Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1941-10-15

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY - to the FLY PAPER

Well, folks, nobody but Ye Editor seems to realize it, but this issue marks the First Birthday of the Fly Paper,--- one year of continuous publication, and how she has grown! From a one sheet paper handed out to the few employees and students around the Municipal Base to 2,400 copies of a 24-page booklet that is distributed and mailed all over the State of Florida, the United States, Canada, England, Scotland, South Africa, South and Central America, Mexico and Hawaii!

We always wanted a weekly newspaper, and now we have it, and with a circulation that greatly exceeds the average country newspaper. And you darn betcha we’re proud of the FLY PAPER, but it’s still YOUR paper and all credit for what it is goes not to Ye Editor who burns the midnight oil making it, nor to Boss Riddle who pays the bills,---but to you and you and you, the Readers, the Correspondents and all the members of our Embry-Riddle family who are the Fly Paper!

To you, then, we rededicate the Fly Paper, for your interest, your amusement and your enjoyment, let’s "Stick to it", and thru your cooperation make it bigger and better than ever, with 5,000 copies circulation our goal within the next year!
"LEVELING"

Only good result of the storm which recently swept thru several southern states was the simply splendid spirit of cooperation and brotherhood which the emergency brought to light. As Boss Riddle said to us, "A storm certainly brings home to us that all men are equal!"

How true that is,- rich or poor, educated or illiterate, young or old,- every man had but one thought, to be busy, helping or being helped,- and to have some other human being for companionship when the going get "rough". Neighbors we hardly knew came to our rescue in boarding up windows; and we, in turn, helped people we had never seen and will probably never see again- for no reason except that we wanted to "help". It was a spirit that prevailed throughout the whole storm area,- and what a crime that it takes a disaster to bring out this finer side of human nature! It would be such a better world if we could always have this desire to help our fellow men,- and would pay big dividends in personal satisfaction and happiness!

Someone once chided us for handing out "orchids" indiscriminately,- but this is one time we're opening our Editorial Greenhouse to the whole organization,- they all deserve those badges of merit! The student-employee personnel from every base were in there "pitching", linemen, cadets, instructors, maintenance men, the Presi-

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EDITORIAL - (Continued)

dent, the vice presidents, Royal Air Force and U. S. Army Air Corps officers (some of whom got blisters 'diggin in' ships at Tallahassee),—that, readers, is cooperation—the spirit and drive that makes Embry-Riddle the great school it is. Don't worry, America, men like these will "Keep 'em Flying", no matter what, and we're damned proud of every one of them!

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THIS 'N' THAT

Goodbye and Good Luck to MAX FROOM, who is leaving the photographic department to open his own photographic and portrait studio in Miami at 21 Beacon Boulevard... that's right beside the Riverside Post Office, just off Flagler Street at 22nd Avenue... Max is a good craftsman,—and was plenty well liked by all those who knew him... and a little plug for an old friend — when you get those Christmas pictures, don't forget Max... he'll make good pictures for you,—and "treat you right"!

Plenty of sympathy to our friend Lieutenant Commander D. H. HAMBLER at the Opa-Locka Naval Air Station... Lieut. Worth Sherrill tells us that the Commander has been in the sick bay for several weeks due to an operation, but is recuperating now and will be on active duty again within two weeks... What was the matter,—was the trip to the "States" too much for you, Commander?

More credit where credit is due: That so good poem about the Maintenance Crew in a recent issue was the work of JACK HOBLER who does such an excellent job on MENTIONING MUNICIPAL... Jack is also the artist responsible for many of our cartoons... another correspondent who deserves special mention is ARTHUR LEE HARRELL who has never failed to send in an interesting story from Carlstrom Field. In fact, at the present reading of the old family Bible,—all our correspondents are doing a fine job and should be highly complimented on giving up a part of their leisure time in order to spread the news about their respective bases of operations.

CORRECTIONS: Mrs. Riddle has been razzing us about saying that those were Royal Palms or something that are being planted at Carlstrom and Clewiston. "They are," she says, "Cocos Plumea"... Okay,—you win,—but
they're nice trees anyway! More corrections from that sterling team of Harrell and Delanty,- it seems we have been insulting both the Army and the Navy by misnaming their air arms,—the Navy is correctly called U.S. Navy Bureau of Aeronautics with the flight students designated as Aviation Cadets; while the Army is correctly called U. S. Air Force, with flight students designated as Flying Cadets.

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We just learned that Mary Francis Lyon's absence from the Main Office switchboard last week was occasioned by her husband's leaving for the Army... and we didn't even know she was married... "Hubby", in private life, made that delicious Howard Johnson ice cream...

STORM SEQUEL... really biggest event during recent storm was that Arcadia flight instructor RED McKENDRY became a "papa"... the happy event occurred in the Tampa hospital,— and Daddy McKendry stopped in to see his new offspring on his way back from Tallahassee with one of the trainers flown up there for safety... in other words, Red, a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points, eh?... Anyhoo, many congratulations, fellow!

Another interesting sidelight was that "Pathe" Earle and Joe Gibson "covered" the storm for the news reels with the same camera used by them in the famous 1926 hurricane. Incidentally, "Pathe" celebrated his 66th birthday on October 10th.

NEWS FROM ABROAD!

At last comes definite word from some of our friends flying in England,- eating at the Flight's End Cafe, Miami Municipal Base, the other day, we met EDDIE GAUBIS, former employee who told us of having received a cablegram from SHORTY HALL a couple of weeks ago,— "ALL OKAY. HOWS MY BANK BALANCE. REGARDS TO ALL." ... which sounds like Shorty!"

Further news comes from CAPTAIN WEDGE, assigned to Municipal on the Atlantic Ferry Service... Wedge was the chap who checked out most of the American pilots from Canada some time ago... on a very recent trip to England, he met BILLY HANKS in Scotland... Billy, well known to many Embry-Riddleites, is ferrying Hurricanes to the front with Shorty, and reported that they had had no contact with the enemy,— in fact, they hadn't even seen an enemy airplane!... He and Shorty were vacationing
in Scotland, and thru him we learn that Shorty was not in the hospital as rumored,—in fact, his worst injury to date was a boil on the back of his neck last February... the boys plan to return to the States for Christmas,—and we're all looking forward to seeing them.

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HELP THE BOWLING TEAM!
By Tom Moxley

For 'evens sake,—if there are any good bowlers in the Tech School, come on out and help your pals on the Tech School Bowling Team! With Joe Balik and Louie Hamm both out of town, the Tech Team is going down and down from their coveted first place position. If you can bowl, get in touch with Jim McShane at Once! With the Pilots Team, it's just the other story,—those fellers are going to town, and for the second week have knocked off three consecutive wins. There are only five more weeks in this league, so let's EVERYBODY get behind these teams and make a good record!

Things and stuff —— Jim Sutton...s back again for the Cross Country course and has rejoined the Pilots Team... only casualty in the recent wind storm appears to be C. W. Tinsley who claims he fell down on a wet rock, bumping his chin... anyway, he has seven stitches in the lower section of his map...
... could be motorcycle??... visitors included the Misses Francis, Brown and Shoemaker and Mrs. Tinsley and Mrs. McShane... Art Gibbons was absent due to his family's return from their vacation... Scores were:

PILOTS vs Biltmore Service

| Tinsley     | 123 | 132 | 151 |
| Sutton      | 142 | 152 | 155 |
| Moxley      | 94  | 123 | 121 |
| Kees        | 160 | 133 | 116 |
| Golley      | 165 | 153 | 129 |
| Totals      | 696 | 711 | 653 |

TECH vs Phillips Construction Co.

| Nix         | 136 | 144 | 183 |
| McShane     | 134 | 119 | 133 |
| Pyott       | 147 | 177 | 129 |
| Balik       | average score used 141 |
| Hamm        | average score used      |
| Totals      | 709 | 732 | 737 |

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DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
por Philip A. de la Rosa

Nos es muy grato el ver el interés que ha despertado la Escuela de Aviación Embry-Riddle, en la América Latina, al anunciar que ofrecemos cursos completos en todas las fases de la industria de la aviación, tanto en la instrucción de vuelo primaria y avanzado, como en la de la parte
ténica.

El correo nos trae cada día más y más cartas procedentes de la mayor parte de los países de Sur América, escritas por personas que comprenden la necesidad indiscutible de adquirir el adiestramiento necesario para poder ingresar con éxito en la industria prima de la aviación. La correspondencia nos está llegando de Cuba, México, Costa Rica, Honduras Británica, Colombia, Venezuela, Perú y de la Argentina, así como también de latinoamericanos residentes en este país.

También nos place observar que el estudiante procedente de los países de la América Latina, posee las características imprescindibles para el estudio de una carrera en la industria de la aviación, tales como, alto interés en sus estudios, aptitud innata, diligencia, constancia y asimilación rápida. Estas cualidades les han de asegurar un avance pronto y seguro en el campo de la industria.

En vista de lo que exponemos, nuestra observación final, es que los países Hispano-Americanos, a los cuales se adapta tan perfectamente el sistema de transporte aereo, tienen en sus ciudadanos el elemento humano, con el cual les es posible desarrollar y mantener la industria de la aviación.

Miami, Octubre 10 de 1941.

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TECH SCHOOL & MAIN OFFICE NEWS
By Dot Schooley & Catherine Bruce

Sebíe Smith tells us there probably will be a new course added to the Tech School Curriculum, Air Craft Electricity. However, this is not definite..... Forest Frazier will accompany Mr. Wells on his journey northward, when he, Frazier, will job hunt,— Glen L. Martin in Baltimore will be on his list. Good luck Mr. Frazier.... Quite a stir was created in the accounting Department when the 'local lads' discovered Peggy Graham, the new addition to Mr. Gish's office was a "Miss"... They passed us like a streak, all headed for a chat with Mr. Gish...
Tech Students, Buddy Brown, Bob Green, Judson Tanner and Sam Goldstein played "hockey" from school Thursday to go fishing in Buddy's boat. The fish stories they told would fill the rest of the pages of the Fly Paper. Anyway, they returned tired and sunburned but with 130 lbs. of fish (Sharks and Baracuda included)...

Warren Button is still waiting patiently for his ground school instructor's rating. It's been three weeks now, another week and Mr. Button will be silver haired from anxiety.

From Jim McShane we learned that John Ordway was in an auto accident in Palm Beach, in which he acquired some bad bruises. So sorry to hear this Johnny, but glad 'twas nothing more than bruises.

Bruz Carpenter, brought back a carload of the RAF boys from Arcadia for the showing of "A Yank in the RAF", he dropped them at the tech school for a look around while he went for gas and when he returned the British chaps had caught a taxi for Miami Beach, where Mr. Carpenter had planned to take them himself. Oh, well, we're sure they misunderstood, Bruz.

Mr. Ropel seems to feel that his department has been sadly neglected when it comes to breaking into print, however, you really have to go through the engine Department from one end to the other to realize just how large and well-equipped it is, the most expensive and all kinds of machines are to be found here. You won't have to don overalls for your visit, either! You could wear white gloves, touch everything and not have them spotted. This being Mr. Ropel's pride and joy, he could talk for hours about it. If you really want to see a perfectly run, clean and spacious engine shop, just tour this block long department with Mr. Ropel as your able guide...

Among visitors was young BILLY BARR, who came down from Orlando to visit Papa Art Barr... accompanying Billy was a very lovely lady, Miss "Lindy" Studer from Sarasota... and surprise to us was learning that Tech School Director LEE MALMSTEN was flying at Municipal with HELEN CAVIS, renewing his private license...

Oh, yes, the dormitory on the 5th floor will be completed and ready for occupancy within a couple of weeks... In addition to sleeping quarters,
good, hot meals will be served... anyone interested in making reservations please contact Mr. Gish on the 4th floor...

FLASH! Our story of two weeks ago about the young man about to "interview" the gal's papa has at last come true,-- the question has been popped, and everything is OKAY ---- JACkSON G. FLOWERS will marry DOROTHY BAILEY,-- and soon! They were out looking at houses last Saturday afternoon. Well, well,-- plenty of Congratulations, kids!

And Tech Student GEORGE W. HAFNER just came in. He's gotten ground instructor's ratings in Aircraft Instruments, CAR, Aircraft, Parachutes, Meteorology, Aerial Navigation, Radio and Engines all within the last year. A wonderful accomplishment, and he certainly deserves plenty of compliments on his work. He doesn't know where he goes from here, but says, "I've got the ratings,-- now I'm going out and use them!" Good Luck, George!

* * *

DEDICATED to ED CHINA and all other members of the PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

"Keep your temper, gentle sir," Writes the manufacturer, "Though your goods are overdue, For a month, or maybe two, We can't help it, please don't swear, Labor's scarce and steel is rare. Can't get copper, can't get dies, These are facts, we tell no lies.

"Harry's drafted, so is Bill, All our work is now up-hill. So your order, we're afraid, May be yet a bit delayed. Still you'll get it, don't be vexed, Maybe this month, maybe next. Keep on hoping, don't say die. We'll fill your order, bye and bye."
MENTIONING MUNICIPAL
By Jack Hobler

We've been told by the Editor that a story on the hurricane's effects on Municipal's usual placid way of life is an absolute necessity to this week's issue. Well, we figured it might make good copy, so we really expected to write this long before Ye Ed even mentioned it.

The fun began Saturday around midnight, when we got the weather report from the neighboring Bureau station. The night crew went into immediate action, speeding up their work to finish early so they could take care of the Cubs down at the Seaplane Base. While Charlie Bestoso contacted the owners of the private ships tied down on our field here, Ed Hurley made arrangements to dismantle the seaplanes and truck them up here to the hangar if necessary. We left work in the wee hours of Sunday morning with a feeling of tense expectancy.

Sunday dawned bright and beautiful - too beautiful. We arrived at the field around noon to find the place seething with the activity of preparation. Charlie Barnhardt, Ray Norton, Clyde Ellis, Joe Garcia, Roger Carley, C. W. Tinsley, Buddy Carruthers, Jack Wantz, and Emmett Brown were ferrying the Wacos, the Fairchild trainers, the little Stinsons and the big Reliants to Arcadia, away from the oncoming storm. Van Burgin, doing all the worrying and brain work, grabbed us and put us in Operations for a few hours to allow Julian Stanley to go to Van's Home and help the missus board up. We listened to the fifteen-minute weather reports with avid interest. When Julian came back we were hustled off to tour Miami in search of candles. It took us an hour to locate a dozen. We dashed back to the airport to hop off in the new Reliant for Carlstrom, with Ray Norton and Buddy Carruthers. From 1500 feet we could see the eastern sky graying ominously. An hour and five minutes later we landed at Carlstrom, into one of the most breath-taking sunsets we have ever seen. A glowing red at the horizon paled through pink to flaming orange, and overhead a high formation of cirro-stratus lay like golden lace against the deep sapphire blue.
Activity was here, too. BT-15's were being flown in from Clewiston to add themselves to the two lines of ships that nearly spanned the entire mile-long north side of the field. The hangars were full. Clusters of instructors stood about, awaiting orders from Len Povey. Emergency duty had brought many of them from intended outings and fishing trips. Our old friend Sterling Camden strode out of one group to greet us. He was followed by Clete Huff, Tom Gates, Johnny Fradet, Lt. George Ola; Bob Johnston noted our wondering gaze at the beauty above and told us that was the hurricane sky. Jimmy Cousins walked over from the BT he had just brought in. We dropped into the canteen for a coke and found Mrs. Williams' service-with-a-smile still in evidence. Jack Crummer's voice demanded a chocolate milk over our shoulder, and a trio of RAF cadets across the counter played King-Bee for ice cream. Mrs. Riddle, Mrs. Povey, and Mrs. Robertson met us in front of the new mess hall patio and asked the news from Miami.

A kindly soul drove us into town to await Clyde Ellis, who was bringing Ray Norton's car over from Municipal. We ran into Clara Louise Hunt while waiting, and had a pleasant little chin-fest on the Arcadia House porch. Clyde showed up shortly and we had a bite of supper before driving back to Miami. (If he tells anyone I had six hamburgers and a pie à la mode, it's not the entire truth; he left out the iced tea.) The drive home was exciting too. Our headlights picked out numerous rattlesnakes and moccasins on the road, and were reflected from myriad pairs of eyes that scurried for cover of darkness as we approached them.

The wind kept increasing as we drew near Miami, and when we finally reached Municipal, it was quite strong. In the hangar, for all-night duty, were Phil Stiles, Lynelle Rabun, Jack Little and Andy Rosario. And completely in charge for the duration was Van Burgin himself. (Said he wouldn't ask anyone else to do something he wouldn't do himself.) The Cubs were well checked in the hangar, and Chen Elmore had done himself proud in lashing down parts and supplies in the stockroom. A battery radio was bringing them hourly weather reports and as the wind increased they made systematic checks all over the hangar. The Lieutenant entertained us between checks with some of the best stories and jokes we've
ever heard. By 2:00 Monday morning the roaring wind was hurling gravel off the runways against the hangar; it banged the rattling doors louder; it tore loose the two big signs at the main gate and flung them across the road, to crash against the old Hatcher's Restaurant. Rain drummed steadily on the corrugated steel roof. We were using a spare steel altimeter for a barometer, and could actually see it fall as we watched. At 4:15 the lights went out; matches flared and candles were it. Flashlights flickered as we made our check rounds. The telephones buzzed incessantly - Mr. Riddle wanting to know how everything was, Mrs. Burgin reporting to Van on conditions at home (the kids wouldn't go to sleep), Ye Editor forgetting there was a reporter on the job, pilots asking how we were taking it. The sandwiches Van had thoughtfully provided for the boys were disappearing fast; ants got the last two. Around 5:30 the howling, shrieking wind hit its peak, and our improvised barometer hit its depth, 29.34 - quite a drop from 29.90 at 4:00 P.M. Sunday.

Then things began to slowly slacken off. The wind slowly, reluctantly, diminished its force. Soon patches of dirty pink began to show in the eastern sky. Dawn. Somehow, from then on time seemed to pass quickly. Betty Hair arrived to take care of the growing number of phone calls. Les Bowman came in to see what damage, if any. Charlie Barnhardt drove out to relieve the sleepy Lieutenant, and we dropped into the Flight's End Cafe for much-desired breakfast. We were a disheveled, grimy, unshaven bunch over our 10:30 coffee, but a thankful one, too.

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Hurricane Footnote: Vern Wunnenberg was forced down with engine failure almost in his own back yard while ferrying one of his beloved Aeroncas up to Port Lauderdale. His disgust was so great that we found the following "For Sale" sign on his other C3 in the hangar: "Special - 50¢ and 10 Wheaties box tops".

* * *

The Secondary CPT Program started this week and we find a lot of our Primary boys taking it: Russell Brown, Warren Brumlik, Tom Gammage, Fred Hawes, Tommy Hilbisch, Roy Robinson, Dick Sawyer, and Henry Tonkin. The new-comers include Harry Audette, Malcolm Campbell, Martin De Bear, Felix Di Francisco, George Hamilton, Fred Hodes, John Landrum, Joshua Langfur, Robert Minervini, Harry Reeder. The best of luck to you all, fellows.

** * *

The Cross-Country course also started this week, under Jack Wantz and C. W. Tinsley, using the new Reliant. Flying with Jack are Roy Kunkel,
Dave Burch, and Bas Pollard; with C. W. are Julian Stanley, Bob Marshall, and Jim Sutton. How do you like the new bus, boys?

* * *

Question of the Week: By what name other than "Prettyboy" has what certain handsome instructor at Municipal been called? And is it true that our long debates with a certain member of the Maintenance Crew have finally convinced him that there is a place for woman in a man's life, and are responsible for those oh-so-long phone calls lately?

* * *

Tom Gates and Joe Horton flew the other Sikorsky over from Arcadia Friday and we must say their chutes were very much in evidence. Now, if that hurricane turns around and hits Municipal before Jim McShane’s class does, some aircraft students are going to get cheated out of a dismantling job.

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That's all for now, folks. Gosh, we're sleepy! Hope you don't have as much trouble reading our blow-by-blow account of the Big Blow as we had writing it.

R.A.I. CARLSTROM FIELD NEWS

By Arthur Lee Harrell

Hurricane, hurricane, who's got the hurricane? We weren't able to find it but some of the pilots flew all over a coupla states -- and finally found it. Called upon to stand by beginning Sunday afternoon, most of us "stood by" - and we do mean "stood" - until noon Monday. Many didn't get to bed at all Sunday night and 'came the dawn' Monday saw nearly 200 planes take off from Carlstrom Field. All of Clewiston's PTs, BTs and ATs, and ships from Miami had been flown to Carlstrom Sunday afternoon and with all of Carlstrom's planes took off to out-run the hurricane. The Carlstrom planes made a quick trip to McDill Field at Tampa and were hurriedly stowed away in the giant "hurricane proof" hangar left vacant when the huge bombers flew north. The Clewiston PTs went to Ocala and their BTs and ATs kept on to Tallahassee where some of the gang, Johnny Cockrill, Woody Edmondson, Clete Huff, Gordon Nagey, Sam Worrelly and others finally ran into the hurricane. All the gang should be proud that the mass movement of nearly 200 planes although attended by many "jitters"--was carried out with no damage to equipment.
After a vacation, Ed Wells' ranch roast and the hurricane, it seems comparatively dull here this week. Only the "routine" business of training future USAC'ers and RAP'ers goes on unabated with the bad weather flights, F and G, going "all out" in an effort to get their classes through on schedule.

The quarters and half dollars keep up a steady jingle as the "fines" roll in due to this error or that error. Just about all of us have had to "dig" but the prize "digger" is Charlie Sullivan who unfortunately had to kick in one buck for one afternoon's flying. The pot must be getting awfully fat and soon should be able to finance "something big".

The manner in which the American Cadets march "in cadence" to and from the flying line is an inspiring sight. Certainly their instructors should gain determination to turn out a fine bunch of flyers from such an eager group of lads.

We welcome space this week to seek the cooperation of every member of RAI at Carlstrom Field in making this particular news column by and about EVERYONE here at Carlstrom. This Riddle division comprises several hundred members and includes maintenance and ground crew personnel, ground school personnel, canteen and mess hall, office force, operations men, pilots and officers. Everyone is a part of the organization and should represent and be represented — and the only correct way to do it is for each one to accept a small part of the responsibility.

This week you'll find a Fly Paper News Box located over the drinking fountain in No. I hangar later there will be others, and we sincerely hope everyone of you will, from time to time, drop whatever little news items, comedy, social or what have you, in it so we'll all know what's really "going on around here."

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TRAVELING WITH THE EDITOR

Like all our trips, - this was a "hurry up" jaunt from Miami to Clewiston, by car, arriving at the Mess Hall just in time to argue Steward Howard
Schooley into a skeptical admission that we were not late for lunch—well, not too late! We had an excellent luncheon accompanied by the undertone of a navigation ground school class at the north end of the Mess Hall—and then beat it for the office, where we found FLETCHER GARDNER still handing out free cigars on that new baby deal...

...in front of the barracks were Sgt. Tom Pullin, Charlie Ebbets and Max Fromm watching the excavating machines working on the swimming pool...then we were taken in tow by Bob Johnston, Ernie Smith and Ray Morders who took us to the supply shed to show us the 6 new Link Trainers, just arrived...that's the way we want to learn to fly...Bob promised us a 50 hour private pilot's course in a Link Trainer!

Enroute, we saw that the hangar foundations were poured and waiting for the steel—due next week...As G. Tyson told us, "For the last seven weeks, the steel has been due—next week! We'll believe it when we see it."...At the Supply Shed, a temporary storage dump for material and equipment and as busy a place as we've ever seen, we met L. M. HUTSON, the Clewiston Superintendent of Maintenance...he definitely promised us to have one of his crew write a weekly report on the activities of the maintenance gang...hope he does better than JOE HORTON's correspondent who went on a vacation after his first two contributions...incidentally, we asked Mr. Hutson what all the fellows called him,—"Oh," says he, "just 'Hutson'!"...but we noticed the nickname "Bottle Neck" used more than any other name...
Back in the temporary canteen, in the Mess Hall, we met our old friends British Cadets Peter Clayton and Gerry Walker... and correspondent G. J. Cassidy who introduced us to cartoonist Brian Keady... and showed us their WALL PAPER, that super interesting weekly paper issued by the "Clewiston Group"... also in the canteen was ANNETTE GANTT, a Clewiston girl whom we met in Miami and who is now working as secretary to Fletcher Gardner... she sent her regards to Lucille Fox in the Main Office, and introduced us to JOHN PULLEN, chief time clerk in the Operations Department.

Among other new people we met were Major GEORGE BURDICK, RAF Squadron Leader replacing Maj. Fanstone, who has been reassigned to Washington, D. C. ... a couple of gentlemen... sorry to have Major Fanstone leave, however, we welcome Major Burdick heartily... then there was OWEN MOOREHEAD the athletic director at Clewiston... newly arrived from his home town of new Bloomfield, Penna., he's an old time friend and classmate of BOB TOWSON, the Carlstrom Field Athletic Director... they should work well together and provide many an interesting inter-unit athletic contest... no newcomer, but pretty much of a surprise to us, was meeting BUDDY CARRUTHERS, -- we had seen him three days before as a primary instructor at Municipal Base, -- and now find him on the instructional staff at Clewiston... the lad gets around...

In a hurry, still, we met Boss Riddle at the Reliant at 4 to fly back to Miami... bringing with us two of the British Cadets... laugh of laughs was that the chaps brought their parachutes, "Regulations, yuh know!" ... on the flip of a coin, Cadet JOHN BRADLEY, Nottingham, won the coveted co-pilot's seat beside the Boss, and IAN MILLER, Arbroath, Scotland, sat back stage with Ye Editor, giving us the opportunity to learn that the United States was nothing new to him... he spent 5 years studying at the University of California, majoring in Economics, and his ambition is to get a Master's Degree at Harvard...

Taking off at 4:12, we headed for Miami thru squally weather and some rain... and for the information of Rainbow Chasers, -- please be advised
that there is no Pot of Gold at the end of the Rainbow... seeing our first rainbow from the air, we discovered that that beautiful phenomenon is not stationary, but is always on the move,- in other words, "Gold is where you find it" ... but not at the end of the Rainbow... about this time GEORGE OLA passed us like a bolt from the blue,- in his favorite AT-6... and we spotted some Navy ships practicing dive bombing on a tiny target anchored in the middle of the Everglades... landing at Municipal at 5:04 we hung around the air yards 'waiting for G. Tyson who flew in with Maj. Burdick and Len Povey (with cigar) who flew in with Jack Hunt...

And so,- off to dinner with Bradley and Miller, and thence to Sonny Shepard's Lincoln Theatre where we met up with about 50 of the Senior Class from Clewiston to see "A Yank in the R. A. F." ... as one of the chaps said,"A good 'flick!'" ...enjoyed seeing all the lads, and were particularly amused at Cadet Captain EAVES, who was much worried about not having a necktie... yet we noticed that he was the only one to wind up with a charming young lady... one of the Cadets explained the R. A. F. motto "Per Ardua Ad Astra" ... translated it means,- "Thru Adversity to the Stars" ... and is an excellent motto...

A bunch of the old timers were there, too... Lloyd Lampman and wife... Mr. and Mrs. Art Lawrence of Clewiston... Catherine Minges... Jerry Levy... Pearsall Day... Dr. and Mrs. Don Robbins and on and on... 'twas a swell evening!

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ANOTHER MARRIAGE IN THE OFFING

Seen at the Dade County Courthouse last Saturday afternoon was MEL KLEIN,- getting official permission to marry Miss PHYLLIS THOMPSON... the big event will be this Saturday, and the newly-weds will honeymoon at the usual "un-disclosed destination"... congrats, Mel,- and also, many congratulations on your new job with the School... Mel will teach that new course Aircraft Electricity... also in that department will be old friend BILL BECKWITH...
GREATER MIAMI AIRPORT ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON

Rough riding on the Bicarb Circuit last week was Captain Len Povey, who flew in from Arcadia, bringing with him Maj. Fanstone, Ernie Smith and Cadet Captain Eaves from Clewiston, for a luncheon appearance at the weekly meeting of the Greater Miami Airport Association, Wednesday noon at the McAllister Hotel in Miami. It looked more like an Embry-Riddle luncheon... in addition to the above mentioned guests, there were pilots Charlie Barnhardt, Bob Ahern and Joe Garcia from Municipal Base, publicity man Warren Smith, chief Aircraft Engine instructor Ed Riopel and Director Lee Malmsten from the Technical School, and Ye Editor, who was talked into doing the introductions thru the combined conniving of our good friends Carl Fromhagen and Jack Erneman. Also present was Bill Reeder, flight student Harry Reeder's big brother, Al Hansen, Airport Manager, and Weatherman Ernest Carson, who was voted the Association's thanks for his excellent work in forecasting the path of last week's hurricane.

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LETTERS,- from Alumni, Students, Employees and Friends

Our desk drawer has become stuffed with unanswered letters from various members of the gang,- so here goes for another general housecleaning.-

First on top of the stack is from HYMAN GALBUT, writing from 7219 Felaret St., New Orleans, La.,- Hyman was a primary CPTP student at the Seaplane Base under Jim Cousins and "Wiggle" and writes, "Am just finishing my pre-medical course and entering the school of Medicine at Tulane University. Please change my address for the Fly Paper and give best wishes to Mr. Cousins and Mr. Wiggin."

Next is a memo from director of the Embry-Riddle South American Division, Prof. F. A. de la Rose, who attaches a letter from the Mexican Embassy at Washington, D. C., signed by Jose Perez Allende, Lt. Colonel in the Mexican Army Air Corps, inquiring about a flight course for Miguel Chapital, Orizaba No. 215, Mexico, D. F., as a result of the Spanish section being run in the Fly Paper. Swell, we're always glad to have letters from our South American neighbors!
Then, C. C. Clark, Jr., writes in from Clewiston where he is a flight instructor, asking to be put on the mailing list — and, also, that his father, C. C. Clark, Sr., and friends, C. O. Tate, Jr. and W. C. Thomas, all from West Virginia, be included on our mailing list. Has been done, Mr. Clark, and we’re glad you had such a swell time at our Deauville Party. Don’t miss the next one!

From BILL PARRY, Riverton, N. J., to ED RIOPEL, "Just a line to let you know that I haven’t given up school but am just taking a short vacation in New Jersey..... expect to return Oct. 15, so will be in school as soon as possible after that date. We also expect to take possession of our new house in Coral Gables and are anxious to have you and Mrs. Riopel down there as soon as we get things straightened out. Good Luck, and give all the fellows in the Engine Class my best regards."

From Leon Namoff, Dorm. 4-18, Middle River Station, Baltimore, to Phil Vacari, Welding Student, "I’m working at Glenn Martin as a spot welder, beginning at 60¢ an hour... very short of men here in all departments... I’m in the new #2 Plant and they are short about 20,000 men to start full capacity production... Chances for advancement seem very good... room and board costs $10 to $12 per week... it’s getting pretty cold here and my southern blood can’t stand much of it... say hello to Charley Frue and Mr. Barr and the rest of the gang for me."

From Lieut. F. Webster Wiggin to Lieut. Van H. Burgin, "Just a line to let you know where I am. Have been assigned to Squad #17 which is VOMS (or just plain seaplanes to you.) Will write details after I get more acclimated. Best regards to everyone, "Miggy". His address, in case you want to write, is U. S. Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas.

To Flight Registrar Arthur Gibbons from CPTP graduate CHARLES CLOSE, now attending the University of Florida and living at 1528 W. Orange Street, Gainesville, Fla., "Please put my name on the Fly Paper mailing list, and regards to all." Well, that’s 'nuff said, huh?

Chief Welding instructor Art Barr gets a card from welding graduate HUGH Stuart, writing from 201 Voorhees St., Buffalo, N. Y., "Have been working here for Bell Aircraft about 6 weeks... making 70¢ an hour at present and expect a raise within a month or 6 weeks. Like it pretty well. Regards to all the gang."
CLEWISTON NEWS
By George May and G. J. Cassidy

Telegram - "Flying double shifts account bad weather last week. No time for news this week but will cover completely in next issue."

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