic department is hastening the final completion of the installation of lights to permit the rest of the remaining 12 teams to play off the first and following rounds of the tournament in the evenings.

The present schedule calls for the championship game to be played under lights on Friday, May 14, at 7:00 p.m. on the Coliseum Athletic Field.

After the game a formal presentation of individual awards will be made to members of the winning team.

Everyone is cordially invited, admission free, to attend each and every one of the tournament games.
Things have really been happening fast this past week in Instrument Overhaul. W. C. Beckwith, whom we mentioned in our opening column last week, is now the new head of this department. Mr. Westervelt remains as Supervisor.

This week has also seen a flood of new equipment and more on the way as we see by looking around downstairs in our machine shop. Our cabinet maker is also busy making additional benches.

All this can mean but one thing—we are growing, and with our country locked in a death struggle on the fighting fronts, it is time each of us redoubles his efforts to turn out work with dispatch. We are members of a great organization doing a much needed job in a grand cause. Let’s do our best to help.

In Instrument Overhaul you will meet some interesting people. Take Mr. Maloche—we call him “Ty” or “Jockey.” “Ty” was at one time a chef at the Drake Hotel in Chicago.

He left the role of chef for the outdoors and the race track in 1932. From 1936 he was rated as one of the top jockeys. He has ridden at all the big tracks in America and has been up on such thoroughbreds as “Rounders,” “Compensatory” and “Bernard F.” On the latter he had seven straight runs.

Our Paint and Radium room has blossomed out with three new personages—Eve Satuer, Val Upham and Marjorie Hecht. Eve’s air brush and radium pen make things look like new. Val and Marjorie we have only seen, for we work at night. Will have to tell you of them later.

That industrious pair, Avis Lowther and Anna Lou McMullen, have really been working hard on compasses, air speeds, and rate of climbs. Saturday they started on sensitive altimeters. Cheer up, girls, they aren’t so bad, just patience and plenty of clean gas.

Tucked away in the northeast corner of our shop is an important department—the stockroom, where instruments are received, listed, stored and issued to the mechanics for repairs. Then they are returned to the stockroom and stored for inspection. Next they are packed and shipped.

Here we meet Peggy Maynard, Virginia Conner and Gwen Dees. Peggy is the guiding light in here with a merry twinkle in her eye. Virginia assists her with the records. Gwen, who is the newest member of the trio, does most of the packing for shipment to the various Fields we serve.

The time each mechanic spends on each instrument and material used is also recorded by these girls. A busy place, yet they always have a cheery word or smile whenever you go there.

Just a reminder in conclusion—when in your car, drive like a railroad engineer—take it easy when the road’s not clear.

--

**SAFETY**

by Henry B. Graves

The management of Embry-Riddle has established a safety policy and employed a Safety Director to be responsible for the operation of a definite safety program.

The success of such a program, however, depends to only a minor extent upon the Company and the Director. In a major degree its success depends upon safe thinking on the part of each and every employee.

Let’s each of us examine our working surroundings to see if any unsafe conditions exist and report same to our department head in writing with a suggestion, if you have one, for a corrective measure.

It may save injury to yourself or a fellow employee.

It is also wise to remember that more of us will be hurt away from the job than at work. This recalls a little limerick which always comes to mind when I see an auto accident:

Here lies the body of Sam McVey  
Who died, maintaining his right of way.  
He was right, dead right as he sped along  
But he’s just as dead as if he’d been wrong.

---

**Whitecaps**

by Gloria Van Riper

Another week has gone by and not too much to write about, but, anyway, hold your hats—we’re off. This time there is a new girl at the fountain pen.

We all had a very pleasant Easter Sunday, that is, with the exception of Billy Waters who had to be at the Seaplane Base all day.

I understand that Pat Grant and Marion Bertram, two of our feminine Instructors, went down to the Keys for the day. No doubt they were strictly in that sun-bathing department.

A1 McKesson, who is a big time operator as far as being our number one chief mechanic, has been very busy giving all our planes the once over.

There is now a new addition to our cat family. Another little kitten wandered in to join Skippy and make life more cheerful for him.

Well, I will end this dribble—if you ask me, it’s strictly “binding”—so I will put on full flaps and run into the hangar and cut off—best wishes for many future foggle-noggles.

“Nurse,” said the wounded doughboy,  
“I’m in love with you. I don’t want to get well.”  
“Don’t worry, you won’t,” she said cheerfully. “The Doctor is in love with me, too, and he saw you kiss me this morning.”
Praise and Glory Be: The weatherman was a friend in need last week and came through with enough flyable days to boost our flying time way up into the rejoiceable bracket. Tim Hefflin, our chief pilot, says, and I quote, “This is going to be the most efficient, the smoothest and the flying’s best operation this side of heaven.”

Congratulations to the likeable Ted Hunter who through the most painstaking methods received his Commercial Certificate and Instructors Rating. Ted is now enthusiastically instructing private students.

It was visiting day at the institute last Monday and funnyman Bob Lethbridge’s fiancée, Jerry Mayon, came down to see what makes the wheels turn. As with every other private student, Bob is having a small amount of trouble clearing away with the CAA, but we want to assure Jerry that we will restrain Bob from doing anything rash, such as homicide.

Did you all know that Fishermen McDaniel takes to water like flies take to syrup? ‘Tis true. While Mac was peacefully fishing last Sunday, some freak of nature (we’re leaving personalities out of this) tossed him right out of the boat and into the briny deep.

He was too exasperated to say anything at the time, not being able to speak very plainly under water; but later he said, with murder in his eye, “Some Gremlin will suffer for this.” Next time Mac will take a seat pack and a safety belt.

Some Fun

Leona Calko of Maintenance returned to earth alive last week to tell us of the fears and thrills of being an Instrument Observer. An Observer is that essential part of an instrument ship what does the looking.

She likened it unto a rollercoaster, altho’ it’s much more breathtaking, for in an airplane it’s quite possible to be up and down at the same time. Leona knows. Some fun.

Bombs for Tokio

Bill Grindell is going hog wild with the new bond drive and has more than doubled our original quota. Mr. Rollins calls our attention, via a beautiful poster in the Canteen, to the fact that it is up to us to back the boys who are backing us.

We can do it easy enough by buying bonds. We’re not far from hitting the 100% mark, so those that haven’t subscribed for bonds should do so today. Let’s put Chapman over the top.

Thoughts in Passing

It’s nice seeing Lola Hayes navigating again after her brief spell in the hospital. Get well quick and come back soon.

How does Minnie Cassell, switchboard operator at the Colonnade, manage to cheerfully keep that “service with a smile” personality?

Should anyone wonder how Sherman marched through Georgia, come on down and the Field Accountant will gladly give you ten easy lessons.

SAPPY LANDING

Every year, in every business and profession, there are a certain number of guys who crack up. Nine times in ten, it’s because they don’t have the kind of good, sound training that really counts when the competition gets tough. That certainly applies to Aviation. The sky’s the limit for trained men, but those without the answers will find the pace is much too fast.

Think it over—and if you want a future in Aviation, no matter what branch, let us show you the right way to start.