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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. V

JANUARY 15, 1943

NO. 13

Welcome to the Safest Field

This column wants to take this belated opportunity to welcome recently arrived class 43-F, which has by this time soaked up something of the spirit of "The Safest Field in the South".

Carlstrom, may we remind you, has the most jealously guarded safety record in this area, the keeping of which is now passed on to your safe-keeping.

Two years of continuous operation have passed without fatality or injury—not a single pilot scratched!—which does not guarantee your safety in the least, unless you make it your own personal business to see that you do everything the safe way.

One careless moment, and you become the man who ruins the record hundreds have spent two years building!!!

CARLSTROM FIELD HAS FIRST PUBLICITY DEPT.

RAI's Carlstrom Field has organized its own department for publicizing Carlstrom activities, Roscoe Brinton, General Manager, announced this week. It is the first in the Riddle family to have such an organization, operated on a volunteer basis by its civilian instructors.

The Carlstrom Publicity Department is under the Army supervision of Lt. William Payne, Public Relations officer, and is directed by Tom Watson, Jr.

As an initial move to uncover information suitable for use in its publicity campaign, the Publicity Department is distributing cadet questionnaires, which are expected to furnish material for publicity stories.

Also, regular releases are being sent to the leading Florida newspapers, as well as to the SEAAFTC News.

All Carlstrom cadets are urged to cooperate in supplying the office with any pertinent information which may give basis for publicity or news stories of any kind.

CARLSTROM RAI NEWS

Tom Watson, Jr., Editor

Lt. G. M. Hoffmeyer, Sports Editor

James F. Downend and Norma Tucker, Associate Editors

THE PARACHUTE DEPARTMENT

The Instructor shouts into the speaking tube, "Mister, we are going to jump for it. I'll lock the controls so the ship should come down about in that pond dead ahead.

"Leave the left side of the plane, right wing torn and possibility of a spin to the right . . . Clear the ship and then pull the rip cord . . . I'll stay until you are clear, remember, clear the plane first!"

The expression that has become familiar in all phases of aviation, "It Don't Mean A Thing If You Don't Pull That String", is also incorporated by experienced airmen to mean, "Pull the string when the time is right".

In making any emergency parachute jump, there are only a few simple things to remember. When leaving the plane it is important not to pull the rip-cord before properly clearing the ship. Failure to do

so means certain death, as the chute will become fowled in either the cockpit or in some part of the tail.

The terminal velocity of a man falling through space is about one hundred twenty miles per hour. In the case of Cadet and Instructor, each will accelerate in speed at the same rate and reach a maximum speed of one hundred twenty miles an hour if allowed to fall as a free body.

When the 'chute opens it slows the jumper to 18 feet per second in one and three-fifths seconds. This enables jumps to be made as low as 500 feet, the aviator slowing to 18 feet per second before reaching the ground.

Were a man to jump from fifteen or sixteen feet with no parachute, the force with which he strikes the ground is the same as an actual jump. You can most

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FLIGHT I, CLASS 43-F



Left to right: Oscar Smith; R. L. Mitchell; Ed Todd; T. W. Taber; Flight Commander George Dudley; Mrs. Montgomery, Dispatcher; C. D. Smith; Johnny Duris; Assistant Flight Commander Johnny Dorr; Alex Hayes (now Assistant Flight Commander of Flight 3); Dale Fishel; Frank Musengo; and L. D. Hudson.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida
H. ROSCOE BRINTON, *General Manager*

* * *

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida
GORDON MOUGEY, *General Manager*

* * *

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Letters to the Editor

Cochran Field
Macon, Georgia

Dear Editor,

The last time I wrote to you I was a cadet just on the first stage of my flight training. I completed my training some six months ago in Ala. and am now engaged in the task of instructing cadets.

I hear quite regularly from my parents in England and they mentioned they are still receiving the Fly Paper and read it with interest.

They are saving them for me so that I can have them bound on my return. So, whenever I want to revive memories of those good days I spent at Carlstrom Field, all I will have to do is to take a look through the Fly Papers.

Please keep on sending them as I will be especially keen to receive them on my return to England.

Sincerely,
H. Berkeley Barron,
Pilot Officer, RAF

Editor's Note: You can be assured, Berkeley, that we'll continue sending your Fly Papers to England. Many thanks for the nice letter, and let us hear again soon.

Airds Bay House
Taynuilt
Argyll, Scotland
November 30, 1942

Dear Editor,

Whilst I have appreciated your kindly sending me copies of the Fly Paper up to the time of writing and which copies of the paper have both interested and amused me during the lifetime of my son, I feel that this expense should be avoided now.

All the other members of my family are on active service in other branches connected with the Great Crusade; and you will understand that, although I am still interested in Aviation, the link formed with the Fly Paper has in a sense been broken since my pilot son lost his life.

He went first to Carlstrom Field (Norman Macleod, 42 B UK class) in May 1941, thence Macon, Ga., thence Selma, Ala.; and I would like you to know that Norman had the very highest word about the thorough training he had from your institute, and frequently said that this stood him in good stead in his work and advancement on this side.

He was unstinted in his appreciation of the patient help and consideration shown him during the period of his cadetship, and the spontaneous kindness shown him by everyone with whom he came into contact.

Norman was very proud of his U. S. Army Air Corps wings and, undoubtedly, his visit to the United States was a happy and vivid memory.

So, although his career was but a comparatively short one, we have to thank you for turning out a first-class pilot who quickly obtained the confidence of the RAF and proved that this was merited.

Yours sincerely,
Robert U. Macleod

Editor's Note: May we extend to you our deepest sympathies, Mr. Macleod. If at any time in the future you would like us to renew your subscription to the Fly Paper, we should be very happy to do so.

January 8, 1943
Love Field, Dallas Texas
5th Ferrying Group

Dear Editor:

My thanks to you and your staff each week for the anxiously awaited Fly Paper. Also goes my appreciation to a "red-head" and "Sarg" at Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, for being so kind as to send you my address.

To this day and many more to come are the happy thoughts that remind me of Carlstrom Field. During my assignment at Carlstrom (14 months) it was my pleasure to make many friends to whom goes a New Year Greeting with a wish for a new year abounding with happiness and good cheer.

Attached hereto you will find a copy of "The Flying V"—our Love Field paper. You will please note picture on page four and kindly see that a Tech. Sgt. named Jordan (at Carlstrom Field, Arcadia) does not get his "rumble seat eyes" on that photograph, as they really do need him there at Carlstrom.

Herbert R. Dailey,
1st Lieut., Air Corps.

Editor's Note: The Fly Paper office got quite a laugh out of the last paragraph of your letter, Lt. Dailey. We only wish we could let our readers at large in on the fun.

Mobile, Alabama
January 7, 1943

Dear Editor,

Just a note of appreciation for the Fly Paper and a request to change my mailing address to 1658 Eagle Drive, Mobile, Ala.

I frequently run into enlisted men here at Brooklyn Field who have just come up from Embry-Riddle. Most of them wish they were back there — me too!

If you see my good friend Maurice Molino, give him my regards and tell him to write.

Cordially,
Bob Harris

Editor's Note: Thanks for the kind words, Bob; and the next time you send us a new address, please enclose your old one too.

FLIGHT 3 FLASHES

by A/C Frank Macomber

Flight 3 was honored this past week by having two of its members chosen for the Cadet Staff—A/C Jack Wesmier, First Captain, and A/C Frank Cotner, Lieutenant Adjutant. Nice going, boys, keep them "On the Ball".

We were expecting again, and it was "Pink Booties" for Cadet and Mrs. Keith Latimer—8 lbs., 9 ozs. of New Year's baby. Congratulations and worlds of good luck. May she grow up to be an aviatrix.

More Hair Tonic

Looks like Cadet Nedrow will have to buy some more hair tonic. His usual supply wasn't forthcoming this Christmas. Do you still comb your hair for athletic formation, Lucky?

Congratulations, Maxam, on your engagement. What's a few hundred miles to a Cadet in love?

Little "Two by Two" is sure a chip off the old block, Mister "Three by Three" Chick.

Could it be that some of the underclass is crowding out some of the Flight Three Romeos with the Canteen Cuties? Look to your laurels, Flight 3.

Observations of Your Cub Reporter

Are those Christmas packages all gone? One of those would look mighty good about this time next month.

Have you written those thank-you notes yet? Tell Aunt Susie the socks fit. It will make her feel good. Maybe the crickets can use them.

Heard on the Flight Line:

"I hope that last Mister up signs in my parachute. I don't want to write a thousand word theme."

"Yeh, he put it in a spin at 400 feet and had to bail out of his Link Trainer."

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

FLIGHT 4 FLASHES

by A/C Paul Engstrand, Jr.

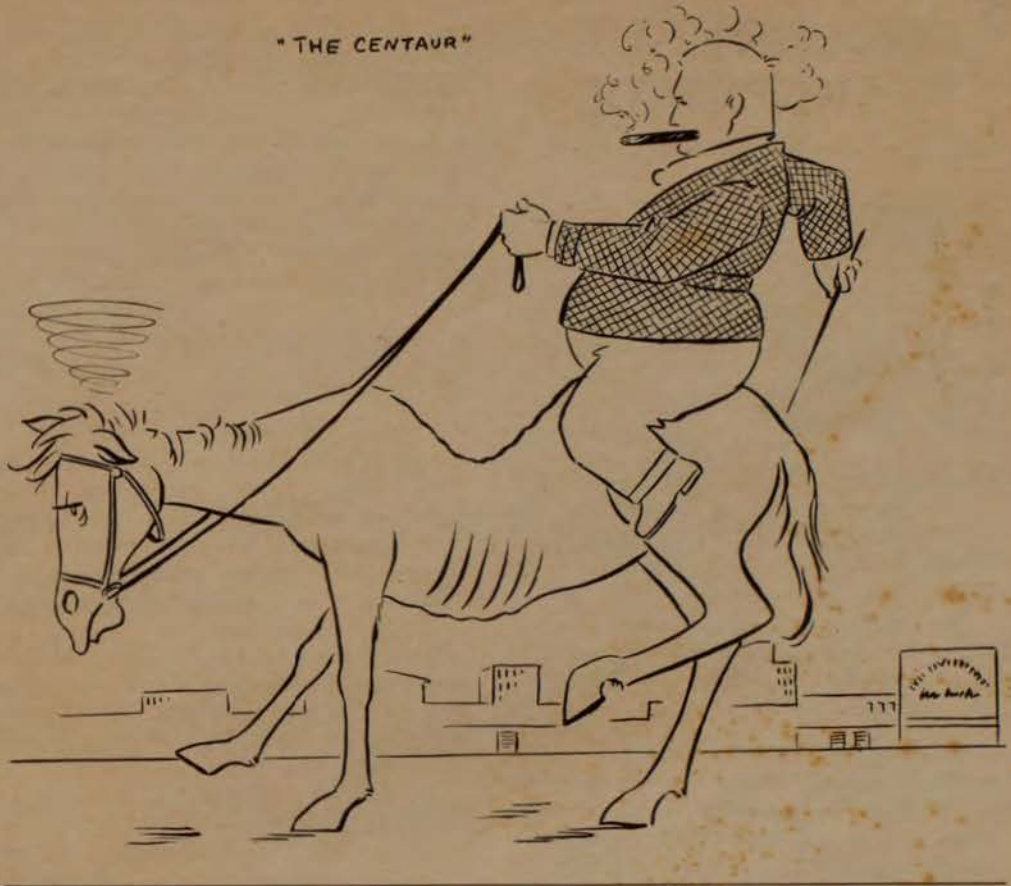
Lt. Richard P. Kelly from Cross City Air Base, Fla., visited his brother, A/C Francis D. Kelly, via airplane. He is attached to the 305th Fighter Squadron as a Flight Instructor. Lt. Kelly, who was graduated from Maxwell Field in March, 1941, spent a very interesting year in Iceland, and has been connected with Operational Training since his return.

Constant Companions

Curley and his coffee (even Major Bentley noticed it)—Mr. Huggins and his slinging psychrometer—Chlarson and a cold nerve rash.

Week's Bouquet—to Delano for surviving an unsuccessful "jump" from Link Trainer.

"THE CENTAUR"



DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

The story this week concerns none other than Freddie Lewis—seems that on Tuesday nights the Carlstrom Field Cadets have visiting nites for wives and immediate families only. Well, Freddie just couldn't pass for either and was stopped at the gate by the guard with whom she visited for quite a long spell.

We just wonder who is at the Auxiliary Field that Freddie thought she might pass herself off as an aunt? Just don't call her Auntie!!

Swell Show

Last Wednesday night we had another USO show at the Canteen, which was really enjoyed by all present. A ventriloquist, mind reading, singing, magic, and a good looking young lady playing an accordion. We always did want to play one of those come hither and go yonder things.

We all seem to have the same idea these California mornings. The Instructors say they wouldn't want the Guard's job at nights, and the Guards say that they wouldn't want the Instructor's job first thing in the morning, so everyone should be happy.

You people who have "the pause that refreshes" sent up to your department during the day please don't put the bottle on the steps of the Administration Building. It looks sort of bad, especially last week when we all were trying to make a good impression.

Try putting the bottle in your shoe and

that will remind you to take it back where you got it from. Thanks.

The Short Snorter's Log

We couldn't get much news from this department this week, but the talk of the past few days has been about "Father" Jim Waterman and that 8½ lb. boy who arrived last week. We hear the baby doesn't have much hair on his head either! Congratulations, Mr. Jim.

There's a little man in Flight 4 known in the Canteen by the name of "Junior", who, we understand, is not a Short Snorter. Shucks, could we clean up if we were an Instructor??

Seems that all the auxiliary Field Cadets land at Dorr when they get lost, and we in our big-hearted way point out to them that Carlstrom lies 9 miles, S. W. We caution them not to fly too high lest they miss it, but at 500 feet they should be able to see it.

The Army Side

Telephone conversation overheard this week:

"Is this Major Bentley?"

"No, Captain Bentley speaking, no, Major Bentley."

"What shall I do with the following, Major?"

"Just sign it Captain Bentley, by you."

"Yes, Major."

Anyway, congratulations, Major. Dorr Field now has two Majors.

Lt. Webster setting up housekeeping—

Continued on Page 15

COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Helen Dillard



We are glad Editor Fletcher has asked us to write this, not because we are talented along these lines, heavens no! but because we have felt just like orphans, way down

here away from Mama Tech School. Now we are going to be much happier with our own little section of the Fly Paper to tell the choice bits of gossip and things that are going on in the Colonnade Building.

We tried to get Lucille Valliere, champion letter writer and noted columnist, to ghost write for us, but she said "no soap". So here goes.

Our "Family" Grows

There are a lot of new faces around here these days. We are happy to have all of them with us and hope they'll enjoy being members of the Embry-Riddle "family" as much as we do.

Speaking of new faces, you should see the one at the main entrance of the Colonnade. It belongs to Betty Printzel, the little lady who has taken the guards' place. We are quite sure that the members of the opposite sex, having to be held up at the door, won't mind one bit.

But before there is a mad rush from Tech, let us disillusion you. She has joined us so that she may be near her husband, one of Uncle Sam's boys, stationed at Embry-Riddle. We are glad to have you and your husband with us, Betty.

Brilliant Deduction

We would like to know why cute little Lucille Valliere, alias "Tia", is looking like the cat that has just swallowed the canary. Our snooping has let us in on the fact that she received a package from one of our former Brazilian Cadets, now stationed at Chanute Field. We betcha it's a photograph, and we betcha that's why she's looking so pleased. Brilliant deduction, yes?

It is difficult to look June McGill in the face these days. She is rapidly becoming the champion bowler of the Colonnade. It wasn't so bad until her Lt. escort of the evening had a bet on her getting a higher score than yours truly and, needless to say, he collected. It is really most embarrassing, to say the least.

Tech Talk in last week's Fly Paper let us in on several engagements. We have one too. Lovely Jinny Mickle is engaged to a former Embry-Riddle employee, now in the U. S. Navy. Too bad, fellows.

"Buzz" Cooper, Link Instructor, received a belated Christmas gift. It was a seven and one-half pound baby girl. Baby Doris Viola and Mama Cooper are doing fine, and

Papa has been going around in a complete daze since the event. Congratulations.

The entire Personnel Department has settled nicely into the new quarters. Gertrude Bohres and Helen Bass, who are shut up in the Personnel Record room, completely alone, are quick to deny that they feel more important than the rest of us just because we must knock at the door of the room and offer our credentials each time we wish to have a word with one of its two occupants. We have pretty much the same situation in the office of Glen Kuhl and Pauline Simmons.

"Miss Grimy Paws"

Well, Maxine Hurtt has become the new "Miss Grimy Paws", succeeding us in charge of the Identification and Fingerprint Department. We have moved to Mr. Varney's office, where we never even see a fingerprint card or have even an occasional whiff of gasoline.

Maxine was former Secretary to the Captain of the Identification Bureau of the San Antonio Police Department. She is another one of our service wives, with us to be near her husband who is in the U. S. Navy.

Did you know that pretty Margaret De Pamphilis just "adores" shoes? She need not worry about shoe rationing . . . not with that collection of smart footwear she possesses.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

"BLESS 'EM ALL"

*They say there's a troop ship just leaving
Bombay*

*Bound for old Blighties shore
Heavily laden with time expired men,
Bound for the land they adore.*

*There's many an airman just finishing his
time,*

*There's many a "twerp" signing on
You'll get no promotion this side of the
ocean*

So cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all.

*Bless 'em all. Bless 'em all.
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the sergeants and W.O.'s
Bless all the corporals and their blinkin'
sons;*

*For we're saying good-bye to them all,
As back to their billets they crawl
You'll get no promotion this side of the
ocean*

So cheer up my lads, Bless em' all.

*They tell us the sergeant's a very nice
"bloke"*

*We've heard it all before,
Polish your buttons and clean up your
brass,*

*Scrub out the barracks room floor.
There's many a rookie that's taken it in
Hook, line and sinker and all.*

*You'll get no promotion this side of the
ocean*

So cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all.

TECH TALK

by Texas Newbold



The weeping and wailing heard throughout the company was the result of the notice "No More Dances". Everyone mourned the passing of these gala weekly get-togethers, but if it'll help the boys over

there and speed a homecoming over here, well, here's for it!

Wain Fletcher and Vadah Thomas tripped up to Arcadia last week, causing quite a lull on the sixth floor. However, Dave Hendrick and Arnold Mims livened things up by competing for honors in displaying the latest pictures of their very young and very adorable daughters.

Matrimonial Musings

Matrimonial Musings—Congratulations are now in order for Virginia Hunter and S/Sgt. Herbert E. Levoy, Jr. who were married on December 29th at Fitchburg, Mass. An open invitation is extended to visit the couple in their new home at 3035 N. W. 26th Avenue.

Loretta Hinson has joined the ranks of the engaged messengers by announcing that she and Seaman J. W. Foster will be married during his next furlough. Best of luck to you!

Dorothy Burton is pleased with the progress that the Victory Book Campaign, sponsored by the American Library Association, the Red Cross, and the USO, is making. Here is something you can do personally to help the boys in the service, so remember to bring those books.

Mary Mitchell flew to Orlando over the week-end to visit her husband who is now in training with the CPT. Mary's proud of the fact that he made his first solo flight last week, but is a little dubious about the "crew" haircut.

What Price Gallantry . . .

The fire drill last week went off much better than the previous one and was good exercise for all. However, luckily it was only a drill, for the gallant gentleman on the sixth floor who stood aside to let the ladies go first would be only a fond memory.

Ailing Department—Glad to see Marty Warren back after a tonsilectomy last week. Robert C. Habig underwent a minor operation Monday night, and we hope to see him back on the job soon.

Expectant fathers please note—Milton Roberts, Stock Room, has a bassinet for sale. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of a bicycle for sale, please contact Helen Hirsch in the Military Training Office.

That's all until next week, when I hope the next guest writer will have more success at news-hounding than yours truly.

Share-A-Ride

By the way, we just heard that Mrs. Bradfield is willing to share her car from her home in the Gables to the Tech School. Call her in Mr. Ireland's office and maybe you can get together.

James Lunnon, Research, has recently been elected commander of the Miami Power Squadron, the objectives of which include the studying and teaching of marine piloting and navigation.

We understand that the Fly Paper is waiting with bated breath for a sketch Mr. Lunnon promised—as well as an inventor, he is an artist of note, and a likeness of Mr. Riddle is in the making—we hope.

ENGINE NOISES

by Gladys C. Goff



Something is always happening to this column. I have only the deepest admiration for the reporters on this paper, who can get their copy in week after week unflinchingly, without any

catastrophe overcoming either the writer or what they wrote.

Next week we're going to start a "Personality of the Week" series. Mr. Grafflin, "The Great Equalizer", and natural candidate for the first interview, has already been interviewed, so we hope to present someone not previously mentioned in this column.

Many happy returns of the day to those in our shop who will celebrate January birthdays. Among these are Bill Ehne, Isabel Anderson, Eddie Atwell, Earl Battersby, Lona Cochran, and Allene Johnson.

John M. Smith and Mrs. Smith are expecting an "heir raid" soon. Congratulations to the happy couple, and we'll be around for our cigar. John is one of our inspectors—a master in the Magnetic Inspection Department.

Fleurette Geiger is now gracing the Production Control Department in the Engine Overhaul shop. Her place on the switchboard at A & E Headquarters has been taken by Mrs. Marje Redden, another welcome addition to the Embry-Riddle family.

Carl Clayton's heart has been warmed by the addition of a cylinder grinder to the equipment in his department. Carl is foreman of the Cylinder-Valve Department.

All good projects have names. Some, like the WPA, have initials. Ours, out behind the Tech School, has several names. Various sections of it have honorary names, and, if you'll walk around with us, we'll show you what's what.

As we enter the restricted area from the road behind Tech School, we pass through "Horton Park", extensive horticultural area, resplendent with a curving flagstone walk and three bushes. This walk leads to

MISSING IN ACTION

Lt. David C. Andre, U.S.M.C.R., has been reported missing in action in the Solomon Islands.

"Dave", who received his primary CPT training at the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base, recently was chosen the outstanding Naval Aviation Cadet of the year 1942.

All of Embry-Riddle wishes to express to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Andre of Coral Gables, the hope that the intrepid "Dave" will soon be found.

a small white building, where you'll find Messrs. Horton, Foote, and Nelson, Misses Bruce and Monroe, and Mrs. Redden. (The headquarters of H.D.D., complete with Lt. Bacon and Miss McNamara, is here also, but—ssh!—we're not supposed to mention them—Army regulations, you know.)

We leave headquarters and stroll up "Bacon Plaza" where petunias nod their pretty heads, and are sniffed at by "Shang", our handsome and popular mascot. We pass the guardhouse and amble along "Foote Drive" to the loading door of the Engine Overhaul shop, alias "Grafflin Terminal".

There Mr. Grafflin takes the unwary visitor in hand (\$1.00 a trip, folks!) and zips them around the shop in a personally conducted tour. Eventually detaching ourselves from this fascinating place, we cross "Nelson Square" and again find ourselves on the lane, commonly known as "Noon-hour Alley", which leads back to Tech School.

There we'll leave you until next week. Be good, chillun!

"WINGS"

by Patricia Drew

The "Love-Bug" has been busy in Engine Overhaul,

Each week another couple succumbs to his call.

First Millie and Walter were blissfully smitten,

Then Tommy and Porter were both badly bitten.

Now Trixie and Joe have their wedding date set,

We wish them all happiness—that's a sure bet!

We must "Keep 'em Flying", and at this goal we aim,

But we can't beat the "Love-Bug", for that is his game.

So—beware of the "Love-Bug", all ye who are single—

If you don't want to hear those wedding bells jingle!

A DAY IN THE LIBRARY

by Dorothy P. Burton

Continued from a previous issue of the Fly Paper

Bob Colburn's pleasant presence next made itself known with a request for the weight and strength of galvanized wire. This was found in "Machinery's Handbook" which he carried off with him. Neither has been seen in the Library since, period.

A girl student from the Instrument Department wanted a physics book to study for an exam, and one was found for her. Also found was a picture of a welder for Catherine Dick who wanted him to be in a certain position, wearing specified clothing and doing a particular job.

This was not easy, but I knew Mrs. Dick's love of accuracy would impel her to leave her busy department and come find that picture herself if I didn't, so produce I must.

At long last three were sent for her inspection, choice, and acceptance. Since she didn't appear in person, I assumed she had been given what she wanted.

Gile, Jr., a bright lad with so much of his father's personality, wanted pictures of B-21's and B-22's. There were no planes with those designations, consequently there are no pictures.

But on the Lockheed Lodestar's landing gear, we were successful as we also were in the cases of the P-66, the Zero, and the British "Lancaster."

The phone ringing proved to be Pan American calling to see if one of their Brazilian employees, Mr. Lefebvre, in town for a few days, might have access to our Library. This was arranged, the gentleman arrived, and the Library was of assistance to him.

Mr. Klein appeared. His story was the amusing one of a student who didn't know the answers and tried to cover up with big words. The word in particular which aroused controversy was "resatiate."

No authority would support the young man; so Mr. Klein left with a gleam in his eye that boded no good to lazy students.

A career-woman mother shyly wanted to know if she could get a book for her children on "the bees and the flowers." Now there are limits to which a scientific and technical aviation library can be taxed.

I felt that with this question that limit had been reached and firmly suggested she try public or school libraries for her offspring's higher education.

"Is reoccurrences hyphenated?" "No."
"Where is Curacao?" "Off the northwest coast of Venezuela."

"Let me see some books on 'flutter'."

"How do you spell co-signer?"

"Have you books on Washington State

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UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Jimmy Glover, Editor

Frank Haynes, Photographer
Mel Williams, Artist
A/C Hooks and A/C Hardy, Associates

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Associate

Ken Stiverson
Alva Nelle Taylor
A/C Hooks and A/C Hardy, Associates



Ken Stiverson, Chief Dispatcher and Fly Paper Associate



Tower at Embry-Riddle Field.

Dear Guys and Gals,

We wanted to give you a little low-down on the folks at the Tower, so we just upped and went down. It just happened that a real old Tennessee fog was hanging around trying to decorate the place and laughing at the red No Flight flag waving disgustedly from the pole atop the tower.

Since there was to be no flying for a while at least, surely we could get some help from the personnel at Operations on the doin's there; but all we met was " Battleship"! Not a human, not an object, not a liquid, just " Battleship".

We walk over to Ray Ryan, Flight Commander, to ask for news. He answers, "D-3"; and Bob Boyle, Flight Commander, responds, "You got a Cruiser, now let me shoot!" Oh, my, no soap there.

Let's see, there's Ken Stiverson, an associate news hound. "Kenny, what do you know for the Fly Paper?" We get the same answer there, "Everybody's going crazy over ' Battleship'." That is nice work you are doing there, Kenny, on the Standardization charts.

" Battleship" Bug

Everybody was interested in that same Bug. So we turn dejectedly to sound our weary foot-falls on the stairs to go up. After all, Charlie Sullivan, Assistant Director of Flying, is grown up.

We open the door softly and there seated before us is Charlie Sullivan bent over in his chair and busily engaged at the moment with his companion of the hour.

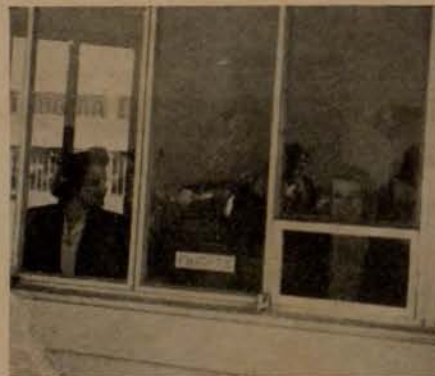
Lt. Church, Flight Officer. Ah, dear pals, at last we find somebody in Operations working. We creep silently up to the front of the desk. Our eyes fall slowly upon the work. The pleased smile quickly fades—" Battleship".

Won't somebody please give me some attention! There they are: Flight Dispatchers, Louise Cashon with her incessant giggle and that "you can't have me" smile, Virginia Roper working on her time sheets, Anne McCord with the field-glasses looking for a hole in the fog, Howard Cooper enjoying the games, Martha Williams, June Dowland, Carl Roberts, "Al" Hornbeak, and Cecil Caldwell.

Congrats!

Going onto the top floor we see Sergeant McCord in the time office with his helpers, Misses Myra Taylor and Mary Lou Joyner. Sergeant McCord received word not many days ago that he had successfully passed his examinations for a warrant officer's rating. Congrats, Sergeant!

Kenny says that he would like to take the song "Alone" seriously now that the "skoits" have raided the tower. Well, things seem to be coming along smoothly now at Operations since the sun is out and everybody has pushed the game aside and got on the "go" again.



Picture of Dispatchers taken from front of tower.

The latest addition to the company personnel that we have in mind now is Miss Annette Logan. Miss Logan is a local girl and is now working as secretary in the Ground School.

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

KADET KAPERS

Things have moved fast and many changes have taken place since our last contribution came off the press. We bade farewell to 43-D, who left for basic training.

At the same time we busied ourselves with the arrival of class 43-F from the southeastern Army Air Forces Pre-Flight School. In the same breath, what little we have left over from athletics, we wish the old and the new the best of luck and condolences. Both will be greatly needed.

"Flywheel"

Recently initiated unanimously into the 67th here at Union City was one "Flywheel", pride of the outfit and friend to all.

Where he came from and why he left there is a mystery, but he was taken in by all with no questions asked.

Probably wouldn't have got an intelligent answer either, for "Flywheel" is a dog; just what kind would be hard to say. "Flywheel" never misses a formation, and, though he doesn't fly, is an ardent believer in Aviation.

He is seen quite often strolling around the flight line, admiring the planes and perhaps wishing he could qualify for flying. He tried once but was turned down on a deformity—four feet.

Like any other dog face, he has a love life too. He won't tell us her name, but you can see him almost any time wandering around the Post with a little blonde. All I can say is, if that's a dog's life, lead me to it. Just think, no work!

We had to say farewell to several of the fellows who have been with us from classification center days. It's the old army game. You make friends and lose them but only temporarily. Regardless, life goes on as usual. Best of luck to Neidlinger, Davidoff, and Mihalik.

Well, that about winds it up for this week, and until next, Flywheel, girl-friend, and gang say, "So long!"

*Conjucius say if man would fly,
And earn an airman rating
Should keep his mind up in the sky
And not on dissipating!*



The victim is Louise Cashon, Flight Dispatcher. The "wolf" is Lt. Fred Murphy, Flight Surgeon.

WHITECAPS

by Bob McKay and Bill Waters

Hail, hi ho, and all that there stuff—Amid a clickin' of teeth and a knockin' of knees, in this here chilliness, we will attempt to give you a blow by blow description of all the doin's of us Seaplaners.

We have been busy as bees this past week ducking our new solo students, and believe us when we say there were plenty of 'em. Roses to our newest birdmen, Phoenix Ingraham, R. E. Edwards, David Beaty, Daphne Banks, Anna Taudte, Mike Lojinger, and Lt. and Mrs. Estes, who braved the brine together.

Good luck to all of you. We may add that those who were ducked looked nice and fresh as they came out of the water. To those of you who have not had the pleasure of the swim—your turn will come.

Flash—The Seaplaners, our new bowling team, rose to form and pounded their chests with a victory war whoop over Jim McShane's crew from Aircraft Overhaul. It was a tough fight, Mom. These Overhaulers are a hard fightin' lot.

Laurels to Andy Anderson, who boxed a score of 484. All credit goes to Seaplane Susie, our mascot, who certainly brought us luck in our first venture in the league.

That literary genius, Jimmy H. (Homer) Gilmore, honored us with his esteemed person the other day when he took his first seaplane ride. After a hard battle, they consented to let Jimmy handle the controls.

Careful Jim, remember the "bay awaits those who solo" and so do we.

We have a new instructress down here, Pat Grant, formerly of Municipal and Clewiston. Pat is pinch hittin' for Marion Bertram, who is now enjoying a needed vacation and all that stuff at her fishing camp down in the keys. Steve Grant, well known instructor from Clewiston, dropped in to see what was what down in this neck of the woods. Greetin's, feller.

The flag's a-wavin' at half mast for one of our editors who is ajourneyin' up into Yankee territory to get some book larnin'. But we have a light in the window for our old pal, Johnny Carruthers, who will soon be with us again and take the situation well in hand.

The guy who is leaving, being none other than the famous Bob (sideburns) McKay, we must wish him lots of luck and hope that he hurries back. He really has done a swell job on this end of the Fly Paper, and besides he is not such a bad fellow. Congratulations on getting your Private license. You really did a swell job. Good luck Bob, and no kiddin' we will really miss your smiling face.

We shall now aid the national crisis by ceasing this waste of paper. Bye, s'long, and things. We remain yours till the sea -- planes.

A streak of bad luck nearly wrote finish to his flying career when he was critically injured in a motorcycle accident nine years ago, leaving him a slight limp and a brace for additional support. He now holds the position of Flight Chief and heads a very responsible job—that of inspecting and flight testing the ships.

Who is this epic making fellow? You've probably guessed. It's Les Lewis, a mighty friendly and cheerful personage that we're glad to have at Chapman. So if any one tells you he's still at Carlstrom, don't believe them. They're just horning in on the fanfare.

Personalities in the News: Katherine Jones, brave soul, is now officiating as Clearance Officer in Operations, a vacancy left by Evelyn Keelen who has forsaken us for the intriguing position of Link Instructor at the Colonnade.

Comely Katherine provided no end of amusement for yours truly when she phoned a play by play description of what was cooking last Saturday in Operations and the Pilot's Room. That was the day Leland McDaniels and Dave Pearlman started Cross Countrying to the Boat House and were found hours later caged up in the middle of the Everglades with Seminole Indians doing a wild dance around a boiling pot.

We passed the hat and finally bought them back with an old pair of shoes, a gig, a rod and reel, and the dart game. We sure got them out of the fog that day.

Monday we opened up our little community to twenty-two new students; ten consisting of Army W.T.S. (formerly C.P.T.) Trainees, and balance representing private students, altogether offering a fine cross section of what goes to make up the population of the United States.

Chapman Field is all-out to make your stay completely enjoyable, and I'm sure you'll not regret having chosen Embry-Riddle as your Flying Base.

Shades of Orchids

To Mrs. Quillian and assistant Lolo Hayes, a praiseworthy note of encouragement on the fine job of keeping W.T.S. and me on two feet.

And speaking of those things which go to brighten this dark world, I think we should incorporate a "Swaky" (or facsimile) Club, with honorary membership given to Bob Beilman, Ad Thompson, Kent Courtney, and Leona Gulko. After that front office session Saturday afternoon, nothing can convince me that the local nut houses haven't lost a few of their inmates.

Then there's the Breakfast Club that we can't forget, for it always affords a hearty laugh. The components represent an assortment of private students and employee personnel: viz, Helen Webster, Marguerite Dowd, Marny Schonegevel, Sheila Garrett, Stu Brown, Marjorie Bauer, Jimmy Gilmore, yer's truly, and at times Instructor Woodward.

With due respect to all who helped get this column together, we close until another week.

Chapman Chatter

by Cara Lee Cook, Inc.

Now that Mr. "G" has started this columning business off right for the new year, we'll take over where he left off and bring you up to date on what's frying on the old frontier.

We find a lotta changes have been made, but then you've got to expect these things with the baby new year. For instance, did you notice how lost one found one's self Saturday night with no dance to go to? This excludes such unpatriots as Herb Muller, Jimmy Gilmore, and they know why.

No fooling though, this is sure going to cramp the style of a few flighty instructors, and they're not a bit happy about it. Gotta' win this war though. The general consensus here is that we're traveling backwards at the rate of five and one half years per day as is evidenced by the fudge-making, taffypulling parties blooming forth.

Gasless Buggies

Several of our enterprising students are seriously contemplating rustling up a few horses; even though I explained that that was the downfall of my Uncle Louie. He got pushed off a scaffolding.

We could easily convert the garages in

the pit into stables, but who could we get to pitch the hay. (I said hay. No other applicants need apply.) Of course we'll have to keep this a secret from the chef, for he gets a wild look in his eye at the very mention of the word.

As the wheels of progress spin into reverse, it won't be long before one can see many a hag on a 3 H.P. nag headed for Chapman, and maybe we'll invite you all down for a real wild west rodeo.

Colorful Character

Nearly every other column but ours features a weekly personality, but we have never inaugurated the plan because it's hard to single one out of the many we have on the Field. But this week I've changed my mind, being much prejudiced by the amazing revelation of the life history of a certain colorful character on the Field.

To give you a few highlights, he was once Chief Instructor at All American Airport. Holds Commercial License 1515, is an A. and E. Mechanic, and has 9,600 hours to his credit. Has flown practically every conceivable aircraft. Had his own flying school at Venice, Fla., where he personally taught ground and flight instruction.

AIRCRAFT DESIGN ADVANCES WITH WAR

by Sheldon E. Wells

A trip to Buffalo, I understand, isn't necessary to sample a taste of present transportation difficulties, but it's a guaranteed cure for any desire to travel. The trip north merely serves to lull you into a false sense of security which is quite suddenly shattered when you attempt to make return reservations. It seems several thousand other people have the same idea.

In all trains north of Washington, suitcases, packages, and seat arms served in lieu of standard seat accommodations, so advice against non essential travel is well put.

The weather was anything but sunny, and the temperature seemed to hit some all time low during my stay. From now on, the Miami Chamber of Commerce, in my opinion, rates all the endorsement they ever will claim.

So much for the discomforts of the trip. My visit at the Niagara plant of the Bell Aircraft Corporation was anything but discomforting. The treatment afforded me by all concerned was more than I had even hoped for.

Northern Hospitality

During the period of my stay, they saw to it that I had the opportunity to observe everything of interest, within certain limitations which are imposed by the restrictions necessary in time of war.

The plant itself is in high gear, energized by the combination of engineering ingenuity and all-out effort on the part of every employee. The product of their effort, which has already won a great deal of respect, will undoubtedly in the future command even more.

Every member of the organization with whom I had contact takes pride in the Airacobra, and particularly in the rapid growth of the company which only a few short years ago was practically unknown. Considering the position the Airacobra now occupies in our War effort, they are certainly more than justified.

In a further effort to keep the Airacobra's efficiency at a peak, the organization has instituted a service school in which they train service representatives as specialists, who are subsequently sent to all theaters of action to supervise and instruct on servicing and repair of the Airacobras.

Our own organization has already benefited by this service, when we had the pleasure of a visit by Mr. Werring and Mr. Johnston, who aided in the assembly of the Airacobra on which the Aircraft Department is now giving instruction to Army Classes.

The men, who have been selected to be trained as representatives, receive instruction in all phases of the Airacobra from instructors who specialize in only one phase. Having observed their class pro-

BREAD & BUTTER NOTE

We Latin Americans would like to express by this means our gratitude to Mr. Riddle for the special attention he has offered us on many occasions since we have been in training at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation.

Especially do we wish to thank him for the dinner and party at the Coral Gables Country Club on Saturday, December 26. We enjoyed ourselves very much and felt highly honored to be his special guests.

cedure at first hand, I can certainly vouch for their thoroughness.

I feel that I have personally received a great benefit from my observations. The design of Aircraft is advancing in such rapid steps under war stimulus that one can ill afford to fall even a little out of line. Benefit derived from observation in the plants of new and advanced practices can't be matched.

At the Bell Aircraft plant certain features in system and design particularly impressed me. Everything, where at all possible, was designed or arranged for simplicity, a simplicity which undoubtedly reduces error and costly waste of shop time. Parts, requiring close fits, accurate aligning, etc., which might have been designed to close tolerances thus increasing rejections, were instead provided with simple and often ingenious adjustment.

Few Blueprints

I did not see a blueprint in the plant, except occasionally in the hands of inspectors. Here the time was saved which would ordinarily be needed in reading a print. A system of accurate lofting, and direct reproduction of templates from same, eliminates the need of a great number of prints.

Photographs are further employed to clarify installation methods, sequence of assembly, and hundreds of details which would take hours of study if a blue print were used. This is particularly true now that unskilled labor is necessarily being employed by the industry.

There are any number of other impressions which I will make no attempt to itemize.

Before I return to Miami, however, I wish to say that the visit was not only beneficial but pleasant as well. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of most of the members of the Service School and many others in various departments whom I consider it a privilege to call my friends.

If Mr. Werring has occasion to read this column in his copy of the Fly Paper, perhaps he will express my regards to the group.

ATHLETICALLY SPEAKING

by Janet Silverglade

Our regular Wednesday night session of bowling saw a lot of new members and teams this week.

Purchasing entered a team in the girls' league; and it looked as if Betty Jo Bellar, Emily Conlon, and Edna Callahan had a lot of fun as well as exercise.

The Seaplaners were there too for the first time, and they did a good bit of bowling. The Seaplaner gals, not to be outdone by the men, also brought a team, comprised of Ruth Norton, Pat Grant, and Win "up-do" Wood. Seaplane, their mascot, slept peacefully most of the evening.

Looks as if Elaine Devery is a confirmed bowler now—in spite of nylons and heels. She just couldn't resist those ten pins, so she borrowed a pair of shoes. That's the spirit, Dev!!

I want everyone to know that the Blonde Drivers won their first game this week. They no longer are in possession of the "cellar", thanks to the good bowling of Rae Lane and Ruth Turner.

That Strike!!!

Helen Dillard, that is the blonde one, is now a regular member of the Flashes. The most surprised look of the night is credited to Helene Hayes when she made that strike. Lona Cochran out-did herself and made one strike after the other.

George Uffenorde of the Cincinnati Five gave one of the Purchasing gals a demonstration on how to shine up her bowling ball.

Jack Law and Charlie Shepherd of the Stock Room seemed more interested in wandering back and forth between the shooting machines than in bowling. After all boys, you go to bowl???

Red Duncan is surely on that upward climb, as is Ben Turner. There really was competition in that 200 bracket this week though. Gordon Bowen started things off with a grand high of 219; Mr. Loeffler trailed only 6 pins behind, with 213; and Harry LeRoy rolled a 211. Some bowlers, men!

Riddle Regulars

This week we discovered that most of the team had graduated, so some of our own employees donned the uniform. They did not win this week, but after some practice together, I am sure that they will put forth for us.

Badminton

Badminton will continue this week on Wednesday night at Ponce High. It is a grand sport, good exercise, and affords a good time for everyone—so let's see more of you out there. Call the Athletic Office for further information.

Rationing

I know that all of you are wondering how this gas rationing and prohibited plea-

sure driving will affect our program. Well, there is nothing definite yet, but Lloyd Budge is working to see what can be done. So, here is hoping—keep those fingers crossed.

P.S.—The new gas ruling was the cause of the gals' basketball team folding up this past week. Transportation to the Beach is definitely out.

A DAY IN THE LIBRARY

Continued from Page 5

and Oregon? I think I would like to live there after I leave the Army." "No, I'm sorry we haven't, but there is a branch of the Public Library nearby."

"In what county is Arcadia, Florida?" "De Soto."

The Dispensary called again: for what was Henry Clay famous? The Clay Compromise of 1850 which tried to reconcile the North and the South on the question of slavery.

The phone again: "Yes, Lt. Meyer, I will reserve *Victory Through Air Power* for you just as soon as it is returned."

A request for the ingredients of artificial beeswax was barely answered before a Latin-American student arrived and asked, could I tell him how a Brazilian woman living in Miami could join her American husband in Nassau?

The answer to this, said the British Consulate, is later, perhaps; but at present, no civil, only military, visas are being granted.

Lt. Linderman wanted the name of Anne Lindbergh's last book. Would the Library please supply the title and a few words on the contents? It was *The Wave of the Future* and involved post-war social changes.

What approaches, Greeks bearing gifts? No, a friend indeed, who realizes the isolation of the Library from the Canteen and the length of time between 8:00 a.m. opening and 1:00 p.m. lunch, bringing a "coke" to a librarian in need of a lift. (Lift used in the sense of morale and not aerodynamics).

Now a little contest was started by two young lieutenants who wanted to see which one could ask for data that would not be contained in our, as-yet-not-equal-to-the-Library-in-Congress-in-size, Library.

"Stars," said the first. "Here is Illyne's 'Star Chart,'" he was told. "Soothing poetry," said the second. "Here are two volumes," he was told triumphantly. (These were not purchased, however, but courtesy of Miss Helen de Pamphilis of the Coral Gables Public Library).

"Plato," asked the first. An account of his life was located instantly in Barton's *Religion of the World*.

"*Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*, by Service," snapped the second as they seemed to be losing the contest. "Not here but I have a personal copy at home I'll be happy to bring you." They felt they had won and went on to sterner occupation well pleased with their victory.

A brief respite ensued in which classifying, cataloging, and ordering of new books took place until lunch time.

To Be Continued in a Future Issue

MATERIEL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry



young ladies has been accepted. Yes, none other than Lucille Winchester, you remember, she was Card Clerk at the Warehouse.

From her conversation she is very excited. She will go into training for three months, but just where she will be sent is not yet known. Wherever you go, Lucille, we all wish you success, and we are expecting big things of you.

I hardly know how to say what's in my mind, but here goes. One of our newest members, Betty Stephens of Dorr Field, came through with a very nice letter. Since I have never met Betty, I asked her to write me something about herself. She has red hair, blue eyes, and is five feet eight inches tall. She says she is—old. Ha, ha, I didn't give away any secrets.

News From the Fields

It does this old heart good to receive news from our Fields. Thanks again for your interesting letter, Betty.

Now for a bit of news about our Sundays since joy-riding is taboo. Mr. Buxton and his wife thought they'd try bicycles as a mode of travel. Very cautiously they mounted and were sailing along when Mr. Buxton looked skyward and before he knew it he ran spak dab into the rider in front and had himself a tumble. If you see him walking around a little stiffly, you can rest assured that he is carrying two very nice skinned knees.

Look Ahead

Our advice to bicyclists is to keep your eyes on the one in front.

Mary Gamble is spending a few days at Chapman Field, and she seems to like it there. Wonder what the attraction is?

Mr. Koehler made a hurried trip to Carlstrom Field. Hurried or not, he was gone too long for Janet Perry—she was as busy as a bee. We sure were glad to have him back.

Evelyn Auslander has resigned and Jeannett Wilson is taking her place.

A new member of our little family is Betty Nisteche.

You'll hear from me next week. I'll still be talking.

I remain,

Your Girl Friday.

NOT FOR MEN ONLY

At long last the Tech School has a barber shop! Three barbers to neat up that ragged hair line and to trim that bearded chin—right here in the north wing.

Shine? Of course! And an expert at that to put a dazzling polish on brogue and Blucher alike.

Ladies—you also have the scissors and the polishing cloth at your disposal. Just step around to the back porch and Mr. R. C. Law will see that you get immediate attention.

Wing Flutter

by A. Substitute

Well what do you know, here 'tis Fly Paper day and no one to write it; so in the absence of our regular editor, Catherine Kerr, I will do my best. But here's hoping for an early recovery from that cold, Catherine, and that you will be back soon.

A peek at our new Sheet Metal Department is very upsetting for those who still insist that women can never take the place of men. Three cheers for all the new riveters (of the fair sex) and to their new foreman, Mr. Courson.

Overheard

He: "Come on now, just a little one you will never miss."

She: "No, I don't even know you."

He: "I'm Joe Doakes."

She: "Age?"

He: "Twenty-five."

She: "Draft Classification, employee number, and department?"

He: "III B, two hundred, Final Assembly."

She: "Did you bring a note from your supervisor?"

He: "Sure, now can I, huh?"

She: "What do you want?"

He: "A three-eighths inch bolt."

She: "Okay, but remember I'm holding your watch until I find out what you are going to do with it."

More power to you, Scotty. There is a War on and parts are short.

Our Number One Sleuth Reports

Mr. Ebbetts doing a tango on the roof, or maybe it was because the ladder had slipped.

P. K. Charlie is minus his tool checks for the duration.

Our Prince Charming escorting a fair lady to the Stock Room. That Darlene has been dreaming again, and *whom* she has been dreaming about. That Morgan does not have a black eye. He is wearing those dark glasses to avoid the sawdust in his glimmers.

COLISEUM COMMENTARIES

by Gene Day

That postman who delivers a daily batch of mail to the Coliseum brings letters from Air Corps schools, stations, bases, and depots throughout the United States.

There are letters from the rapidly increasing soldier-alumni of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation; interesting and impressive epistles from young men who were trained at the stately Coliseum now mobilized as an emergency trade school; messages from the graduates who are now attending specialty schools or who are cutting their eye teeth out on the line in this country or overseas serving as apprentice mechanics.

The old Coliseum's first birthday as an Army aviation school has not yet been celebrated. But my informants far afield tell me that Embry-Riddle graduates, even though they have been in circulation but a short time, are bringing their school, the largest one of its kind in the United States, into the national limelight.

Making Good

The boys are making good. They are following through in splendid style, giving satisfaction no matter how difficult the assignment. In fact, at some bases and depots, the best introduction that a newly arrived squad of tyro mechanics can have is that they are outflow from Embry-Riddle.

Officers, so the story goes, are giving special consideration to the embryonic ground men, the chaps who keep the hard-fighting pilots in the air, from southeastern Florida.

In thumbing through a fascinating collection of letters, your writer noted one outstanding and almost typical statement. "If I had it to do over again," comment the majority of the correspondents, "I would work harder and fool less".

Briefly, this means that they did not cash in on the maximum possibilities of their training courses. And now they're sorry; they appreciate their mistakes.

No Fooling Here

For example what follows is an excerpt from a note written from somewhere in the Middle East by Lee Russell to Mike Lojinger, supervisor of the Coliseum training program: "I don't fool around here as much as I did sometimes in school. If I were back there now, I wouldn't fool around any. Just tell the boys they had better learn, and learn well, while they have the chance."

Pvt. Charles Grant, writing from the New Orleans Air Base after satisfactorily completing his course at Embry-Riddle, underscored the recommendation: "Fellows, get all you can while in school; you'll never regret the time thus spent."

Don Beck, communicating with the Coliseum authorities from Albuquerque, New Mexico, advised: "Keep teaching the soldiers all you can; they won't get much additional instruction after they leave school."

Soldier Beck continued, "Tell the boys they don't know how lucky they are until they get shipped to some God-forsaken air depot or remote field squadron. How I long to be back in Coral Gables. Florida is a regular paradise compared with other parts of the country."

In the Army Now

Sergeant V. J. Altman supplied the information from Pineville, La., that he is back in the Army again with early morning drill, work call, and the like. "I have been assigned to a C-45, a general's private ship", he wrote. "Of all things, the initial day that I am in charge it develops electrical trouble for the first time in years. All fingers pointed immediately at me, the fresh graduate from Embry-Riddle.

"I dug in and after a few hours of checking, I determined that the points on the booster were burned out. That was a simple repair job. Now everybody's happy once more."

Bill Doetsch relays the information from the Army Air Force Storage Depot, Indiana State Fair Grounds, Indianapolis, that his first job was to repair and recondition magnetos, something, incidentally, which he had not studied in the aircraft electrical course that covers from the firewall back.

Busy Every Minute

With a Tech Order beside him and a civilian worker to help, however, he did right well, thank you. He reports that he is studying mathematics as well as the theory of electricity which, with turret repair and maintenance, keep him completely occupied during his waking hours.

Michael F. Pelzer was sent to Ogden, Utah, from Coral Gables, where he expected to work on airplanes, and, as he phrased it, "test out if the Coliseum instructors had pounded anything worthwhile into my thick skull".

However, as soon as the Ogden authorities found that he had had electrical training, they shipped him to the Army Air Force Storage Depot at Indianapolis.

"So here I am", he writes. "They're trying to teach me to overhaul gun turrets. For the first three weeks I enjoyed it because it was something new, but now I'm pretty sick of looking at turrets. I really wish I was back on wiring and trouble shooting on planes. Well, anyway, they aren't putting me on K.P. and guard duty, for which I'm duly grateful. You can't have your cake and eat it too."

News from the New Orleans Air Base is to the effect that Charles E. Grout is tickled plenty because his electrical training at Embry-Riddle paved the way for him to qualify as an electrical specialist. Electricians are in demand, he says, and such skill gets you into the better divisions of the service.

Grout has been transferred from an air base to a squadron where he is well satisfied with his lot. "This is heaven," he reports, "and I mean just that. The work is easy, interesting, and very important. The food is perfect due to no K.P. and the evenings because of no guard duty. We work from eight to four with breaks every alternate hour."

From the Ogden, Utah, Air Depot, Aaron Kapner sends advice that he and his Embry-Riddle mates are overhauling retracting motors, generators, solenoids, inverters, and similar electrical equipment in the repair hangar.

With pardonable pride, he also announces that his crew is performing efficiently everything they tackle. No work yet on serviceable planes, he laments, but is sure that that will come in the natural course of events.

Program . . . The RIDDLE FAMILY THEATRE

Feature Picture

"THERE GOES MY HEART"

with Frederic March and
Virginia Bruce

Monday, January 18th
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, January 19th
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, January 20th
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, January 21st
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

Feature Picture

"FLYING DEUCES"

with Stan Laurel and
Oliver Hardy

Thursday, January 21st
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, January 22nd
DORR FIELD

Monday, January 25th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,
See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

70-YEAR-OLD MIAMI INVENTOR CONTINUES FABULOUS CAREER AT EMBRY-RIDDLE

This is the fourth war for James H. Halstead, 70-year-old Miami inventor, and, as usual, he is right in the middle of it. Now he is turning out trick tools for different departments at Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, tools that have never been made and standard tools that are hard to secure because of wartime difficulties.

He can't carry a gun as he did in the Boer and Indian wars, or serve in the Royal Air Force as he did in World War I. This time his mechanical skill is his contribution to the War effort.

His latest invention is a device for welding band saw blades. It permits repair welding jobs to be done in a matter of minutes instead of hours. At the school he has made all types of screw drivers and wrenches with material at hand.

Perfect Work

He has made tiny socket wrenches that will fit nuts 1/8 inch in diameter and that permit speedy work in the instrument and radio departments. Similar wrenches cannot be bought. He has made riveting sets, beading pliers, and a coil winding machine which automatically turns out perfect work.

Halstead's life defies the best dreams of the fictioneer. He was born in Eagle Rock, Idaho Territory, in 1873. His father was chief engineer for the Union Pacific Railroad. He had started inventing when he was five years old, and at that age was building different types of steam engines.

At eight years, he had invented a lubrication system for a bicycle that is similar to the present alemite automobile system. He has never been to school in his life, but will challenge any engineer on any problem.

Story Book Beginning

He went to England with his parents when he was six years old. As in books, he did not like his stepmother and ran away.

"I had one pair of socks, which I wrapped in a red handkerchief and threw out the bedroom window. We had just had a fight, and my stepmother was beating on my bedroom door. I slid down the rain pipe and ran away. I was eight years old," Halstead said.

For the next seven years he served his apprenticeship as a machinist in Birmingham, Eng. For seven years he was paid 86 cents per week. To live, he sold newspapers and did other odd jobs on the side. But when it was all over, he was a No. 1 mechanic qualified to work any place in the world and to receive the highest wages of his trade.

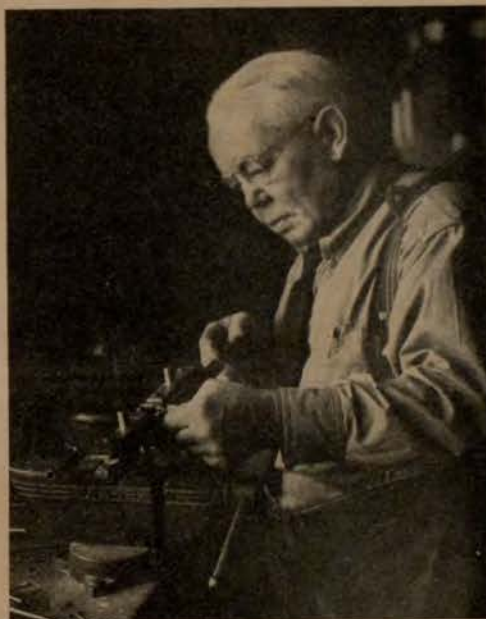
Halstead has been in on the beginning of both the automobile and the aviation industries. He drove the first automobile

ever to appear on London streets in 1893, a year before England passed a law permitting horseless carriages to ride the roads.

Through streets crowded with thousands of hooting, cheering, and jeering people, the carriage spluttered along at four miles an hour. In front walked a man waving a red flag.

Two or three miles farther down the road, the motor coughed and quit. It was returned to the factory, pulled by a horse that had been unimpressed by the noise and the contraption.

From London, Halstead moved on to India, doing experimental work with a



James H. Halstead

single cylinder motor. Here he fought in his first war, an Indian rebellion. Next he tried to introduce a six-cylinder automobile in Australia, but the Australians received it coldly.

Then he was off to South Africa, where he made an international name for himself by breaking all motorcycle records. One old newspaper clipping telling of his motorcycling relates that he took a turn so steeply that he touched the ground with his left hand. He built his own motorcycle that weighed 62 pounds and with it defeated all other contestants by setting a record of 64 miles an hour on a cinder track. Previously, top speed record had been 45 miles per hour.

Stopped Four Bullets

With the Boer War, he entered the Imperial Light Infantry and stayed with the army until he stopped four bullets in one battle and landed in a hospital. Publication of the casualty lists brought reunion with his father, who was then chief engineer for the De Biers diamond mines at Kimberly.

When his father arrived at the hospital, it was the first time they had seen each other since he had run away as a child, the first time in fifteen years.

In 1905, back in England, Halstead became interested in aviation, built his own plane and taught himself to fly by the simple process of getting in the plane, pulling out the throttle, and flying.

Log Shows 12,000 Hours

Today, he has logged more than 12,000 hours. During the World War I, he served with the Royal Air Force as a photographer. From that and the Boer War he has collected the King and Queen's medals, eleven bars and the Victoria Cross.

After the war, he continued his interest in automotive and aviation engineering. He had his own repair shop in New York, where he handled nothing but expensive foreign motors, receiving from \$500 to \$1,800 for his overhauling jobs.

In 1923 Halstead spent \$38,000 outfitting a plane of his own design with a mahogany hull and a 480-horsepower Benz motor. With it he hoped to break all flying boat records.

Lucky Saboteur

He took off near New York, reached an altitude of 500 feet and a speed of 140 miles an hour, when there was a lurch and the plane crashed into the bay. Later, when the plane had been hauled from the water, a complete wreck, he discovered that a wing had been tampered with. He hunted down the man who did it with a pistol in his pocket, but when he caught him, he decided that revenge would not replace the plane and let him go.

Halstead has been in Miami since 1929, and now lives with his wife at 2049 N. W. 23rd Court. He has four children, whose birthplaces give evidence of his travels. One was born in England, one in Calcutta, one in Sydney, and one in Johannesburg, South Africa. There are three daughters and a son, Redvers Halstead, named by General Buller of Boer fame, who is now ferrying Army planes.

A White God

Since he has been here, Halstead has invented a simple means for converting motors from gasoline to distillate use. He is now working on problems for bomb racks, synchronization of machine guns, and new plane and engine designs.

When he is not busy with these things and his Embry-Riddle job, he has his correspondence with the Zulu chief in South Africa to keep him from being bored. He says they still think he is a white god down there because he drove a horseless carriage, with no horse, or bull, or anything to make it go.



Jack Hopkins, Editor

Pat Smythe, Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyng, Johnny Potter, Dudley Amoss, Harry Ingram, Brian Johnstone, Jerry Greenberger, Derrick Button, Bob Ahern, Pat McGehee, G. Burgess, Milton Steuer, Mary Brink, Bob Fowler, Jimmy Wilkinson, Associate Editors

The word "gen", which we have used previously in this column, is the RAF word for definition this week.

Gen simply means information. It might be used in the following manner. An Airman wanting to know what the schedule for week-end flying was going to be would ask, "What's the gen?"

Now there are two types of gen—"pucka" and "duff". Pucka gen is true and correct information, while duff gen is false, incorrect information.

To say that Riddle Field is a British Flying Training School would be pucka gen. To say that the Axis is winning the war would be duff gen.

Another RAF expression will be decoded next week.

Co-Pilots Elect Officers

Organization of the Co-Pilots' Club was completed at its last meeting with the election of officers. The newly elected are: president, Mrs. W. G. Reid; vice-president, Mrs. J. C. Ziler; secretary, Mrs. A. R. Brink; treasurer, Mrs. W. F. King.

It was also decided to meet one evening a month so as to enable the working girls to attend. This evening meeting will be held on the first Wednesday of each month at 8:00 p.m.

Other meetings are held every Wednesday afternoon at 3:00. The Instructors' Club is where these gatherings assemble.

The ladies once again urge the members to help with the Red Cross sewing work

at the Clewiston Community Center. The room is open on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday afternoons and evenings—in the afternoon from 1:30 to 5:00 and in the evenings from 7:30 to 9:00.

The club also wishes to extend a cordial invitation to all the wives of Instructors, RAF, and U. S. Army Air Corps Officers to come to the meetings and join in the fun.

Instructors' Club News

A lot of activity has been taking place in the Instructors' Club as evidenced by the report contained in Bulletin No. 2 recently issued by Secretary Bob Walker.

Among other things, the bulletin states that Mrs. Reese at the Administration Building will assist in the collecting of dues and membership cards.

All Instructors (Link, Ground School, and Flight) and Department Heads are cordially invited to become members—and a note to the refreshers—you are invited to make use of the Club facilities and become eligible for membership as soon as you complete the refresher course and begin instructing.

Entries have been received and the drawings will be made shortly for tournaments to determine the ping pong, chess, checker, and tennis champions of the Club.

It was also pointed out that Tuesday night is stag night and Saturday party night. And on any other night, Steward Fred Young is always on hand to accommodate you.

HERE AND THERE

We are happy to have received Christmas greetings from Sergeant Pilot R. A. Sturrock, who was graduated with Course 4. "Jock" says he gets the Fly Paper regularly—and listen Jock, you can bet that we don't take the dollars off Don Budge—we don't even bet him.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Weir of New Zealand, whose son Ian is a member of Course 10, present Number 1 Squadron, also were kind enough to send us a holiday greeting, which we appreciated very much.

Word has been received from Bill Watkins, a Yank in the RAF, who was grad-



Sgt. J. A. Henley (recently departed) "in action"

uated with Course 6, stating that he is with an Advanced Flying Unit and is doing a lot of flying.

Organization of an Instructors' basketball team at Riddle Field has started. Lou Place, Jimmy Taylor, Marcus Blount, and Jack Hopkins of last years team, along with "Dud" Leftwich, Bill Kramer, and Doug Day, are starting the team.

All other Instructors who are interested in playing are invited to join them. The mechanics are organizing also and a game will probably be played between these two teams in the near future.

The Instructors' team will play the Army Air Corps Cadet eleven in Clewiston next Sunday afternoon.

New Associate

Jimmy Wilkinson is going to help us with the news from Squadron 3, so he has been added to our associate editors.

We appreciated a reprint of a part of our December 1 column in the Huntingburg (Indiana) Argus. We had the pleasure of working for the Argus and its editor, Elmer E. Katter, for six years.

P.T.I. Sergeant Kitchen is conducting a soccer tournament this week, the games being played under the lights in Clewiston.

David Fox of Tallahassee is the new Mess Hall Steward.

Fred A. Hunziker, son of Director of Flying F. E. Hunziker, left this week for his Pre-Flight work as a Naval Aviation Cadet at the University of Georgia in Athens.

Fred had worked in the Parachute Department here for sometime and his many friends wish him the best of luck in his work.



Scene or seen in one of the hangars

J. L. Kerr (Pilot Officer Kerr), who was graduated with Course 9, did this bit of humor on Night Flying before he left, and we print it now.

NIGHT FLYING "ORDERS"

Commencing 14th December, 1942, the following orders relative to night flying will come into effect and will be strictly observed by all personnel:

- (1) All Instructors and pupils will assemble on the line at 18:30 hours until night flying is completed. It will then be intimated that no ships will be available until 20:00, and all personnel will immediately kick their heels.
- (2) When heels have been kicked for two hours, personnel are permitted to return to bed. They will be awakened and will rise at approximately 04:00, since this is the most miserable hour of the night, but may rise at any time previous to this if they are feeling in any way comfortable or sleepy.
- (3) The actual operations of night flying will be subdivided as follows:
 - (a) Waiting for ships; standing by on the ramp; standing by at taxiing post. *It is important that no aircraft should leave the ground unless it is absolutely necessary so to do.* Instructors violating this rule will be fined \$5.00; pupils

will not have occasion to violate the rule.

- (b) Circuits: This is already covered by the sub-heading "Standing by at the taxiing post" above.
 - (c) Solo cross-country flights: These will be carried out to Carlstrom Field and to the Everglades Swamp, for the purpose of permitting all personnel to practice the arts of parachute jumping and swamp D.F. work.
 - (d) Night flying will be protracted over as lengthy a period of time as possible in order to annoy everyone concerned. To this end, not more than one ship will be allowed in traffic at any one time.
 - (e) It is earnestly hoped that all pupils will fail their Wings Exams as a result of night flying.
- (4) These regulations require the strict adherence of personnel, machines, and Tower alike. It is felt that the usual high standard of loyalty to our motto will be observed!

Keep 'em Grounded!!

WE'RE IN IT — LET'S WIN IT!

A-FIELDING WE DID GO

by Vadah Thomas

Six-thirty a.m. . . . middle of the night . . . good little girls and boys in bed . . . that is, except in war times . . . "Boss" Fletcher and "Tag-along-Thomas" wending their chilly way toward a haze of lights on Twenty-seventh avenue.

People standing around . . . conversation in the dark . . . the silhouette of Earl Robinson heaving baggage . . . vague visions of students changing classes . . . two courageous Fly Paperians huddled together in the front seat of the bus.

Is there a heater in the house . . . who's got a thermos of coffee . . . where's my pass . . . where's my baggage . . . are we leaving on time . . . for goodness sake . . . doesn't anyone have a flashlight!

Six of us on the read to Clewiston . . . dawn breaking . . . and the silence too . . . nature study under the tutelage of Earl . . . livelier talk . . . sunglasses . . . Wain worrying about being sunburned on one side of her face only.

Busy Hoppy

South Bay . . . a coke . . . on to Riddle Field . . . wide awake after a nice visit with Nelva Purden and a hurried note to Charles Jackson.

More highway . . . more nature study . . . beautiful weather . . . jackets discarded . . . rationing and priorities discussed . . . a rest stop at Venus . . . and then Dorr Field, white buildings against the sky, metal hangars gleaming, friendliness all about.

A snack with Freddie Lewis . . . an unsuccessful attempt to find genial Jack Whittall . . . our eyes on Douglas Hocker's "Hoss" . . . he must be around somewhere.

Ah . . . there he is with Gordon Mougey near the Operations Tower. Our first meeting with Dorr Field's Assistant General Manager. Not at all what we expected . . . much better . . . that cartoon didn't do him a bit of justice.

An afternoon of rambling about the Field . . . looking at the planes . . . talking with red-headed Lt. Floyd Revere, a graduate of V.M.I. and Commanding Officer of the Air Depot Detachment and Supply Officer at Dorr. Not married, he says, but ambitious.

Abandoned???

Guess we'd better grab our bags and catch the bus to Carlstrom . . . wonder what correspondent Tom Watson is like . . . hope he's as nice as Lt. Payne, Public Relations Officer. Must ask Tom why they call Dorr "the abandoned airport" . . . looked mighty alive to us.

Carlstromites . . . Allies of Dorr . . . very comfortable feeling to have that expansive Field on our side of the fence.

A look through the luxurious mess halls . . . getting tangled up in "restricted area" signs . . . awed at the number and size of the barracks . . . bumping into the Canteen and Natalie and Jack Hobler . . . Jack spying Tom Watson.

Attractive and pleasant that Carlstrom editor of ours—and doing a swell job of publicity for the Field . . . along with cooperative Lt. Payne.

A sandwich and coffee on Tom . . . talk about the Fly Paper and plans for its future . . . a fleeting glimpse of Lt. Payne on his way to the office.

Censor Trouble

The Public Relations Office . . . large and inviting . . . Tom wondering whether a choice bit of his would pass the censors (it did, after a little revising) . . . Lt. Payne quipping in that inimitable southern way of his. Then the business of the trip discussed . . . and off to catch the bus for Arcadia.

Stopping at the Plaza . . . dining at the Kentucky Restaurant . . . unexpectedly running into ever-charming Len Povey. A movie . . . a resolution to "come again soon" . . . and to bed.

Morning in Arcadia . . . the brisk, clean air of the wide open spaces. A hearty country breakfast, the kind someone's always telling you about. A return trip to the Fields to clean up those little odds and ends.

Retracing the miles to Miami . . . Earl looking anxiously at the right front tire at each stop . . . all of us keeping our fingers crossed . . . then growing too drowsy to care.

Interrupted Snooze

A rude awakening . . . Wain heralding the night as the screened out lights of Miami penetrate the darkness. Myllion Webster "waiting up" for Earl . . . two little colored boys rustling up some shoe-shine trade among the soldiers . . . our ever-watchful guards "on the job" . . . the Tech School . . . home.



Upper Picture: The Adolf Hitler dive executed by Jimmy Wilson of Course 9 (now gone) brought the house down. Center: Canaway of Squadron 1 doing his diving screwball act—"imitation of a drunk". Lower: "A Sleeper's Nightmare" is the title of the dive being done by Milton Steuer of Squadron 4.

CARLSTROM CAPTION

by J. F. Downend

Major William Hart has been promoted from Captain and will leave for Fort Myers shortly. Carlstrom Field has seen many improvements as a result of his efforts.

We are proud to have worked under him, and everyone wishes him the best of tidings as he transfers from this Field.

Sgt. La Verne Burrows has received a Warrant Officer commission. Pvt. Arnold Wells, one of the Katzenjammer Kids, is off to OCS in two weeks.

Lt. Gillo is an up-to-the-minute officer on clothes, and Book of Regulations, how he does sparkle.

Lt. Hoffmeyer is new Postal Officer. A new Cadet Mail Room and new advantages to improve the service.

Ground School Instructors were talking about food at lunch Friday noon. "Start a wood fire out of doors about four o'clock in the afternoon", says Joe Woodward. At seven o'clock about dusk, you will have a bed of coals. Place a large steak on the live coals and turn it over when you hear it sizzle. Man, will you have a steak!"

Belle of the Cadet Ball, Kay Bramlitt, was dancing in the shadows. Stars in her

eyes, "Moonlight Becomes You So", unquote.

Margaret Kent of Service Record Department did not have usual hair ribbon the other morning. That eight-forty bus is the hardest thing to catch. We have heard of a new interest for her in Key West. Also, Edna Poston of that Office is sporting a new Navy insignia. Congratulations.

The Physical Training Department has received and welcomed a new Corporal, Harold T. Preadwell. You are working with fine men when you are connected with that Department under Lt. McCormick, Corporal.

A new Abbott and Costello team have taken over morning duties behind the counter at the Canteen, Mr. Bullock and Mr. Vestal.

Flossie has ordered yellow uniforms and hair nets. In fact, the men smoothed over a rough situation on a Sunday morning when there was no one to serve the Cadets.

Top of the Morn: Heard about a girl who grew to be seventeen years old in Georgia before she found that Damn-Yankee was two words.

Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, J. R. McMeekin; Cadet First Sergeant, C. Z. Hilchowski; Cadet Flight Sergeant, C. H. Wright; Cadet Flight Sergeant, V. B. Whiteside.

Squadron "B", Cadet Captain, Squadron Commander, C. T. Akins; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, W. G. Phillips; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, F. E. Scannell; Cadet First Sergeant, G. T. Duncan; Cadet Flight Sergeant, J. A. Pierson; Cadet Flight Sergeant, D. W. Ray.

Squadron "C", Cadet Captain, Squadron Commander, B. Finnegan; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, T. D. Beasley; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, A. J. Bachhuber; Cadet First Sergeant, J. H. Fogerty; Cadet Flight Sergeant, S. M. Mathes; Cadet Flight Sergeant, G. F. Kelly.

Squadron "D", Cadet Captain, Squadron Commander, J. J. Holland; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, H. B. Thrall; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, W. C. McKenney; Cadet First Sergeant, M. D. Davis; Cadet Flight Sergeant, R. B. Jones; Cadet Flight Sergeant, W. D. Lindsey.

Squadron "E", Cadet Captain, Squadron Commander, T. C. Anderson; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, D. M. Sweeney; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, F. C. Ford; Cadet First Sergeant, P. T. Carrismo; Cadet Flight Sergeant, J. Z. Doner; Cadet Flight Sergeant, G. H. Tong.

Squadron "F", Cadet Captain, Squadron Commander, W. S. King; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, J. H. Gooding; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, J. Fields; Cadet First Sergeant, E. I. Bell; Cadet Flight Sergeant, W. A. Anderson; Cadet Flight Sergeant, W. H. Andrews.

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

Sports

by Lt. G. M. Hoffmeyer

A hot tosser from way back, William S. McAllister of Little Rock, Ark., former Iowa State student, triumphed overwhelmingly over L. A. Baca of Calif. by running away with the horse shoe championship at Carlstrom. Final games of 21-4 and 21-5 give a good indication of "Willie's" pitching.

Basketeers

In a rousing game between squadrons A and B 43-E, a "challenge game", was victorious by the close score of 20-14. The entire contest was fast moving, furious, and at times heated—ask Kelly of "A" and McCollough of "B".

J. R. McMeekin of Squadron "A", a former San Francisco Junior college player, stood out for his amazing shots from "way out". Lanky McCoy Palmer, six feet four inches of "limber" man, shone for "B". More "hot" contests between squadrons are expected in the near future.

Swimming Highlight

George Moore, Pasadena Calif. ace, was an aquatic star at his home town, and A/C Colles Stowell, N. Y., swam at Harvard University.

In the regularly scheduled Carlstrom

CADET APPOINTMENTS

by Norma Tucker

Congratulations go to Aviation Cadets S. K. Osterberg, H. P. Wood, and B. R. Ade, who received their appointments as members of the Wing Staff of Class 43-E Thursday night at a dance given by the Upper Classmen.

Osterberg was named First Captain, Wing Commander, and is very much elated over his appointment. Wing Commander Osterberg hails from Minneapolis, Minn. He'll be wearing stripes soon, so let's watch for them.

Wood, who received the appointment of Cadet Lieutenant, Wing Adjutant, makes the statement that he appreciates the honor of being Wing Adjutant. His hard work was well rewarded. He comes to us from Muncy, Penn., and is a graduate of Bucknell Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In private life he was an engineer.

California vs. Florida

Aviation Cadet Ade was named Cadet Sergeant, Wing Sergeant Major, and although he was at the dance, he did not make himself known. We think it was because he was afraid he would have to make a speech. Ade's home is in La Jolla, Calif. We compared notes on the weather, and, well, we don't know who won the argument. (We still think Florida weather is the best.)

First Lieutenant James E. Beville, Commandant of Cadets, made the appointments during the intermission of one of the lov-

liest dances ever held at Carlstrom Field. The Patio was well lighted with vari-colored lights, and the stag line was not too long, for quite a number of the Cadet wives were in attendance as well as a large number from the office force at Carlstrom.

Slipping

We overheard one Lieutenant from Rhode Island say that the setting was much better than a lot of well-known dance places which he had attended. We also heard a Lieutenant's wife say she was "slipping", since she danced right by the stag line with her better-half and no one broke on her. He had a quick comeback, though. Said he didn't have anything smaller than a ten-dollar bill to wave behind her back.

The Cadet wives think they got a "break" because they had an extra evening with their husbands, and on arriving at the dance we thought we were in the wrong place. It looked more like "lovers' lane" than a dance.

Congratulations

While we are offering congratulations we think we should congratulate the new Cadets who were made Squadron Officers. Lt. Beville also made the following announcement regarding the appointments of men from Squadrons "A", "B", "C", "D", "E", and "F".

Squadron "A", Cadet Captain, Squadron Commander, L. W. Kelley; Cadet Lieutenant, Flight Leader, M. S. Buchanan;

Class swimming meet, these two men merged as co-winners. At the conclusion of the meet Moore and Stowell both had garnered 180 points. Luckily, both contestants will be given duplicate awards.

With these two men on the Carlstrom swimming team, "coach" McCormick feels that in the annual athletic meet between Dorr and Carlstrom it will be one of the "sure" events. Dorr Field take note.

CARLSTROM RAI

Continued from Page 1

easily imagine a jump from your front porch roof, which averages seventeen feet in height.

Harness burns and sprained ankles are common in emergency parachute jumps, but saving a flyer from crashing to death, and possibly from burning to death should the pilot fail to decide to go over the side, erases all fear of an injury one could receive by tripping on a curb stone.

The Parachute Department of Carlstrom Field is the largest of these Departments owned by Embry-Riddle Co. It is one of the largest parachute departments in the southeastern United States.

The parachutes are packed, maintained, and repaired by girl riggers under Chief Parachute Rigger Ray Farwell. The women of Carlstrom are selected according to their strength and co-ordination of mind and hands. The life of the Aviator who wears the 'chute is in her hands.

Riggers and apprentices at Carlstrom are Hazel Hamilton, Rena Bell Smith, Charline Eller, Marie Farwell, and Hazel Thompson. Sincere and industrious women, this is imperative.

'Chutes are packed every sixty days. There is a record card of packing in the seat of each 'chute. The pack is taken apart every sixty days, aired, dried, and inspected. This is the tremendous task of the Carlstrom Field Department; ten to fifteen 'chutes are repacked per day.

The parachute is no mystery, not a hit or miss device, but application of a simple mechanical operation.

There are three months of rigid training for a first class parachute rigger. There are forty-eight square yards of the finest white silk in the canopy of each pack, testing fifty pounds per inch strip. Each suspension line has four hundred fifty pound test strength. There are twenty-four cords to a twenty-four foot 'chute. These fasten to risers of two-ply material constructed to support six thousand pounds each. The weight, in test, that can be supported by the complete harness is twelve tons.

Properly packed and maintained, a parachute cannot fail. The feeling of security must be instilled in every man who wears a 'chute to make him a greater pilot.

May we thank the entire Department under Ray Farwell, who passes on the information, "Take care of your parachute. Do not mistreat this valuable device by allowing sand and water to lessen its effectiveness. Your life may depend upon your parachute."—J.F.D.

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

by Tom Watson, Jr.

Having to go to work on the morning after New Year's Eve certainly has its drawbacks; but then, on the other hand, it has its advantages. It is almost impossible to conceive of said situation failing to supply Fly Paper sources with a libelous story; and in this particular case . . . well, read on, gentle peruser, read on.

The telephone at the local ptomaine ptaavern jangled sleepily. The silence of the dark, cold, early January-first morning had been broken only by occasional groans from the trembling figures huddled over steaming cups of very strong, very black coffee; but now the disconcerting tingle of the telephone brought aching eyes to an inquisitive focus.

Herb Woolf was calling. He might, he feared, be a minute or two late, but would his share-your-car team please wait for him? They would—but he would have to hurry like blazes, because they were, to a man, ever so anxious to get to work.

Minutes passed. Bob Campbell came in for a dash of tomato juice and tabasco sauce, a most invigorating breakfast. George Dudley peeped in, still searching for his lost bird dog. Then a terrific clatter outside announced that the long-awaited Woolf was at the door.

Herb had, it was immediately evident, literally hurried like blazes. He was tying his tie; he was stuffing in his shirttail; he was combing his hair; and he was putting on his jacket—all at the same time. Over his arm hung the final touch for his wardrobe—his pure parachute silk scarf.

But wait! (And by this time all eyes were turned in Herb's direction.) This was a most peculiar scarf! It was white, and it was silk—but, unlike the general run of scarfs, this one had shoulder straps on it! 'Twas his wife's slip! Something new has been added!

Ah yes, going to work on the morning after New Year's Eve has its drawbacks, but Herb can testify that it makes life so much more interesting.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

USO CAMP SHOWS AMUSE CARLSTROM PERSONNEL

Monday evening, January 4, 1943 will long be remembered by the personnel at Carlstrom as the time when good entertainment was furnished by the USO Camp Shows, Inc.

The Patio at the Mess Hall was used for the show, and a very attentive audience was entertained for about an hour by a troupe that proved they were real troupers by overcoming the difficulties of competition from night flying.

The show opened with musical selections by a pretty red-head who could really make

music flow from her accordion. Her name is Penny Beaumont, and she will receive a warm welcome if she ever returns to Carlstrom.

Dick Lane, a very young man, and his Charley McCarthy Cadet, battled the noise of overhead planes and won hands down. This talented ventriloquist even changed his routine to make use of the competing planes and his wit and sheer ability kept the audience in roars. We predict great things for Dick Lane.

Miss Patsy Miller, a good looking brunette, is an accomplished tap dancer and caused the boys (as well as at least one old Lt.) to stand up and whistle, whe- wheuh.

Last, but not least, Eddie and Lucile (Mr. and Mrs.) Roberts, mystified the crowd with their card tricks, sleight of hand, and mental telepathy. All in all, it was a darn good show, and Carlstrom Field is loud in its praise. Give us more USO Camp Shows.

DORR DOINGS

Continued from Page 3

last Saturday he was buying out the town. What is the mystery of Lt. Webster and that parachute?????

Welcome to Lts. Don and Principe—both in the Army Administration.

Lt. Frank went into a meat market to buy a pound of the best steak that the man had. Said butcher wanted to know if he wanted it financed through the Commercial Credit Co. or G.M.A.C.

Lynx

At the housewarming of the Lofgren Martins all the Link Department was present, especially T/S Dobberphul and Pfc. Marshak. These two had trouble getting their avoirdupois off the bus next morning.

FOR SALE: See Lawrence Poole for fresh sausages. There's plenty of good hot coffee in the hangar canteen now.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

For the Cadets—

A first class Blue Circuit show Wednesday night in the Canteen lounge. The entertainment was headed by Lucille and Eddie Roberts, who recently completed an extended engagement at the Rainbow Room in New York City.

For Major Charles S. Bentley—

His well-earned promotion from Captaincy to Majority.

For the remaining officers—

A cloud of gloom since the transfer of Lt. Joseph Palmer to Sebring.

For the Flying Instructors—

The return of some of their star pupils, who are now handling the Army's best propellers at Sarasota: namely, Lt. J. C. Wassou, Lt. William Orr, Lt. R. H. Mushlit. These officers report that many more of Dorr's proud graduates are also located at Sarasota Army Air Base.

War Widow Carries On

The War made Mrs. Madeline Sias a widow, so now she is training in Miami to become a ship's radio operator and avenge her husband's death.

It has been almost a year since Mrs. Sias, 36, who resides at 532 N. W. 35th St., opened the telegram informing her that her husband's freighter had been torpedoed and that he was "missing at sea", but she is more determined now than ever to "even scores with the enemy".

Her husband, John Sias, 39, was first assistant engineer on a Lykes Bros. ship carrying a cargo of sulphur from New Orleans to New York, when it was sunk off Hatteras last March 19 with a loss of five men from the crew of 36.

"If we had an army where women could carry guns and get in the thick of the fighting, I'd be the first to enlist", she said. "However, I feel the next worthwhile thing for me to do is to carry on where my husband left off — at sea."

Mrs. Sias, who is learning radio communications at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, believes women should take greater interest in "this serious business of War" and fit themselves for more active participation in the nation's effort toward defeating the Axis.

"Don't be surprised if the shortage of our manpower reaches the stage where women

will be needed to man ships", she warned. "That's the situation in Russia today, and the women are doing a commendable job."

Mrs. Sias, who has lived for the last 12 years in Shreveport, La., came to Miami for



Madeline Sias

radio instruction because of the climate. A victim of hay fever, Mrs. Sias said she has not suffered from the ailment during the few months she has been here.

BY ONE OF THEM

by Pvt. Mike Feuerstein
Class 10-43-A

*From dawn to dawn, up in the blue,
They cross the endless sky
Handled by that dauntless crew
The Army men who fly.*

*Here at home; in far off lands,
Their wings are proudly spread,
Ready to take a fighting stand —
Ready to feed 'em lead.*

*But far beneath the battle's glory
Working nite and day,
Are men who figure in the story
In an all important way.*

*There they stand, ready and able—
Able to keep 'em flying
With sweat and skill, wrench and cable,
With spirit never dying.*

*They nurse 'em, feed 'em, treat 'em kindly;
They never miff a try
For one mechanic working blindly
May cause a man to die.*

*Their bath of glory consists of grease,
Hi-test gas fills their veins
Their job is one that knows no cease
For they're part of the planes.*

*So, when next you pause to lift your eyes
And gaze into the blue
Remember the men who make 'em fly
The men of the Ground Crew!!!!*

SEC. 562, P. L. & R.



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