3-5-1942

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-03-05

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

Follow this and additional works at: https://commons-erau.edu/fly-paper

Scholarly Commons Citation
https://commons-erau.edu/fly-paper/18

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Embry-Riddle Fly Paper by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact commons-erau.edu, wolfe309-erau.edu.
THE 100 PER CENTERS!

Harry Songdahl, Celestial Navigation Instructor at the Tech School, just bounced in to tell us that he had a 100 per cent attendance in his class for the entire month of February! Good attendance at the Tech classes is a general rule, but a 100 per cent... well, it goes to show that those kids mean business. And it's a mighty hard subject, too!

—Pay Your Taxes—Beat the Aisle—

"IT'S NICE TO BE NICE"

The other day someone told us a quotation that kind of stuck with us... "It's nice to be nice." That little phrase means more than ever these days when we're all working under extra strain, and are sometimes inclined to forget that "the other fellow," too, may be tired. A bit of consideration for that other fellow, and requests prefaced with a "Please" won't cost you anything, and will get better results all the way around. Come on, kids, make that YOUR motto, and don't ever forget that "It's nice to be nice!"

R.A.I. GETS BUS SERVICE

Like an answer to the prayers of the boys and girls at Carlstrom Field who were wondering just how much longer their tires would stand the round trip from Arcadia and back again was the announcement made last week that additional bus service would be inaugurated at once. Operating seven days a week, the bus will make 17 round trips daily, on a time schedule arranged for the convenience of the Carlstrom Field Cadets and employees. More good news on the transportation front is the announcement of a daily bus between Carlstrom Field and Sarasota, via Arcadia. No more on "open post" days will a Cadet be able to break a date with the girl and explain it away. "Well, honey, I couldn't get there!" But who would want to break a date, anyway?

—Be Alive When You Arrive

OVERHEARD, during the recent flurry of blood donations: "Why not take all of me?"

COMING ATTRACTION!

Feature attraction in next Week's Fly Paper will be the incorporation therein of Vol. One Two of "Listening Out," the Clewiston Cadets' Class Book. Under the capable editorship of U/K Cadet Peter Smith and several of his classmates, the booklet is well worth your attention. Don't miss it!

MATERIAL CONTROL ORGANIZATION COMPLETED

by B. H. Buxton
Chief of Material Control

Here is the outline of stockroom, post supply and material control news to date. Didn't have time to get this types as I wrote it in extremely odd moments (and were some of them "odd"!) Lots of changes around here lately. Why don't you all drop around and see what's going on? You might be surprised—and I really mean it. This place has grown all out of bounds in the past year. All Miami stockrooms are now open every day in the week from 8 a.m. until midnight except Municipal, which opens at 7 a.m. and does not close until 2:30 the following a.m. All old employees working a 48-hour week plus an

Please turn to page 2, col. 1

BRAZILIANS REACH MIAMI FOR AVIATION TRAINING

The first group of young men from Brazil who will be trained as instructor mechanics under U. S. Government scholarships were welcomed at Embry-Riddle School of Aviation Monday morning. Left to right, Philip de la Rosa, in charge of the Latin-American department of the school, shaking hands with Vinicius Sileveira Vargas; Eugenio Jose Muller, Jorge Mont; Alexandre R. Barros, Henrique de Foro Franco, Clodinoro Blaise, Ismauro Pinto, Jose Andrade, Attilio Brochetti, Adriano Ponsa, Patricio C. Geoghegan, of Argentina, shaking hands with A. W. Throgmorten, Director of the Technical Division of the School; Arthur Sauras Amorin, Carlos Alberto Viritio de Medeiros, Pedro Barros, C. E. B. Montenegro, Odavildo Aranjo Dutra, Sertorio Arruda Filho. The 16 Brazilians and one Argentina youth augment the 65 Latin-Americans who have been training here several weeks.

REMEMBER! SCHOOL DANCE this SATURDAY EVENING at MACFADDEN DEAUVILLE HOTEL, 9 p.m. DON'T MISS IT!
Continued from front page

EMBRY-RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

EMBRY-RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

B R I T I S H F L I G H T T R A I N I N G S C H O O L ,
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

J A C K F .

J A C K B A R R I N T O N

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, President

F. C. "But" Belland, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

AD THOMPSON
Seaplane Division, Miami

HOWARD BRAZEL
BIL BUSTON
PHILLIP DE LA ROTA
Main Office and Technical School Division, Miami

JACK HOBLE R
RAF Primary School
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia

BILL JASTER—BETTY HAIR
Land Division, Municipal Airport, Miami

FRANK DEREBBIBUS
JACK HOPKINS
British Flight Training School, Riddle Field, Clewiston

JACK BARRINGTON—U. S. Army Primary School,
Dorr Field, Arcadia

RAY FAHRINGER—JACK HOBLE R
JACK HART—SAM LIGHTHOLDER
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. EBRETS
Staff Photographer

better service from all stockrooms at all times.

Reminiscing—How We’ve Grown!

Gosh, how this outfit has grown! Have been with Embry-Riddle just a year today, February 24, and it is a far cry from the one little 10x12 ft. two-man stockroom then to the three large tech school stockrooms and 18 men now in service. A year ago you could count the items carried in inventory on the fingers of one hand, while now it requires an enormous file in the Materiel Control Department just to hold the cards for the 2,000 odd items kept at Tech School alone.

This does not count the unusually complete stocks kept in other stockrooms and post supplies at Municipal Airport, Riddle Field, Carlstrom Field and Dorr, nor does it include the up-to-the-minute stock of edibles kept in the Mess Hall stockrooms at Carlstrom and Carlstrom Field and each of the Fields. Somewhere between 5000 and 6000 cards are required to keep track of these enormous stocks and it is growing daily. Over 40 employees are necessary at the various bases to care for this stock and keep the records.

All of these people are hand-picked for their particular aptitude and ability; all are bonded by a national bonding company and all are doing a swell job of supplying the boys who fly.

Moved Into New Quarters

Incidentally, Tech School Stockroom has just moved from its overcrowded location on the first floor by the freight elevator to the first floor north wing, where the engine department has so long held forth. This will give us much needed additional space and should result in better service to all concerned.

Norman Bennett, Tech School chief stockkeeper, is aigrin from ear to ear over acquiring this larger warehouse, and pitched into the arduous job of moving very much like a kid anticipating Christmas. Te has great plans and believes he will make it a stockroom to be proud of.

Post Supplies at the Fields

Bill Jacobs, chief stockkeeper at Riddle Field, has finally received the last of his equipment and is holding forth in the Post Supply’s permanent location in the new hangar. Both he and Martin Avery, Jr., deserve a lot of credit for the good work they did under the considerable handicap of working without bins and getting their new Post Supply in shape so nicely at last. Good work, boys.

The new Post Supply at Carlstrom Field now established in Hangar No. 3 is a humdinger, thanks to the good work of Harry Kochler and crew. Harry has the place set up as pretty as any stockroom we ever saw and keeps it like an old maid’s sewing basket. Or- chis to all the Carlstrom Post Supply gang for their efforts.

New addition to Dorr Field Post Supply crew is our old friend Tom Nash, formerly with the Carlstrom Mess Hall. Tom recently had a battle with Old Man Flu and was threatened with pneumonia but is back again now and chipper as ever.

New Faces in the Department

New employees in the various stockrooms, Post Supplies and Materiel Control are as follows for the month of February:

Dund E. Jackson, transferred from Tech School fourth floor stockroom to Materiel Control.


K. R. Zutter in Municipal stockroom and Alfonso Curry in Carlstrom Post Supply.

Personalities

George Lobdell in Materiel Control is all smiles these days. He finally has a desk after all these months of parking his feet under (or it is "on") a battered table.

Grady Masters has been appointed Chief of the Inventory Crew and will continue, we know, to supply the same efficient service as in the past in a more miner capacity.

"Joe" Simpson has taken over the responsibilities of Receiving Clerk for the enlarged Tech School Stockrooms. This means a lot of responsibility, Joe, but we know you can do it.

"Andy" Andrews, genial station wagon conductor between the fields, is all smiles these days for some secret reason. We can’t tell why but you all will know in a couple of weeks.

Eddie Baumgarten, who plays piano nightly at the ritzy San Juan Restaurant, seems to have no trouble getting "hot" with his harmonica and electric drills in the fourth floor stockroom. He has outlined some improvements up there which look mighty good and believe will go into effect very soon.

"Red" Flanagan, genial instrument stockroom head, is feeling mighty chipper these days. At long last "Red" is getting more help and his working hours are being cut to a mere 48 hours per week.

We understand when lovely Betty Lee, Army Supply in Clewiston, received that long distance phone call the other night from the boy friend in a Texas training camp, her delighted squeals woke the neighbors for blocks around and even scared the livestock as far away as LaBelle. Some thrill, eh Betty?

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Program

"FLYING DEUCES"

with

STAN LAUREL and OLIVER HARDY

Monday, March 9th—Riddle Field
Tuesday, March 10th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, March 11th—Carlstrom Field

"RADIO RANCH"

with

GENE Autrey SMILEY BURNETTE FRANKIE DARRO

Thursday, March 12th—Riddle Field
Friday, March 13th—Dorr Field
Saturday, March 14th—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents
Although the rains of the past week somewhat disrupted the flight schedules, work at Riddle Field is going on at its customary rapid pace and all hands manage to keep busy. It takes more than a little thing like rain to bog down the wheels of defense up Clewiston way. Tow-sah!

Deregibus Here is a sticker for you. How can you land a plane cross tee and still not be cross tee? Give up? So did we. But it was answered a few days ago on the P.T. line. (No names mentioned!) It seems that the wind had difficulty in making up its "1/4" mind (censored) and a certain assistant flight commander set the tee on a number five position. The wind very quickly shifted the tee to a four and a half position. As a result, some of the planes landed on a number four tee from the west and others on a number five tee from the east. There's your answer! All were cross tee so nobody was cross tee. Easy, wasn't it?

New Faces in New Places
We welcome Messrs. Ahern, Grant, Butler, Winkler, and Bledgett to the Primary Flight line. Bob Ahern hails from Sarasota, via Embry-Riddle School at Miami. Fran Winkler is a Buffalo N. Y. lad fresh from the Link School at Clewiston and Joe Bledgett comes to us from an RCAF training school in Canada. Keep 'em flying, fellows!

New on the Basic Line are E. E. "Tom" Carpenter, Dennis Racener, and Bill King, all of whom come up from our own primary flight line. Nice going, guys.

Last, but not least, Jean Reardoll, moves from Basic to Advanced. Say, Jean, you must invite your Ft. Myers friends over more often.

Sports, Real Good Sports
Our Riddle Field five finally was topped by Tech last week in the third and final game of the series. The score was 41-30 but the game was closer than the score might indicate. The team as a group feels that the better team won that night. Real sportsmanship, I call it, American sportsmanship, where disputed might is fought out on a basketball court and athletic fields rather than on a battleground.

Tubby Owens sends Bud Belland and Jim McShane a gentle reminder about a couple of bucks to a certain gang of fellows.

The team has asked that the Clewiston management be gratefully thanked for its generous loan of the station wagon which made these inter-unit contests possible. We also thank Ye Editor and Howard Beazel for the lovely dates which they provided our team in Miami. Wish we were there! But we had to fly. If we don't sign off now, we will be late for more flying. So long for a while.

Then there was the chap in Arcadia last week who asked us to buy him a couple of used cars. . . if they had good tires. Yes, all he wanted was the tires!

PERSONALITIES AND PATER FROM THE TECH SCHOOL
by Bill Burton
We welcome to the Tech School this week an entire new branch of our growing family, to wit, The Army. These boys who have come to us are the men on whose broad shoulders rest, literally, the all-important task of keeping 'em flying. Our job, a big one, and one which we are proud to take on, is that of teaching them how. In this we are privileged to see how this whole picture of national defense fits together.

Here at Tech we teach the civilians to make the planes which the boys at Arcadia and Clewiston and the CPT gang out at Municipal are being taught to fly, and here, too, we teach the army lads and the boys from all the Americas to keep them in the air. It doesn't take much imagination to extend such a picture to fit every man and woman in all the broad area of the two great and solid American continents. To some extent every one, in school or shop or factory or kitchen, is doing something, however remote, toward keeping 'em flying.

In particular we wish to extend our greetings, our best wishes, to Captain George Field, of the Air Service Command, who is stationed with us as commanding officer of the unit, and air corps supervisor for the Tech School and to Lieut. Steison.

The Old Midnight Oil!
And speaking of the army program, much midnight oil has been burned around the Tech School this past week in preparation. Director Throgmorton, the man who seemingly lives without sleep and appears to thrive on it, has been around the school day and night, with Jim Blakeley, who is directing the Military Training, running a close second. As to results, just look around you. The electrical department has expanded, the engine and welding shops as well. The second floor is now a complete dormitory. The cafeteria is growing by leaps and bounds. Guys and gals, the Tech School is HUMMIIIIIIIIIIIII!

The secretary's desk in the office at the south end of the fourth floor, we believe, should be dedicated to the state of Tennessee. When Director Throgmorton occupied the office, up to last week, the desk belonged to his secretary, Mary Mitchell, of Memphis. Now it's Jim Blakeley's new secretary, and a newcomer to Tech, Estelle Woodward, of Nashville! Welcome, Miss Woodward.

To Tech this week have come seventeen more lads from the Latin Americas. To them we extend the warm hand of welcome. May they find their stay with us both profitable and pleasant.

We Get Web Feet
Having learned to fly where a seaplane was only seen in magazines, and a float was simply a milkshake with an extra scoop of ice cream, we have long cherished a yen to try this business of flying off the water. Therefore, on Saturday to the E-R seaplane base on the causeway, where F. I. Clyde Ellis, a very personable young man and a very smooth flier, gave us thirty minutes of dual, explaining patiently, when we tried to play submarine with the balky critter, the difference between taking a ship off the water and off the land.

Finally, we managed to make a few passable take-offs and landings, but wound up in a fit of chagrin when it came time to dock the...
**Tech Talk**  
*Continued from page 3*

ship, missing two passes. Seems as though you not only have to be a pilot, but a sea captain as well.

Any hoo, on Sunday we solced the dened thing, and even docked it the first time without knocking a hole in either float. Take it from us, that is rare sport, combining all the thrill of speedboating and flying! From now on, we know where the contents of the piggy bank are going on Sunday afternoons!

**Roller-Skate Campaign Opened**

All columns should sponsor something, it seems. We therefore officially open a campaign to have those two swift-footed lads, Herbie and Charlie (Hermes and Mercury), the runners, shod with rubber-tired roller skates to speed them on their missions through the vast and endless halls of Tech. The idea is that we will be with us for some time, but until now our moral courage has not been sufficient to overcome the horrifying vision of Mercury and Hermes, coat-tails borne on the wind of their passage, derrick in and out between drill dresses, lathes and flaming welding torches. Anyway, the petition will be posted in the north wing on the tenth floor for your signature. Keep 'em flying!

**TECH FIVE WINS PLACE IN MIAMI LEAGUE FINALS**

By defeating Miami Parks and Springs Monday evening, 24 to 23, the Embry-Riddle Tech School basketballers won for themselves a place in the final play-off of the Miami League. In this game, to be played at the Miami Senior High School on Monday March 9 at 7:30, the Tech boys will be pitted against the winners in the K. of C. vs. Richmans Clothing match scheduled for last Wednesday . . . and if they win, they'll bring back a large gold trophy with individual gold basketballs for each player. Let's be there Monday night and cheer 'em on!

Box score for last Monday's game is as follows:

Bronner (f) 7, Baldwin (f) 9, Leatherman (c) 2, Hamilton (g) 5, McShane (g) 2. Total, 25.

---*Keep 'Em Flying"---

**SURPRISE WEDDING**

Taking everyone at the Tech School by complete surprise was the wedding Monday evening at Ft. Lauderdale of Roy Zion, cafeteria cook, to Sarah Gibbs, Main Office PBX operator. Climaxing a four-month whirligig courtship, the only statement the bridegroom would make Tuesday morning was a very happy smile. Congrats!

**IT RAINED**

For the special benefit of members of our family who slept all last week, and for those subscribers who are not actually in our school, we'll admit that it RAINED in Florida last week! A prelude to Spring in Florida, the skies from Jacksonville to Key West just opened up and "let 'er rip!"

However, we actually needed the rain . . . it helped everything but our flying schedules at the various fields! And the only apology we make here is to our brothers under the sun on the west coast on behalf of the many persons who donned rubber boots, and, turning up coat collars, looked at the dripping skies and muttered, "Humph! California dew!"

**HONORED AMANUENSE**

When Maj. Gen. Walter R. Weaver, acting chief of the Air Corps, made a flying visit to Miami last week and asked Boss Riddle for the loan of a competent secretary, guess who got the nod? . . . none other than our own little Jo Skinner. Congratulations to the gal!

Said Jo, quote, Gee, the General's a swell guy, unquote. Knowing that little girl, we know that's a pretty neat compliment to the gentleman in charge of our Air Corps.

**PICTURES DON'T LIE! IT WON'T ALWAYS BE COLD!**

---

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

Jack Hobler, Editor

**CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE by Tom Taylor**

Here is the next issue of the "AGONY COLUMN," and I hope you don't fall asleep before you get through reading this. I see by the impact on his office chair that our "Director of Aviation" is back on the job after a well earned vacation, during which he says he saw more water than he ever thought there was. He thinks it is telling US something! If he had been a day earlier in returning he would no doubt have covered the last few miles by submarine.

We also have some new faces among the Flight Commanders and assistants, the most recent F.G. being Sam Worley, who takes over Flight 1, the new assistants being Fred Sheram, Sam Hottle, and H. M. Jones.

During our recent spell of "Los Angeles" weather we were amazed to see the field Cub hanging motionless (except when it was going backwards) over the field. We discovered that the pilot was Lt. Ola, who explained that he was out on submarine patrol.

**Who's Xmas Toy Is That?**

Here is a tip to all people who might be interested in modal railroading: "DON'T DO IT!" I got one recently, and since then the boys have been dropping in frequently, according to my light bill. The situation has been eased somewhat during the last week or two since several other outfits have made their appearance in town. "Red" Hawk is railroading all around his house with the most able help of Bill Henderson. Bud Richard is another railroader. However, I understand that in our midst there is a real old timer in the model R. I. business; I hope a word to the wise will be sufficient, Lt. Freeman! (You might keep this list of railroaders in case you need some spare equipment.)

Here's one on Larry Walden, the guy who tells you what the weather is going to do and then DARES you to doubt it. I overheard one of the cadets on 42G remark, "That weather bloke talks about cumulus clouds as though they were world shaking events."

**Kaydets Please Note!**

Incidentally, calling all KAYDETS: In the last few days letters have come in from boys who were here at Carlstrom and have since moved on to basic and advanced. All of them express wishes to visit Carlstrom again. Seems they didn't appreciate our dining room, recreational facilities and open...
posts as much as they might have. So take a tip boys, you'll never work with a finer gang of supervisors than you have here. We are glad you are all here with us. I hope we will be saying in the future, "We are glad you WERE here."

We are very proud of our organization, in fact, so proud that we feel the efforts of some should be rewarded by a boost from the press. This concerns the efforts of Joe Horton, G.G.D. (grass grower de luxe); the new grass in front of the ramp is largely due to the fact that it was personally and gently raised by Joe, who could be seen in the early dawn of each a.m. out among the grasses, stretching slightly with tweezers each little green blade. We know the grass has passed the acid test because Joe was host to a very delightful herd of "Bovine Monsters" one morning recently. This is, no doubt, the reason that George Eckart blew in with a wild chokered cowboy shirt adorning his chassis. (That word "wild" back there is no exaggeration.) George must have lost a bet.

Heard . . . And Not Heard

"Say, who's this guy Povey? Must be a new cadet or a refresher.

One day last week we had the pleasure of seeing a snappy drill put on by the R.A.F. cadets. Then the American boys did a few fancy steps of their own.

If this news is a bit brief I hope to be excused as I have been so busy lately that I haven't had a chance to drop in to the "Bridge Club" and really get the lowdown on the situation.

Why was Sam Appleby grumping up with a certain instructor recently? (Could it be that Sam learned that one of the new American cadets was at one time his school teacher?) How do these things start? I was informed one day not so long ago that the new class was partially made up of South American and Chinese cadets. Possibly some one saw the laundryman going into the barracks.

Ye Editor Agrees!

If Fahringer doesn't send in a cartoon with this he is a dirty so and so. Ray should send in the one he drew in the pilot's club. It concerns an old guy in the EARLY DAWN repelling an invasion. While we are on that line I might add that if any of the fellows are at all interested in science, such as Physics, for instance, see Roscoe Brinton. Several of us learned the other day that Roscoe really knows his stuff.

Specially when it comes to combustion and combustibles. Sterling Camden can vouch for this statement as he was there at the time and was heard to say that he didn't doubt Roscoe's word or experience, but that he would like to see it done. The subject is of such a highly technical nature that I couldn't possibly start to explain it all here. If you are interested, I am sure we can get Roscoe to include a special course along with the present ground school classes. He could at least find time for a few demonstrations if he should be so inclined.

P.S. — Just looked up to find that several of the 42C boys are visiting Carlstrom again, having completed advanced. Certainly looks good to see these guys again. Jim Dutton was around town a few days renewing old friendships. We also had lunch with Jim Gembles, Ted Chadwick, and Bill "Clewiston" Bond and Tommy Eassen. These boys report that 42C went through the course without a serious accident. Boy, oh boy, do we like to hear them words. See you next week.

—Keep 'Em Flying—

"Very Unusual," Honest by Jack Holdber

Once more we bask in true Flori­da sunshine, after a week of true California rain. To call it simply "rain" is a masterpiece of understatement. To the heavens just opened and poured their watery contents down on us until the field acquired a new name: "Carlstrom Lake." Even the bus driver wore boots. However, once again the long line of planes is in active, roaring operation, after a week of sitting like so many drop­ping birds—their wings soaked with moisture.

No Rest for the Wicked!

Though the Flight Line remained dormant, the Ground School had to maintain its full schedule. That schedule even affected the Instructors' Instrument Course, which runs every Tuesday and Thursday night. This course is really worthy of special notice. Under the supervision of Sid Pfleger, the G.S. chief, Carlstrom's flight instructors are getting a quick, concentrated and thorough course which will enable them to pass the C.A.A. written test for instrument rating. The course consists of 18 hours each in three important sub­jects.

The Three "R's"—Requirements

Paul Dixon, former Link trainer instructor at Pensacola, is teaching the fellows instrument flying and radio orientation. Well versed in his subject, Paul is really hot stuff, and will have charge of the new Link trainer unit soon to be installed on the premises.

Joe Woodward, navigation in­structor for the cadets, has been propounding the theories of plotting courses and taking bearings. Joe begins with the simple fundamentals of navigation and takes the boys right through to, but not including, celestial navigation. In meteorology, Larry Walden holds the pilots spellbound. Named for his uncannily accurate predictions of the weather, Larry is one of the most-talked-about men on the field. Fellows with meteorology ratings have been known to tear up their certificates after listening to him. He'll also give the men Civil Air Regulations before the course ends. So far, the entire course has been attended with utmost enthusiasm and interest by the pilots.

"Leludu Lamat"

Ground School for one cadet has just been ended with final exams. The boys have been darn good pupils—as their final exams indicate—and it has been a pleasure to work with them. Evi­dently it made quite an impression upon them, for a literary guild has been formed. It consists of the U/K cadets who sign their works "Leludu Lamat." This "biblical" work is one of their efforts.

The Parable of Learning

It was the custom of the Engs, who did dwell at the Field of Carl, to go unto the Temples of Learning, where they did sit at the feet of the scribes and prophets.

Which was known as Ground School.

There, in one of these halls, did they listen unto him who was called "Crankshaft."

Yea, even unto gas and its prop­erties.

He that was known as "Charlie," or "Crankshaft," was famed at the Field of Carl for his gorgeous raiment.

Even unto the colour of his socks, which were like unto the banners of Eng—which was Red, White, and Blue.

Truly was he possessed of sex appeal.

Then did they learn of the mys­teries of Met.

Verily, we say unto you: the wise man of Met was a great prophet, for did he not foretell the rains that to come on the morrow?

And he did murmur strange in­cantations, saying: "Fracto-cum­bus, Altostratus." Yea, even "Nimbus."

But there were unbelievers who heeded not his word, and did slumber and dream of the weather in fair Eng.

This prophet did make unusual drawings on his parchments, and spoke of "Oclusions, "Fronds," and other strange mysteries which did amaze his hearers.

Thence did they go to sit at the feet of another sage:

Who was called "Rumb Line."

And he did tell them of Mag­netic North and True North; and of wind vectors and Double Dip, Which was called "Navigation."

Truly, he was great, for with strange tools he did inscribe shapes of queer design upon his tablets.

Which were called vectors, and which were greatly feared by the Eng.

And his listeners liked not his words; for he did preach the heresy of Lambert.

And the young Engs were displeased, saying one to another: "Why have we forsaken Merca­tor?" Who was a power in the land of Eng.

For the Engs were a conserva­tive tribe.

So did they go unto the fourth temple of wisdom, wherein dwelt a fourth sage who confounded them by his knowledge.

Who was called Deb.

And he was round of counte­nance—like unto the moon—short of stature and large of girth; for he did not live well on the flesh­pots of the land?

To them, in all their ignorance, he did expound the marvels of Lift and Drag, and other of his gods; and did tell them of former prophets.

Who were Newton and Ber­oulli,

And the sons of Eng were wont to curse and revile those names.

Even so, they did come to love these priests of the Temples of Learning which was called Ground School.

And did weep when the wise men Continued Col. 1, Next Page
Hobler  
Continued from Page 5

departed, saying one to another:  
“They weren’t bad blokes!”

Which, from the mouths of the  
Eggs, is praise indeed.

A New Tribute

This we feel, is one of the  
cleverest pieces ever written, and as  
the “sages” referred to, Messrs.  
Hobler, Walden, Woodward and  
Debor respectively, sincerely  
appreciate the tribute of the  
Eggs. Incidentally, Paul Debor’s  
girlfriend up North, seeing his picture  
in the Fly Paper several weeks ago  
labeled “Aerostat,” wrote him  
what an aerostat was. In perfect  
truth, he had to tell her it was  
any form of hot-air or gas-filled  
balloon. Her surprising reply was  
that he was streamlined enough for  
hers.

CARLSTROM  
CHATTER  
by “Flash”

Hello, friends! This is your Carlstrom  
reporter who sees all, hears all,  
and knows all about the cadets  
at Carlstrom.

U/K Cadet  
Keith Livingstone  
heads the column this week as  
being the victim of “downwinditis”  
— a dangerous disease — far and  
among cadets. It seems that  
the “Dr.” was so engrossed in  
thinking about his 20-hour  
check hour that he forgot which  
way the wind was blowing and  
consequently landed down-wind.  
Fortunately the field was empty at  
the time. Now K.L. has been  
christened “Down-wind Charlie” by  
his pals, and it’s sticking good  
on hard.

The Organ Played at Twilight!  
... We Sang!

Blondes, brunettes, and even red  
heads leave U/K Cadet Peter Ward  
cold. “Give us a pipe organ and  
I’ll be happy for hours,” said he.  
So we took pity on the poor lad  
and got his wish. We transported  
him to the Methodist Church  
in Arcadia and with the kind  
permission of Mrs. John Scott, the  
organist, he tinkled away with Bach  
and Mendelssohn. So engrossed were  
we in his playing that when he  
started on hymns and politely told  
us to sing (one had to noise to  
cover another) we just couldn’t refuse.  
At least he’s found a cheap way of  
spending an “Open Post.”

Breezing into the Recreation  
Room beneath the Methodist  
Church the other evening we found  
several of our cadet jadets busily  
engaged in various forms of amuse-  
ment. Cadet Hughes was being  
initiated into the art of “pool.” His  
chief trouble seemed to be in hitting  
the ball. In another corner  
Cadet Harris was sitting with  
wrinkled brow, opposite a very  
charming young female. He was  
your right skill at Chinese checkers.  
We only hope he was a gentleman  
and let the little lady win! Well,  
well, and who else do we see? If  
it isn’t Messrs. Ward and Frost  
playing shuffleboard with two  
girls. Who said Ward was a staunch  
believer?

Art, for Art’s Sake!

A number of R.A.F. Cadets were  
out gunning for Jack Hobler’s  
blood the other night after a Dance  
Revue given by the students of the  
Detroit County High School in  
Arcadia. Evidently Jack had told  
them it was going to be a “leg  
show” and a number of them took  
him at his word (a foolish thing  
to do!) They willingly paid their  
“quarters” and took their seats.  
But things didn’t turn out quite as  
anticipated, although they enjoyed  
a fine show put on by the school.  
Besides the R.A.F., our genial  
English friend, and Mr. Joe Wood-  
ward, our Navigation Instructor,  
were also present.

This Is “Off the Record”

One of the American Cadets,  
George Bennett, is very keen on  
records. His idea of enjoyment is  
to sit in a booth at a music shop,  
while a beautiful blonde plays his  
favorite hits. We found him in the  
“5 & 10” last Open Post, playing  
their records to a pretty female  
trio. Now, we are wondering  
where his interests lie in the music ?

The Bitter With the Sweet

At least one British Cadet has  
discovered that there are sour  
oranges as well as sweet ones,  
much to his disgust. Sipping an enticing  
looking bunch of them growing  
wild on the roadside (they grow  
wide in Florida, don’t they?), Cadet  
Towsle deftly plucked one and  
commenced to peel its extra-thick skin.  
But his enjoyment was short-lived.  
He took one hearty bite and very  
quickly disposed of the offending  
fruit, at the same time voicing  
a few well-chosen words (they must  
have been Welsh for he’s a Welsh-  
man). We bet he is careful of Florida’s  
native oranges in future.

Well, folks, that’s about enough  
scandal for this week. Methinks  
it’s a good job that cadets are not  
allowed to possess firearms on the  
Post!

Home Is Where You Find It—Or,  
Keeping Up With Construction  
at Dorr!

The day before yesterday we  
walked galley into the hangar with  
a song in our hearts and a cheerful  
word for all. Our joyful pace was  
put on a momentary halt by the  
realization that our house of yest-  
erday was without floor and our  
new ready room was non-existent.  
A construction man, seeing our  
amazed look, came to the rescue.  
“Put this one up last night, chum.  
You belong next door.”

The song left our hearts after  
stepping in the second ditch, and  
after being splashed by two trucks  
the cheerful word was reduced to  
shouting “hello.” Three fifty  
feet, covered on hands and knees,  
were brought up short by the  
resounding thump of our heads  
on the side of the hangar.  
Dislodging a chunk of mud from  
under our tongues, we opened the  
door and strode in.

But no! This cannot be! For over  
us was nothing but a broad ex-  
pansion of blue (high scattered  
clouds, lower broken). “Put this  
one up this morning, chum,” said  
a voice from behind. “Thanks,  
chum,” we replied, and made for  
the flight line like scared rabbits.

Save One for Me!

The group of homes being erect-  
ed in Arcadia for members of Ridd-  
day personnel is rapidly nearing  
completion. They are very attrac-  
tive and well laid out. The smaller  
one consists of living room, kitchen-  
ette, bathroom and a bedroom, off  
which there is an exceptionally  
large closet. Anyone wishing one  
of these new houses had better  
put in his bid now. Chances are  
they will go like wild fire, what  
with ultra modern bathroom and  
kitcchen equipment and an auto-  
matic water heater.

This ‘n’ That

With the new bus schedule to  
the field a reality, the most rapid  
response of an “open door.” We  
are sure the boys will be to-  
ward the High School students  
who have come to our institution  
and will appreciate the tribute of  
the cadets.

The North, the South, the East  
and the West are here, here, here  
and here. Two hundred feet and  
turn, 500 feet and turn, Straight  
and Level. Turn to the right to  
the left, coordination exercise.  
Time’s about, turn back to the  
field, North, South, East and West  
here, here, here and here . . .  
The field is where we are. There we  
are, caught with landing gear down!  
But the instructor knows, don’t you  
instructor? And the silence pre-  
valled save for the gentle tone of  
the 220 Continental bucking a  
headwind. Then a thumb jerk puts  
us back on the beam and once more  
the Beavers become eager.

Official Weather Report—  
Censored!

In ground school we learn. We  
are the Eager Beavers! We ask  
the meteorology instructor, “Will  
it or won’t it?” and the instruc- 

tor says, “This afternoon it will  
censored” if the (censored) that  
were here move in. But if the (cen- 
sofed) changes it will be (cen- 
sored). And notes in theory of  
aircraft are a bit off pitch, with  
yaw and roll, the lateral the longi- 
tudinal and the vertical axes and  
the Rome-Berlin axis, and the  
cabane struts, the wing struts and  
the turkey struts. On the beam,
mister. Dodds should cook with high octane, shouldn't we?

Take seats, gentlemen. There are four types of projections: Mercator, Gnomonic, Lambert and Polyconic, which means you are now in the Air Corps, where you will study, fly, eat; study, fly, drill, study, fly. Are there any questions?

And those letters home. "Dear Mom, I haven't had time to—I started to write before assembly—will write when I have some time." Aw, heck, we'll just mail her the Fly Paper every week.

Men of the Air Corps
Ready! Exercise! One, two, three, four. One, two, three, four. And on into the movies. We shod and turned and twisted and churned and grunted and gently moaned and stand erect till we detect the indrawn chin and smothered grin of a sympathetic, exercising next-door neighbor in this labor.

The First Flight
Well, there we were, still up in the air, 45 degrees—90 degrees, etc. "I've got it," the voice says, and we breathe deeply. The thump and roll and the taxi back to the line. Gingerly we gun it and switch off. The silence is deafening. Nonchalantly we unsnap the safety belt, stretch our legs over the edge of the cockpit and slide down. Our progress is halted abruptly by the forgotten 'chute, and by clutching for the cockpit we are kept from falling, empannegg foremost, through the wing.

"This your first time up?"
"Yup."
"What cooked?"
"Oh, a few vertical reversements, snaprolls, lazy eights."
"Ha!" And another Beaver hit the dust!

We don't have much time for looing around but there always seems to be time for a laugh to sneak in, edgewise. It's been impressed upon us and drilled into us that if we don't work like Q, we'll get shot to Q and end up in Q. Seriously though, we think that if we pass through an open door, basically, we'll be advancing.

"Mum's the Word! Don't Talk!"

FREDERICK MOORE, Tech School guard for the past four months and a former Marine, has been reassigned to active duty and will report to the C.O. at Opaloosa on March 7 for further orders.

"R.A. for Tokyo"

March 20th marks Tech School Salesman B. L. HELMS's first anniversary of service, with the school.

Bye-Bye Barnhardt

The war is really coming close to home now. Another instructor who has gone to work for the ferry command in order that he may be of more service to the country is Charlie Barnhardt, who resigned his position as Operations Manager recently. Charlie has been connected with the company since June 15, 1940, longer than any other member of the Municipal gang. He is to be replaced by that veteran flyer, L. G. Rees, who came to work for us last month.

Lt. Factor, also an old timer in the flying game, is our new Chief Flight Instructor.

Don't worry, Baumgardiner, any landing you can walk away from is a good one and congrats on the solo.

Thomas Teate flew down in a T-6 Monday afternoon to take "Boss" G. Tyson back to Clewis-ton. Glad to see Tom and hope to see him again soon.

It isn't hard to determine what part of the country Instructor Lumpkin hails from, especially when he says "Good mornin' you all."

Ali has requested that more pictures be put in the Fly Paper so he will know what's going on.

Jack McKay, Jr., is quite a fellow. Caught him ending a conversation with "hope you meet some more nice people while you're in town."

Vern Wunnenburg, Superintendent of Inspection on night duty, has for a pet, of all things, a gopher. Some time ago, Vern painted on the gopher Embry-Riddle Company, Dec. 12, 1941, and turned him out in the cold—so if anyone sees this poor, defenseless little creature—don't bring it back to us!

Among our visitors from Clewis-ton this week were Joe Garcia and Bob Ahern. Down for the day Tuesday to say hello to the gang and to see how things were progressing without them. Glad to see you, boys.

From the pictures that Johnny Stubbs has been drawing on old pieces of pyralin, there is every indication that another artist is in the making.

We caught Betty Hair humming the other day, of all things, the Wedding March. Wonder why such a tune should be on her mind? It was reported the other day that Mickey Lightholder continually hums the Funeral March. Tch, Tch.

Seen In Our Ramblings Around

Seven a.m., Dispatcher Eugene Williams trying in vain to keep his eyes open ... Line boys putting ships on the line and getting everything ready for the day's flights ... Students getting the ping pong table ready for the daily tournaments ... John Pouche, who is taking Jaster's place, trying to figure out his duties, among them his peculiar filing system of placing EVERYTHING under miscellaneous ... Fred Bull going to lunch with those charming lasses, Peggy Morton and Gene Smith ... Andy Rosaria, picking up rivets ... C. W. T. flying all night and sleeping all day, by the way, he is able to comb his hair once more ... Cross Country boys smoking pipes and nugas ... Wallace Dunn cleaning out the Fairchild Trainer after his initiation into the "Club for Air Sick Airmen."

DANCE!

All plans have been complet- ed for the big School Dance to be held this Saturday evening, March 7, from 9 to 1 a.m., at the Macfadden-Deauville, Miami Beach.

Two orchestras will play for the dancing, and as an added attraction we will have the use of the Deauville Recreation Room. Come on, Gang, let's turn out and make this dance a "whopper!" BUT COME EARLY!

Tickets are a dollar a man, with ladies admitted free, and can be bought at the Deauville Saturday evening or from your department head at the Main Office and Tech School; from Lt. Burgin or Betty Hair at Municipal Base; from Ad Thompson at the Seaplane Base; from Jim Durden at Riddle Field; from Nate Reese at Carlstrom; from Tom Gates at Dorr Field, and from Syd Burrows at the Colony Hotel.

Why the Dances?

These dances are being held to give our students and employees a "change of pace" to relax them from the tension of heavy work and training schedules and will, in the future, be held about every two weeks. As spring and summer approach, we'll include an afternoon of swimming at the Deauville, together with a buffet supper followed by the dance. The success of these dances, and their continuation depends on YOU! So, let's go and make each dance better than the last one!

WE HEARD: that Sam NETH- ERY, steward at Dorr Field, has been recalled to active duty on his reserve commission as Lieutenant.
QUOTATION

Art Barr, Chief of the Welding Department, Tech School: "You can tell the gang at Municipal Base that WE'RE buying Defense Bonds too! Plenty of the boys around Tech are buying at least $50 a month, and I'll bet a check of the other fields would show the same story."

"Pay Your Taxes—Beat the Axle!"

"POISONAL!"

We just got a letter from Arcadia marked "Poisonal." Opening it with a heart flutter, fully expecting it to be from red-headed Kay Bramlitt or that little blonde number at Carlstrom for whom we carry the torch, we discovered that it was from those two sterling "Carls-termites" Joe Woodward and Larry Walden, announcing that they were coming to Miami on "business."

Well, it may be business, but as they said in the letter, it would be all right with them if we should "accidently" arrange to have dates for them! Okay, boys . . . come on down . . . they'll be tall, good looking and good dancers, and we'll never breathe a word about that little Arcadia gal who has Jack Hobler so "hog-tied" that he couldn't come with you!

CHESS CHALLENGE:

Emiliano Ruiz Diaz, Inter-American Cadet at the Tech School in Miami, has issued a blanked challenge to play a chess tournament against any student, employee or graduate in the Embry-Riddle School. Diaz, a national chess champion in his own country of Paraguay, is a former match instructor. His most recent feat in the Tech dormitory was the defeat of six other players, all playing separate games against him at the same time.

Well, this challenge lets Ye Editor out of the running . . . we can't even play checkers . . . but there ought to be some takers among the British Cadets at Carlstrom or Riddle Fields. And another challenge that has gone unanswered is the request for a soccer match against the U.K teams. How about it, gentlemen?

"Mum's the Word! Don't Talk!"

Visiting Tech School this week was AL SHULTZ, pioneer Municipal Base employee, and now with the Pan American Air Ferries as a Link Instructor. He reported that the Ferry School looks kind of like old home week, what with so many ex-Embry-Riddle pilots, and all . . . and promised to send us a couple of cartoons from their Link room.

ASK ME ANOTHER! What questions come in over the switchboard at the Main Office! Mary Francis Perner reports this one: "Embry-Riddle? What day was it last week that was so windy?" . . . Shhh! That might be "Vital" information!

"Be Alive When You Arrive!"

"GRIND SCHOOLERS" VISIT TECH SCHOOL

Among the many visitors at the Main Office and Tech School this week were SID PFLUGER, chief of the Grind School at R.A.I., Arcadia, and CLIFF BJORNSON, ground school chief at Riddle Field, Clewiston.

Other visitors from Clewiston included VE and WARREN BUTTON, from the Riddle Field Maintenance Crew. "Buddie" is in Miami for a minor nasal operation and will spend the week in the Magic City.

In from Carlstrom Field was Tom "Housekeeper" Davis, with the truck to "ferry" back some equipment from the Main Office.

"Keep 'Em Flying!"

ANOTHER WEDDING: Betty Brannan, FRX operator at Riddle Field and sister of Division Purchasing Agent Jimmie Brannan, married the state highway patrolman at Clewiston last week. We didn't learn his name, but all happiness to 'em!

"TOWN CRIER" CRIES FOR R.A.F. CADETS

Jack Bell, who writes the Town Crier column in the Miami Herald, did an excellent job for the R.A.F. Cadets at Clewiston this week. It was like this . . . the Clewiston Cadets at Riddle Field have organized and outfitted a Cadet band, complete with the exception of three instruments, a bull fiddle, a guitar and a set of drums. Jack, hearing about this, made an appeal to his readers for the donation of the missing instruments.

From previous performances in similar instances (he's gotten donations of everything from a piano to an elephant), we feel pretty confident that the desired instruments will be forthcoming, and are going to jump the gun a bit and thank him in advance on behalf of all the U.K Cadets at Clewiston. This is not the only time Jack Bell has helped members of the Embry-Riddle family . . . we know of two other instances wherein he has helped Miami lads gain the aviation training on which they had set their hearts. For this, then, and because he is a good newspaperman who is never too busy to lend a kind and understanding ear to other's troubles, it is a real pleasure to award this week's Editorial Orchid to JACK BELL, "The Town Crier."