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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 bounched 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 Areadia 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 Areadia. 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 here!" 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?"

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 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 2900 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 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 some secret reason. We can’t tell 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 harmonies and electric drums in the fourth floor stockroom. He has outlined some improvements up there which make 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?

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.

Materiel Control
Continued from front page

addition or two where necessary make this all-out effort possible. This setup is the advance step toward an eventual 24-hour day and will enable all departments to get

EMBRY-RIDDLE 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

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE-MCKAY AERO COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

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British Flight Training School, Riddle Field, Clewiston

Jack Barrington—U. S. Army Primary School, Dorr Field, Arcadia

Ray Fahnrieger—Jack Hobler

Jack Hart—Sam Lightholder
Staff Artists

Charles C. Ebberts
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. 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 "1/1" 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 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 41-30 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 battle ground.

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!

PERSONALITIES AND PATTER 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 CPTP 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 to 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 HUMM1ng.

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 Foot

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

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Tech Talk
Continued from page 3
ship, missing two passes. Seems as
though you not only have to be a
pilot, but asea captain as well.
Anyhow, on Sunday we solosed the
desired 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 fly- ing!
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 some-
thing, it seems. We therefore of-
ically open a campaign to have
those two swift-footed lads, Herbie
and Charlie (Hermes and Mer-
cury), the runners, shod with rub-
ber-tired roller skates to speed
them on their missions through the
vast and endless halls of Tech.
The idea has been with us for
some time, but until now our moral
courage has not been sufficient to
overcome the horrible vision of Mer-
cury and Hermes, coat-tails borne
on the wind of their passage, duc-
kng in and out between drill dresses,
lashes and flaming welding torches.
Anyway, the petition will be post-
ed in the wing on the tenth
floor for your signature. Keep 'em
flying!

TECH FIVE WINS PLACE
IN MIAMI LEAGUE FINALS
By defeating Miami Parts and
Springs Monday evening, 24 to 23,
the Embry-Riddle Tech School bask-
ethallers 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. Richman's Clothing match sched-
uled 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.

SUITES 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 whispered courting, 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
stayed 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 need-
ed 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!"

HONOURED AMANAUNE
When Maj. Gen. Walter R. Weav-
er, 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 Gen-
eral's a swell guy, unquote. Know-
ing 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
imprint on his office chair that
our "Director of Aviation" is back
on the job again after a well earned
evacation, 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. be-
ing Sam Worley, who takes over
Flight 1, the new assistants being
Fred Sheram, Sam Hostle, and H.
M. Jones.

During our recent spell of "Los
Angeles" weather we were amazed to
see the field Cub hanging mo-
tionless (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 rail-
roading: "DON'T DO IT!" I got
one recently, and since then the
boys have been dropping in fre-
quently, according to my light bill.
The situation has been eased some-
what during the last two or three
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 Rich-
art 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
boy who tells you what the
weather is going to do and then
DARES you to doubt it. I over-
heard one of the cadets on 42G re-
mark, "That weather bloke talks
about cumulus clouds as though
they were world shaking events."

Kaydets Pleze Note!
Incidentally, calling all "KAY-
DETS!": In the last few days let-
ters have come in from boys who
were here at Carlstrom and have
since moved on to basic and adv-
anced. All of them express wishes
to visit Carlstrom again. Seems they
didn't appreciate our dining room,
recreational facilities and open

CARLSTROM FIELD, ARCadia—Just to prove to newly arrived cadets that it's not always cold in Florida, we run this
picture of the Carlstrom Field Swimming Pool, taken last fall. Don't throw away your swimming suits, lad; it'll be
warm soon. Similar swimming facilities are being built at Dorr and Riddle Fields.

---End of Embry-Riddle Fly Paper"Stick to It," Volume 1, No. 3, March 5, 1942--
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 checked cowboy shirt adorning his chaps. (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 nippy 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 laundryan 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 expelling 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 with us Jim Gembles, Ted Cram and Bill "Cleviston" Bond and Tommy Easson. 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 Hobler

Once more we bask in true Floridian sunshine, after a week of true California rain. To call it simply "rain" is a masterpiece of understatement. 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 Pfugger, 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 trainee 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 trainee 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. Fellow 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.

"Lehuda 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 "Lehuda 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 man 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 far Eng.

This prophet did make unusual drawings on his parchments, and spoke 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 "Rhnmb 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 bound of countenance—like unto the moon—short of stature and large of girth; for did he not lie 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 Ber­noulli.

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 Engs, 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 Engs.

Incidentally, Paul Debor's girl-friend 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 streamlinened enough for her!

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 Livingston
heads the column this week as being the victim of "downwinditis" — a dangerous disease among cadets. It seems that the "Dr." was so engrossed in thinking about his 20-hour check 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 hand!"

The Organ Played at Twilight!

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."

Breezing into the Recreation Room beneath the Methodist Church the other evening we found several of our genial cadets 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 gunning for Jack Hobler's blood the other night after a Dance Revue given by the students of the Deltono 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 Cadets, 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 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, it??

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. Spying an enticing looking bunch of them growing wild on the roadside (they grow wild in Florida, don't they?), Cadet Towe 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 brought to a abrupt halt 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."

"Why do you put your head out of the window?"

"I'm tickin' good at it!"

The song left our hearts after stepping in the second ditch, and then being splashed by two trucks the cheerful word was reduced to "hello." Then a 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 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 Ridge personnel are 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 log 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.

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

CADET LAMENT
by Cadet Meebold, Dorr Field

The "Eager Beavers" of Class 42-HI were properly welcomed to Dorr Field Feb. 28, by an enthusiastic turndown of upper-classmen. Our sartorial splendor had faded after an 18-hour trip but our bulging chests, bulging under the watchful eyes of upper-classmen, left no wrinkles in shirts or blouses.

And to the barracks we marched. When each of the room-mates had snapped all the switches, opened all the doors, and when the echoes of the "shh" had died from the showers, a bell rang, Somewhere from far down the barracks a voice drifted and the "we eat" cry brought the most rapid response to a formation that any of our eight-week veterans have seen.

Story of an Airplane Ride

The Beaver class marched to the flight line. Then we went up. Then it came up. Then we came down and washed off the fuselage, and recorded 30 minutes at the top of those blank pages (log books). Our first pinfeathers have sprouted in spite of our astronomical and gastronomical difficulties.

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 up, 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 prevailed 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 instructor says, "This afternoon it will" (censored) if the (censored) that were here move in. But if the (censored) changes it will be (censored). And notes in theory of aircraft are a few inches pitch, with yaw and roll, the lateral the longitudinal and the vertical axis and the Rome-Berlin axis, and the can-bane struts, the wing struts and the turkey struts. On the beam,
mister. Dosos 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 . . . 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 unnap 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, empannage foremost, through the wing.

"This your first time up?"

"Yup," "What cooked?" "Oh, a few vertical reversements, snap-rallies, lazy eights." "Ha!" And another Beaver bit 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 Dorr, 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.

"RAF for Tokyo"

March 20th marks Tech School Saleman B. L. HELMS first anniversary of service with the school.

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL BASE

by Bill Jaster and Betty Hair

Bye-Bye Barnhardt

The war is really coming close to home now. Another instructor has gone to work for the ferry command in order that he may be of more service to the country. Charley Barnhardt, who resigned his position as Operations Manager recently. Charley 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 have him again soon.

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

Riddle Field—In the Link School, by B. H. P. Keady, U.K.

(Copied by Sam Lightholder)

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 pyrralin, 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.

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. Bargun 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 ASTI”

“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 Bramlett or that little blonde number at Carlstrom for whom we carry the torch, we discovered that it was from those two sterling “Carls-termite” 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 American Cadet at the Tech School in Miami, has issued a blanket 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?

“Ain’t No Loops”

From some of their talking, we have learned that Jack Brannan, PBX operator at Riddle Field, is a former match 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 Perren reports this one: “Emtry-Riddle? What day was it last week that was so windy?” . . . Shh! That might be “Vital” information!

“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.L., 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. “Buddy” is in Miami for a minor naval 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, PBX 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.”

FIFTEEN

for ONE

The Army and Navy are doing a tremendous job of training fighter and bombing pilots. But the pilot is only one of fifteen men needed to keep each plane in operation. Craftsmen, mechanics, technicians, repair and maintenance men are badly wanted! Enroll today for training at the Government-accredited Embry-Riddle School—and do your part.

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