Embry-Riddle Fly Paper

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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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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 Axis—

“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 Volume 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!

AN EDITORIAL THOUGHT

by Lieut. Jim Beville

The fellow who starts out in the morning “behind time” buckles a handicap on himself that follows him throughout the day.

He is wrong himself... and when a man is wrong and knows that he is wrong, he’s sure to diffuse a feeling of discomfort wherever he goes and leave its imprint upon the product of his hand and brain.

People who get into the habit of being “just a few minutes behind time” go through life dragging the heavy chain of a disturbed existence behind them.

“Be on time... all the time!”

MATERIEL CONTROL ORGANIZATION COMPLETED

by B. H. Buxton

Chief of Material Control

Here is the outline of stockroom, post supply and materiel 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

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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 da Rosa, in charge of the Latin-American department of the school, shaking hands with Vinicius Silveira Vargas; Eugenio Jose Muller, Jorge Mont, Alessandro R. Barros, Henrique de Faria Franco, Claudimiro Blaise, Isauro Pinto, Jose Andrade, Attilio Broccetti, Adriano Fonso, Patricio C. Geoghegan, of Argentina, shaking hands with A. W. Throgmorton, Director of the Technical Division of the School; Arthur Augusto Amorin, Carlos Alberto Vriute de Medeiros, Pedro Barros, C. E. B. Montenegro, Odavado Araujo 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!
better service from all stockrooms at all times.  

Reminiscing—How We’ve Grown!  
Gosh, how this outfit has grown! Have been with Emby-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 2900 odd items kept at Tech School alone.

This does not count the unusual 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 Miami 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 handpicked 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 agin from ear to ear over acquiring this larger warehouse, and pitched into the arduous job of moving very much like a kid anticipating Christmas. He 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. Orchids 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 Alfonzo 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 minor 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 ritz San Juan Restaurant, seems to have no trouble getting "hot" with his hammers 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?

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EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER
"STICK TO IT"
Published Weekly by the
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OF AVIATION
Miami, Florida

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RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL
INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida
RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL
INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO
COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

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Riddle Field, Clewiston

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

RAY FAHRINGER—Jack Hobler
Jack Hart—Sam Lightholder
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. EBBETS
Staff Photographer
**RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER**

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. Yow-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 wasanswer ed a few days ago on the P.T. line. (No names mentioned!) It seems that the wind had difficulty in making up its "I/"" 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 Blodgett 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 Blodgett 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 Rehard, 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 41-60 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 certain two 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 Beazell 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.

**TECH TALK AND MAIN OFFICE GOSSIP**

**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 gun out at Municipal are being taught to fly, and here, too, we teach the army kids 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 wishes, our best wishes, to Captain George Fell, 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 HUMMINT!

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

---Continued Top Next Page---
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 prejudice 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 AMANAUSEN

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 Skiner. 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 listing of the Tech on his office chair that our "Director of Aviation" is back on the job again after a well earned vacation, during which he says he saw more water than he ever thought there was. He thinks he's 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.C. being Sam Worley, who takes over Flight 1, the new assistants being Fred Sheram, Sam Hottie, and H.M. Jones.

During our recent spell of "Los Angeles" weather we were amused 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 Richart is another railroader. However, I understand that in our midst there is a real old timer in the model R.R. 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 cads on 42G remark, "That weather bloke talks about cumulus clouds as though they were world shaking events."

Kaydets Pleaze 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 delighted herd of "Bovine Monsters" one morning recently. This, is no doubt, the reason that George Eckart blew in with a wild checked 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 natty drill put on by the R.A.F. cadets. Then the American boys did a fancy step 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 ganging 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 laundrman going into the barracks.

Ye Editor Agrees!

If Fahrriger 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 here Jim Gembles, Ted Conkle, and Bill "Clewiston" Bond and Tommy Eason. 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 Holber

Once more we bask in true Floridiana sunshine, after a week of true California rain. To call it simply "rain" is a masterpiece of understatement, for 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 drooping 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 Pfuger, 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"—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. Famed 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.

"Lelula 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 on them, for a literary guild has been formed. It consists of the U.K cadets who sign their works "Lelula 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 sox appeal.

Then did they learn of the mysteries of Met.

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

And he did murmur strange incantations, saying: "Fracto-cumulus, 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 spake of "Oclusions," "Fronts," and other strange mysteries which did amaze his hearers.

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

Who was called "Rhumb Line."

And he did tell them of Magnetic North and True North; and of wind vectors and Double Drift.

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 did he not live well on the fleshpots of the land?

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

Who were Newton and Bernouilli.

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
Breezing into the Recreation Room beneath the Methodist Church the other evening we found several of our cadet calli's busily engaged in various forms of amusement. 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 trying his 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 bachelor?

Art. for Art's Sake: A number of R.A.F. Cadets were out looking for Jack Hobler's blood the other night after a Dance Revue given by the students of the Dayton County High School at 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 cadet, friend, and Mr. Joe Woodward, 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 the 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 what 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 wild in Florida, don't they?), Cadet Towse 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 Welshman). 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 gaily into the hangar with a song in our hearts and a cheerful word for all. Our joyful pace was abruptly halted by the realization that our house of yester-day 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 the word, "hello." The fifty feet, covered on hands and knees, were brought up short by the resounding thump of our heads on the side of the hangar. Lodging 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 expanse 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 erected in Arcadia for members of Ridderson personnel is rapidly nearing completion. They are very attractive and well laid out. The smaller ones consist of living room, kitchenette, 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 kitchen equipment and an automatic water heater.

This 'n' That With the new bus schedule to the field a reality, the greatest percentage of our tire worries has passed. It surely would have been a long walk.

The classes in conversational Spanish given at the High School have met with no mean success. They have been a source of education and diversion and their continuation is assured. We bet they have been invaluable to Florida's native oranges in future.

New arrivals this week include Lieut. William Carpenter. He was forced down in Ronok as an attempted trip from Arcadia to West Point, and had to turn back.

DORR FIELD NEWS BULLETIN

March 5, 1942

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 among cadets. It seems that the "Dr." was so engrossed in thinking about his twenty-four hour check 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 'an' 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 he 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 noise to cover another) we just couldn't refuse. At least he's found a cheap way of spending an "Open Post."
mister. Dodds should cook with high octane, shouldn’t we?

Take seats, gentlemen. There are four more 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, study. 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, one, two, three... and on into the movies. We nod and turn and twist and churn and grunt and groan and gently moan 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 unlash 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, em pennage foremost, through the wing.

“This your first time up?”

“Yup.” “What cooked?” “Oh, a few vertical reversements, snap rolls, lazy eights.” “Ha!” And another Beaver hit the dust!

We don’t have much time for loitering 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 Opa-Locka on March 7 for further orders.

“KO for Tokyo”

March 20th marks Tech School Saleman B. L. HELM’S first anniversary of service, with the school.

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Mentioning Municipal Base
by Bill Jaster and Betty Hair

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

Don’t worry, Baumgardner, 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 Clewis­ton. 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.” All 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 Clewis­ton 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. Tech, Tech.

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 Fouche, 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... Wallace Dunn cleaning out the Fairchild Trainer after his initiation into the “Club for Air Sick Airmen.”

DANCE!

All plans have been completed 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 Reece 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 NETHERY, 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 num-
ber 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 en
"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 Ameri-
can Cadet at the Tech School in
Miami, has issued a blanket chal-
lenge 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 Par-
aguay, 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 Edi-
tor 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 chal-
lenge that has gone unanswered is
the request for a soccer match
against the U/K teams. How about
it, gentlemen?

ASK ME ANOTHER!

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

Visiting Tech School this week
was AL SHULTZ, pioneer Munici-
pal 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.

“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 or-
ganized 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 ap-
peal to his readers for the donation
of the missing instruments.

From previous performances in
similar instances (he's gotten do-
nings of everything from a piano
to an elephant), we feel pretty
confident that the desired instru-
ments 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 avia-
tion 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 un-
derstanding ear to other's troubles, it
is a real pleasure to award this
week's Editorial Orchid to JACK
BELL, "The Town Crier."