SOLDIER STUFF

by "The Boys"

Condolences from all of us to Pvt. Leslie Giles, who received word Tuesday of the sudden death of his mother in Asher, Oklahoma. Illustrating the splendid spirit of "All for one and one for all" that exists in the U. S. Army, "Us Boys" took up a collection to send Pvt. Giles home... within 10 minutes more than $68.00 was in the fund, and shortly thereafter, arrangements had been made to fly Les out in a plane being ferried westward.

Uniforms are becoming more and more noticeable at Embry-Riddle. With the addition of more soldiers to the original class, khaki-clad soldiers may be seen strolling along the porch, in the cafeteria and swarming the classrooms to overflowing.

A "gentleman at heart" was certain young soldier offering to see one of the local belles home from the U.S.O. dance. Later, sitting on the sofa, this young man was suddenly looking face to face with a black snake, which he claims was 3 feet long, at least! He didn't stop running to verify the length, but he is determined not to see another young Florida lady home. We won't mention his name, but his initials are Pvt. Perry.

A Welder's Twenty-Third Psalm

"Braziier-head" is my teacher; I shall not pass; He maketh me take dictations; He showeth my ignorance in class. He restoreth my spirit; He sendeth me in the paths of unhappiness for knowledge's sake. Yea, though I study welding forever, I shall not pass, for he is with me. His jokes and riddles, they conquer me, He covereth my face with blushes; my humiliation runneth over. All the days of my life I shall stay in the welding class forever.

BURROWS ATTENDS GRADUATION CEREMONIES AT RIDDLE FIELD

WRITES EDITOR LETTER OF APPRECIATION

Dear Bud:

What a show, what a time! Never in my life have I enjoyed a day as much as I did March 12. At the joint invitation of Mr. Riddle and S/L Burdick, "yours truly" attended the presentation of Wings to my friends in No. 3 Course at Clewiston.

Flying up was excellent sport... the plane was, I believe, a Fairchild "24" and what a pilot—Bob Marshall! He handled the plane beautifully and made a perfect landing, in fact, a three pointer, they tell me.

Arriving there a little late was the only disappointment of the day. I'd missed the show of the boys receiving their Wings and Stripes, but I wasn't there two minutes before all the boys had shown me their diplomas and a very lovely gift wallet from the Embry-Riddle School. Then the boys took me in hand and the rest of the day was a little hazy. I sat in a couple of planes while the boys showed me where and how to get them off the ground (I don't know how they do it)!

From there into the Canteen; then to the Administration building and it was my real pleasure to meet Commander Rampling, a swell chap. I then visited in their quarters most of the boys that I've known so well these past few months. Everything was immaculate and comfortable looking. You know I could keep this up for hours explaining what I did at the camp, so I'd better move on.

Later in the evening at the Clewiston Inn, I also had the pleasure of shaking hands for the second time with S/L Burdick, whom I had met previously at the Colony Hotel last fall. Also Captain Nickerson, who has promised to visit us here at the hotel some weekend. I believe the fact that I challenged him to a dart game hit the right spot.

Later I was invited to have dinner there as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bill King and their friends. It was grand. After that, on to...

CLASS 42-G IN CARLSTROM FIELD'S BEAUTIFUL PATIO

CARLSTROM FIELD, ARCADIA—Because of war restrictions, all too few pictures are available from many of our bases. However, here is one just released by Lieut. Jim Beville showing 42-G in the beautiful palm patio. To the left is the Dining Hall and in the far background is the orchestra shell. According to present plans, a dance for the cadets will be held here on Wednesday evening, March 25. —Life Photo by Wm. C. Shront.
“A DIME A DAY”

Someone just started us thinking! That in itself may be a miracle, but the really amazing fact we discovered is that if every employee in the Emby-Riddle organization bought just one ten-cent defense savings stamp a day, the annual total would exceed $78,000.00!

At present, there are about 1,450 employees in the School. At a “dime a day” we could buy $145 worth of democracy every day; $1,015 every week; $4,060 every month and a grand total of $78,720 every year... all on that little old thin, worn out ten cent piece.

Come on, gang... “A DIME A DAY” won’t hurt you, and it will add even more to our united effort to win this war. Start today... buy a stamp, then a bond... then more stamps and more bonds!

—Keep “Em Flying”—

LAUGH OF THE WEEK

Laugh of the week is on David Marion Smith, that pretty little Georgia school teacher who took the primary civilian pilot training program with our School at Municipal Base last year... witness the following story clipped from the S.E.A.C. News:

No Cadet Training or This Pilot—for a Good Reason

David Marion Smith of Valdosta, Ga., and Miami, Fla., who recently... acquired a pilot’s license, can’t become an aviation cadet, the examining board at Moody Field, Valdosta, Ga., has ruled.

The young pilot applied for admission as a cadet after receiving numerous letters from the Civil Aeronautics Authority about the draft. The letters suggested enlistment in the Air Corps as a flying cadet instead of waiting for the draft.

When the would-be cadet appeared before the board, the officers refused to consider the case, would not even allow a physical examination by the medical board.

The reason? Well, David Marion Smith happens to be a very pretty girl—and regulations don’t allow the acceptance of women for cadet training.

“Mum’s the Word! Don’t Talk!”

Among the Main Office visitors last week were Myers Y. Cooper, former Governor of Ohio, who dropped in to renew an old Cincinnati friendship with Boss Riddle. Also visiting was Burlin H. Ackles, president of the Rayl Company of Detroit.

WARNING!

Any remarks comparing Ye Editor with a fresh boiled lobster will not be appreciated!... However, we’ll take time out from our self-pity long enough to warn newcomers to the School to TAKE YOUR SUN IN EASY DOSES! The Florida sun is beautiful... but brutal! Again, take it easy, or you’ll feel just like we do after what we thought was going to be a quiet afternoon at the Emby-Riddle cabana at the Deauville!

—Keep “Em Flying”—

AN OPEN LETTER

Mr. Glen H. Kuhl,
220 Seybold Bldg.,
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sir:

Your check covering final settlement of my claim against the Company Insurance Plan has reached me and it gives me cause for a great deal of gratitude. Signing up for said insurance was one of the most fortunate moves I have ever made.

The amount of money you have paid me is much in excess of the total I expected to get. Especially so is the fifty dollars I have for reduction of the fracture of the tibia. I had considered that as a part of the breaks in the ankle, hence there would never have been any thought in my mind that I was entitled to the fifty dollars.

The fact that full payment was made in so short a time after the end of my period of disability along with the manner in which you went far out of your way to settle my claim adds up to the apparent truth that our Company Insurance Plan is the best possible protection for our employees.

Please accept my most sincere thanks for the services you have rendered me and know that in me you have a one hundred percent booster. When I look at my salary check and note the deduction for insurance it causes me to smile with complete satisfaction caused by the knowledge that for once, I chose wisely.

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

K. J. Walters,
Riddle McKay Aero College.

“K.O. for Tokyo”

“WOMEN IN AVIATION”

Eve Atkinson, our charming Tech School sales representative, spoke before the Greater Miami Airport Association at the McAllister Hotel in Miami Wednesday noon, using as her subject “Women in Aviation”... and believe us, there are plenty these days.

From the newspaper release the other day, we noted that over 15,000 women are now employed in the manufacture of aircraft, with “more being added every day.” And then, the other evening, we heard the radio announce that 50 women in the U.S. hold flight instructors ratings... of those 50, we have two with our own school, Helen Cavis and Mrs. Mary Brooks, both teaching at our Municipal Base.

All of which goes to prove that there is definitely a place for “Women in Aviation.”

PROGRAM

The Riddle “Family Theatre”

Feature Picture

“TOMBOY”

with

Marcia Mae Jones and Jackie Moran

Monday, March 23—Riddle Field
Tuesday, March 24—Dorr Field

Wednesday, March 25—Carlstrom Field

“HOLD THAT WOMAN”

with

James Dunn and Frances Gifford

Thursday, March 26—Riddle Field
Friday, March 27—Dorr Field
Saturday, March 28—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents
Mentioning Municipal Base

by Betty Hair

Better Than “Gear-up” Landings!

Lately it seems that everyone who comes in with the flaps still down after a landing has to buy everyone present a coca-cola. Ray Peacock takes the prize. Ray comes in with the flaps down every time he makes a landing in the Fairchild “24” and he has been nicknamed “Flaps Peacock.” We almost caught Mary Brooks the other day, but she pulled the flaps up just in time to escape having to “buy.”

Spring is in the air and ping-pong is coming into the spotlight again. Jack McKay is very busy now with all his students so he will probably have to relinquish his title of “Champ.” Top honors will no doubt go to Bob Marshall.

A Couple of Swell Parties

June 13th was a date set to Municipal Thursday with C. W.’s brief case and a number of Cross Country theses and then dashed away again, saying she had to look supper for ten people! The Tinsley’s entertained the Cross Country boys at dinner and a gay time was had by all. If you don’t think the food was good, just ask Gerald Cook.

A farewell party was given for Charlie Burnhardt at Liet. Bur- gin’s home Wednesday night. The Municipal gang gave Charlie a leather traveling bag together with many good wishes, lots of luck, and happy landings!

“Keep It Clean!”

A new fine has been placed on employees and students at Municipal—anyone caught dropping cigarettes, matches or ashes on the floor of the operations office must pay a fine of five cents. We think it is a good idea and are of the opinion that it will help keep the office clean.

Bad Belland and Syd Burrows stopped at Municipal a few minutes before taking off for Clewiston to attend the big graduation celebration at Riddle-McKay Aero College. We all met that very charming person Syd Burrows, and wish to say that we can readily see why the boys at Riddle-McKay think so highly of him.

Among others flying up for the “Big Doin’s” were Mrs. Riddle, Jack McKay, Sr., and Air Marshall Evill of the R.A.F.

Helen Cavis and Mary Brooks make a very charming picture tak- ing off in the Fairchild trainer every afternoon about 5:45. Helen is instructing Mary in advanced maneuvers and all “that kinda stuff like that there!”

This ‘n’ That

Hazel Thrall is very happy now that the wind has stopped blowing so fast and furious. Hazel had an awfully hard time trying to keep from blowing away and Lieut. Bur- gin was thinking about getting some weights for Hazel to put in her pockets so that he would always be sure she would be here.

We have it straight from Arthur Gibbons that non-C.P.T. flight activity is tremendous and breaking all previous records. That sounds pretty good to all of us and we hope that our private students continue to fly and take their places in the vast aviation field.

William Van Worder is waiting for his 18th birthday which is March 21, to take his flight test for a Private certificate. Good luck Willard. We hope you come through with flying colors!

Some of the Boys in Wilbur Schofield’s ground school classes had better sit up and take notice as a certain young lady in Wilbur’s Acres impressing applicants with absolutely perfect grades!

John Fouche is not back with us yet but from all reports received he is doing nicely and should be back on the job shortly.

Wayne Tucker is recuperating from an appendectomy at Victoria hospital where he has been confined since March 5th. Wayne is very employable on the mechanic at Municipal and we are very anxious to have him back on the job to help us “keep ‘em flying.”

P.S. Don’t forget the School Dance at the Dauntville this Saturday evening at 9:00! This time yours truly and “Mickey” WILL be there!

—“Mom’s the Word! Don’t Talk” —

More Special Rates

Indicating the extent to which Miami business men will go to show their appreciation of the good work being done in the “Magic City” by the Embry-Riddle School, is the letter we just received from George Wolpert, president of the Wolpert Furniture Company.

Says Mr. Wolpert, “Your school has brought a great new industry to Miami. We feel that the very least we can do is to show our appreciation of this fact by offering your employees a 10 per cent discount on anything in our store.”

Riddle Field Ramblings

Following in the footsteps of Frank Dereibus is a difficult thing to do, and taking his place as Riddle Field Editor is no exception, but we’re going to have a fling at it, nevertheless. Later in fact, after the present week-end in Miami, it would be hard for us to follow in anybody’s footsteps.

Thanks again to Syd Burrows at the Colony Hotel for his wonderful hospitality to both Cadets and Instructors, etc.

Our Staff

We have endeavored to get some sort of organization for our newsletter each week, and consequently, have been fortunate to secure the following to aid in keeping Riddle Field in the news: Bill Jacobs (Post Supply Chief), Bonnie Draughon (Canteen waitress), Paul Prior (Primary Dispatcher), Mickey Lightholder (Link Instructor), Tubby Owens (Mess Hall), Kenny Berry (Hospital Attendant), Nelva Purden (Mr. Tyson’s Secretary), and Cadets Ray Denton (Advanced), Jimmie Walker (Basic), and Roger Franklin (Primary).

With this fine group to help, we should have no trouble in bringing you right up to date on the news from Clewiston.

Cadet Albert Slongo, a member of the third and largest R.A.F. graduating class at Riddle Field, Clewiston, receives his wings from Air Marshal D. S. C. Evill, who recently arrived in the United States from England, and a diploma from John G. McKay (left), associate of John Paul Riddle in the training of British cadets. In the background are Flight Lieuts. G. W. Nickerson and Wing Commander Kenneth Rampilng.

Riddle Field News Letter

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Riddle Field Ramblings

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Course III Graduates

On Thursday afternoon, March 12, the third class graduated from Riddle Field, as Cadets were awarded their wings by Air Marshal D. S. C. Evill in an impressive ceremony. Three hundred friends of the class members were present for the Wings presentation, which was held on the field just east of the Mess Hall. Following the Wings Ceremony, an Air Show was presented by eleven members of the class, demonstrating formation flying and aerobatics.

Course III was an unusual class in that all of its members were university men, attending Cambridge, Oxford or Edinburgh, and it has set a record of graduating 92 percent of the original class to begin training. It was our privilege to come into daily contact with the entire group and we can say that they were one grand bunch of fellows and that they will be missed here at the Field. However, the entire personnel at Riddle Field join me in wishing them the best of luck in all of their endeavors, and most of all, “Happy Landing.”

The class left Clewiston (censored) evening for a destination which the censor has requested be unmentioned in this copy.

Vacation Enjoyed

All last week, Advanced, Basic and one of the Primary Flights were on leave. This, of course, Turn to Riddle Field, Page 6, Col. 1
FOGGY, ISN'T IT?
by Tom Taylor

One a.m. recently, after operations had begun, many of the ships were caught out by a sudden ground fog. As if the heavy one-way traffic into some of the auxiliary fields. It is a matter of record that during the period that the ships were "out" and the fog was "in," the entire operations building and most of the ramp adjacent to it was knee deep in fingernails. This fog was really thick; some of the ships, while turning up their engines, were sending out a thick creamy substance. We had to go up on the hangar and cut away the fog around the anemometer so that it could go on revolving. The little plane on the weather vane over the front office was on instruments and later as the fog got thicker it actually tried to get down the pole and onto the ground. In fact, it was so doggedly bad that Roscoe had to fly with both eyes open.

Heard In Passing

"Some of the new cadets have been wondering if Boots Frantz can really fly that Culver Cadet. Some are even suggesting that Boots make more of an effort to keep up the payments. When it comes to remarks heard in the passing, here is another one: "why does not someone ask Mr. Dunn to join us in our roadwork around the circle daily." Seems that Carl is beginning to bulge here and there. Watch that youthful figure, Carl!

Since the tire shortage has been further shortened we have seen some peculiar things on the highways—one of these things is the "Fresh Air Jeep" that Tom Turner and Cleve Huff ride to work in. (Cleve rides with someone else when it rains.) The fellows ought to campaign that thing, it is really hard on the cows to be startled by loud noises and then to be further shocked by the appearance of the jeep. Frank Curtrell is driving a 1949 V-8 with 1929 wheels on the rear.

"Quotable Quotes"

"Being that our director of flying, Ol' Jack Hunt, is getting many gray hairs over one thing in particular, we will use space to get his most recent outburst into print so that the smart sets and others, who perhaps did not hear it, will be duly informed—here goes. He says, he doesn't want anybody to drag in over the line any lower than 100 feet and if they do and he gets their number he is going to personally take drastic steps and he is not fooling. So I suppose we'd better raise our sights when coming in on No. 1 or 5 "P" settings. Remember, "chappies," not lower than 100 feet over the line.

I can't seem to shake anything more out of the deal, so I guess I'll fold up for this week. Be seein' you all.

P.S.—I am going to try to get the dope on different people each week and perhaps we can get the inside stuff on how and why they got that way.

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

ODDS AND ENDS

at CARLSTROM

by Jack Hobler

At last the weather has given us something to brag about. The famed Florida sun is out now in all its glory, bathing us with that balmy warmth so sought after by our more northern friends. Once more buds pop out on the trees, and the air has that unmistakable fragrance that heralds the arrival of March. According to young men's fancies turn lightly to thoughts of spring. One of the first to fall under the spell of the season is Don Mosher—flight instructor at Dorr Field. The tall, handsome, and usually invulnerable self-styled philosopher, has succumbed finally to the attraction of the fair sex. They're a cozy couple strolling down the tree-lined avenues of Arcadia, these lovely evenings.

Picnic Time Again!

Quick to take advantage of the fine weather, the Parkers held another of their famous rib roasts last Friday night. Representing Carlstrom Field were Messers. Beevis and Dixon. From all accounts, Paul Dixon set something of a gastronomical record when he consumed no less than 20 ribs. He's been loaded up with Bromo Seltzer ever since, but that won't detract from the magnificence of his feat.

From the "Recreation Department"

Speaking of records, our own little Lydia Sammons topped Ida Cochrane's bowling mark of 208 with a hang-up 214. Her score had more strikes than a rookie ball player in the big leagues for the first time. Somehow, though, we have a hunch Ida is going running for that 214 and try to top it herself.

Our first crack at plug casting happened last Thursday when we went the guns of Randy Gay and Billy Coulter for an all-day fishing trip. There's really a science to that stuff, as we found out all too well after disentangling our line from the reed all morning. We got pretty good at it, though, by noon, and toward evening we could snap every sunken root, log and tree limb in Peace River. Once the plug wouldn't come loose we braved the icy waters in our trunks to retrieve it. Billy Coulter gets the credit for the lone black bass that fell victim to the lures, and Outside Pilot Gray proved himself a gracious and patient host—you should have seen all the sandwiches he brought along for us.

Gosh! More Visitors!

Natty and immaculate in his green uniform, Lieut. Wyman Ellis, one of Carlstrom's first flight commanders, dropped in the other day to look over the old place. Lieut. Ellis was called from his work at this field last summer to take active part in the Navy's aviation training program, and is stationed in New York state. A young old-timer in the flying business, Wy insisted on cranking up the Fairchild himself so Len Povey could fly him back to Tampa.

Another distinguished visitor to the neighborhood was Roscoe Brin­ton, Jr., on a week's vacation from teaching the British to fly at Clew­iston. The weather is so good looks that caused hearts to swoon in Miami played havoc in Arcadia. It wasn't until hours later that we realized why so many girls stopped to chat with us in Ray's while we were sipp­ing a coke with the Robert Taylor of Embry-Riddle. It was no small job to tell the fair damsel that "Brint" was already married.

"On the Beam," . . . Or Is He?

To Roscoe's dad, the redoubtable Curly, Lee Hibson attributes some of the biggest laughs of the week. It seems that Lee was in Brin­ton Senior up for an instrument ride, and Curly was having a heck of a time under the hood. Lee called back, "How are you doing, Roscoe?" and received the surprising reply, "You ask me how I'm doing; I'm asking you!" Lee said he'd have given anything for a dictaphone to record the grumb­lings from that rear cockpit: "Dang it, now the airspeed's off; better give a little forward stick. Humpf, now that airspeed's ok, the dead-gummed ball-bank is off; needs a little more aileron, Confound it, why don't the turn needle stay in the middle? Not enough rudder. Look at that compass whipping around! Wonder if this blasted airplane is spinning? Can't be, ain't losing altitude. Oh, damn, now the airspeed's off again! Huh, Lee, let's get this hoo-doo off! So I can see where in the hell I'm going!"

"Be Alive When You Arrive"

The Tech School Cafeteria, which began operation last January by serving 50 lunches, now feeds over 600 people every noon.
TRIBUTE

We'd like to present here something by U. S. A./C. G. H. Bennett in tribute to his British classmates:

These have their battles still to wage
Horizons still to night;
Their's is the task to keep alive
The vigil in the night.

None will complain of jobs to do,
Nor their work undone.
Their's is the goal—though yet un-seen—
To leave the battle won.

That about winds us up this week. This time next week we expect to be home in Maryland for a week's vacation. We'll try to get someone more gifted than ourselves to take care of this column in our absence. So long, for a while.

"Be Alive When You Arrive"

CARLSTROM CHATTER
by "Flash"

We hear that Sergeant Benson has been making quite a name for himself as a good dancer. From all reports from the ladies at the Sarasota "Lido," he trips the light fantastic exceedingly well. We have yet to hear of him jitterbuggin' but maybe the American girls will make a "hep-cat" out of him yet!

Ed's Note: History Repeats!
Last Open Post three cadets decided they would like to have a distinct dislike to having a "furriner" take him for a ride. It appears that the first cadet got along O.K., the second took one walk around the enclosure and decided that it was much safer in a P.T. and the third just took a look... for the sake of the second cadet, whose face resembled that of the family spook, it is best they remain incognito.

A Gras-and Feelin'

Happy looks are appearing on the faces of the Seniors, as the majority pass the 40-hour checks and head along the last stretch to the final check which always seems to come far to soon. Already several cadets have taken their finals and are now resting for the moment on their laurels while the others are piling up the hours, hard on their tails. By the way it looks as if we shall soon be seeing the Juniors starting to fill up the white Solo slips in the Ready Room.

One of the most nagged men on this field is the poor Dispatcher. He sits all day in his little yellow box trying to book in and out the different ships while at the same time he is besieged by cadets and instructors for "spare" ships. What a life!

We Told You to Save Those Suits!
This sudden spell of "warm" Florida weather we have been having round here lately has been causing the cadets a problem as to what suits to wear when flying. We might suggest that if it gets any warmer, a bathing costume might be more appropriate. Talking of bathing costumes, it seems that at last that tempting swimming pool in the center of the Field is to be opened—will be the first cadet to take the official re-opening plunge?

What Goes—A Feud, by Gosh! Hey, Bud! Re: last week's Fly-Paper, "Our Country Scribe." Just who is this guy Hobler who edits the Carlstrom News. Guess we're gonna have to look him up sometime and give him a spilling lesson!

FLASH! More pink-scented envelopes are arriving from Sarasota. The latest caused much concern among the cadets. Soon they'll be betting on the type of scent she uses on her letters. Don't you tell 'em Reg—keep 'em guessing.

Lucky Fellers!

The MIAMI EXPRESS

Several of our cadets ran down to Miami last week and by all reports they had a real time. One cadet, Corporal Young, was nearly "arrested" as an enemy spy! It seems he is a keen photographer and the Miami night scene gave him a good idea for a picture—but he forgot that the defense regulations prevented him from taking a snap. Look out Corp! You'll have the F.B.I. on your trail one of these days. By the way, Bud, what's this Bali Club we hear so much about?

NEARLY ARRESTED

Wandering back from an Open Post one dark night we were very amazed to see two large, dark shapes loom out of the blackness in between the barrack buildings, and utter very inhuman sounds at us. Our consternation was great and we swore there and then to take more water with our lemonade until we discovered that the "objects" were a couple of cows that had strayed on to the field. There ought to be a law about stray cow, especially on the night after Open Post!

Well, here's where we sign off for this week with a parting shot—just who is this Carlstrom Fielder who will be hearing wedding bells very soon? We're hot on the trail, and hope to be able to give the dope next week—if it's who we think it is, then we will be surprised.

Editor's Note: "Keep 'Em Flying!"

SATIRE

An English Air Cadet's Impression of an American Raid on Berlin
(As He Thinks His Flight Instructor Would Plan It)

ORDERS FOR NO X HEAVY BOMBER SQUADRON
"A" FLIGHT: Take off at 19:00 hrs. in numerical order at intervals of 10 minutes. After making the 90 and 45 degree turns do 22 climbing turns to the altitude of 10,000 feet, then fly straight and level to the outskirts of Berlin. Fly around the city twice making 90 degree turns at each corner, then fly toward center of city, making 40 90 degree climbing turns to the altitude of 35,000 feet. On reaching center of city, start a right hand spin—on the 15th revolution and at an altitude of not less than 10,000 feet line up bomb sights and release bomb load. Pull out at 8,000 feet and after taking photographs for the local press of the damage caused, proceed to the "Hitterstraas" (located one mile from center of city—com-
meant that the instructors and cadets had from seven to ten days of vacation and from what we can gather, “quite a time was had by all.” The only objections we heard to the vacation came from the Maintenance, Link and Administrative Departments, not to mention Course VI, as they carried on through the entire week.

This week, the regular flying schedule is in full force, and with a break from the weather, we’ll really “Keep ‘Em Flying.”

Personal Pratte

RUSSELL V. DOMER, Link Main­tenance Man, is in Binghamton, New York, taking a special Maintenance Course at the Link Factory there.

Kenny Bodi is ahead 75%, hav­ing had 5% right in the groove or Rhymer in the Widener Stakes the other Saturday.

Scooter McGlACKAN, Dr. and Mrs. Gowin, Helen Scribner, and Leila Brannan were among those present from this Field at the last School Dance at the Deauville. Leila was sporting a new red formal, and goodness what a hairdo! Incidentally, there’ll be another School Dance at the Deauville this Saturday, March 21.

Toby Owen is gaining weight, due to lack of exercise, and if he doesn’t get some golf competition before long, drastic steps will have to be taken.

Course VI Wins Soccer Game, 4-3

On Saturday afternoon, March 14, the Course VI Soccer team (C Flight) defeated the Latin-American team from Tech School 4 to 3 in a game played in Miami. Despite a crippled lineup, the local boys led throughout the entire game, although they had to thwart a determined Tech rally in the closing minutes to win. Playing for the locals were Farrow, Fee, Row­land, Slape, Skidmore, Edwards, Sharp, Murphy, Webster, Clark and Vaugn. This was the first of several matches between the various flights here and the Tech boys, and much credit for arranging these games goes to Bob “Coach” Towson, who is doing a grand job as physical education director here.

Course VI has a fine soccer team and when at full strength, they claim to be the best in this ter­ritory. We hope to have their pic­ture in next week’s FLY PAPER.

Cadet Chatter

Course III were entertained quite royally Saturday evening, the 7th, in West Palm Beach at the Everglades Club. Class Leader Yorke, on behalf of the class, wishes to thank all who were responsible for the party and assures them that every member of the class had a grand time.

During the week’s leave, we understand that several of the fellows were able to make some interesting trips, some going to New York, others to Washington, Kentucky, etc. But, for the most part, it was West Palm Beach, Fort Meyers or Miami.

Basketball News

Coach Tall Owens, after giving his team a three weeks’ rest, brings the team back into competition this week when one and possibly two games will be played. The record of the local squad now stands at 14 wins and 3 losses, and we will have the results of this week’s games soon next week.

Congratulations To:

L. E. PLACE, Gene Redhead and C. W. Bing on their promotion from Basic to Advanced Flight In­structors.

INSTRUCTORS CARPENTER, King, Racener and Langhome on their promotion from Primary to Basic.

E. P. ROONEY and J. E. Taylor on their promotion from Link Instructors to Primary Instructors. (Note—Other promotions were not immediately known, so they will be announced next week.)

Welcome Home

Our General Manager, G. W. Tyson, who has been away on an extended trip, returned this week and everyone says “welcome” to the boss. Assistant Mgr. Jimmie Durden has done a swell job in running the show during Mr. Ty­son’s absence.

New Course Arrives

The new course flight arrived Saturday before noon and started Monday in the regular schedule. We have not as yet had the opportunity of getting their picture for the FLY PAPER, but hope to have it by next week.

The thing we want to say to the new course this week is Welcome to Riddle Field, and we hope you’ll enjoy your stay here.

Speaking of Next Week

We hope to have our “Man of the Week” column started by then, and also a lot more personal items. Our cartoonist, Mickey Lightholder, has also promised us another of his famous sketches, so we hope to see you all right here again next week. Bye now.

“Mmm’s the Word: Don’t Talk!”

Lost and Found Department

Has anybody seen Lient. Stet­son’s hat? Please return . . . No questions asked!

TECH TALK

by Bill Burton

Blakely-Carlisle

Well, now you know! Mary Carl­isle and James Blakely are now Mr. and Mrs. The big event took place last Saturday, at noon. This was the first occasion to cer­tainly changing the customs of America. Under other circum­stances the wedding would undoubtedly have been a big to-do, with all the trimmings. As it was, Jim stayed at his desk until 11 a.m. on Saturday, slipped quietly out and probably skidded up to the church—pardon me, courthouse, with seconds to spare. All the best of it to you both, Mr. and Mrs. Blakely.

The Army

More of the army arrived Sat­urday night, a contingent of (censored) men from (censored), all assigned to the engines department. They reported on Monday morn­ing to Floyd Brewer and Bernard Heath for their basic instruction. The two classes they replace, as well as the basic classes in Metal and Welding, now move out into the shops for the beginnings of their practical training.

We Move Again

More fun around the Tech School. With the ever-increasing demands for space, space, space as our army and civil training moves forward, the offices are constantly in a state of flux, moving and re­locating. The other night we stayed down here with Mr. Throgmorton into the wee hours, changing around. When came the dawn, Grace Roome, Philip de la Rosa, Mr. Throgmorton, Peter Ordway, Leo Mahsten, Jim Blakely, Em­mitt Varney, and all the secretaries and staffs appertaining thereto had been moved from their original locations to some other. (Oh, yes, Mr. too.) The net result was that when each came in he had to go about identifying his desk and per­sonal possessions in order to find out where he was. Too, we were all getting someone else’s telephone calls for a while, but with true Tech School adaptability the whole setup was functioning smoothly before noon.

Can You Prove It?

The lads in the CPTP elementary class at the University of Miami have been having their troubles. Naturally they are all more than anxious to get started on the actual flying end of their course. Even the scintillating lect­ures delivered on Civil Air Regu­lations and General Service of Aircraft by old Grind School Professor Burton don’t seem to be able to drive the desire for actual flight out of their minds. (Ed.—Strange!)

The big difficulty has been that the lads can’t prove to the satis­faction of the Civil Aeronautics Administration that they are alive. Every pilot nowadays must present a birth certificate (or a reason­able facsimile thereof) and be is­sued an identification card bearing his picture and fingerprints. It’s a damn good idea, no doubt of that. But it does make the going tough for a lot of fellows whose home towns didn’t have a birth regist­ration law at the time they came along. However, the CPTP boys are gradually getting their creden­tials together, and it looks like a matter of time before a large part of them begin to try their wings, if it hasn’t already happened by the time this goes to press.

—“Pay Your Taxes—Beat the Axis”—

THE SPARKPLUG CLUB

We have a swell candidate for the “Sparkplug Club” this week . . . Kirby Campbell Smith, the new chief of our Engine Depart­ment at the Tech School, who recently came in from Cincin­nati where he knew Boss Riddle in the “old days” of the Embry-Riddle School. Bringing with him several other instructors who blended in well with the previ­ous staff in “Engines.” Mr. Smith is mighty proud of his department.

“Our motto,” he says, “is never be­fore anything we undertake!” That motto certainly proved itself a couple of weeks ago when the Engines Department outdid every other unit in the School in the sale of tickets to the School Dance. That night the old fight . . . “Keep ‘Em Spark­ling!”

—“Keep ‘Em Flying”—

ORCHESTRA NOTICE!

Anyone interested in helping or­ganize an Embry-Riddle orchestra for the Miami meet with Eddie Baumgard at the 4th floor stockroom at 10 o’clock this Sunday morning. This invi­tation extends to any student or employee at the Municipal and Seaplane flight bases, the Tech School and the Main Office.
INTER-AMERICAN CADER NEWS
Cadet Maurice Molina, Cuba
Cadet Bill Rivas, Nicaragua

Although we have done more studying than anything else, this did not prevent all of us from spending the week-end at the Beach enjoying the sun and swimming.

Saturday afternoon, Cadets Roberto Machado and Bill Rivas were invited by Mrs. Herbert W. Young to be honored at the Tropical Park. Before the races, Mrs. Young invited the cadets for luncheon at the restaurant of Tropical Park and then enjoyed the races, after which their hostess brought the cadets back to school. Having had a very enjoyable afternoon, these cadets wish to thank Mrs. Young for all of her kindnesses.

One of the highlights of the week was a "Petit Dinner" given in the restaurant "Russian Bear," Miami Beach, by the "jeune fille" Irene Donaroff who personally served us in her charming way. As if this was the Russian music filled the air, we felt ourselves transported to Russia, the home of the Balalaika. The waiters with their Cossack uniforms added to the Russian atmosphere, and at our slightest gesture were ready to serve us. Present on this special occasion were Archibald Evans from Chile, Maximino Garcia, Carlos Noriega and Harry Yuria from Uruguay, William Rivas from Nicaragua and Maurice Molina from Cuba.

"Pay Your Taxes—Beat the Axis"—

RIDDLE TECH SCHOOL WINS MIAMI LEAGUE
by Howard Beazley

The Winnahs! Yow sah, old Tech came through with a bang last week, defeating Richman's Clothing 69 to 25 in the League finals, thus annexing not only the League Championship, but a beautiful trophy, the first ever won for the Tech School, and also little gold basketballs engraved with "1942 Champions," and presented to each member of the team. Players receiving these key chain moments included Baldwin, Hamilton, Lundblom, McShane, Abrams, Hiblsh, Leatherman and Bronner.

Going through the season with only two defeats in league play and 13 wins, their league all the way with the exception of the first week. A complete season scoring of both teams and players will be compiled for next week's paper. Meanwhile, the Tech team has entered the "Gold Ball" with much pride, which is being run by Future Airmen. Photographs by Shankes caught the action, group, Derrick Cox and Ray Denton, U/K Cadets from Riddle Field at Clewiston, with Barbara Otto, left, and Betty Jo Spring in this informal pose at the Spring home. Following the buffet supper, they all attended the dance at the Desmoulle. P.S.—The next School dance is this Saturday evening. Don't miss it!

INTERMATING LAMENT
by Bob Hoisington
Flight Instructor, Dorr Field

EDITOR'S NOTE: Recently a Cadet gave his impressions on the flight he took. Now, here is the other side of the story from what the instructor is thinking.

Carry on, Bob...

"All right, boys, here they come—and they're easier." So spoke the Superintendent (A stage commander, he could be no less than supreme) The instructor line up, the cadets line up; and the great lottery begins. Five of them and one poor, lone, defenseless instructor—who is promptly appointed high oracle—he must know the answers to any question the fertile brains and imaginations surrounding him can concoct. Have pity—

"Sir, why does the propeller vibrate at that r.p.m.?—" "Sir, how big are our chutes and how fast do they fall?—" And Heaven help the instructor if a "the or but" is misplaced or he's six inches off in a rate of descent; for then he finds the oracle has clay feet. Worry, trouble, worry—but the preliminaries are over.

Our First Flight!

Comes the day of the first flight—the formation halts in front of the hangar—a breathless pause—and the thundering herd is upon us. We pick up our clip boards, swing our chutes over a shoulder and walk to the flight line, giving a verbal account of what is to come. Finally, we're off the ground—feels good to be flying again after so much riding. Leave traffic, climb for altitude and then—

"Ok, Mister, it's all yours." First explanation of controls, then straight and level, then some turns. Here we have trouble, for he has strong arms and he's here to learn to fly and he's going to learn to fly if he has to beat the airplane and the instructor to death to do it. Ah, he's beginning to discover why an airplane is a "she"—treat 'em gentle and they're your slave—treat 'em rough and they're your master.

"Some Fun, Eh, Keed?"

Time's about up; guess we'd better go in. Now for some fun. "All right, Mister, let's go back to the field." Blank look—nothing happens. "Mister, where's the airport?" An intense look—a long searching gaze—you take a quick look to reassure yourself. Yep, the field's still there, just off the left wing tip. A great light dawns upon our fledgling's face. He points toward a vague white spot 20 miles away.

We laugh, "Ok, Mister, but let's go in to that one," and you point to Dorr. A great wondering look—"Well, how did it get there so quick?" We let down, enter traffic, and land.

Over and Over, Even Unto Ourselves!

The faces change; but the reactions, the mistakes stay the same. Take five males, between the ages of 18 and 27, good physical specimens all—one from each corner of the country and one from the middle to keep things even—shake 'em up, put 'em in a P.T. and they make the same mistakes in the same order and at the same time. But the poor instructor has to figure five ways to correct each mistake. We never did that—or did we?

Come to think of it, we did, so-o-o-o..."All right, Mister, let's try it again, and stay off that top rudder this time."

And last but not least, we do not know where the stick is in a normal climb, nor have we ever measured the exact distance between the ship and the ground at the point of breaking through, and when you want more power the throttle goes forward, and—aw, please, Mister, have a heart!—"Keep 'Em Flying!"

DORR CADER NEWS
by A/C Mechold
"Open Post"

Just before open post hit the under class cadets here at Dorr Field, nothing seemed to have the same ease going. We thought the days were too hot or too cold. The wind was either a gale or there was a calm. The bulew blew too loud and too often and we, the "Eager Beavers," were losing lift and thrust because of the increasing bushwhack.

The bus to Sarasota was crowded, but nobody thought long enough to complain. One of the prominent "dodges" of our class started out to find relaxation and landed in a prominent social center on the beach, spotting auxiliary spots for emergency landing, 3-4-5 and his yawning started. 10:30 and we nudged him to keep him awake. 11:30 and he was sound asleep, unable to cope with the rigors of civilian life.

Sunday afternoon we completed our radius of action and headed back to relax after a strenuous open post. We had changed our angle of attack, poured on the gas and caught ourselves before we stalled. "Closed post" has its advantages, too, we have discovered! Sleep, you know!

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

MAIN OFFICE MUSE

No less than a good dozen people have kicked to Ye Editor during the last week about the absence of Main Office News. Don't think we don't realize this deficiency, but ever since Evelyn "Gawja" Gholsten left us, we've been having a swell of a time getting a Main Office correspondent.

However, a couple of those lovely young things about the "Big House" have volunteered, and next week there'll be things and stuff about you and you and you... so behave yourselves, and when you want more power the throttle goes forward, and—aw, please, Mister, have a heart!—"Keep 'Em Flying!"

Visiting in Miami last week were Flight Instructors Howard Wade, Bob Eggins, U/K, and Ray Fahlringer from Carlstrom and "Ernie" Smith from Riddle Field.

MIAII—Preceding the School Party two weeks ago, scores of lovely young Miamians flocked to the cause, entertaining various groups of our Cadets and students rate of Town, boys and buffet, they had played at Miami Senior High on March 17, 18, 19 and 20. Come down and see your team go to town!
Before one pilot answers the call to “Scramble,” and takes his fighting plane aloft, many others must do their jobs. Craftsmen, technicians, mechanics, repair and maintenance men. And clear as the orders to a fighting squadron, the call goes out to every American: do your part. In one of Embry-Riddle’s 41 courses you’ll find the way to “active duty in Aviation.”