

11-19-1943

## Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-11-19

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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# EMBRY-RIDDLE

## *Fly Paper*

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. VII

NOVEMBER 19, 1943

NO. 5

## NEW COMMANDING OFFICER AT RIDDLE FIELD

As Riddle Field moves into its third year of operation, may we bid welcome to the new Commanding Officer of No. 5 B.F.T.S., Wing Commander A. A. deGruyther, D.F.C., who recently succeeded W/C George Greaves. W/C deGruyther is the fifth C/O of the school, having been preceded by Wing Commanders Fanstone, Rampling and Prickett in addition to Greaves.

The new Commanding Officer was born in Calcutta, India, in 1914. He received his elementary education in India before going to St. Paul's School in London. Immediately after his graduation in 1933 he joined the R.A.F., and thus started his long career in the service of His Majesty's Air Force.

The Wing Commander won his wings at No. 3 Flying Training School at Grantham, Lincs., and was commissioned a Pilot Officer in the fall of 1933.

A flying boat course was taken subsequently at Calshot, near Southampton, after which he was assigned to flying boat squadrons in England, Aden and Iraq. While serving in these squadrons, he flew to Malta and all points east to Singapore. While overseas, W/C deGruyther was made a Flying Officer.

In 1938 he was returned to England, made a Flight Lieutenant and instructed on a flying boat course. After he was made Flight Commander of a new flying boat squadron in 1939 the rank of Squadron Leader was forthcoming.

At the outbreak of the War his Squadron immediately started operational work from many points in England, Scotland and the Shetland Islands. In recognition of his outstanding work, deGruyther was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Following his operational tour, Riddle Field's C/O had command of a flying boat

training squadron before being transferred to the staff of a Coastal Command Group. While with this group he was a controller in charge of convoy and anti-submarine work, and at this time he was promoted to the rank of Wing Commander.

In 1941, he was assigned with the R.A.F. Delegation in Washington as Deputy Director of Flying Training, his work being connected with the British Flying Training School in this country and of the Navy and Army training of British Pilots. His immediate superiors at this Post were Group Captains Carnegie (now Air Commodore) and Hogan, both of whom are well known at this Field.

It is with this excellent background that W/C deGruyther comes to Riddle Field. We hope you will enjoy your work here, sir, and we know that you will have the co-operation and support of all Riddle Field personnel.



INSPECTING THE INTELLIGENCE ROOM AT RIDDLE FIELD during a recent visit of Air Marshal Sir William Welsh, head of the RAF Mission in Washington, are from left to right: Carl R. Anderson, Assistant Vice-President of Embry-Riddle; James Durden, Assistant General Manager of Riddle Field; W/C Jerry Millbourne of the RAF Mission; Sq./Comdr. Ernie Smith; H. A. Jones, Director of Administration and Finance of the RAF Mission; Sq./Ldr. Alfred Hill; Director of Flying Fred Hunziker; John G. McKay, Vice-President and Legal Advisor of Embry-Riddle; W/C George Greaves, retiring Commanding Officer of Riddle Field; W/C A. A. deGruyther, new C/O of Riddle Field; the Air Marshal, F/L Bruce; O. Smith; Capt. Leonard J. Povey, Vice-President of Embry-Riddle in charge of Flying Operations; and F/L W. H. E. Trewin.

# EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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## SANTOS DUMONT

Continued from previous issue

On the 19th of October, 1901, Santos Dumont tried once more for the Deutsch Prize. All Paris anxiously awaited the supreme moment. The committee of judges was assembled, and although the weather was most unfavorable, the "Small Santos," as the Parisians called him, took charge of his aircraft and at the end of nine minutes was encircling the most famous monument in the world, facing the point of departure.

A terrific opposing wind tried once more to overcome the boldness of the tropical bird, but it did not succeed. At the end of 29 minutes and 30 seconds, at a great height and at its greatest speed, "Santos Dumont No. 6" passed the starting point at St. Cloud, over the heads of the judges and amidst the delirium of the masses, who acclaimed him with frenzy.

The Deutsch Prize was won.

Alberto Santos Dumont became the greatest figure of the age and the name of Brazil soared the heights due to him. The dirigibility of balloons was officially discovered and proven. Santos Dumont, upon receiving the prize, now amounting to 125,000 francs, divided it into two parts: 75,000 francs for the poor of Paris; 50,000 for the individuals who helped him. He also received 100 contos de reis from the Brazilian government, which conferred upon him a medal, commemorative of the event.

At the beginning of winter Santos Dumont was surprised by an invitation from the Prince of Monaco to continue his aerial experiments, but this time in the Mediterranean. Inasmuch as the Prince had built an airdrome on the beach at La Coudamine in accordance with Santos Dumont's plans, who at this time was planning his number 7, new and attractive prospects were opening up before the eyes of our bold navigator, namely a sea flight.

Henri Rockefeller, one of the most clear-

Continued on Page 12

# Letters to the Editor

1704 Abingdon Drive  
Alexandria, Va.  
November 4, 1943

"Sims"  
Church Street  
Steeple Ashton  
N. Trowbridge, Wilts.  
England  
October 9, 1943

Dear Editor:

I am just in receipt of the Fly Paper of August 27, and I felt I must write and pay my respects to such a great man as the late G. Willis Tyson, Jr.

I often sit and think how wonderfully well he brought us all of Course 2 successfully through our training and how much the school will miss his great knowledge of aviation.

If you would pass on my heartfelt sympathies to Mrs. Tyson and her family, I would be very happy.

Now, after being home two long years, the memory of the great times we all had at Carlstrom and later at Riddle Field and all the knowledge of flying which was taught us by good pilots under the direction of great men, in fact, should I say one of the pioneers of aviation such as G. Willis Tyson, is indeed a great honor and an even greater memory.

For myself, since I have been home, I have completed 19 weary months of instructing pupils at A.F.U.S. and when I stop to think how little I still know, yes, it is then that one has to really hand it to the "old timers at the game." Please pardon my slang but I think that is the easiest, yet the plainest, way of expressing my thoughts.

I have had many pupils from No. 5 B.F.T.S. and in talking to them I have kept fairly well up to date with the old crowd and, believe me, it is great to hear what all the old instructors of Courses 1 and 2 are doing.

I still have contact with some of Course 2. P/O Hyde is with me instructing on the same unit. Adock was killed flying Mustangs and Walker was taken prisoner about a year ago. Palmer has finished his first tour of OPs on Spitfires, but for the rest I am afraid I have lost contact.

At the moment I am a Gunnery Instructor at A.F.U. I have just returned from a month's course at the Central Gunnery School where I flew Spitfires and had the pleasure of meeting and flying with many of the ace fighter pilots.

Oh yes, before I go any further I would like to make a correction in the letter from Sgt. T. P. Mighell in the Fly Paper of August 27th. In his letter he makes reference to a Jock Sims and says that he is staff piloting. Well, you say in a footnote that this refers to me. Well, well, I have never been staff piloting. If Mr. Bing or Mr. Brink or Mr. Edmondson ever read that one of their students was a staff pilot, they would shoot me. No! joking aside, that does not refer to me, so I think you made a slight mistake.

Well, for now I think I had better pack up. Please let Kay Bramlitt know that I am still very much alive, and ask her if she remembers the car crash and also that she promised to write.

Please give my fondest regards to all my friends in the Riddle company and please keep the Fly Paper coming. They all seem to come through and I enjoy reading them. Say hello to Mr. Johnston and Mr. Hunziker and I could go on all night saying hello, etc.

Anyway, I hope to hear from you.

Your old student,  
Flying Officer B. L. Sims  
Course 2

*Editor's Note: We know that Mrs. Tyson and her family will appreciate your kind expressions of sympathy, F/O Sims. We stand corrected on the staff piloting business. No doubt we were misinformed, but now all is clear. Jack Hopkins of Riddle Field, to whom this letter was addressed, has given us permission to publish it.*

Dorr Field  
Arcadia, Fla.  
November 8, 1943

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate very much if you would add the name of my parents to your Fly Paper mailing list.

In several weeks I'll be leaving Dorr (it's a swell place) and will lose contact. However, I would like to keep up with Dorr Doings. So, if you'll send a spare copy to my home each week I'll be able to be in the know as to Dorr news, etc.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely yours,  
John D. Hollowell  
A/C U. S. Air Corps.

*Editor's Note: Your Fly Paper is on its way to your parents, John, and if you will notify us of your address after you leave Dorr, we will be delighted to see that you get a personal copy each week.*

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to ask to be put on the Fly Paper's mailing list . . . I've been reading my brother's since I left in 1941.

I'm flying for the Air Transport Command now and am employed by TWA at Washington. We're using C-54s (Douglas DC-4) which are swell ships.

I'm sure a lot of people would be interested in learning I ran across Lts. Slim North and Lee Hipson in Africa, both at Carlstrom when I was.

I'd like to say hello to Charlie Sullivan, Gordon Mougey, Bob Forester, Ralph Cuthbertson, Chas. Eckert, Roscoe Brinton, Tim Heflin and the rest of the gang.

Yours,  
Dick Hall

*Editor's Note: You now have a Fly Paper all to yourself, Dick. Sorry you didn't let us know sooner. Do write us more about Slim and Lee as our readers, especially from Carlstrom, will be keenly interested.*

47 Atkinson  
Bellows Falls, Vt.  
November 8, 1943

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate very much having the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper sent to my new address here in Vermont. I was with the South American students last year at the Tech School and I always enjoyed your paper.

I was married two months ago and since then I haven't received it due to my change of address. I was formerly in Cincinnati, Ohio.

At this time and through your kindness I would like to extend my regards to the South American friends of mine still at the School as well as to the Instructors who were with us at that time. Especially to Mr. Lion in the Instrument department, who was very kind to me during my stay at the Tech School.

*Agradeciéndole de antemano saluda a ra muy atentamente.*

Peter Ralph Pomeroy

*Editor's Note: It is always a pleasure to hear from our former students and it is most gratifying to learn that they miss the Fly Paper. We are sure that many of Peter's old friends join us in wishing him much happiness.*

**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 .....

## BRAZIL NO MIAMI

by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

With the usual speed of the aircraft industry we have been whisked from our comfortable spot in Aircraft Overhaul where the world went by serenely and peacefully and have been dropped into the maelstrom of activity, hustle, bustle, hurry scurry which is the little spot of Brazil in Miami. We realize that we asked for it and are more than glad to be here, but haste is more or less distasteful to one of substance such as we.

We wish to take this opportunity, although somewhat belated, of telling our Chief Instructor, Ed Cornell, how much we welcome this opportunity of working with him again.

### Greetings

We also wish at this time to welcome the rest of the members of the Machinist Division to the Brazilian Program and to introduce them to the rest of the Embry-Riddle family. To John Butler, W. N. Cleus, Vincent Hickey, L. J. Page, Norman Shelton and P. L. Stone, Instructors in the Aircraft Machine Shop, a most hearty welcome and the hope that *Aprenderão português muito bem e rapidamente.*"

As far as we are concerned, it has been a case of meeting ourselves going home as we are arriving in the morning. We have

spent so much time here that we feel as though we should be paying room rent. The past three weeks have been a jumble of almost meaningless words, catalog numbers, strange language and immunization shots.

### Ad Infinitum

We wake up screaming of Class 17-B, Machinist Division, Stock No. 7900-665324, rod, handle, extension, link, universal,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ", price \$.18 and such like ad infinitum. After making out thousands of cards for items from an 0-36 nut to a 14 ft. heat treat furnace, we were going about on our heels with that glassy stare and our friends were afraid that if we heard a bell we might go into a crouch and start boxing.

Then came the day when the end was in sight and we started on a new phase of work, building layout. In this we made cut outs of all machines which are to be used in the course and located them in scale outlines of the buildings we are eventually to occupy in Brazil. From this we will be able to decide upon the most efficient layout and when the time comes the machinery may be set with the minimum of delay.

When the layout is complete we will be

off again on the order cards for wiring and other electrical equipment necessary for the operation of the machines so it will once more be Class 08-B, Stock No. 7800-663252, wire, rubber covered, black, stranded, No. 2, etc. ad nauseam.

We have been very grateful for the splendid spirit of cooperation received from everyone. In spite of the fact that everybody is doing about three times as much work as he ever did before, no one is ever too busy to stop and give assistance if necessary.

Capt. Scheffler is trying to keep from going mad before the order cards are all in and the equipment lists are made up. Mrs. Thompson, Kay Heaver and Frances Locke are dreaming of the day when they won't have to look at these same orders and lists and when the work day will be only eight hours.

### Exploring

Mr. Stahl is efficiently combing the country, and from last reports apparently the entire hemisphere, looking for machines and equipment. He probably will don diving gear and explore the sea bottom before he is through. Mr. Sprague of course has the dubious pleasure of trying to give all of us some book "larnin."

Oh yes, we almost forgot, as if we could.



THE FIRST GROUP OF EMBRY-RIDDLE PIONEERS who by this time have arrived in São Paulo, Brazil, where they are opening a technical training school, are seen above ready for the first leg of their trip. Reading from left to right, front row: John J. Devery, Adriano Ponso, Ralph Finn, Charles Larimer, Elizabeth Conard, Nelson Pitzele and John Paul Riddle. Next row: Theodore Treff, Grace Taylor, C. D. Purinton, Morelle Smith, E. A. Wentworth, Dorothy Goggin and James E. Blakeley. Back row: James Lunnon, Claude Miller, Edith del Junko, R. J. Stewart, Guy Doshier and David Thomas.



**BRAZILIAN CADETS TO TRAIN HERE**—A group of 16 Brazilian Air Force cadets arrive at Tech for special training in English familiarization courses as first step toward becoming radio technicians. They are turned over to Col. Arnold H. Rich, left, Embry-Riddle technical director, by Capt. João de C. Secco, center, of the Brazilian Air Force. Major Harry J. Belden, right, Commanding Officer of 379th Base Headquarters and Air Base Squadron, Miami Beach, will be in charge of quartering the students. Right: The students start their training at the school with an airplane inspection. In civilian clothes are Instructors Cecil B. Cook, center, and Melvin J. Goecke, right.

Just when things are looking brightest we find ourselves bundled into a miniature box car and are rushed over to the Beach to be injected, inoculated, vaccinated, stuck, scratched, cut, jabbed and various and sundry other things all guaranteed not to hurt (much) but which when considered in terms of peace of mind and health of body in days to come will be well worth the pains.

We wish to add a special note at this time to our esteemed, honored and loved contemporary, Jack Whitnall. "We are once more able to indulge in our schedule of numerous small meals during the day because now we have a cafeteria and canteen on the premises and within short walking distance. We are also looking forward to 'sampling' South American food in the near future."

To Jack and all our other friends at the various divisions we want to take this opportunity of saying goodbye in case we don't get to see them personally before we leave or before they put us in a strait jacket after we crack under the strain of Class 17-B Stock No. 1900-65433erfgjnks tkoa jennhkslkg. Beautiful Spring, the birds glg brb zzzzzzzzt.

Note: This was found in the typewriter when we answered a call to pick up a raving maniac who was found tearing order cards to bits and drooling and screaming. (Signed)

*Providence Hospital for the Insane*

### WE MESSENGERS

*We aren't very big and we aren't very small  
We aren't very short and we aren't very tall.  
But we try very hard to deliver our mail  
And hope in the future we'll still never fail.  
In our spare time we write and we talk  
And on the hour all we do is walk.  
We say hello with a greeting and a smile  
And we are courteous all the while.*

## NEW COURSES START AT TECH SCHOOL

Monday, November 15, saw the day of enrollment for the winter classes in Technical training at the Tech School. From far and wide came young girls and boys to take instruction in radio, radio communications, instruments, etc., not to speak of Flight and Link.

Among our new students is a selected group of 16 Brazilian Air Force Cadets, who started special training in English familiarization as a first step toward becoming radio technicians.

#### Agreement

The group, which will remain in Miami for the next four weeks, is being trained by the Army Air Forces Training Command under an agreement between the United States and Brazilian governments. Embry-Riddle is cooperating with the

Army by providing instructors and technical equipment and will instruct the students in English technical nomenclature, elementary blue print reading and conversion of the metric system to the English system. Upon completion of their courses here, they will go to an Army technical school for training as radio technicians.

The group was greeted at Embry-Riddle by Lt. Col. Ernest J. Hall and Lt. Col. Robert C. Hornsby of the U. S. Army, Capt. Joao de C. Secco of the Brazilian Air Force, Brazilian Consul General Alfredo Polzin, Major Harry J. Belden, commanding officer of 379th Base Hdq. and Air Base Squadron, Miami Beach, where the students will be quartered; George Wheeler, Jr., Embry-Riddle vice-president, and Col. Arnold H. Rich, director of Embry-Riddle technical division.

The students include Paulo Rabello, Protasio Guimares, Sansao Pereira, Henrique Almeida, Edam Souza, Adriano Mesquida, Carlos Magalhaes, Paulo Barros, Helio Cardoso, Alberto Machado, Elmer Pitrowsky, Edson Souza, Jose Goes, Nilton Cardoso, Francisco Souza and Joao Manteiro.

## DORM LIFE

by Suzie Bryan

We have four new students in our Dormitory. Wednesday "Bobby" Jelonek arrived from Cincinnati for a course in flight training. Doris Kullburg and Jo Rudford of Los Angeles are also flight students, but Edith Bensen who hails from Clewiston is taking the Master Instrument course. Not to be forgotten by any means are the two lovely daughters of Col. Arnold H. Rich, Frances and Ruth.

Except for choir practice nothing exciting happened Monday or Tuesday, but ah! Wednesday was another story. Mickey Fairchild and her bag of tricks produced invitations for an officers' dance in Miami. Though the Embry-Riddle damsels were shy upon arrival they soon became belles

*Continued on Page 7*



**DRESSED FOR COMFORT** during our recent cold spell Edith Chapman, who is taking a course in radio, found that slacks were mighty cozy.



AT THE OPENING OF THE ANTILLA HOTEL LAST SUNDAY Mr. and Mrs. Sydney J. Burrows (right in upper left hand picture) act as hosts to a distinguished company of guests. Talking to the Burrows are Lt. Col. D. H. McCauley of the Miami Air Depot and Mrs. McCauley. In the upper center are (left to right) David Beaty, Ralph Hessel of the New York Trust Company and Mrs. Beaty. The upper right hand picture: Col. and Mrs. Arnold H. Rich, Col. L. W. Armour, Major and Mrs. M. L. Dickson, Col. T. B. Miller and Capt. and Mrs. M. Beaudrias. The right hand picture in the second row: The Embry-Riddle Dormitory Acapella choir, with Mickey Fairchild (arms akimbo) as leader. The left hand picture on the next to bottom row: Mrs. Mary Moore, Executive Secretary of the Coral Gables Chamber of Commerce, Mayor Thomas Mayes of Coral Gables, Mrs. Mayes and Wallace Bell. The gorgeous table of canapés is seen on the right, which was due to the efforts of Mrs. Grace Simpson, who is shown in the lower row, center. To the left is the Antilla Hotel, now in operation under the Embry-Riddle Housing Corporation, with Syd Burrows as Director.

## TECH TALK

by Lucille Nelson

No, on second thought, I'd better not back out now. I wouldn't want to be in the Dog House with Mrs. Burton. I mentioned it but was threatened, so here goes, everybody.

If you were wondering what the smiles were about last week, it was because of the new uniforms the switchboard operators and the messengers acquired. We really are very proud of them.

### New Messengers

A new member of the Mail Room whom some may not know is De Etta Ruhland. She has been with the Company about a month, having started work a short while after coming to Miami. De Etta came to Florida from Buffalo, N. Y., and likes it here very much, although she still is partial to her home state. Another member back with us is Muriel Loertcher. We surely are glad to have her with us.

Mrs. Gilmore, whom you know, was home ill with a cold last week. We miss her very much when she is not here.

You can still hear quite a bit of Portuguese around Tech School. The first group has left for Brazil, and we hope they have a nice trip and will let us hear from them soon.

I was very happy to have my mother at the School for dinner last week. She enjoyed herself and I hope to have her come again.

### Changes

There have been some changes on the first floor again. We find Mr. Ireland and secretary back in their old office and busy at work. Mr. Peck and his secretary (I'd better not forget Laurice) are very busy on employment. But no matter how busy Laurice is, she always can return a smile, no matter how many times a day I go by her desk.

Helen Manos is next to the Director's



LITTLE DICKIE LE GAYE hopes some day to be enrolled at Embry-Riddle where his father, "Rocky" Le Gaye is on the Brazilian program.



ON THE DAY OF ENROLLMENT AT TECH last Monday the above group was entertained at luncheon. Left to right, first row: Lt. Col. Robert C. Hornsby of Military Intelligence; Col. Arnold H. Rich, Director of the Tech School; Brazilian Consul General Alfredo Palzin; Lt. Col. Ernest J. Hall of Military Intelligence; Capt. João de C. Secco of the Brazilian Air Force; and Major Harry J. Belden, Commanding Officer of the 379th Base Headquarters and Air Base at Miami Beach. Middle row: Willard R. Burton, Assistant Director of the Tech School; George Wheeler, Jr., Vice-President of Embry-Riddle; Donald Sprague, Chief Instructor of the Instructors' School; his assistant, Henry W. Hubbell; and Joseph LeMay of the Brazilian program. Back row: Carl R. Anderson, Assistant Vice-President of Embry-Riddle; and G. Ralph Kiel, Director of Public Relations.

office, while her sister is now in Mr. Foote's office. Thelma Ponso is now on the first floor carrying on in Ponso's place. She also has a smile for everyone.

In the Stockroom we find Mr. North and his helper, Mr. Campbell (Peanuts). In the Dispensary we find Dr. House and his nurse, Mrs. Richardson. They are always ready to help regardless of one's trouble.

We're all sorry to hear that Judge Phillip E. Paine is leaving us. We understand that he was Municipal Judge for Coral Gables from 1935 to 1939 and since last March has been supervisor of Tech Orders here. Judge Paine is going back to his old haunts, the law firm of Knight, Pace and Paine, in the Langford Building and will specialize in income and inheritance taxes.

Back to the Mail Room now. Thanks for bearing with me.

### DORM LIFE

Continued from Page 5

of the ball and a grand time was had by all.

Before the dance Mickey, with the help of some of the students, cooked a wonderful dinner for the whole gang. The table was set in the lobby in front of a big roaring fire. We might add that it was rather chilly outside.

The rest of the week was devoted to choir practice in anticipation of our debut at the Biltmore Hospital Sunday afternoon, and later singing for the guests of Embry-Rid-

dle at the Antilla hotel.

Upon arriving at the Biltmore each one of us was positive that she just *couldn't* go through with it. But it wasn't long before we all realized that if we never made another sound we would and could sing for those men. Choaking down our fears we gave out with "Dem Bones" and the look on the faces of the men around us was worth our poor efforts.

Later we sallied forth to the Antilla, where after eating quantities of Mrs. Grace Simpson's canapés, we once more rose to the occasion and the applause was most gratifying.

P.S. Just learned that we have been invited back to the Biltmore next Sunday, and that is one invitation we won't hesitate to accept.

### Personalities

Skip Selby has been center of attention all week as the result of a certain bicycle ride. Janet Williams, radio student, went home for a short vacation. Frankie, who also takes radio and is one of Jan's roommates, gave a birthday party for Yank, one of the regulars from Opa-Locka. A wonderful time was had by all.

Speaking of food—where oh where would the rest of the Dorm be without Evelyn McKenna's and Mary Amnek's ice box? Mickey Overheu returned from Palm Beach Sunday. Better watch out, Mickey, Edith Chapman is running a close second to you with a sudden desire to sleep. Believe it or not, she actually turned down a date the other night!

That's all for now—be seeing you next week.



# UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

T. C. Cottrell, Editor

— Associates —

Ernestine Mathis, Buildings and Grounds  
Barbara Walker and Marie Burcham, Flight Line Flashes

Joe Harpole, Parachute Department  
Rudolph Neely, Canteen

Well, Old Man Winter has given us a taste of what is to come by chalking up a temperature of 27. In fact the other day it was so nippy that we had to stop in the Administration Building to warm up a few minutes. During our short stay we gathered a bit of material for our paper.

That slow, pleasant drawl that you hear over the 'phone saying, "Managah's Office" is the voice of Margaret Burcham, the new secretary to "Boots" Frantz and Sam Sparks, who took Martha Snow's place when she left to join her husband who is in the Army.

Although Margaret is a local girl, she came to Embry-Riddle Field from Nashville, Tenn., where she was employed in the Accounting department of the Southern Bell Telephone Company.

## Petite

Like her sister, Marie (Secretary to Charlie Sullivan), she is rather petite and possesses the same beautiful red tresses admired by all the boys. Unlike Marie, she says that she prefers brunette men to blondes. We're glad to have you with us Margaret, and hope you will like us as much as we do you.

It has been so quiet at the Administration Building this week that we wonder if our Personnel Manager, Martha Neil Houseton, has lost her voice. She seems to be doing all right though. A couple of "love birds" pinned on her shoulder, and flirting with Sgt. Baker.

Then there's that petite brunette who works in the Accounting department. All of the Cadets want to know her telephone number. A splash of color here and there will make things quite gay, and that dab of red we have been seeing the past several days is the flaming hair of, guess who!

## Good Old Check

Here comes Maureen, still as calm as ever and being careful to "step on all of the soft pedals." Funny how she seems so much sweeter on the 6th and 21st of each month. Couldn't be the payroll. We're glad to have Mrs. Margaret Clayton back with us after being absent from headquarters with laryngitis.

Then there is Clara Dowdy fussing about fever blisters and Dr. Dunn (Tillie Cloar) handing out pills with the guarantee that they will be gone by Saturday. Couldn't be the thoughts of open post, or could it?

Lights are still shining for a certain group of young ladies on this Field. You guessed it—the PBX operators. All of these girls are still as talkative as ever, they talk for hours at the time but "operator" and "hello" is all they ever say!

We sure missed Mary Lou Joyner for the last couple of days. We hear she's gone

to see Ralph to cheer him up a bit! She can do it if anyone can, I betcha!

Next we look around for Gene Kliederer and find that he done slipped off and left us. Yep. It is 3rd Air Force Fighter Squadron at Tallahassee, Fla. No more beefing about being tied down at home while a War is going on. Best wishes and lots of luck Captain, and send me a post card for every Jap or German you shoot down. We'll miss you but we know you are a happy man.

## New Flying Officer

A welcome is extended to Lt. Roy Lyons who was transferred from Brook Field and will perform the duties of Flying Officer at this Field.

Three new Yankee Instructors from "Up North" are being welcomed to enjoy our southern hospitality while instructing the boys. They are: Charles Garret of Hammond, Ind.; Charles West of Port Clinton, Ohio; and James Sherdan from Chicago, Ill. Glad to have "you-all" with us!

A certain Union City lassie sings a wedding march when Refresher Hatfield passes. Instructor Gussman hangs around "Bakers"—could be that he was waiting for a cute little girl to give him the holes out of her doughnuts.

## Robert J. Sweenes

Our subject for this week's interview is Squadron Commander Robert J. Sweenes who was born in La Crosse, Wis., June 18, 1918, which we calculate makes him 26 years of age. He probably spent the usual childhood experienced by any normal rough and tumble boy.

He took an engineering course at the

Teacher's College in La Crosse and in 1941 was graduated from the University of Wisconsin, where he was a member of Delta Sigma Pi.

His flying experience started in 1939 under C. P. T. at the University, and after his graduation he took up free lance instructing. He journeyed to Dorr Field in December of 1941 and later transferred to Union City in September, 1942. He is now at the helm of Squadron 6.

## Habit

When asked about various food likes and dislikes, he claims not liking the "stuff." He says it's a bad habit. . . . But, from the looks of things he has become a creature of habit. When the conversation turned to romance (can't see how that happened) Bob said he had no bad heart entanglements. Here's another one of those free, white and over 21 guys!

Startling experiences during the course of his flying include but four forced landings, none of which took place in Army ships. Good for him! Bob enjoys instructing but intends to enter some other branch of aviation for varied experience after the War.

## FLASHES FROM THE FLIGHT LINE

by B. Walker and M. Burcham

If we are incoherent, it is because we are suffering from acute frost-bite . . . with November and the so-called gaiety of the fall season . . . in galloped ol' man winter and froze our toes . . . but we should squawk . . . the poor Kaydets and Instructors come into Operations and slowly begin bending and stretching in order to crack the ice from their limbs. We won't make that trite remark about wishing it was summer again . . . we hollered then 'cause it was so *hot*! But then you plutocrats in Florida probably don't understand.

We were all thrilled to hear of the newest twosome, engagement ring and all. Katherine McVay of the Maintenance department and Laverne Erickson, Instructor in Squadron II, have announced their engagement. Congratulations to both of you! Katherine says the wedding will take place sometime in the spring.

## Blendings

June and Jesse Tate have been seen sporting a *brand new* green Hudson convertible. June likes green anyway, but I think Jesse just got that color to match his auburn locks. . . . You have heard perhaps of the vanities of men. No? Well, we have!

The weather here has been fairly clear and the duck-hunting has fallen off a bit. The various duck-hunting fiends haven't been shooting imaginary ducks with imaginary guns lately. Where is the enthusiasm of the previous weeks? Don't tell us the little fowl have out-done you, boys? (Pardon us, while we hide somewhere.)



On the Ground

Continued on Page 18

# CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

Most distinguished visitors on the Field last week included Carl Anderson, Charles Ebbets, Helen Burkart, Ruth Williams and Wain Fletcher. Wain accompanied Ruth and Helen on their first visit to the Fields, and all of us who had the pleasure of seeing them certainly enjoyed their visit.



Kay

Charlie Ebbets brought his wife and mother and father to Arcadia for the Rodeo, and, as usual, "Cowboy" Charlie was busily engaged in getting good shots of the various performers. The Arcadians say that Charlie is a tradition around these parts, and that a Rodeo wouldn't be complete without his presence.

### Well Deserved

Nate Reece spent last week in Pompano on a well-deserved vacation—his first since he's been with Embry-Riddle.

O. B. "Foots" Lightfoot soon will be deserting us for the Navy. "Foots" has been our Purchasing Agent for quite some time and we certainly hate to see him leave. Best of luck to you.

Lt. Col. M. P. Freeman, former Commanding Officer of Carlstrom Field, spent a few days here as guest of Capt. and Mrs. L. J. Povey. Col. Freeman has only recently returned from England and is now stationed in Ardmore, Okla.

Lt. Jack C. Kervan of Class 42-I visited Lt. and Mrs. John Frisbee over the week-end. He is now stationed in Blytheville, Ark.

Capt. James Bobo of the Infirmary writes that he is having a good time eating fried chicken while on his leave in Alabama.

Wilda Smithson spent last week-end in Orlando. Jackie Livingston is spending a week's vacation in Tampa. Sgt. Bergman of the Sgt. Major's Office has just returned from a furlough spent in Illinois—and he says it was mighty cold up there.

### Happenstance

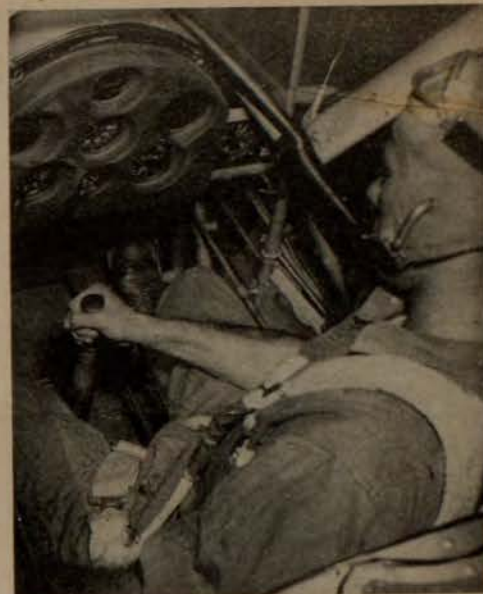
M/Sgt. John Jordan is back after having spent a week or so on sick leave. It seems that a cow happened to be in front of the car in which Jordan was riding, the cow was hit, and Jordan was injured. We're glad it wasn't more serious, though, and welcome the sergeant back to work. By the way, Sgt. Jordan is one of the very few members of the personnel still at Carlstrom who helped organized the Field.

Congratulations to Lt. and Mrs. Jesse Graham who celebrated their first wedding anniversary last Saturday!

Robert Banks, Roy Kunkel, and John Fradet have left for the Central Instructors School at Randolph Field, Tex.

The truth will out! Lt. "Slack" Lindsay invariably falls asleep during a picture show—much to the embarrassment of those with him. In fact, there are some of his friends who refuse to sit beside him in the movies. (This information was supplied by One Who Knows.)

New Instructor Refresher is Frederick



IN THE AIR

Fahs of Wilson, N. Y. The latest list of new Instructors includes: Irvin Miller, Ralph Coady, James Miller, Harold Roche, Nat Cutler and Ray Cole. Welcome!

Ass't. Squadron Commander Oscar E. Smith is the proud papa of a baby girl. Congratulations!

Betty Vickers, Switchboard Operator, is back on the job after having been off a couple of days due to illness.

Sgt. Ralph Hersperger and the former Opal Cook are on their honeymoon. Opal, who worked in our Canteen, and Ralph, who is in the Army Engineering department, were married on November 3rd.

### Furloughing

Sgt. Bob Towson spent his ten day furlough in Arcadia. Bob, then a civilian, was the first Athletic Director for Carlstrom and Dorr Fields and was transferred to Riddle Field at Clewiston. He has been in the Army over a year now and is stationed at Keesler Field, Miss.

We think much credit is due the folks who are on night shift in the various departments—Guards, Maintenance, Time Department and Switchboard. It's no fun working all night most every night, and these people really are doing a fine job!

Clarence Harrison, formerly in charge of our Sheet Metal department, was on the Field during the week, and has just about fully recovered from the injuries received when one of his horses "threw" him.

An "Efficiency Contest" has been started on the Flight Line beginning with Class 44-E. The winning Squadron at the end of the Class receives a \$50 cash award.

Here's how it works: Each Squadron starts off at the beginning of the Class with 1000 points. Points are deducted from the original 1000 for the following reasons:

- Accidents: Major (dual)—300 points.
- Major (solo)—200 points.
- Minor (dual)—200 points.

Continued on Page 18



ON A TOUR OF THE FIELDS last week Helen Burkart, right, secretary to John Paul Riddle, and Ruth Williams, secretary to Carl R. Anderson, paused long enough at Carlstrom Field to chat with General Manager Roscoe H. Brinton. Ruth was supposed to have written "First Impressions" of her trip, and only her sincere assurance of having been much too busy kept her from landing ignominiously in the Dog House. Or should Mr. Anderson have been put in for sparing her nary a minute?

# DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

And how do you like this California weather we have been having these past few days, right bracing ain't it now? We saw Wain Fletcher at the football game the other night all huddled up as if she were cold. Personally, we always go prepared, what with two blankets and a hot water bottle and an oil stove so we don't suffer too much.



Jack

Two months ago we were all asking for a little dry weather, well it sure are dry now and what we need is a little rain. We just ain't never satisfied.

## New Gadget

Have you seen the new grade slip gadget made by our own Instructor Thompson? Well made and very neat looking, it is also very practical. It clamps on inside the ship, right handy to write on and can be pushed up out of the way when not needed. These gadgets can be purchased at the Post Supply at both Fields at the nominal price of \$1.50 each.

We do think that Gerald Taylor should take Irma Thrower to task about what we saw her doing last Saturday in Arcadia—walking down the street taking candy away from little children. Tut, tut, Irma.

We have in our possession just two 20 gauge shot gun shells and seven .410 same. Will swap them even for 12 gauge. Come early and avoid the rush.

## The Army Side

Capt. Palmer heard murmuring "Ain't the telephone a wonderful invention!"

Lt. Generales back on the Post, and we hear that his table tennis has improved quite a lot. Maybe he has learned to keep the ball on the table at least half of the game. Anyway, welcome back, Lieutenant.

We haven't seen the two carrier pigeons around for several days, but we have noticed a well fed look on the person of Sgt. Sharpe.

That nice shiny wax job on the Plymouth coupe belongs to Lt. Farmer. He claims he waxed that Plymouth coupe himself. Huh! We saw two of the officers' wives in town Saturday night trying to buy a sheath knife. We understand from all the detective magazines that we have read that an old blunt ax is just as effective.

Credit goes to Lt. McLaughlin for having an automobile that looks as if it won't run but really does. Just a suggestion for Lt. Austin on how to pass the time away when it's his turn to be observing from the top floor of Operations Building: Take a number of 10 lb. sacks filled with water, lean

out the window and drop same. Each direct hit gets a free coke on the house. All hits on officers above the rank of Captain, two free cokes. Cadets and enlisted men don't count.

## Airplane Maintenance

That little man with the perpetual smile and cigar is none other than "Doc" Rude, man about the Hangars. The Army wants a bottle of water, someone wants this ship buttoned up, so and so needs a quart of oil. "Doc" will get it for you. He's a man with a mild disposition but with a flare for getting things done. He's quiet mannered, but able to raise his voice, a voice that makes brave men quake in their shoes. "Doc's" responsibilities are to see that all ships are in a clean condition after each day's flying, that the hangar is as spotless as the table on which you eat and that all the ready rooms are spick and span. Sorry, girls, "Doc" is a married man with a family. (I guess that fixes you, "Doc.")

Margaret Williams has left us to follow in the footsteps of her father and has joined the Army. She will be at the Auxiliary Field across the prairie. Margaret has been in the Form Room for over a year and a half and we'll all miss her plenty.

Another young lady in the Form Room who joined the Army this week is Margaret Lyons, who will work in the Army Opera-

tions here at Dorr Field. Miss Lyons had charge of the morning shift and we imagine it was a struggle to get up from a nice warm bed every morning at 4:45. We'll miss you, too, Margaret.

Have you seen the oil burning stove that Bill Ellers has rigged up in the machine shop? It's an old oil drum with some sand in the bottom and the fuel used is old crankcase oil fed from a drum on the outside. This last cold morning we found it working quite well, thank you.

Sure is good to see Britt back on the job slobbering paint all over the place again.

We think it's great for Lt. McL. to take such an active interest in the local music facilities, but do band leaders (especially feminine) hold office hours during football games?

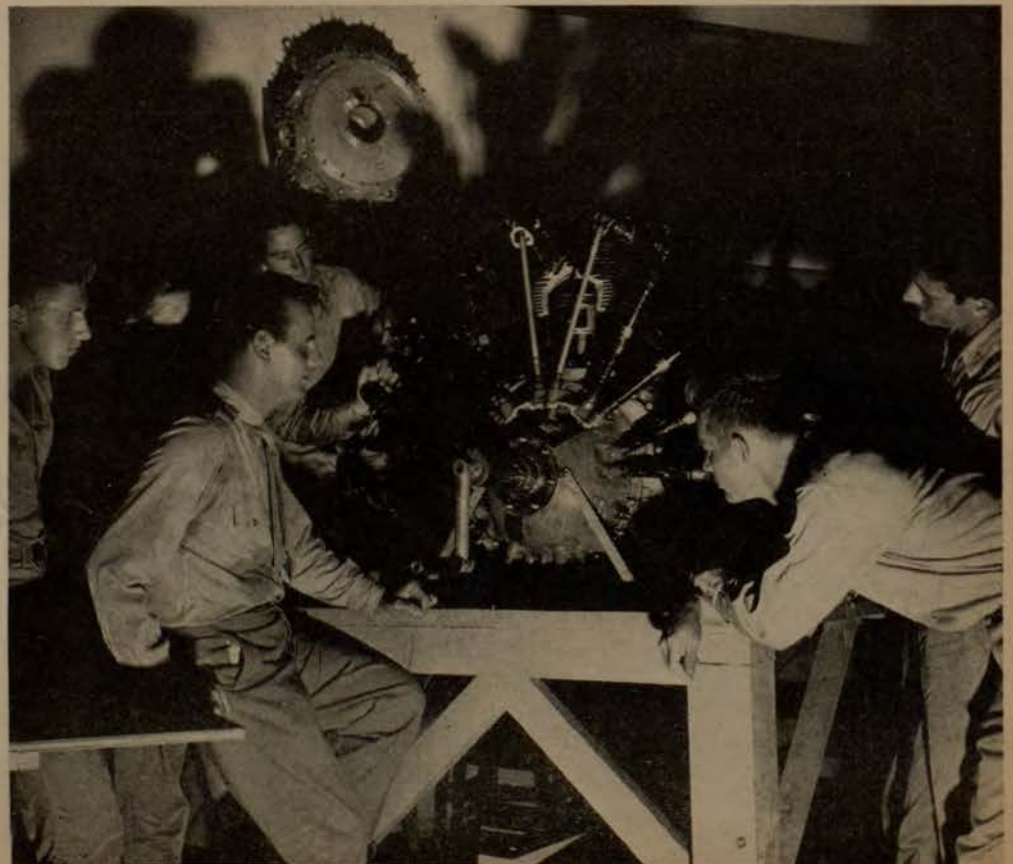
It would seem advisable for Instructor Sembach to flag an auto rather than a horse next time he wishes to hitch a ride via rumble seat.

Have just learned that Instructor Al Steele's hobby is cutting wood—wonder if he would be willin' to give a few lessons—

Postmistress Hazel Dishong out with the flu—surely do miss her and hope she'll be back on the job. She is being ably replaced by Mrs. Ruth Shugars from the Arcadia Post Office.

To'ably yours,  
Jack.

P. S.—Just heard that George Mackie is going back to work at the Auxiliary Field. Maybe we'll be able to get that two bits that he owes us, huh?



Ground School at Dorr Field

## KEEPER OF THE KEYS

by A/C Knight McKesson

"Keeper of the Keys" might be an appropriate title for David Anderson, one of Dorr Field's venerables, but he claims none except Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. To accomplish his work he must have a key to every room and office, save one, on the Field—thus the title.

"Pop" Anderson, ruddy, hale and hearty, of the knuckle cracking handshake, holds down his job by virtue of hard work and enthusiasm.

It is his knack for keeping busy that has made Mr. Anderson successful in everything he has attempted; but in the last two years he has been stymied—"Pop" was turned down by the Recruiting Officers when he tried to re-enlist for service in this war. "Said I was too old," reports "Pop." "Can't see how two years is going to make any difference."

### Veteran

Mr. Anderson served fourteen months overseas with the Marine Corps in World War I and was wounded during the Argonne drive 11 days before the Armistice.

So Mr. Anderson has done the next best thing, he is conscientious when he says that he is working now only so he "can do his bit." For a "bit" his job is a trying one. He is in charge of 22 men who keep the barracks, hangars, offices and Ground School in good running order, as well as supervising the upkeep of the Canteen and Mess Hall. "Sometimes busy; sometimes not. Right now I'm busy," is "Pop's" only comment.

A native of Toledo, Ohio, Anderson came to Florida to realize his life's ambition to own a hunting and fishing lodge. He chose this state because of its long seasons and built his lodge near Cleveland, Fla., six years ago. With a force that is characteristic of him, he has built his vacation dream into a thriving business, running the lodge in his spare time with the aid of Mrs. Anderson, while "keeping the keys for Dorr Field."

### CAPTAIN PINKERTON VISITS DORR FIELD

Days of "old Dorr" were recalled Friday when Capt. John C. Pinkerton, a member of the first staff to be stationed at Dorr when it was activated in the fall of 1941, returned on leave to visit his old friends.

Capt. Pinkerton, whose home is in Orlando, Fla., served as Post Adjutant during his early appointment to this Field and now is executive officer at Kissimmee, Fla.

Other officers serving at this Station at that time were Major W. S. Boyd, Commanding Officer, Major J. L. Curnutt, C.O. at the present time, and Capt. J. I. Palmer, Post Physician.



BUT DOC, I AIN'T GOING TO BRAZIL!

## PEEKING THROUGH DORR'S KEYHOLE

by A/C Art Sager

A lot of open post this past week with "Ike" Davis leading the hungry pack (and we do mean pack) with his frequent trips to Nocatee in his blue convertible. When quizzed about his competition, a P-51 pilot, he drawled, "He may have more power in the air, but on the ground—We-e-l-l-l." He then walked off humming "Sweet Eloise."

At the Rodeo: Cliff B. running across the Arena still looking for his Instructor . . . George Sager making up for missing the Kentucky Derby this year by betting on the pony races . . . lost all but his cadet emblem. Same old George . . . the Army coming through in the trick riding in the person of Ralph Clark of Carlstrom Field.

Back at Dorr: Bill Metzger gave this thumb-nail rule to cover the emergencies: "If you have to bail out at low altitude, don't land on your head"—they still dig for broken goggles.

The Field's newest organization is the "Meatball Club"—an auxiliary of the "Caterpillar Club" and the "Short Snorters" for those HPs who continue to bail out at 80 feet (above sea level) . . . such as Jack Regan and Joe D.

Bon Voyages are in order for Lt. Pinion; the boys mark him up as tops and won't

easily forget his grand treatment and humorous calessthenic cadence of "It's murder-he-says."

Best of luck to T/Sgt. Brunner in his OCS training at Miami Beach. If he is as sharp down there as he was here he will be really o.k.

## LT. PINION BIDS ADIEU TO DORR FIELD

Lt. Samuel Pinion has received his orders to report in the near future for pilot training. Lt. Pinion enlisted August 5, 1942, and received his commission April 16, 1943, after attending OCS at Miami Beach. Upon graduation he was assigned to Tyn-dall Field, Panama City, Apalachicola Air Base and Ft. Myers, Fla. Lt. Pinion has been at Dorr Field since July 3, 1943. He is one of the most popular athletic instructors and Tack Officers on the Field.

Lt. Pinion hails from Wheeling, W. Va. He was graduated from high school in 1936 and attended the West Virginia University, obtaining his Bachelor of Science degree in Physical Education in 1940. He was a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon and a Senior Honorary Fraternity called "Mountain."

Lt. Pinion has been active in athletics

Continued on Page 19

# CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

This past week has torn around like greased lightning, but I had to cut down to a gallop around Tuesday so missed



"Cookie"

most of the headline news. What follows is bits of items collected at random from well informed sources and kindly submitted to ye editor to quiet the wailing plea for Fly Paper Dope.

Herb (Brush-fire) Muller wonders if all employees are aware of the fact that Mr. Riddle has retained two cabanas at the Macfadden Deauville for the exclusive enjoyment of the Embry-Riddle personnel. Advance arrangements should be made with Mrs. Freeman by calling 6-1421. Come on out and absorb some beautifying vitamin D, Wontcha?

Tine Davis is well on his way toward winning the Navy E award, for he not only soloed the first Cadet, J. O. Long, in the 44-E but also the second, C. T. Thornton, and with beautiful results too.

## Home by Christmas

The rest of the class is shaping up very well and barring all complications should "be home by Christmas."

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank Jack Jacks, our Lobster King, for the scrumptious buffet supper of a couple weeks ago. Jack spent a good part of one day catching the lobster and half the next cooking them. Thanks for the time and effort so cheerfully contributed to feed this pack of hungry cannibals.

You haven't lived until you've heard the Chapman office crew swing out with a rasping harmony during the morning and afternoon transit from city to country and vice versa. Their repertoire consists of a large variety of ditties from the popular to the patriotic styling with emphasis on the nautical theme "Bell Bottom Trousers." Takes nothing to get them started but stopping them is almost hopeless.

## Victory Garden

Mr. Gibbons is growing a victory garden with the enthusiasm of a wholesale producer. He phones daily to see if it's growing and twice when it's raining. Our auxiliary Field was duly christened in the regular Chapman Field manner. Herb Muller made the first official landing and broke the traditional bottle of champagne on the flag pole.

One of our favorite guards, Harry Benton, is on vacation. We certainly miss his cherry "Good mornin'" and very pleasant personality.

Chapman extends a welcome to our old friends John R. Merritt, CAA-WTS Regional Representative, and Dean Triplett, CAA-WTS Washington Representative. We

ordered the nice weather just for you, so don't forget us when it gets cold up North.

Open Letter to Ed Tierney: People are wondering when you're bringing the new gal friend around, Ed, or are you waiting for a Sunday when there's no chance of tying up normal operations? From what I hear it's potent.

We now pause in fond memory of all the news that died between Operations and Administration. Amen!

## SANTOS DUMONT

Continued from Page 2

headed men of France, concluded a brief article with the following words: "His evolutions over the bay and cliffs of Monaco leave no doubt as to the success of the air trip which he is proposing in the near future between Cote d'Azur and Corsica. It will be an extraordinary event, because it will not only mark an immense progress in the solution of the much studied direction of balloons, but because the results which will follow are capable, one may say, of revolutionizing the world."

The "Santos Dumont No. 7" flew over the bay of Monaco several times, now circling around, now ascending and descending obliquely, now advancing in a direct line, stopping suddenly, turning and again beginning the maneuver. All of this was according to the pleasure of the owner and in the presence of the surprised gaze of the people, who crowded together to admire

him from the terraces of Monte Carlo and from the eminences of the cliffs.

One beautiful day, piloting "No. 6," the balloon that won the Deutsch Prize, he started out over the Mediterranean Sea. An accident caused the wreck of the balloon, putting an end to these maritime experiences.

During the spring and summer of 1902 Santos Dumont visited England and the United States.

## Three Balloon Hangars

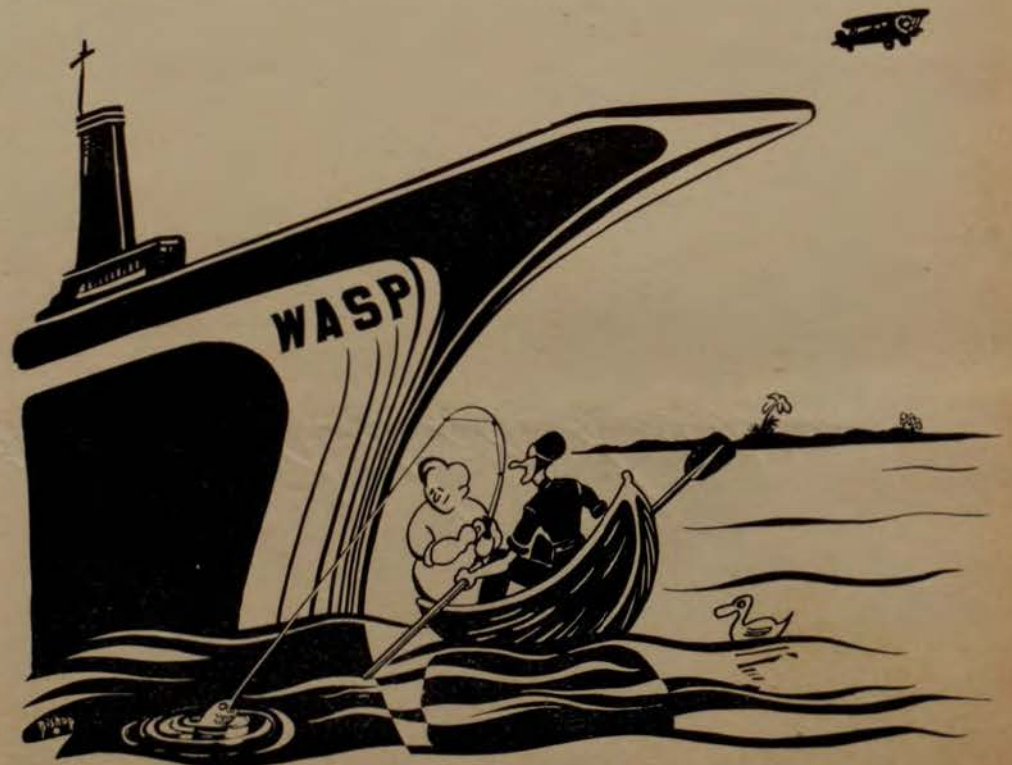
On his return to Paris the following year, he constructed a large hangar, which sheltered not only "No. 7" but two other magnificent balloons. They were the small "Baladense" and the "Omnibus," the latter destined, in accordance with its name, to carry passengers. With the "Baladense" he descended to the door of his home for a cup of coffee, appeared at public festivals with it, and visited his friends as if the "Baladense" were a luxurious automobile.

On a certain occasion, he descended upon the lawn of the Cascade, a famous rustic restaurant on the Bois de Boulogne to have breakfast with his friends.

## Baladense Appears

On this very day, some officers of the French Army were at Longchamps, in the neighborhood of the Cascade, marking the location of the troops for the big review of the 14th of July. They asked Santos Dumont if the "Baladense" would appear at the review. On the day of the parade, the winner of the Deutsch prize circled over 30,000 soldiers in formation and over 200,000 spectators.

Upon passing over the presidential platform twenty-one revolver shots were fired



Whitie: "We've been on schedule every rainy season since they installed it at Carlstrom."

Blackie: "Yep! No nose-overs either."

by W. E. Bishop 11, Carlstrom Field

into the air. From then on the newspapers in Paris mentioned the possibility of using these aircraft in war.

On the 7th of September, 1903, Santos Dumont disembarked at Rio de Janeiro amidst popular demonstrations and later the president of the Republic personally received him. The "citizen of the world" was proud at feeling himself "a citizen of Brazil" in the arms of the Brazilians.

But if Brazil was his homeland, Paris was without a doubt his home, or better, his hangar. There was no atmosphere like it in the world for aircraft. On his return to the "gay city," something new and surprising was about to happen. The fixed idea of Dumont was taking definite form. The perseverant study of birds would result shortly in a metallic bird.

#### Grotesque Bird

He rebuilt the "Santos Dumont No. 14," transforming it into a grotesque bird, a biplane of aluminum and bamboo. In the year 1906, after many months of struggle in which the man of science and the dreamer clasped hands, he called together his friends, numberless members of the Institute of France, and all the press of Paris to appear at the field of Bagatelle. The grotesque bird took flight and flew 60 meters in space.

In a speech delivered at a banquet in honor of Dumont at the Aerial Club of Paris, Ernest Auchdeacon stated: "Santos Dumont succeeded in gaining one of the highest honors that any man can desire in this world. He has just realized, not in secret, nor before conditional and complacent witnesses, but in broad daylight in the presence of a multitude, a superb flight of 60 meters at 3 meters from the ground, which means a positive gain in the world of aviation."

On the 23rd of October of the same year he won the Auchdeacon cup by flying 250 meters.

#### Demoiselle

Now appeared the "Demoiselle," a very light plane of 6 meters in length and 150 quilos (330 lbs.) making 90 quilometers per hour (55.9233 miles).

From 1908 to 1914 we all know what happened to fast growing aeronautic industry. What everyone doesn't know, however, is that the glory of dirigibility and the knowledge of bodies heavier than air belongs exclusively to Santos Dumont.

If the monument at Saint Cloud is not enough it cannot be overlooked that our Chancery should make use of every means at its disposal to convince the world that the Brazilian Santos Dumont is the legitimate "Father of Aviation."

The conflagration of 1914 disillusioned Santos Dumont. His beautiful city was transformed into a fortress. The condor took refuge in Brazil. A short while afterwards he returned to Europe and in France, Switzerland, and other countries he continued to be absorbed in his dream of incommensurate audacity.

In December of 1928 he again returned to Brazil, but this time destiny had in re-



ADELAIDE E. CLAYTON of Stamford, Conn., is secretary to Benjamin W. Turner, Head of the Legal department at the Tech School.

serve for him a painful trial. As the Cap Arcona upon which he was traveling reached home, eminent figures of the national engineering world went out beyond the bar to greet him in the hydroplane "Santos Dumont."

#### Tragedy

In view of the great multitude that crowded the shore while waiting for the great inventor of dirigibility, the plane banked sharply and plunged into the waters of the Guanabara. Tobias Moscoso, Amauri de Medeiros, F. Sabaurian, Frederico Oliveira Coutinho, Amoroso Costa e Paulo de Castro Maia died in the "Santos Dumont."

This tragedy brought about disorders of grave consequences to the fragile organism of the great Brazilian. He returned to the Old World. He entered the sanatorium of Ortes, in the Low Pyrenees.

As if foreseeing death, he later turned his steps toward Brazil. Another disillusion awaited him here—the revolution of São Paulo of 1932. The bird of prey, of which he did not dream, but which was the result of his beautiful metallic bird, now saddened the skies of Brazil.

#### An Inspiration

On the 23rd of July, 1932, in full revolt, Icaro hung his wings forever in a hotel of the Guaruja Beach. His figure is one that always inspires the veneration of all Brazilians in general and those in civil aviation in particular.

Because of his perseverance, because of his unbounded determination to conquer, and especially because of his lack of ambition and fear, Alberto Santos Dumont can be considered the "Father of Aviation." But for Civil Aeronautics, Alberto Santos Dumont became above all a spiritual guide.

## WHAT?

by Luis Mata

"Yes, Wain, I'll write an article for the Fly Paper."

After a few minutes I begin to think to myself—well, what does one write about anyway, to come out with an interesting article?

I know I could write about the time, during the last war, when my family was coming up to the States from South America. We changed boats at the Canal Zone on our way to New York. Just out of port, a German submarine made contact and chased us for three days and nights. But, I was too young and don't remember much about it, so I can't write about that.

Oh yes, school days. I should be able to think of something interesting about them. But what do I remember? Well, sir, it was the afternoon of the big basketball game. The going was nip and tuck; then the teams changed goals and at the same time I was shifted from forward to the guard position.

The whistle, the referee tosses the ball, the centers jump and the ball is topped to one of my teammates, he passes to me. In the confusion of changing goals and positions, I take the ball, dribble down the floor and make a beautiful basket, but for the opposing team. Darn those cold showers.

Maybe I better change to travel. There was that time in Holland when I was ordering my first meal; didn't know a word of Dutch but was getting along fine using the hunt and peck system on the menu, then came dessert—has anyone ever had a big bowl of Dutch noodle soup for dessert? Never did like that restaurant after that.

Entered a tennis tournament over there one time. I drew a Frenchman in the first round who had never played tennis and had entered because of a twenty dollar wager with some of his friends. It took us two hours to finish that match. Have you ever tried to explain why there is a net in the middle of the court or why you play with a racket or why the ball has fuzz on it?

Oh, but this may not interest our readers. I'd better think of something exciting. Well, there was that time in South America when I was eating dinner at a local hotel. Again, I was getting along fine when the waiters started to board up the dining room and brought me my dessert—that thing again—about two courses too soon.

"Hurry and finish," they told me, "there's going to be a revolution." By the time I finished and got out to the lobby, one of my friends told me it was all over. No guns, no fighting—better write about something else.

First I'd better get some lunch before next class. "Oh, hello Wain. Yes, I'll have that article for you." Now I'll really have to write something—but what?



Jack Hopkins, Editor

Associate Editors: Jerry Greenberger, Leola Jacobs, Roscoe Brinton, Mary Leonard, Bob Johnston, Kenneth Fisher, John Manners, John Page, Arthur Rushworth, Bill Hayman, Paul Badger, Neal Dwyer

Included in Air Marshal Sir William Welsh's visiting party to Riddle Field last week were two gentlemen about whom we

wish to speak. They are John G. McKay, Vice-President and Legal Adviser of the Embry-Riddle Company, and Carl R. Anderson, Assistant Vice-President.



Happy

It was Mr. McKay's first visit to Riddle Field in many months, as he has been recuperating from a very serious illness. We just want to say to Mr. McKay that it was good to see you here again at the Aero College which you and Mr. Riddle founded, and we wish you a speedy and complete recovery.

Last week's trip to Riddle Field was Mr. Anderson's first complete inspection tour of the Field. We are glad you could visit us Mr. Anderson, and remember, we are always happy to see you, so come back again, very soon.

#### Riddle Field Officers

According to an announcement made last week, the following are the officers of the Royal Air Force and the Army Air Force stationed at Riddle Field:

R.A.F. Officers: W/C A. A. deGruyther, Commanding Officer; S/L Alfred G. Hill, Chief Ground Instructor; F/L George Gibson, Administrative Officer; F/L W. H. E. Trewin, Navigation Officer; F/L Bruce O. Smith, Assistant Navigation Officer; F/O G. M. Corbett, Gunnery Officer.

A.A.F. Officers: Major Benjamin J. Durham, Commanding Officer; 1st Lt. Haskell O. Upshaw, Adjutant; Capt. Robert A. Dobbins, C/O Air Depot Detachment; Capt. Murray M. Cash, Aviation Medical Examiner; Capt. T. R. Williams, Head of Medical Detachment here; W/O Edward R. Ruhlander, Air Inspector Technical.

Cadet Officers: R. A. Jones, Senior Under Officer; Course 15—J. P. Bray, Under Officer; Cadets Robertson, Brooks, Craven and Barron, Flight Leaders. Course 16:

R. M. Goodall, Under Officer; Cadets Marande, Carson, Adams and Ramsay, Flight Leaders. Course 17: J. C. McIntyre, Under Officer; Cadets Cypher, Chadwick, Snowdon and Taylor, Flight Leaders.

#### Here and There

Congratulations to Link Instructor and Mrs. Glen Davis upon the arrival of a 7½-lb. daughter, Mary Faith, on November 5, 1943.

More congratulations to Chief Accountant and Mrs. W. I. Lawson, who announce the birth of a 7½-lb. son on November 11, at a Miami hospital. The new arrival has been named William Kenneth.

Promotions announced from the Flight Line include: Paul Ford transferred from Refresher School to Primary Line; Paul Badger transferred from Link department to Primary Flight Line; Instructors Marvin Altman, Bill Blume, Fred Brittain, David Fair, Gilbert Glasgow, George Hall and Raymond McDonald promoted from Primary Flight Line to Advanced Flight Line.

Ground School Instructor Bob Fowler soloed the other day; but it wasn't in an airplane—he did a solo trip in his sailboat across Lake Okeechobee from Clewiston to Pahokee.

Ollie Lynch recently has completed his refresher and M. M. Tierney are new Link Instructors. Bob Hefner is a new Link Maintenance man.

During our recent sojourn in the hospital a very important date, September 25, slipped by without recognition. It was on that date that Riddle Field celebrated its second anniversary, so a belated birthday edition will follow in the first December issue, just after Course 15's Listening Out.

New employees in the various departments are: Weather Bureau—John Haines, Sally Baxter and Betty French; Dispatchers—Arthur Hallway, Willie Martin and Jimmy Walker.

#### Surprise

We received a surprise visit last week from Helen Burkart, Mr. Riddle's secretary, Ruth Williams, secretary to Assistant Vice-President Carl Anderson, and Fly Paper Editor Wain Fletcher. We hope you

two newcomers enjoyed your visit to our Field and remember to come back soon again—maybe for the coming Wings Parade, eh? Wain, of course, is just like one of the family here, so we don't have to tell her to come back.

Maybe it was the heat, maybe it's their age, or maybe they were sleep-walking. Anyway, Weather Bureau Head Hilton Robinson and F/C Sam Schneider took a full five minutes reading their mail in somebody else's car, after they came out of the Clewiston Post Office one day last week. Sam finally realized the error and awakened Hilton, so they transferred to Sam's car and went out to the Clewiston Golf Course for a round.

Progress on the paving of the Riddle Field roads has been rapid this last week. Work on the ramps and runways has been started too.

G. Ralph Kiel, Embry-Riddle's Director of Public Relations, was here one day last week, as was Charlie Ebbets, chief of the Photographic division.

A large number of the Instructors went to the altitude test chamber at Buckingham Field last week, and quite a time was had by all. Reports have it that Keene Langhorne has perfected a new dance routine; John Haynor took shoe lacing lessons, and Bob Walker found out that he was *not* a cousin of Superman.

## COURSE 15

Our Wings Exams are now so near that it is no longer funny. Members of Course 15 can be seen wandering about the Post in an apparently dazed condition, muttering vague questions about Constant Speed Control, Harmonization scheme D and Synoptic Charts.

The Intelligence Room is more populated than it has been for some time, with cadets making a last frantic effort to "gen up" before the fatal day. Shades of Palm Beach and Miami! Each Ground School Instructor has gone to great pains to point out that his particular subject is the most important, and that none of the others really matter—we wonder!

That is the darker side. On the other



RIDDLE FIELD CADETS Brooks, Gould and Lewis



CADET DUFFY of Course 15 and Queenie

hand, we now can count our remaining flying hours on our fingers, which is greatly appreciated by the less mathematically minded members. How about that, class? The majority of us are now awaiting final checks (and by the time this reaches the press we shall be out of our misery) whilst the lucky few who have passed the ordeal give condescending words of advice or encouragement.

After a hectic half-hour on Saturday morning, in which a limited number of mechanics were sent to an unlimited number of ships, A and B flights were sent off on the long cross-country. They will pave the way for the hordes of Cadets who very soon will descend like a swarm of locusts on civilized Florida and all states North.

It is reported that prior to Course 15's Listening Out party, everything movable is being tied, locked, or chained down according to its value!

NB: Any cadet wishing to make a really good job of his cribs can obtain a vice-paper note book (pocket size) from the stores!

Editor's Note: Course 15's news was written this week by Cadets Bleasdale and Walker in the absence of the regular Associate Editor, Ken Fisher.

## COURSE 16

This Course welcomes W/C deGruyther, D.F.C., the new Commanding Officer of No. 5 B.F.T.S. and assures him of its fullest cooperation at all times.

We take this opportunity of wishing W/C Greaves, A.F.C., "all the best" for the future.

*Course 16 do it again*—In our return matches against Course 17 last week we again showed them "how it should be done."

At Rigger before a distinguished gathering of "gold-braid" at Clewiston, we swept to an overwhelming victory, 17 to nil.

Tries were scored by Orchard, Dick, Franks, Ramsey and Martin. Luckily for Course 17 only one was converted—this was kicked by E. A. Jones.

Four newcomers were included in the team—Ramsey, Dick, Jones and Goodall who came, in the three-quarter line and played an outstanding game.

At a meeting of the rigger club following the game, officials were elected as follows: Captain, Cadet Orchard; Vice-Captain, Cadet Nancarrow; and Scrum-Leader, Cadet Reid.

Against a combined team of Courses 15 and 17, assisted by the P. T. I., at Soccer the "second double" was achieved. The final score—5.2. McCorland, playing a center forward for the first time, scored all 16's goals and Cadet Gray played an outstanding game at center half. We were all pleased to see Hutchinson back on the team, after his unfortunate spell at Fort Myers.

The first gramophone concert was a great success, when the record finally arrived. The program included Wagner's March from Tannhauser, Tchaikowsky's Nutcracker Suite and Beethoven's 5th Symphony.

The visit of Air Marshal Welsh and party put a sudden end to the "mustache growing" contest of three worthy (?) members of our Course. Namely, Cadets Norman Sutton, John Manners and Neville Wood—frankly, one swipe of the razor did the trick.

### RECONAIS-SENSE

#### (a) The Golden Rule—

*Rule and Method, Aim and Object, Vantages and Limitations, Points and Principles to select Categories of information, All are vital, and all affect Time and timely observations; —But are worthless if you neglect General considerations.*

#### (b) The Golden Exception—

*Positions found by Gratitude Are all put out of joint When instead of pointing out the Rule, They're ruling out the Point—So what?*

## COURSE 17

Course 16 and referee Mills beat us again at football last week, with cooperation so marvelous that Sgt. Jock never ceased to marvel throughout the game. The crisis was reached when Jock skillfully put the opposing forwards offside, only to have the referee ignore the fact and allow the ensuing "goal." The game was won by Course 16's center forward, who, we must admit, played a brilliant game.

We have no excuse for the licking we took at rigger; the score was 17-0. But don't get cocky, boys, there's a surprise in store for you (we hope).

We were pleased to see in the Fly Paper that Course 16 now consider themselves to be "pilots"—"so were their instructors." Our flying is now up to schedule and this week we finished cross-countries, only to be faced with the perils of night flying.

Those unhappy people who miss the last bus might be interested to hear that there are 21,782 steps from the Sugar Bowl to the flagstaff—if you don't believe it, ask A/C "Porky"—he proved it.

Editor's Note—Be it hereby known by all concerned that the Editor is strictly neutral in this verbal feud between Courses 16 and 17. May the best course win—'er sumpin'.

### Co-Pilots

Complimenting all new members and prospective members, the Co-Pilots entertained at the Instructor's Club last week. The committee in charge of this successful event included Mesdames Willard King, Harry Brazell and Noel Ellis.



AIR MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM WELSH (center) head of the RAF Mission in Washington, made an inspection tour of Riddle Field last week. Reading from left to right: John G. McKay, Vice-President and Legal Advisor of the Embry-Riddle Company; Wing Commander George Greaves, outgoing Commanding Officer of Riddle Field; the Air Marshal; Wing Commander A. A. deGruyther, the new Commanding Officer; and Leonard J. Povey, Vice-President of Embry-Riddle in charge of Flying Operations.



# AIRCRAFT AND ENGINE DIVISION

Saturday the 13th of November Engine Overhaul had its fourth get-together and a good time was had by all. Manager Charlie Grafflin took his usual place as M. C. and opened the meeting with the group singing "America" and other patriotic and popular songs.

Irma Friant sang and Bill Callahan gave an exhibition with the old time minstrel bones—no, dear readers, not dice—the long ebony sticks held between the fingers and rattled to a tap dance rhythm. Patricia Drew at the piano did her usual swell job of accompaniment.

Dick Hourihan then introduced the first guest speaker, Sgt. Eby, who told of his experiences as a gunner on various missions over Africa, Sicily, Italy and other War theaters. He was wounded on his last mission and is now at the Biltmore Army Hospital. Incidentally, although he didn't tell us, he has been recommended for the Silver Star.

Sgt. Ledford was introduced. He likewise was shot down on a mission and had to "hit the silk." He was fortunate in landing in Allied territory only a few short miles from the German lines, though he suffered a shattered leg, which we were all very happy to hear is on the mend and before long will be as good as new.

Sgts. Eby and Ledford both were full of praise for our Allies for the wonderful treatment they were given in the Allied hospitals. Incidentally, Sgt. Ledford didn't tell us of his decorations, which include the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Purple Heart.

Next Mr. Miracle, a representative of Jack and Heintz Co., was introduced. We thought Miracle was an appropriate name for a representative of a miracle company. We hope to see more of Mr. Miracle and get a few ideas from him.

Mr. Grafflin then relieved Dick Hourihan of the responsibility of introducing

his brother, Commander John J. Hourihan, U. S. Navy. Commander Hourihan related his experiences in the South Pacific from a week before Pearl Harbor until he was transferred back to the States.

On the day of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Commander Hourihan was somewhere in the vicinity of Borneo and from there they went into battle in the Java Sea and Macassar Straits. After many narrow escapes and considerably reducing the Jap fleet and troop transports, he retired to Australia. For his part in these battles Commander Hourihan received our Navy Cross and the Dutch Cross from Queen Wilhelmina.

The meeting was then adjourned with the singing of "God Bless America."

## ENGINE NOISES

by Lona Cochran

### Final Inspection and Treating Department

Being the only feminine touch in this department, I guess it's up to me to "bail" out with the facts and gossip, so hold your hats, good people, here it is!

"Knut" Crichfield, one of the first five men to start work in Engine Overhaul, is the captain of our crew. He came to Miami from Red Bank, N. J., and lives on his boat "Hell's Angel." Knute is foreman and very capable "boss" of this department. He is a member of the Gremlins Bowling Team and as you all remember won the trophy in the last tournament.

Then there is our red-headed Harold Dickey who hailed from Akron, Ohio, 11 years ago. He is chief safety wiper. Before joining Embry-Riddle he was deputy sheriff of the subdivision at Baker's Haulover.

Warren "Pop" Sanchez' job is treating and adjusting valves in the engines. "Pop"

worked with the Chris-Craft Boat Corp. on Miami Beach. Our hats off to W. J. Weatherington, one of the hardest and most earnest workers of our crew. He is from Valdosta, Ga.

Eddie Lanzone, sub-named "Junior," is our newest member. He's from New London, Conn., and has been here only three months. "Jr." plans to continue in Aviation Mechanics after the War.

Meade Sheperd has joined us as Inspector. "Shep" just can't lose that West Virginia accent. He worked with the Chevrolet Company for 20 years, eight years of which he served in Miami and West Palm Beach where he was service manager for 14 months. "Shep" enlisted in the Army in 1916 on the Mexican border and has served in Italy, Belgium and France.

There is the so interesting and important Receiving and Shipping department, headed by Foreman Dick Donovan. Born in Springfield, Mass. and educated at Colgate, Dick left college and joined the RAF when War I broke out. He served with the Marine Corps as a second lieutenant.

Howard "Cracker" Kipple is the proud papa of the new addition to his family, an 8½ lb. boy. Howard also is the winner of \$5.00 in War Stamps for best suggestion of saving time—a stapler to be used in boxing engines. "Cracker" is chauffeur of another new time saving "stacker" used in handling and moving engines.

"Jockey" George Zateslo was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and was brought up in Ohio. From 1926 he trained and rode named horses from "The rock bound coast of Maine to the golden gates of California, not to speak of Canada, Cuba and New Mexico." George was with the Hialeah Race Track in 1929 and 1930. He plans to "do" the races again after the War, but as a Production Mechanic now he has learned the use of an iron and



GET-TOGETHER AT ENGINE OVERHAUL last week was a brilliant success when Sgt. Eby (left) and Sgt. Ledford (right) were guest speakers. Seated between the Sergeants are Robert Hinners and Mr. Miracle, while Dr. House is seen in the background. The right hand picture shows Sgt. Eby addressing the assembly.



SERGEANT LEDFORD



COMMANDER JOHN J. HOURIHAN

vacuum cleaner which is used in bagging our engines.

"Cap" Stanley of Cranberry Island, Me., has sailed and fished all along the East Coast. For about 12 years he captained his yacht with the Beach Boat Slips. For six years he plied the water from Maine to Boston in fair weather and foul. "Cap" says, "I know the waters from East Brook to New Orleans." Here he is the originator of cleaning engines brought in for the disassembly line.

## WING FLUTTER

by Medora Barling

Tuesday is always a sad day; the dead-line hangs over my head and invariably I have nothing to say. Ah well, such is life at Aircraft Overhaul. The first thing to record is that we saw Mr. Yetts blush! By next week we should be able to tell you why. That should be rare.

The line that has formed to the right of "Vi" Holland can be dispensed with now. Her husband arrived from South America yesterday. Sorry, boys, better wolfin' next time.

The bright spot of our day was when we walked into the Finishing Room and discovered Fanny Feldman back from vacation. By the way, Columbus, Ohio, was the fortunate city. Columbus is still intact.

Grace Mosley is vacationing in Carolina. All your chums miss you, Gracie, hurry back. Has anyone noticed Maxine's hair? Very attractive. That's what we need around here, more new hair styles.

We're sorry to learn that Mr. Sharrer's son is ill. We all wish him a speedy recovery. What is this we hear about "Pop" Greer being the most popular man in the Dope and Tape Room? Next week we can tell you why, if we find out ourselves.

A hearty welcome to a recent addition to our little clan, Olivia Claudfelten. May her stay here be long and pleasant. Helen Barkett of Final Assembly wants to know if there is going to be a special award in this dart board game. Anyone having a

lower score than 32 is challenged to a duel, darts at 14 paces, with, perhaps, a stuffed humming bird as prize. Anyone interested?

A word of praise for our Chilean students, Jorge Robertson and Belfor Araya. You're doing a fine job boys. Keep it up. Does that make up for the slight difference of opinion? Your name in print I mean.

Karen Linford is a happy person these days. Her mother is expected to arrive from California (the sunshine state) Monday. Eleanor Schamber's son is home on an 18 day furlough. Have lots of fun.

Charlie Furr is on vacation in either Georgia or Carolina, we don't know which, but we do know they serve barbecued pork and any mention of food is enough to send Charlie on an extended vacation. He would even cross the Mason-Dixon Line for food and that would have to be good. We have heard that Charlie doesn't look up time-tables or travel folders, he just gets a list of beaneries and starts from there.

## ALLOVER OVERHAUL Arcadia, Florida

by Bleeka Kistler

After much wishful thinking and dreaming, our new hangar and air-conditioned building have at last become a reality and moving day has rolled around. The completion has been delayed many times due to circumstances beyond control, but now here we are proudly working like demons to get established in our new quarters.

Overhaul (monthly) employees are leading the Bond Deduction drive at Carlstrom and the (hourly) employees come in third. We are justly proud and feel that the entire Department is to be congratulated for the excellent showing, which indicates a lot of work has been done. Much credit is due Louise Crossley, who has practically "browbeaten" everyone who wasn't buying through the payroll plan into buying as much as possible, and has "harrassed" everyone else into increasing to the limit.

Sgt. Lawrence Wallich, brother of Esther Wallich, is at home on furlough. Sgt. Wallich is 1st Engineer on a B-17 and is enroute to a new destination where he is to receive his first phase of O.T.U. training. This was not a surprise visit, for Esther and the family have met all busses and trains coming in for the past two weeks.

Welcome into Sheet Metal John Chapman, who hails from Miami.

Due to circumstances not beyond control, Jeanne M. finally got off on that fishing trip. There was plenty of fun and fish for all, which brings to mind those six easy lessons from Zetrouer. Note: Much credit is due Bill Hancock for the work of art shown in the display of signs and emblems in and around our new hangar.

Our deepest sympathy to Charley Lindsey upon the death of his father this week.

Charles Berberian, our Army Inspector, is back after a three-day visit at Warner Robins and reports a wonderful trip with Mr. Horton, Mr. Thomas and Mr. DeShazo. Of course, we were glad to see Charles and gathered around for news, but the only thing he would give out was, "We had a wonderful time and saw your old friend Capt. Sanderson." The rest he maintains is strictly a military secret. All right, have it your way, Charlie, we give up.

Yesterday I peeped into the Inspection office and there was Lloyd Rames with sleeves rolled up sanding desks, chairs and filing cabinets to beat all get out. Of course Mildred Hollingsworth, Jean Daughtrey and Wilma Holloway were doing their share of the sanding. In answer to my questions, Rames said they were dressing up the old equipment to match the new office.

## A & E SPORTS

by Dick Hourihan

The Engine Overhaul Volleyball League is off to a good start. At this writing there are two teams composed of women and three of men.

The team from Disassembly includes Marvin Hood, Ernest Sinnes, Bill Callahan, Pop Munn, Bill Twitchell and Carl Heider. From Cylinders and Valves we have Jimmie Yacullo, Klaus Sjogren, Robert Kuhn, Jim Blair and John Martin. From Inspection we have Frank Perry, Jack Hale, Leland Price, Bill Hill, Tommy Wynn, Willie Abrem and Meade Sheppard.

Unfortunately I was unable to obtain the names of both teams composed of the fairer sex; however, one team will include Mary Thomas, Frances Woodward, Gertrude Salzer, Katherine Adams, Betty Sepack and Jo Petrucci. We will all have to admit that will be a beautiful line-up.

Let's get out and cheer these teams on to victory and develop an Engine Over-

Continued on Page 19



Carlstrom Cadets Check Out 'Chutes

## CARLSTROM

Continued from Page 9

Minor (solo)—100 points.

Tardiness: Instructors late to the Flight Line—25 points.

Absenteeism: Instructors absent (unless sickness or death in family)—50 points each day.

Instructor Ready Rooms failing to pass cleanliness inspection—50 points.

Any reports turned in late—50 points.

Any error in reports—50 points each error.

Average flying time: At end of first 12 flying days at beginning of Class the Squadron with the highest average flying time has no points deducted. The other Squadrons have points deducted as follows: Second Squadron has 10 points deducted; Third—20 points; Fourth—30 points; Fifth—40 points; Sixth—50 points.

The standings of the Squadrons of Class 44-E as of Saturday, November 13th, are:

Squadrons 1 and 3—1000 points.

Squadron 2—950 points.

Squadron 4—900 points.

Squadron 6—850 points.

Squadron 5—750 points.

## UNION CITY

Continued from Page 8

We welcome Sue Bragg back to the Flight Line as dispatcher for Squadron VIII . . . glad to see you, Sue.

M. S. "Bing" Bangs, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Pilot's Club, and Carl Springer have just started a Bridge and Chess tournament. The contests have just started with Bridge meeting every Monday night and Chess every Tuesday night. We expect the conversations around the Tower here will suddenly become very high brow and intellectual. (Don't get us wrong. Not that they aren't now. *Oh, no!*)

By the way, we have an old friend with

us in 44E. A/C T. E. Allison who, I understand, was mechanic and instructor in structures at Tech School in Miami. He's getting his instruction here at Union City. We are glad to have you—

Well, back to the "Salt Mines" until next week. Station 9-0-s-s-l-p . . . signing off.

### 44E Comes to the 67th

Away down south the trains go slow, but they do go now and then. This one was leaving the sacred precincts of the U. of M. (Univ. of Maxwell) on the eventful morn of November 3rd. Bleary-eyed Cadets discussed this new turn in their existence with a diffidence that behooved great events. Never before had such a military group of G.F.O.'s climbed onto a G. M. & O. trailer.

Hours later, still bleary-eyed and warmed by the shedding of tears (physics—remember?), little handfuls of H.P.'s fell off the train amid a welcoming committee of lights. . . . No brass band blared "Home, Sweet Home," the local night clubs had put on their manhole covers, gleaming sabres and the white-gloved hand of friendship were sadly absent. A truck rattled past bearing in large wooden letters "Terminex Terminates Termites." An audible shiver ran through our heroes' ranks.

Suddenly the silence was further blasted by a call for volunteers. The first twenty men stepped forth as one man. Who could ask for more? and get em? . . .

### Zoot Suit Porters

In the depths of a box car, propitiously placed on the nearest track, dwelt hundreds of little barracks bags. These dormant zoot-suit porters were soon routed by our eager beavers, and replaced by the cast-offs of Arkansas travelers. The perspiration leaked and the sweat poured. Union City was a wonderful place!

It was rumored that the Field was seven miles away, necessitating bivouac for the

night, but soon a little puddle-jumper whisked our little soldier boys into the blackness of night. As little lights popped up like firecrackers in the night, each Cadet counted the airplanes on the Flight Line. The seven miles passed very quickly, the horizon dimmed and finally mirage blossomed into reality.

Luggage poured forth from the bus soon to be picked up by eager Cadets, who, lured by lights, were soon settled in barracks that only dreams could know. Clean sheets, warm blankets and Morpheus were welcomed in unison.

All were even more surprised to awake in the same place next morning. The hitherto forgotten aroma of freshly cooked bacon and eggs soft-pedaled the tinkling bell that announced reveille.

### New H. P.s

The mess hall soon swallowed the new H.P.s. They saw that this mess hall not only had food, but it served it, and not only served it but backed it up—by the loveliest *femmes du monde inconnu* yet seen in Army life. "Dey ain't no mo'" could now only be said in Latin—it belonged to a dead language. And people smiled. . . .

As the gentlemen trickled from the dining room, they floated slowly to their barracks to compare wounds and bandage their profanity to withstand the next assault. The attack soon came, and carried them to the flight line, where they were soon cuddled in wool-lined jackets and awarded the helmet and goggles of distinction. Fact crowned amazement; they might even fly in these.

### War Whoops

Suddenly the war whoop of Indians closing in on their prey split the air. Eager for excitement, the Cadets, fully armed, rounded the corner of the hangar. There in full view, chassis and empennage exposed to the sun, an object of interest hitherto almost extinct in the eyes of the aggressors brazenly challenged them. It was silvery and its broad wings stretched out invitingly. It was an airplane!

Here was Paradise at last. It had been a long hegira, but nothing can stop the Army Air Corps . . . now.



Hot Pilot

## UNION CITY PAYS TRIBUTE

Although we are proud that the accident rate has been so low, compared with the number of hours flown since flying started a year and a half ago, due to the excellent work of both supervision and maintenance, we have occasionally felt the loss of a personal friend, or a good buddy, a good fellow to have around.

This time we must bid farewell to one of our Union City boys. Otha James Moore was killed on Wednesday, November 10, when his ship crashed near Rives, Tenn., while he was on a training flight during his refresher course.

### Active Citizen

Otha was well known and well liked by a large number of our town and Field people. He played an active part in the Obion County Flying Club, which organized and built the local Kennon Field, and also was an active member of the Union City Squadron of the Civil Air Patrol.

Otha started his flying career at Martin, Tenn., with a C.P.T. Primary Course. After buying a 40 Cub trainer he started building up time. When Kennon Field opened, he sold part of the Cub and, with several other men, purchased a Taylorcraft with which he was able to get in more flying time. Later he spent some time at a commercial school and, not so long ago, passed his commercial check ride on the very field he had helped build. Next, he passed his Army ride and had been with us in the refresher school about two weeks.

### Sacrifices

This isn't just a notice of the death of a friend, it is a tribute to those civilians who, with little or no financial aid, have built up flying time so they could become one of the Civilian Flying Instructors who are turning out Army and Navy pilots by the thousands. This could not have been done in such a short time had it not been for the men who had to fly, regardless of the cost, and who gave up everything else in order to buy more flying time.

It is also a tribute to the families of those men, who in many cases have worked and done without the things they wanted so their husbands could have that flying time, and maybe, when the going got tough, boosted their morale and helped them along over the rough spots. It is a tribute which falls rather short of expression after witnessing the beautiful flowers and the attendance of friends at the simple but impressive funeral services.

### Our Sympathy

May we express our deep sympathy to his wife, Martha Lynn Moore, and his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dave McGaugh.

Otha Moore died in the Service of his Country.



### PINION

*Continued from Page 11*

since his high school days when he was captain of the football team in 1936. He also played on the basketball and track teams. While in college he played four years of football, winning the varsity letter for three years. He participated in the Sun Bowl game against Texas Tech at El Paso, which was won 7 to 6.

When he first left college Lt. Pinion traveled for a sporting goods firm, contacting high schools and colleges. Before he entered the Army he taught Biology and coached football, basketball and track at the Wheeling high school.

The officers and enlisted men of this Post know they are losing a valuable friend when Lt. Pinion departs from this Field, and the entire personnel wishes him the best of success in this future training.

### A. & E. SPORTS

*Continued from Page 17*

haul spirit that will spread throughout the Division.

#### Turkey Dart Bowl Tournament

Considerable interest has been aroused throughout the A & E Division through this tournament. There are eight lucky families in the Division that are assured of turkey for Thanksgiving and we are all trying to be one of those lucky eight. The high scores at this writing are as follows:

#### Aircraft Overhaul

Women: Rachel Campbell 136, Ruby Cochrane 109, Marge Stinson 102.

Men: Asa Thomas 158, Leo Courson, 124, Ray Zeman 117.

Colored: Chas. Benford 124, Willie Lyons 116, John Walker 102.

#### Engine Overhaul

Women: Nellie Diamond 136, Margaret Hawes 122, Belle Cuffel 118.

Colored: Vera Stephens 122, Chester Nelson 116, Christine Williams 111.

Instrument Overhaul and Carlstrom Aircraft Overhaul scores did not arrive in time to make this issue.

## A. D. D.'s

by Dorothy Keyser

Random thoughts from a random mind:

Tried writing the column holding an apple in one hand and scratching my head with the other. It didn't seem to work somehow, so, with hands on keys and good intentions, let's start rollin'.

Over to the curb for a minute to view the passing parade of prominent personages. Friday and Saturday, Col. John H. Fite, familiar to some as chief of the sub depot group when we were under Mobile, honored us.

With Col. Fite, and perchance you have heard of him before, was Major Barnham. The Major was with the British Eighth Army from the time of the El Alamein offensive to the close of the Tunisian campaign, serving as a pursuit pilot. Also present was Capt. Essenwine, who has been stationed with Major Barnham at Albuquerque. (Took the whole force to figure that one out.)

Capt. Essenwine and Major Barnham were the guests of Capt. Bacon Saturday night at the Cadillac Hotel Officers' Club, accompanied by the charming Mrs. Bacon, Pat McNamara, the Captain's secretary, and Sally Johnstone.

### The Safe Side

Colonel Fite, playing on the safe side of a cold, was not in attendance. Lt. Henderson made an inspection visit here on Sunday. Sorry we all were not on hand to salute him. However, we extend our heartiest welcomes for a return visit.

I was part of the passing parade up at Dorr Field a couple of weeks ago, along with Jo Ann Wildermuthe and Mary Cooper of Link Training and Embry-Riddle Tech respectively. We attended the very popular monthly graduation dance, recommended by ye Editor as a top-notch morale builder.

Lt. Pinion, present with spontaneous good humor, Lt. Gailey, courteous and happy to serve, and Lt. McLaughlin, who in the performance of his duties as Special Services Officer added a bit of wolf to the event, were very much in attendance as the "Officers of the Day."

We gals, displaying our never sleeping thirst for excitement, just wouldn't pass up the carnival which was very much in town. So, armed with jelly apples, we rode the spider. Methinks Lt. Mac had the best time of all.

The dance was held in the patio midst palm trees, moonlight and lovely music. Our only complaint is that it ended too soon. Many thanks to the Cadets who made the dance so memorable, and many thanks to Special Services for the lovely compacts presented to us on behalf of the Cadets.

# WHITECAPS

by Cay Sillocks

This nipping weather calls for "corn-popping" so won't you gather 'round and join us? Jim Sanford, Charlie Tinsley, Bill King of Eastern and H. V. Bounds of P.A.A. did one day; do it again—but soon. Mary Jessup and Rusty Shether are "Woiking Goils" now. Great mystery surrounds the whole affair, for they don't tell where. Come across, girls, or we'll put our ear-to-the-ground department to shadowing you.

What's this Emmett tells about dainty little Les Moore? Such a feminine little bit! Take it easy, Les.

The fair and usually mild Lorraine Mohny returned from lunch the other day with quite a head of steam worked up. It seems that a *most* inconsiderate "gentleman of the law" stopped her for swinging out into oncoming traffic where a nasty old truck had forced her, thereby gumming the works *and* to make matters worse, Lorraine failed to hear his "Hey, you, pull over to the curb." So-o-o, blythely on her way went Lorraine and not so blythely came the cop, giving chase. Well, he caught her, she lost, and the moral is, never talk back to John Law.

Jim Clarke dropped in the other day

and as he reached the door a voice from our General Manager's office gaily called, "Is that my honey-chile?" What goes on? It was grand to see you, Jim, hurry back.

The WAVES are certainly swelling the night ground school classes. Mignon Jumel, Eleanor Lappage, June Curtis and Doris Harris are now attending. Welcome.

George Lambros says that what fascinates him is how such *beautiful* slow-rolls can be accomplished *under* the water. Clever these porpoise!

Definition of the week: "A fox is a wolf who sends flowers."

EXTRA! EXTRA!

The Base is gloating over one of its former students. We give you Winifred Wood, who received her Private Pilot's license at our Seaplane Base—Winnie has just been graduated from Avenger Field, Sweetwater, Tex., *with Honors*, and was presented with the Watch, a great feather in her cap. What's more her leave was cancelled and she was sent to Sacramento, where she will be one of those who eventually ferry B25's. More power to you Winnie, your old gang is about to pop all its buttons, we're that proud of you.

We don't have permission to print the following lines, but let's take a chance. (Note to Author: Please don't shoot!) (Note to Whom it May Concern: If dire things result, such as being tossed into jail, kindly bail us out.)

## ODE TO A FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR WHO WON'T LET HIS STUDENT SOLO

You're just an ordinary guy.  
There isn't any reason why  
A girl should think of you at all.  
You're only moderately tall,  
You're not sufficiently aggressive  
Your bank account is unimpressive.  
Your wit will never bring you fame,  
Your temper is a howling shame.  
You don't know how to treat a woman,  
You're cold and selfish and inhuman.

And since I know past any doubt  
Your patience with me has flickered out,  
I can recite the many flaws,  
That make you as you are, because  
In doing so, I may convince  
Myself that I am lucky, since  
The pleasure of abusing you  
Offsets the painful necessity of using you,  
For unless I make you out a heel,  
I just can't stand the way I feel.

## There Are Times . . .



## When It Pays To Move Fast!

Opportunities in Aviation are coming thick and fast these days. And a lot of folks with the best of intentions but not enough foresight, are going to miss the chance of a lifetime. Trained men and women are in constant demand in practically every branch of Aviation right now. And that demand will continue in the peacetime years ahead. A moderate investment in sound training can pay you dividends the rest of your life. But remember, now is the time to act. Why not get the complete story?



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