HONORED GUESTS!

Prominent visitors around the Bases during the past week were the group of Royal Air Force and U. S. Army Air Corps officials who came thru to make a tour of our Flight Bases at Arcadia and Clewiston, and the R.A.F. Navigation School at the University of Miami. Included in the official inspection party were Air Marshal A. R. Carrod, Group Captain D. V. Carnegie, Group Captain Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton, Wing Commander J. B. Beck, Air Marshal Harris and Wing Commander W. E. Gulton, all of the R.A.F., and Brig. General C. E. Stratemeyer, Major C. R. Feldman and Captain J. H. Price of the Army Air Corps. A fine group of gentlemen, much interested and much impressed with the training activities they witnessed.

Another big story this week is the complete reorganization which has taken place in the stock-room situation. No longer affiliated with the Purchasing Department, a separate department to be known as Materiel Control has been organized under the leadership of B. H. "Bucky" Buxton, and will handle all supplies issued to the various stock rooms at the Bases in Miami, Clewiston and Arcadia. With 20 employees in the Department, "Bucky" has a hard, and important, job to get under control, all good luck to him!
FLY PAPER

"Stick To It"

Published weekly by
The Embry-Riddle School of Aviation
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Riddle Aeronautical Institute
Carlstrom Field,
Arcadia, Florida

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Riddle Field
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SACRIFICES

A long, long time ago, about 18 months, we'd say, a young feller asked us if we thought he should sell his car to enable him to continue his flying lessons. "Do you," we asked him, "want to fly?" When he answered in the affirmative, we recommended that he sell the car, by all means! And then wondered if we had given the right advice. -- Time has answered that question for us, -- today, that young man is earning $350 per month, with a great future ahead of him!

Three other cases we can quote from memory, -- another lad who sold his car; a married chap with a family who quit a good job to devote his time to learning to fly, -- and the fellow who rode a bicycle 30 miles each day to take his flight lesson, -- each of those fellows made untold sacrifices to gain his end, -- and today one of them is a flight instructor with the School, one is a pilot on Pan American Airways and the third is a commissioned officer in the U. S. Army Air Force. To these MEN we can think of no better tribute than the Royal Air Force motto "Per Ardua ad Astra", -- Through Adversity to the Stars!

These chaps knew adversity, suffering and sacrifice, -- yet they reached their goals! There are others in our School right now who are going thru the same struggle, -- we don't know who they are because a man struggling towards a goal seldom talks about it, -- but we wanted these chaps to know that others had done it and are doing it, -- they are not alone in their struggles.

(Continued on Page 3)
EDITORIAL - (Continued)

To them, then, we dedicate our most favorite quotation, "A man may have anything he wants if he first learns not to want anything he cannot have!" - - and there is nothing in this world to prevent you from reaching your goal in aviation if you are willing to struggle, work and sacrifice! - - "Stick to it!"

THE NEXT SCHOOL PARTY!

On account of how there's going to be such a big shindig at Arcadia on the 31st, with dinner, dancing, a show and such for the graduation of Class 42-C, we did not plan any School party this month in the Miami area. However, future plans call for a Thanksgiving party in November, and a Christmas Party in December! Plans are not yet completed but announcement of details will be made in the Fly Paper in the near future. Watch for it!

** * *

WOMEN WITH WINGS

From flight graduate Janet G. Mayhercy, 108 Third Street, Wilmette, Ill., comes the request that we announce the organization of a new club called "Women With Wings", - open only to licensed women pilots. The club's Florida representative is Mrs. Ariel Vilas, who keeps her Stinson "105" out at Miami Municipal. Incidentally, we just learned that Ariel took off from Chicago Thursday morning, and will be back at Municipal by the time you read this. Any flying "femmes" who are interested in joining this new club should contact Jan Mayhercy at the above address.

FAST WORK!

Kids in aviation travel fast,- GRANT BAKER, who took his 1 and 2 CPTP training just last summer, a year ago, has passed both his commercial and instructor's flight tests, and is now scheduled to be an instructor at either Clewiston or Arcadia. Says CHARLIE BARNHARDT, who gave Grant his primary flight instruction, "Look, in less than a year the guy has
all the flight ratings I have, -- you can't beat that for fast work!"
Yeah, man, we're proud of that record. Incidentally, Brother Barnhardt, who is Municipal Base Operations Manager, has a new assistant in the form of "Little Joe" GARCIA who will take over when Charlie's off the field.

Scoop! Art Gibbons just called and told us to rush out to Municipal, there was big news there, -- and it was BIG, literally, -- none other than our little pal "Tiny" Youell Lester Crum, about the biggest fellow to ever graduate on the primary and secondary CPTP program. "Tiny", who joined the U. S. Naval Reserve a short time ago, is now in the officers training school at Atlanta, after eight weeks of which he will be assigned to one of the flight training centers, -- and he brought back much good news with him on this vacation trip, -- first of all, he's so sold on the Navy that he sounds like a Recruiting Officer, so 'elp us!

The CPTP graduates, he tells us, have the decided advantage on those with no previous aviation experience, -- and secondary CPTP graduates have been going through to their commissions in as little as 5½ months. As for Embry-Riddle graduates entered in this branch of the Navy, well, let's blow the horn for a while, -- Joe said that the officers there actually like to see them coming in because they are always such good material. That sounds like an advertisement for E-R, but so help us, that's what Joe told us. So congrats to the boys, and hats off to the Instructors at Municipal Base who've made this record possible!

Among some of the School grade who've gone to and thru Atlanta are TOM LINDSEY, FRED M. CUNNINGHAM, MORTON DuPREE who has finished and gone to Jacksonville, JACK OTT, who has gone to Corpus Christi, IRVING GLICKMAN, who has gone to Jax, and TERRY WEBB, which accounts for some of the old "gang" -- and good luck to 'em!

* * *

On this same trip to Municipal, we met BILL BRITTON who is working on his instrument rating, and who told us that HARVEY LONG is now at Cpa-
Locka, HARVEY DUVAL just finished there and was assigned to Corpus Christi, and BILL MOORE, also just finished at Opa Locka, has been assigned to the Fleet At San Diego, California.

A week-end visitor in Miami was GEORGE JONES, Arcadia Flight instructor who flew in his own Culver Cadet to Municipal Base and spent a few days with relatives in Miami.

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL
by Jack Hobler

It sort of sneaked up on me, and I hardly know how to begin. This afternoon, when I came to work, Mr. Ben Buxton was waiting for me with rather surprising news. Starting tomorrow morning (Saturday) I leave the Municipal stockroom to work in his office at the Tech School. Although this is a promotion which I deeply appreciate, I can't help feeling pangs of sincere regret. In explaining those pangs, I hope to pay a heartfelt tribute to those I leave here at the airport.

Since I started to work for this company here last June, I have come to know a bunch of people whose equal as personal friends a fellow would have to go a long way to find. First, there was Lt. Van Burgin; he gave me the opportunity of a lifetime when he hired me on Mr. Riddle's kind recommendation. As a line boy I made the acquaintance of that fine group of fellows, the instructors. Never too busy for a cheery word or two, they were all just plain swell to me. My immediate superior, Charlie Barnhardt, gave me break after break - promotions as soon as vacancies occurred. Bud Belland did me a favor he doesn't fully realize when he asked me to become the Municipal correspondent for the FLY PAPER while I was Flight Dispatcher. You see, I'd always harbored a desire to write; this was the dream come true. When Les Bowman took me into the stockroom a new world was opened to me - that of the men who keep them flying. Among the Maintenance Crew I made more fine friends, and I sincerely thank Night Foreman Charlie Bostoso and his gang for the education, informal though it was, that they gave me.
All these things, therefore, pile up to form that lump in the throat that won't go down. To each and every one of the Municipal personnel I am deeply grateful; you've given me something no one can ever take away from me, and I'll not forget it. To my successor, whoever he may be, I'll say just this: You're getting in with the grandest bunch in the world; spare them no co-operation or consideration, for you'll find that their generosity won't be outdone.

***

We're running into some difficulty in getting one of the Secondary C.P.T. class to volunteer services as the class's correspondent. Your group's doings are things of interest to us all, and certainly there is one among you college men who can write up those doings in an entertaining manner. If you get hold of some of our back issues you'll see what a swell job Charlie Parker did for his outfit. How about one of you fellows turning in a similar job now?

***

The first student of our present Primary C.P.T. class to solo was Roy Bothwell, under instructor Bob Ahern. Congratulations to both of you, and a little reminder to all Primary students that it's customary to present your instructor with a little gift when he turns you loose.

***

Speaking of flying felicitations, we also extend congrats to Jack McKay on passing his instructor's rating, to Joe Silverthorne on his successful instrument rating renewal, and to Emmett Brown and Charlie McCoy on getting their commercial tickets. Great stuff, and keep it up.

***

The long arm of the back-slapper reaches out this week to pat the shoulder of that perennial paragon among pilots, that Tyrone Power profile with the Ned Sparks humor, that beaver-hunter of unbounded enthusiasm,- Pappy Norton - who just passed his thousandth hour of giving flight instruction. Hail Norton! We who are about to fly salute you!

***

Press of time and volume of work has forced Les Bowman to add two more men to his Maintenance Gang. One, Channing Baker, hails from Lakeland where he once ran several ships of his own and has over 1,200 hours of
private flying to his credit. The other, Marvin Hall, comes to us from Lynn, Massachusetts where he worked in the General Electric plant making turbo-superchargers. Before that he was engine inspector in the Wright-Martin factory of New Brunswick, New Jersey, and has served hitches in both Army and Navy! We're certainly glad to have you both.

Mention of the Maintenance Crew brings to mind a little incident that occurred the other night. Early in the evening we had issued to Charlie Bestoso, along with air hose and a pressure gauge, the fitting that goes onto the valves so that air can be pumped into the tires. Working on a tailwheel some hours later, Earl Shuptrine and Phil Stiles found need of the fitting but couldn't find it. Frantically they made innumerable trips
between the stockroom, swearing we had it, and Charlie's worktable, where we swore it was. Finally they gave up in disgust; they'd have to leave the tire flat. Suddenly, wearing a sheepish grin, Charlie sidled over to the boys with the tire chuck; it had been in his pocket all the time! We couldn't resist the temptation to cartoon the whole business.

***

In self-redemption, however, Charlie Bostoso offered his original poem, and we present it for your enjoyment. It's called "Wings":

Your pilot grins and slaps your back, and points to high above;
You sit behind an idling "tach" in the ship you've learned to love.
Today she seems a vibrant thing; alert, alive with power,
And you? You feel just like a king - this is your SOLO hour!
For now she's yours - this dream of steel, of cloth and wood and wire;
You sense she knows just how you feel, and waits for you to fly 'er.
She's buoyant, free, and feather-light (You've opened up your gun),
And soon she'll soar in graceful flight (You're on your take-off run).
Your tail comes up, your wheels spin free; you point her toward the sky.

Ah, dream of ageless history - mere man has learned to fly!
Your engine snarls a pulsing roar, a rhythmic lullaby;
You quit this earthly groundling's floor for place up in the sky,
Up where, with stately majesty, above earth's creeping things,
The eagle soars - unfettered, free. You've joined him now, with wings!

***

The Flying Jackass is being worn this week by Primary Student Bob McCormick, who now realizes the folly of trying to land fifteen feet above the ground.

***

The first Secondary student of this class to solo was Bill Landrum, when Clyde Ellis turned him loose the other day in the Waco. Congratulations, Bill, and our best wishes for continued success.

***

- 8 -
We were honored by a visit from Bert Strook who was a passenger on the EAL airliner that had the bad crack-up last spring up near Vero Beach. Mr. Strook went up here at Municipal for his first flight since the accident,—his reaction,—"Swell!"—Glad to have you back with us,—"Old Timer"!

***

Well, my friends, I guess this is the end of my last MENTIONING MUNICIPAL column. I only hope you've enjoyed reading it half as much as I have enjoyed writing it. Thanks a lot for your patience, support, and friendship, and say a little prayer that Ye Ed finds something for me to write about down at the Main Office.

(Ed.'s Note: —Congrats on the promotion, Jack! How's about a new correspondent for Municipal? Lynelle Rabun should work in, huh?—And we certainly have a "writing" job for you at the Tech School! See you Monday.

ALUMNI CLUB NEWS — and Letters
Bud Belland, Secretary

First Alumni Club letter this week comes from our old pal NORMAN COOPER, now a Cadet in the Naval Air Service, and stationed in Room 137, Building 713, Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla.,—says Norm, "To refresh your undoubtedly failing memory, (as if we could forget that guy!) I am one of Embry-Riddle's answer to the pilot shortage. A primary (CPFP) grad, a secondary "bustee", I am now in that part of the Navy stationed near Jax ....I run into MARK TRAVERS downtown every now and then. He seems to be well pleased with his contribution to the defense of our liberties. His job consists of telling the other boys how to fix it. (Good old Mark, hasn't changed a bit!) This chore hardly interrupts his volleyball game on the other side of the hangar. Since my duties largely consist of knocking about the sky a couple of hours a day in a protesting Stearman I like the Navy very much, too....Okay, Cooper, good to hear from you. As requested, you've been put on the mailing list, also your gal friend here in Miami... say, is that the knock-out you brought to the School dance at the Coral Gables Country
Club?? or am I thinking of three other people? (That's to save your hide in case it isn't the same one!)

The next letter comes from Ensign JOE NEISER, written from State Pier, New London, Conn., and is addressed to "Stinky", - that must be us, - we and Joe always wuz good pals, - but anyhow most of it is the "hush-hush" and "where do we go from here" stuff which we can't print, - except this paragraph, "Old Bean, say hello to the gang at the field (Miami Municipal) for me, includ-
ing Tinsley, Van, Barnhardt, Wantz, Johnston, Hair, Devery, Sheffield and anyone else who is pretty... I'll see you all again if and when I get to Miami." ...Say, Joe, whatever made you think anyone in that gang was pretty except Betty Hair and Elaine Devery,- on which point we agree with you!... And another thing, remember that old Pontiac you palmed off on Roy Kunkel and Julian Stanley,- well, it still runs, but you'd better not look them up on your next visit to Miami! We warned yuh! ... Good Luck!

A "Super-duper" of a letter from CHARLES A. HINSCHE, Union Trust Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, - a chap we don't know but certainly like because of his compliments for the old Fly Paper, - says it helps him keep track of many of his friends. And further, - "I would appreciate it very much if you would put ROBERT H. HELMER, 'Cincinnati Enquirer', on your mailing list. Bob is editor of the column, 'Aviation Lanes' which appears in the 'Enquirer' every Sunday. I am sure he will find much of interest in your paper, as we have quite a number of boys from Cincinnati at your various bases... Give my best regards to Boss Riddle and the rest of the gang." ... Sure 'nough,- has been done, and may we compliment YOU on your airmindedness,- sending your letters by air, and the QUIET BIRDMEN stamp on the envelope,- "Cincinnati Hangar - QB - Meets First Friday Each Month".

POSTAL CARDS, - from BILL HALL, 710 Walnut St., Meadville, Pa., "Please include my name on the mailing list for your fine book. My brother is an instructor at Arcadia and I like to read the news about his field." ...and practically in the same mail, a card from R. B. HALL, asking that we put HIM on the mailing list, along with W. Burill Barclay and Jeanne Smith, Meadville, and Naida Hall, Hamot Hospital, Erie... gosh,- that's...
home territory to the Editor who lived many years in Sharon, Pa., just a few miles away... more cards, from flite grad MARVIN ROTH, 530 - 12th St., Miami Beach; SAM WORLEY, Jr., Box 93, Arcadia, Flight #3; HARPER BEVILLE, Jr., Box 147, Arcadia; ED HENSLER, Sr., 73 Wilson Ave., Newark, N. J.; and ... HUGH STUART, 201 Voorhees St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ADDRESSES, - once each month we "clean out" the Fly Paper mailing list by guaranteeing forwarding postage, - and the results are always interesting. For instance, this month we learned that Harry Goldberg has moved from Lock Haven to General Delivery, Buffalo, N. Y., Technical Sgt. J. R. Barron, from Arcadia to Helena, Ark.; Barney Turner is at Bantam Field, Bantam, Texas; S. M. "Mac" Lowry is at Lake Park, Fla.; Jack Ott from Atlanta to Naval Aviation Base, Corpus Christi, Texas; George Nasworthy from Atlanta to Naval Air Base, Pensacola, Fla.; Rex Williams from Lock Haven to 5509 Richard Avenue, Hamilton, Baltimore, Md.; and Bill Manion to 101 Prindle Avenue, Johnston, N. Y.

* * *

DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
por Philip A. de la Rosa

Deseamos dar las gracias a todas aquellas personas de la América Hispana, que nos han escrito comentando sobre esta revista y les agradecemos sinceramente sus amables frases.

Probablemente hay muchas personas que quisieran tener más detalles de nuestra organización y a ellas dedicamos las siguientes líneas.

La Escuela de aviación Embry-Riddle, es la única de su género en el mundo entero donde además de dar instrucción a los cadetes de aviación del cuerpo aéreo del ejército norteamericano, se está actualmente instruyendo a los cadetes de la Real Fuerza Aérea Inglesa y también se está adiestrando en la técnica de aviación y en el arte del vuelo a personas procedentes de la América Latina, en su propio idioma. Con este objeto tenemos en el estado de la Florida, donde las condiciones para el vuelo son excelentes todo el año, tres grandes campos de aviación, de construcción moderna, para el entrenamiento de pilotos militares, y una base de aviones terrestres y otra de hidroaviones, para el adiestramiento de pilotos civiles de ambos sexos. Estas dos últimas bases están situadas en la ciudad de Miami, donde también está establecida la Escuela Técnica de Aviación, que cuenta con los métodos de enseñanza de aviación, más modernos y eficaces y está equipada con maquinaria idéntica a la usada
---and I zoomed up and I zoomed down
and I looped the loop, but I
couldn't ---
en las mejores fábricas de aviones. Nuestro departamento de motores, está a cargo de varios de los más eminentes instructores en este ramo, licenciados oficialmente por las autoridades aeronáuticas del país, siendo su complemento de motores de aviación, helices y accesorios uno de los más completos.

Esta gran empresa es el resultado directo de los proyectos del Sr. Juan Pablo Riddle, quien posee un "record" envidiable en la aviación. El Sr. Riddle, fue uno de los cadetes de aviación entrenados en la primera guerra mundial por el ejército de los Estados Unidos de Norteamérica, en el mismo campo y al mismo tiempo en que lo fueron otros de los hombres más destacados de la aviación en este país. Después de terminado el anterior conflicto bélico mundial, el Sr. Riddle, continuó en la aviación, en su forma comercial, donde estableció su nombre firmemente. En su libro de registro oficial de horas de vuelo, tiene anotadas más de 7,000 y sigue acumulándolas... El fue uno de las primeras personas que realizaron la necesidad de la aviación como método de transporte en la América del Sur y comprendiendo también la necesidad de personal nativo con los conocimientos técnicos y de vuelo, para hacer esto posible, concibió la idea de crear un departamento latinoamericano en ésta escuela, equipado con los libros de texto de aviación y demás materiales de instrucción, comisionando al autor de este artículo para su organización. Tendremos sumo gusto en suministrarles informes mas completos sobre nuestras facilidades y cursos, lo cual haremos al recibo de su solicitud por correo. Sirvase dirigirse al Sr. Philip A. de la Rosa, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Ave., Miami, Fla., U.S.A.

** **

FOR SALE!

1940 LUSCOMB SILVAIRE;---- $1,947, completely financed. See or write Flight Student DAVID BURCH at the Embry-Riddle Municipal Base in Miami. The ship has a dual ignition 75 H. P. Continental motor with fuel injector, complete blind flying instruments, one way radio, 450 flight hours and has been just completely majored and rebuilt, - cost $3,300.00 new, but the boys will take a sacrifice to get out from under the balance due on this ship. Sounds like a buy!

** **

BOWLING NEWS

McShane told 'em to bowl, - or else, ---so the Tech lads got on the beam again and knocked off three straight wins Thursday evening on the slow climb back to first place in the bowling league; while the pilots, still flying blind, won only 1 game and slipped back half a peg to tie for
last place. However, as usual, everybody had a swell time, and the visitors there included "Vec" Button who just discovered that Bruz Carpenter's aunt had taught her in High School at New Rochelle, N. Y., Bob and "Dotty" Green, Betty McShane, Mable Pyott, Sam Goldstein, Madeline (alias Ruth) Ellis, who also just discovered that she went to school with Tommie Hilbish at the U of M, Grace Mosher, Gloria Brown, Alberta Francis, O. K. Joy, June Tinsley, Dave Beatty, Grace Roome and Jimmie Kees, who was turned down by the Navy account of a slight deaf-deficiency in hearing in one ear, but he's going to get that overhauled and try for the Army. Good Luck, Jim.--P.S. Dot Schooley was not present, - we hear she went on a boat ride, - but definitely, - and with whom?

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*Censored

**CARLSTROM FIELD R.A.I. NEWS**

by Arthur Lee Harrell

**BIG NEWS OF THE WEEK** was the marriage of Lieut. William Carpenter to Miss Fern M. Butt, of Roanoke, in good ole Virginny. The wedding took place in Sarasota last Saturday. On Friday night Bill was given a final stag party by the gang which turned out to be a wild success. Poor Bill, realizing that he was walking down those last few precious steps of liberty and freedom, was a little bewildered by it all but especially by some of the pranks played by his "roomies".

The gang included Lieuts. Bill Boyd, Chas. S. Bentley, Dave Phillip, the
Dorr Field "Doc" Nachtigallo, James L. Curnutt, "John C." Pinkerton, M. P. Freeman, Wm. S. Hart, Lester Richardson, George Ola and John C. Clonts and Jesse Thomas, Tom Gates, Doc Nethery, Sid Pfluger, Dave Hocker, Lee Harrell (hey, that's me), George Cochrane, Boots Frantz, Brock Harper, Waldo Davis, Bob Towson and Charles Butt, brother of the bride. Congratulations, Bill, she's a pretty gal, but too bad you had to break up that "roomie" combination of "John C", Dave and Bill.

AFTER DEMONSTRATING to one of my students that before starting a PT and after checking, to sing out to the starter, "Gas on, switch off, throttle closed," imagine our consternation the next flight to hear him sing out, "Gas on, switch off, THROTTLE SACKED."

GETTING TO KNOW some of the gang better. This week we had the pleasure of meeting "Wes" King, his missus Doris, and that cute 3rd member of the King family "Skipper", who is some boy. Wes is one of the "ole Timers" having cut his flying teeth on the old Jenny Ox-5s and has about 10,000 flying hours to his credit. Also had the pleasure of visiting with the Browns, Lee and Mary, who are lucky enough to be living on a "country estate" out near Peace River. Mary, with that long blond hair nearly down to her waist, makes an attractive wife for her pilot husband.

Miss Betty Parker was host to some of the gang last Monday night at a Hallowe'en Rib Roast. Beginning outdoors with plenty of "pig" (not the guests), the party later went indoors to learn to play Tripoli, a parlor poker game in which, if you weren't lucky, you could lose your shirt. Enjoying the fun were the Misses Edna Polson, Jean Treadwell, Kay Brumit, and Jackie Pinkens and Lieuts. Jack Pinkerton, Bill Carpenter, Dave Phillip and Dorr Field Doc.

THE "RAT RACES" kept up a steady pace this week with flights 1, 2, and 3, getting all the UKs soloed. The instructors have their hands full what with all the recent bad weather and rain! Mass flying like this is a new experience for most of us and the boys deserve plenty of credit for the job they're doing. Particularly creditable is their ability to get "cut out" of traffic by fellow pilots and, with understanding of

- 15 -
each other's difficulties, maintain level tempers and to "Keep 'Em fly-
ing."

The same student who "sacks" the throttle turned in his note book for correction and I took the liberty of "filching" the first page on which the enclosed poem and cartoon was found. So it is with apologies to British Cadet V. N. Lonnen, that we present:

DE MORTUIS or THE CASE OF THE CARELESS PILOT

A pilot in the early dawn
Was circling round the drome,
He whistled and sang in that clear blue dawn,
To think he would soon be home.

He circled around in the wildest glee,
Then to the earth came flashing,
Too late he saw old Mister Tee,
More planes - Then he was crashing.

* * *

LEAVE NOTHING TO LADY LUCK, LOOK EVERYWHERE !!!!!!!!

AND KEEP ON LOOKING.

-16-
No accident - T'is no use lying.
This mishap was no fluke,
Remember when you're up there flying.
Look round, look 'bout, but LOOK.

TECH SCHOOL STUFF AND OFFICE GOSSIP

Dot Schooley and Kathryn Bruce have both begged off this little job of
writing, - but we got a new man to take over next week, - our old pal from
Municipal, Jack Hobler, who has been transferred to the new Materiel
Control Department. Jack will be here next week, thank gosh, and meantime,-
a little of this 'n' that picked up along the way, ---

Ed Turner has been transferred to
Clewiston, where he will be an opera-
tor in the new radio control system
now being set up... and Norman Bennett
got transferred to Bucky Buxton's
department on the main floor... four
new sales men, - Tribble, Krelin,
Brightmeyer and Bateley... (as
Katherine Bruce said, - all good
looking, too!)... flite student
Harry Audette was in to visit with
his "carpenter" dog, - remember, he
does odd jobs about the house?...

Speaking of dogs, Jean Ogden's house got robbed the other day, - and the
thieves "stole" Jean's police dog... he came back, - but several rings and
stuff are still missing... however, we're glad to report that no baby
clothes are missing!...which reminds us of the story about Jack Flowers
finding a burglar in his house, - the story goes that he got so excited
that he called the fire department!

Leaving the company this week was Miss Mary Maguire who took over a job
as assistant secretary to Dan Mahony and Gov. Cox, owner of the Miami
Daily News... good luck, Mary and keep in touch with all the old gang...
... Gordon Leggett, better known in the Welding Department as "Junior"
has left for a job with the Glenn L. Martin Company in Baltimore...
Richard alias "Gangster", Lally, also of Welding, plans to leave for
Martin soon...as does Earl "Noisy" Diemer...where'd all those nick-
names come from?... Jimmie Ross has moved over to Intercontinent Aircraft Corp.... returning to School to take P. G. work is D. D. Baxter, an old timer...


DOPE ROOM DOPE -- FROM THE TECH SCHOOL

by Sam Goldstein

In putting together this first column for your Fly Paper, we have come across much the same difficulty as many foreign correspondents. We mean, of course, that there is an overabundance of material, but there is a man downstairs who has a big blue pencil and sits at a desk in front of which is a sign reading CENSOR. This man, also lovingly called "Ye Ed", seems to get great pleasure in squelching talent in the bud.

Speaking of censoring, here's an item that we'll bet even money will be purged. We know someone, who, when speaking of "Ye Ed", exclaimed: "He's a sweet boy, but perfectly harmless."

Dope Room Dope will endeavor to bring to you dear readers some of the more amusing things which we encounter in the Tech School in general and the Aircraft Department in particular. We have been here so long that there is talk of making us an honorary charter member, so we're in a favorable position to do a little bit of "beans spilling".

To begin with, we notice that "Ye Ed" finally got his jalopy painted. For quite some time, his Maxwell Super Six was the most beautifully camouflaged buggy these eyes have ever seen. Just in case you missed the
story behind that, our editor was promised a "paint job" by a few of the lads if he scored a strike in a certain bowling match. He made it, unfortunately.

There is brawn as well as brain on our instructor staff, and also a great deal of modesty. As an example we give you that All-American nice guy, Dave Abrams. It is not common knowledge but we know that Mr. Abrams played second string center on the football team of the University of Miami a few years ago. Now, he teaches Shop Mathematics and Blueprint Reading here, and also gives the Sheet Metal lectures - While at the U., Dave was affectionately called (of all things) "Moose". We don't know whether or not he likes his nickname but we don't call him "Moose" on account of because he might not like it and he's a pow'ful big fella!

Odd Happenings - We've rarely ever seen anyone who could emit so much "gloom" as student Joy - Oh Kay, together with Harold Boudreau and ourselves will very shortly take our C.A.A. exam for the Aircraft Mechanic license, and we'll wager that brother Joy hasn't had a good night's sleep in two weeks. - Confidentially, we haven't been doing so well ourselves lately.

Editor Please Note - Everyone has had grand times at our school parties, but Dope Room Dope has a suggestion that might bring forty million people to our next one. Here it is: - With the company growing as it is, and with all the new streamlined additions to the staff, how about a beauty contest at one of the parties? I wanna be a judge!!

BEST TRICK OF THE WEEK - When some local high school classes came through the school recently on an inspection tour, one of our lads made a date with a very pretty teacher. He's no dope!
After a too long absence from these pages, the Seaplane Base comes back with some good news, by the simple procedure of the Editor making a trip to that base and arguing C. K. Rexrode and Ad Thompson into the admission that things DO happen around our "Old Swimmin' ole" ... It was late last Monday afternoon when we got there, and the first persons we saw were Boss Riddle and Group Captain D. V. "Andy" Carnegie, of the R.A.F.

It was the Captain's first experience on small seaplanes (he has plenty of hours on big ones) and if you want to see a smooth job of flying, watch Capt. Carnegie "paint on" a few landings... he used to fly in the last war... about this time, another of the little ships landed and we found "Rex" and wife Pat coming in from Pat's first seaplane flight,—full of enthusiasm, as was their little white dog "Ginger" who accompanied them ... fact is, Ginger seemed fully inclined in going right back up again ... Remember when Wiggie soloed that animated horse he called "Tiger"?

Over at one of the other ramps, Gardner Royce, back from his vacation, was doing a bit of flying in his own little ship... didn't get a chance to talk to him, as about this time some of the gang from Clewiston came in for a visit... the "mailman's day off" stuff... there was Woodie Edmondson, Frank Frugoli, Jimmie Cousins and Lee Haffron... rained out at Riddle Field, they drove down for a look-see at Miami,—had dinner and went back that evening... among other R.A.F.'ers flying at the Seaplane Base during the past week were Group Captain Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton and Wing Commander W. E. Oulton.—Their reaction to flying the float jobs was a hearty,—"Swell! ... Really the Stuff!"

Good news is the story that Dr. Margaret Williams and Ruth Natteson both passed their private flight tests last Saturday... good going, girls ...we're proud of you! ... other students working on the private pilots licenses are Buddy Shelton, Bill Cann and, at long last, George Wheeler ... newest of the Main Office gang to join the High Fliers is Dick His, Accountant... working on his private... also new to the Seaplane Base is Sam Lightholder, Municipal Base graduate, who is taking the "water" portion of his commercial pilots course... and Private Pilot R. L. Brant, Port Washington, Long Island, has been in frequently to rent a plane...
After a few false starts, we have managed to kick our scribe into some semblance of action and do now and for hence bestow upon him the privilege of being our representative.

After the first excitement of establishing ourselves in our new home (temporarily at Carlstrom), we stood in the middle of our new hangar (temporarily at Carlstrom), surrounded by our new planes (temporarily at Carlstrom), and waited for our new students. We studied the field in front of our hangar and very smugly muttered to ourselves, "Dorr!--that's us!" (Ed. note: That couldn't be the Northwest corner of Carlstrom? Temporarily, of course, until Dorr is finished!)

So, here we are—settled and "keeping them flying." It is a very fine feeling to be members of the Embry-Riddle organization, and under the guidance of Thomas L. Gates, Director of Flying, and with the help of Brooke Harper and George Cochrane, Flight Commanders, we hope to prove ourselves truly possessed of the ability to uphold the standards which those before us have established.

We are looking forward to the arrival of a new group of instructors. In addition to the personnel reported in the last issue of the Fly Paper, we welcome the following: J. Leonard Albury, Jr., Accountant, B. W. Bateman, Dispatcher, W. M. Kendrick, Jr., Stock Room Clerk, R. M. Betette, Instructor, L. D. Berry, Instructor, A. C. Dalberth, Instructor, E. S. Gargani, Instructor, L. E. LaBrake, Instructor, Alvin Leonard, Instructor, W. R. Pinnell, Instructor, C. Preisler, Instructor, J. T. Skully, Instructor, W. H. C. Seward, Instructor, A. S. Thorne, Instructor, E. B. Todd, Instructor, and K. E. Williams, Instructor.

And they are still coming! Boy, how it feels to expand—those grow-
ing pains are pleasant.

Along with this latest influx, we can't help but wonder if another barbecue is in order. No! Mr. Gates, we're not hinting, but those ribs sure were mighty fine.

If this rivalry between "A" and "B" Flights doesn't slack off soon, we'll be sleeping in our airplanes. Just the same, we bet "A" Flight will win. It is great stuff though, and if we get far enough ahead of schedule, some of the boys who live in Punta Gorda may get to spend a nice Christmas at home.

Not that we would like one especially, but our hangar certainly would be more colorful if we had a soft drink machine; Gerry Taylor appears to need something cool and refreshing after he has carried his operations office on and off of the field.

Noticing our well-groomed staff today brought to mind the story of the instructor who was greeted at the plane by an unshorn and unshaved refresher student. (It didn't happen here.) Rushing back to his flight commander and pointing to the student, the instructor cried, "I ain't gonna fly that thing till I hear it talk!"

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( Editor's Note: - Good Stuff, Jack!)

That the entire "Clewisston Group" has disappeared from the face of the earth, at least we'd believe that from all the reports NOT coming in from Clewiston! What happened to Mr. Hutson and his Maintenance Crew correspondent, and George May, and G. J. Cassidy and Brian Keady??? How about some copy next week, huh?
Nobody on the Aviation team does more to "keep 'em flying!" than the line maintenance man. Step into his shoes — do your part to keep America's air armada in the blue. Enroll for Embry-Riddle's line maintenance course ...day, evening and weekend sessions to fit your available time ...immediate enrollment.

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