LONDON JOURNEY
RECOMMENDED READING
This week is "London Journey" by John Paul Riddle in the June issue of FLYING AND POPULAR AVIATION. As in the original story carried in the Fly Paper when Riddle returned from his recent trip to England, not too much was said about actual conditions there... but he repeated again that we had ALL better realize that the situation was serious, realize it FAST and do something about it NOW! Something else repeated, and worth repeating again, was the statement that the British are giving pre-flight training to 16-year-old students... when they reach 18, they are all ready to begin active flight training. It's a solid article, well worth your reading.

WE'RE QUEER FOLK—WE ENGLISH!
AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH CUSTOMS
by L. A. Harrison, U.K.
To you in America, we English must seem a funny race with our different pronunciations of words and our habits, good and bad, but when you boil it down, we are very similar in a way to the Americans, and naturally we have a lot in common. But then, from our point of view, you Americans strike us as being very different in many ways, so we start off "quits" don't we?

It has been said that the average American knows very little of what our normal home life is like back in England, outside the war, and I have no doubt that many would like to know just what we do and think and how we carry out our normal day's life. Well, here goes for letting you peep in at the back door.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, England is in a sense cosmopolitan. Now by that I don't mean in the same sense as America. Our percentage of aliens is nothing like that of this country, but what I do mean is that England is made up of many different types of people, each hailing from the various countries in England and each talking with a different dialect, some of which even the best of us cannot at times understand. If you were in the R.A.F., you would realize this too well, for we have men from Wales, Scotland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Somerset, Cornwall, Cheshire, etc., all talking in a different way.

Being a Londoner, I can perhaps tell you more of what life is like in our great metropolis. Most Londoners are hard-working during the week and relax on the week-end. We are made up chiefly of office workers, factory workers, laborers...

COMING EVENTS
Remember! The Embry-Riddle Family Fishing Party, Sunday, May 17. Get tickets and all information at the Information Desk in the lobby at the Main Office, Miami.

The Dance for the benefit of the Soldiers Recreation Pier at Miami Beach. Swing, sports, fun and dancing. Men in uniform admitted for 25 cents.

On Saturday evening, May 23, the next Embry-Riddle School Party at the Dearsville. Swimming in the afternoon, a buffet supper in the evening and dancing on the Clipper Deck from 9 to 1 a.m.

AND A SWELL TIME WAS HAD BY ALL—
by Miss "Freddie" Lewis
Another dance was given for the Cadets and Student Officers of Dorr Field last Wednesday evening.

Carlstrom Field girls turned out in good spirits and together with the Arcadia group and the home Field Personnel, made the most of those several hours—both in mirth and music. Punch was served to all present—one of the main items of interest was "Patty" Nachtiagall as she daintily sipped her portion of the Punch—it's no Wallflower!

Two defense bonds were raffled off—Cadet Bladen and Kregas were the salesmen and Cadets James A. Miller and John H. Rex were the lucky winners. Congratulations, boys.

Aside from that, Capt. Bentley won the Bond which Lt. Pinkerton, War Bond Officer, raffled off in the offices—sounds fishy, doesn't it?!

Lt. Folan, please forget flying while at the dance and give the girls a chance at the Cadets.

Seems as though the only thing that has kept the talent among Cadets hidden is the lack of a piano. Cadet Ed Kelley and many others are well able to entertain one and all if only said piano were to be had. However, we understand that a piano will arrive at Dorr Field in the near future.

Ask Gerald Taylor what his middle name is—

There was an important conference in Mr. Gates' office Saturday afternoon (a radio was located there); seems as though Ben Megee sure was making a profit on the Preackness—aided by Hazel Di shong and Lt. Pinkerton. A set-up job?? NOOO!!

"Keep 'Em Flying!"

Visiting Miami last week-end was Kay Bramlitt, Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, private secretary to Capt. Len J. Povey. She was, Dev said, "amazed" at the quick growing grass on our front lawn at the Main Office.
EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

“STICK TO IT”

Published Weekly by the
EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Miami, Florida

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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F. C. “Bud” BELLAND, Editor

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Seaplane Division, Miami
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Phillip de la Rosa
Main Office and Technical School Division, Miami

Jack Hobler
RAF Primary School
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia

Betty Hair
Land Division, Municipal Airport, Miami

Jack Hopkins
British Flight Training School, Riddle Field, Clewiston

Ed Morey
U.S. Army Primary School, Dorr Field, Arcadia

Ray Fahringer—Jack Hobler
Jack Hart—Sam Lightholder

Staff Artists
Charles C. Ebber
Staff Photographer

ENGLISH CUSTOMS Continued
and those who don’t work at all, fortunately a minority.

The average office-worker gets up at about 7 a.m. in the morning, hurriedly washes and shaves, dashes down to breakfast, hastily scans his morning paper while trying to ding down a cup of tea, looks at his watch only to find he has about three minutes to catch the 7:47 to town, and hurries off to the station. Naturally the train is crowded with other business workers who decide to travel on that particular train and our genial friend finds himself strap-hanging all the way. If he is lucky enough to get a seat, then it is ten to one he will have to give it up to a lady who decides to get on the train at the last minute.

At the terminus there is a hustling, jostling crowd, all trying to get through the ticket barrier at the same time. This is always a mix-up and one holds tight on to everything, including your hat if you wear one.

If there is time you walk to the office, it saves more pushing and shoving. If there isn’t, you take your turn in the bus queue and curse the bus company for not having enough buses, although you know that they have already too many on the road as it is. Maybe you prefer the “tube” or subway train as you Americans know it, and your previous train performance is repeated all over again. Sometimes it is worse. Eventually your arrival at your station. That is, suppose you have gone via the “tube.” It is almost as bad to get out of a tube train as it is to get in. But that is just one of the day’s obstacles. Out of the train, onto the escalator or into the lift, and up to the street level where one takes in great gusts of fresh air and a ruffled tie is straightened and a hat readjusted. By now, you have found that your morning paper has been lost in the mad scramble, just when you were half way through an interesting article! Never mind, these things are only sent to try us, and so, off on the last lap to the office.

Perhaps however, you came by bus. If you managed to get on in the first fifteen minutes you were pretty good, in the first ten minutes, excellent—and in the first five minutes, a genius. After what seems hours the bus starts off, only to get stuck in a traffic jam a few minutes later. Now is the time to worry. You look anxiously at the watch imagine what the boss is going to say when you arrive late. But no, the bus moves off and we go again and arrive at our destination. Rarely does the bus stop anywhere near the office but then you can do that last quarter of a mile in a short time. Breathless, you dash into the office, bid everyone a “good morning,” hang up your hat and coat, and delve into the pile of papers left over from yesterday.

An hour or so later, the boss walks in. He looks as cool as a cucumber and his tie is neat and he has that unhurried air about him. You sigh and think how marvelous it must be to be the boss, to be able to take your time over your breakfast and travel by a later train where everyone gets a seat. But enough, there’s work to be done.

Eleven o’clock comes and you inconspicuously slip out of the office and run across the road to the café where you spend ten minutes over a coffee or a cup of tea and then back to the office before they miss you. From here until luncheon time to watch the clock and on the dot, one hand reaches for your hat while the other opens the office door. Maybe the office girl is quicker than you and then she’s out first. But not usually, because you’ve been there longer and have had more practice.

Most office-workers have their own particular haunt for lunch, whether it be a Lyons, A.B.C. or a Slaters (popular London restaurants) or the coppers public house around the corner where you can enjoy a beer with your lunch.

Most popular places are crowded but we do get all the same and after a while you find a seat and your favourite waitress takes your order. If she knows you well enough she brings you what she thinks is best for today. If not, you ponder over the varied menu and eventually decide on a steak-and-kidney pudding, boiled potatoes, cabbage, a cup of tea, followed by a current puddling and custard. If you were nearing pay-day and a little short of cash you had spaghetti on toast and a cup of tea.

If there was any time after your meal you walked off the odd few minutes by looking in the shops at something you couldn’t afford anyway, or sitting in the park admiring the typists taking a walk.

Then back to the grindstone again until the office-boy brought you a welcome cup of tea and drops you a casual hint that he could quite easily slip out for some cakes if you gave him the money. As it is always best to keep in with office boys, you reluctantly condescend and hand him the money, and, in due course, receive your cakes minus one which he deducts for getting them for you.

Now for the last lap and as usual it goes very slowly. Eventually the time comes and on the dot you down tools, grab your hat, bid everyone a hurried “good-night” and dash away before the boss decides he wants to see you about so-and-so’s order or some such trifling matter that can wait till tomorrow.

Then the mad dash begins all over again and you reverse the morning’s procedure and eventually arrive home, very tired and thankful for another day. A wash, a meal, and a change of clothing and you are a new man, ready for an evening’s entertainment.

In the evening you have the choice of the cinema, the public house, visit a friend, go for a walk, read a book, or if it is still light enough—mow the lawn.

And so, the office-workers day is over.
MENTIONING MUNICIPAL
by "The Gang"

The Inventory crew was on the loose again, but this time it was in the Stockroom. These three men counted the stock on hand in the record time of two and one-half days.

The Civil Air Patrol Division is really going to town. If you see that swish going by and you don't recognize it, well it's Lt. Lloyd Fator. The next swish will be Gordon Walters.

Excitement

On a cross-country flight made this week by Carl Baungardner and Willard Van Warmer, with Robert Marshall as Instructor, it happened. Bob fell asleep and during that time the compass changed 90 degrees. They are still trying to figure when and how it happened. This site flying (in more than one way) really gets one down, eh Bob?

Flash!

Roy Robinson is the "new Cassanova of Municipal." Hardly a day passes that a girl doesn't call and ask for him. The gang now have dubbed him "Glamour Puss Robinson."

If you are looking for a good answer, just ask the Instructor around here if they are wolves. You'll hear something like this—Nooooooo!!! It must be the animal in them or something.

Stop this beating around the bush. We're taking to Pat Wender and "lucky-fellow" Steve Grant.

Wesley Redell was the first to solo and the first to try on the Primary C. P. T. David Platt was running a close second. These students are the pride and joy of Instructor Elliott Meredith.

The Laugh of the Week

C. W. Tinsley rushing around Sunday morning trying to find the silk parachutes that were on the flares from the Navy ships. Could it be that his wife is going to have a new dress? If you're not mixed up already, just go over to Operations and try to figure out Lt. Charles Fa-tow's new system. To everyone's amusement it works.

Instructor Hal Ball has lost that "sweet" potato he's been playing. Now we understand why Hal just isn't his old self. Here's hoping someone finds it and returns it to him. We're still hoping his flight could be that someone grew tired of the opera music that was flying around here.

Congratulations!

Our congratulations go to C. A. Harby, L. W. Probasco, and L. W. Wilder for passing their written Commercial exam. Some more of those things to Fred Pollard, Lt. George Jones, and Peggy Morton, as they are now proud possessors of Private Pilot licenses.

We welcome to our fold, H. L. Whipple, who is taking an Instrument course, Henry Shols, Jr., who is taking an Advanced Approved Commercial, and Hiram C. King, on a Solo Flight Course.

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
by Charles Stahler and Co.

Bill Linkrouts, our new Flight Instructor of two weeks, is very busy. By the way, as a matter of personal information and interest, Bill is the class of '38, from—well no less than Princeton. I want you to know. (Special attention of all Princetonites in our organization; Class of '38 will meet at Seaplane Base next week, date to be announced soon). Ye correspondent (for this week at least) is also of the class of '38; that is, local draft board '38. The only difference between us is Bill had to pay for his tuition, and board, too, I guess!

Our Grind School

And now to get down to my favorite subject, girls and boys—"The Ground School at the Seaplane Base." All of "youse" who are unable to get to the Municipal Airport for ground school can now just casually coast across a very short span of the "MacArthur" or County Causeway, and there you are—Seaplane Base, ground school, et al. To be suceptible if you are unable to drive all of the way to the Municipal for your ground school, and flying, then simply drop in at the Base where we are well equipped to give you all the instruction which you might require. Save a great deal of time, gasoline and rubber, eh?

Pat Caccavella, the boy with the great big smile, but extremely tactful, took his flight test for a private on Monday. Incidentally, Pat is taking a commercial ground school course at Municipal, a la Wilbur Sheffield.

The "brothers from Ohio" who were studying under Wilbur all last winter, were at the Base the other day with nice new uniforms of the Pan-American Ferries. I mean George and Frank Blake. I wonder what will happen to their sail boat, or is it an amphibian? And while on the subject of visitors to the Base a former employee, namely Charlie Martin, now First Class Machinist's Mate of Uncle Sam's Navy, was here to tell us about the good old days.

Via Bill Linkrouts

I might add here that "Cheerful Charlie Stahler," our Ground Instructor, is really keeping things humming. New students keep pouring in and Charlie has his hands full from early morn till late at night. If you want to have some fun ask him where he gets his groceries now that prices are going up. The breakfasts are on Stahler, boys! How do you do it, son?

Admant Ad, our immediate superior, was really worried over the week-end. He was getting a day off on Tuesday—his second in many months, and it was like a first solo hop. What do I do now? We told him to let the ship fly itself and that we would handle the business. Percy, our stellar guard, and yours truly held the fort, and Ad soled—nicely!

Sidney Wood of TECH School, and holder at the present time of a private pilot's license, should be in possession of a seaplane rating by the time the FLY PAPER hits the "STANDS."

Far Away Visitors

We have as students at the Base three very lovely people, namely, Miss Gerda Randlov, Copenhagen, Denmark; Rene Forster, Luzanne, Switzerland; and Alfred Faerber, Zwickh, Switzerland. Miss Gerda has a brother in England with the Norwegian Royal Air Force—Flying Lieutenant. All three were fishing Sunday and Gerda being the lucky one caught a 55 pound sailfish and a 26 pound Bull Dolphin.
SOLDIER STUFF

by “The Boys” at Tech-Div.

SAM KELLEHER

May 14, 1942

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It”

Tech Talk

by Dorothy Burton

Dancing At the Deauville

Tech School was not as well represented as usual Saturday night, due to that nasty old rain! However, Betty Harrington and Bud Bolland were there as hostess and host. Betty, swete in blue, broke more than her usual quota of hearts and Bud was so much in demand he didn't get around to all the tables to give his usual gracious welcome (which is so necessary as inspiration in writing columns). The principal table was the wedding party of Mike Loginger, the most handsome bridegroom of the season, his happy young bride and their families and friends. Our suave Director of Latin American Training, Phil de la Rosa and his charming wife with a large group of friends had a ring-side table. A proud and devoted new husband was Jerry Murphy (Dormitory) whose wife's splendid singing was much admired. Young, good-looking Charlies Shepherd (Sheet Metal Stock Room) brought a party of out-town guests. Lucille Valliere, who always looks robust and rosy at school, at the dances becomes ethereal and mysterious. Trixie Wood and the Lathari of the Sheet Metal Department, Sidney Wood, never missed a dance together. The favorite couple of all, graceful Helen Drabeck (Dietician), and the irresistible Dr. Drabeck doing the good deed for the nite dancing with the husbandless ones. Irresistible young Luis Jaramillo, Aircraft Department, doing similar good deeds. The post-script of the evening was tender lullabies played by Roberto Machado, student from Uruguay, in his inimitable CRASH, CRASH, BANG! style and that's all about the dance till the next one on May 23rd when Tech School will be there to a man and so will the Embry-Riddle glamor girls who stayed home because of rain.

Flag Dedication Ceremony

Saturday’s flag raising ceremony and graduation of the first class of U. S. Army students was a dignified and impressive service. John Paul Riddle was the official host; guests were Mr. Reeder, mayor of Miami; Mr. Whiteley, mayor of Coral Gables; and Mr. Shaw, city manager of Coral Gables; Major Stewart and Captain Field represented the U. S. Army; A. W. Throgmorton and James Blakely, Director of the Technical School and Director of Navy Training, respectively, represented the Technical School; and Peter Ordway.

SCHOOL PARTY, MIAMI BEACH—Yep, that old debille rain ruined our dancing on the Clipper Deck at the Deauville last Saturday evening, but even so, we had over 350 of the “Gang” out to enjoy themselves dancing inside, and happiest of the happy people were Mike Engine Department) and Ellen LOGINGER, newest Embry-Riddle newlyweds, who were married Saturday afternoon and brought their wedding party to the School party in the evening. Said Mike, “These Embry-Riddle School parties are a wonderful way to meet everyone. And Ellen and I certainly do appreciate the way the “Family” has welcomed us into their midst. We wouldn’t miss one of these parties for anything.” Well, okay, Mike, just be sure not to miss the next one, on Saturday, May 25, at the Macfadden Deauville. It will be a Swimming, Buffet Supper and Dancing party, beginning officially at 5 in the afternoon, with swimming until 7; socializing and a buffet supper until 9; and dancing outside (weather permitting) on the Clipper Deck until 1 a.m. Please note the words “Officially beginning at 5” . . . this means that you are all welcome to come over earlier in the afternoon for the swimming if you can talk the boss into an afternoon off.

Special for Clewiston and Arcadia

Special rates for Embry-Riddle employees will prevail at the Deauville. Why not come down and spend the night and attend the party? Rooms are $1 per person, and the cost of the swimming, supper and dancing is $1.50 per couple. Let's get a BIG crowd this time.

Highlighting last week’s party was the special exhibition of bag-pipes put on by E.A.F. Cadets “Jock” Birrell and his “Manager” Bill Morrison, both of whom did more than their share of entertaining the crowd, as did those mighty masters of melody Tommy Peato, Mickey Lightholder and C. C. Carpenter, Clewiston Flight Instructors, and Al Dick, from the Tech Division, who formed an impromptu barbershop quartet to lead the community singing under the capable direction of Carlstrom Flight Instructor Howard Wade, who carried on by short wave radio from the back of the Deauville Room. A good time was had by all!

SOLDIER STUFF

by “The Boys” at Tech-Div.

We Went to the Dance!

I raised an indicating finger, bad Miss Harrington (our very efficient hostess) to fetch her; she obliged, and I was then in possession of a most wonderful vision of beauty imaginable. So help me she was gorgeous, beau—oh well, I know you're not interested, but what I'm trying to put across is the opportunity you muffed by not adhering to Sarg. Wood's suggestion to attend the dance at the Macfadden - Deauville. Soldiers, there were squads and squads of Miami's best there and all you had to do was smile and they were yours. Don't miss the next one! Let a word to the wise be sufficient. I know I have absolutely no regrets. No, sir!

Coming home on the bus (she didn't have a car, darn it) we were royally entertained by a couple of English Cadets who were more than happy and who were obstreperously demonstrating plane maneuvers while propped up against the bus' upright supports. Between their gestures and accompanying open and loud declarations of admiration of the U. S. forces the usually uneventful trip turned into a hilarious riot.

Questions of the Week

"Dagwood" McGuire and Blondie ain't no more. How come Corp. Could it be that your new activities are keeping you in nights? I bet you'll look good in a crop of gray but thinning hair. Well the 12:00 M. curfew was certainly a welcome event. At least we won't have to get up in the middle of a good picture at the theater and half it back to the dorms so as to avoid the very unattractive six-hour drilling arrangement on Sundays for those unfortunate who did not quite comply with existing rules—SAY PET. Ross, there is something I've got to get straightened out: Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't really fuzzy, wuzzy?—or wuzzy?

Congrats to the Grads!

Of course this article wouldn't be complete if we didn't pay tribute to the stirring martial music that was rendered forth by the nattily clad band at the flag raising exercises (ahem)—On the subject though, all of us fellows were proud of our buddies who made up the first graduation class and we all know that when they get into this shibig that they'll do more than their share in helping to give 'em hell with the compliments of the U. S. A. Air Corps Technicians.

Rain Ruined Receipts, But Mike and Ellen Were Happy!

Page 4
was master of the ceremony. All students and employees were present for the first occasion of this kind at the school.

News Flashes

A. W. Throgmorton spoke over WIOD Saturday night at 9:00 P. M. at the University of Miami Round Table. The topic of the evening was, "What Miami Is Doing in National Defense." Mr. and Mrs. Mike Loginger gave a party Sunday afternoon "The Fish Hawk." Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton of Indiana, Mr. Michael Loginger, Senior, of Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Smith (Engines), and Mr. Brewer (Engines). A quarter of a ton of fish was caught which included 103 dolpins. Mr. Brewer's fifty-one pound fish won the prize for size. Les Bertram (Engines) will soon be receiving congratulations as it is said he will be the School's next bridegroom. John Clyde William Riddle is the leading candidate for Master of the Pony Club. Let all support be given this most estimable citizen.

Chatter, Here 'N' There

Helen Drabeck's friends celebrated her birthday and presented vases as a token of their esteem. Truman Gilf flew to Cincinnati to visit the family. Trixie Woods (Photography) will return to Roanoke, Virginia, on the 15th and is said at leaving Embry-Riddle and Miami. Again WKAT, the lover, stood treat to the Main Office softball team when they played at Flemingo Park, with a score of 24-12. Peter Ordway, the star, made two home runs. Margaret de Pamphilis (Personnel) brings "clase" to the reception room siters. Melvin Klein's wife is in Jackson Memorial Hospital, a serious appendectomy case, but all is well now. Bill Burton is home from Jackson Memorial getting about on crutches which he thinks could have springs inserted in the ends, become pogo sticks and go farther and faster. Betty McShane left Jackson Memorial for her home in Miami Springs. Why don't we take Jackson Memorial over as an annex?

A. W. Throgmorton, Emmett Varney, Larry Ordway, Charlie Ebbets, David Beatly, and Joe Ellis, a newcomer from Tulsa, Okla., went to (West Coast) on a fishing party over the weekend, a stag affair at which "A. W." acquired a becoming acquaintance with lots of fish from Louis Hamn, the Aircraft Department's first student back in January of 1941, who has been on leave of absence, returned to school to instruct in the Aircraft Department. Jim McShane's bowling team vs. Royal Palm Dairy on May 8th, 2-1 in our favor. Individual scores: Hamm 134, 149, 181; Liverons 196, 191, 182; Smith (Electrical Dept.) 153, 169, 129; McShane 333, 176, 167; Daniels 160, 199, 185. Totals: 759-776, 829-876, 797.

William L. O'Brien will teach Basic in Aircraft Dept. Helene Hirsch, baby sister of Elizabeth, is Jim Blakeley's fourth and newest assistant.

Library Notes

Liberal donations of periodicals were made to the Library by public spirited Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lips (Payroll) and Grover Gish (Registrar). The Willard Rodney Burtons have had an addition to the family, "Skipper," a fox terrier, formerly owned by Raymond Schultz (Electrical Dept.). The Burtons already possess a small kitten, "Nana." Wheaton, nurse at the Burton menage (or menagerie) threatens to go back to Baltimore if any elephants are brought home for her to mother.

"Salvage Waste for Victory"

SHORT CIRCUITS

(From the Tech Radio Dept.)

by Allan Westcott

Newcomers

We have a fine bunch of new radio students in the primary class who express a sincere desire to learn radio. These students entered school on Monday. Miss Sylvia Ann Otis wants to find the type of radio work she likes best and study it; Council E. Miller is interested in code and secret code work; Frank S. Cannova wishes to obtain aircraft radio training; George Zokarias wishes code work; and Mr. Lipkin holds the speed championship in code practice for this week. A basket of roses to you, Mr. Lipkin.

Laboratory Kinks

Erven Friedlander just can't get over those pretty pictures of electricity he saw on the cathode-ray oscilloscope. He was also astounded to see "your truly" try to pull his hand away from the magnetic field of a coil.

If only soldering irons didn't get so hot "Rocky" Le Gaye wouldn't burn his fingers. We appeal to the school inventors to help him out.

What's My Name

What's My Name?

In 1930, the year after the great crash, having found motor racing without discipline and therefore comparatively tame, I joined the R.A.F.

What's my name?

I did my training at Sealand (near Great Binding on the Booze). And while there, with two enterprising friends, I learned to do barrel rolls and loops chained together, when we actually should have been doing S's and eights. However, it served me in good stead, for three years I performed at the Hendon Air Display.

What's my name?

I spent the next six years on fighters, but a particularly fierce scenic railway ride caused me to be sent to prove my intelligence at Air Ministry.

What's my name?

After Air Ministry, I was at Cranwell and then was special delivered to Clewiston.

What's my name?

Having toured round and under France in the good old days, Clewiston failed to produce much thrill. But it is reported from an undisputable authority that I was found one night lost in the underbrush at Sarasota, and bleated like a sheep until rescued by a brother officer. (A Burdick in the Bush is worth two in the barracks.)

What's my name?

I have written several best sellers which are now obtainable in an unexpurgated edition under one cover at the Administration building. (ADVERT.) I can't get round the Clewiston golf course, and I have to get to Palm Beach occasionally, both of which pastimes make me want to throw back my head and colour the atmosphere with gaily painted asterisks.

I am married and have a lovely wife and daughter, which makes me respectable.

What's my name?

Collected meaningless sayings of mine, (Vol. One):

"These barracks haven't been cleaned since J.C. was a lad."

"You'll probably all be eliminated."

"I came back illuminated."

"Let's have an inspection every day this week. There's nothing else to do."

"I still don't like Palm Beach (rising inflection)?"

READERS: Don't miss next week's installment, our last of this tremendous series.

Get a kick with Nick who gets round the golf course in next to no time.

"Mum's the word! Don't talk!"

The plan for the purchase of War Bonds and Stamps on a payroll deduction basis has been presented to Riddle-McKay employees. The system is more than a plan—it is a challenge to us—a challenge of our loyalty to our Government in a time when that Government needs all the financial aid we can give it. Of course, while we are helping the war effort, we are also helping ourselves. We are

Please turn over leaf
putting our money into a very safe investment, saving for the future, and accumulating interest on our savings. Our employers have gone to quite a bit of inconvenience and expense in order to set up this pay roll deduction plan. They have not asked us to share in that inconvenience or expense—they have only asked us to buy a share in the United States. So gang, let’s make this our goal at Riddle Field—let EVERY employee purchase a War Bond or Stamp EVERY pay period—no matter if it’s a $100.00 Bond or $1.00 worth of Stamps, let’s buy something every pay period. How’s about it guys and gals—are we together on that?

Hutson Takes a Bath

L. N. Hutson, modest Maintenance Superintendent, has been putting around airplanes for quite some time, but just recently did he begin taking flying instructions.

Well, last Tuesday was the red letter day for our bashful hero—he was ready to go. And a fine job he did, too, so after the successful trip, he beamed over to the Canteen where he bought cakes for the house—which included Messers. Tyson, Rampling, Burdick, Smith, Hanziker, etc.

In the meantime, evil and foul play had been planned for our retiring subject. Mr. Hutson was called to the swimming pool by Wing Commander Rampling to discuss the possibilities of erecting an awning there. Meanwhile, a small army of flight instructors approached from the rear, and much to Hutson’s surprise, ambushed him, removed his shoes and then tossed him into the pool, clothes and all.

The whole thing made quite a splash, and the prize remark of the occasion was made by Ernie Smith as Hutson crawled from the pool—quote “I always thought you were all wet, Hutson, and now I know it”—unquote.

Pictured below is the story as told in pictures, of the victim meeting his Waterloo.

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**Personal Prattle**

J. B. Thomas, Primary Flight Instructor, expresses thanks to Mr. Tyson for the 50 cents which he is supposed to use for a haircut. Two weeks longer though, and J.B.’s black crop could be sheared and sold for wool at a fairly good price.

Continued improvement in the appearance of the grounds was made by the Australian pine trees that have been set out around the back stops of the tennis courts.

Jonie Draughon, popular Canteen waitress and one of our associate editors, resigned her position at the Canteen last week. Everyone here joins me in wishing her a lot of good luck at anything she attempts in the future.

The welcome sign has been ‘hung out” for Carlo D’Aura, who just recently returned from the R.C.A.F. Link School in Toronto, Canada. Carlo, by the way, ranked first in his class. Congrats, Carlo!

**Cadet Chatter**

All of the flights have been renamed so as to make Advanced, Red flight, Basic, Blue flight; Primary, Green flight; and Yellow flight. The 21 members of the last Red flight who are staying on for additional ground school work, have been appropriately tagged “The Lost Battalion.”

Of special interest, we thought, was the Rudy Vallee radio program last Thursday evening, when the well-known English lady, Grace Fields, appeared as the guest star. Miss Fields proved herself quite a capable entertainer and her prize story of the evening was as follows:

An air raid alarm had just sounded in London, and an elderly couple started for the air raid shelter. The gentleman started ushering his wife toward the shelter, when she suddenly stopped and remarked that she would have to go back and get her teeth. Her husband, quite gingerly, remarked “What do you think they’re dropping—cookies?” Told in the Grace Fields manner, this was a swell bit of humor. Did you hear it?

Now don’t get too alarmed at this picture below. It is of Sergeant Pegg, Course Commander of Green Flight, and we have his assurance that he is wearing a lovely, new, black pair of bathing trunks.

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

Jack Holber, Editor

May 11, still this year.

Dere Edditer:

I jest want to let you know that you have left yer shirt at my house and wud like to know what should I do with it. It is too small fer me around the neck, and too short in the sleeves. O’course, if you don’t want it, I can cut off the collar and sleeves and use it fer a bullet-proof vest, as you have got em made on the front of it to give good protection.

**They’ll Walk Home, Jack**

There is also a pair of socks that I can’t identify yet on account of how they snt stopt runnin’ so’s the wife or me can tell whether they are yer’s or mine. As soon as they get tired and we can pin ‘em down, I’ll know; meanwhile, are you any socks short? If so, please write me, and we will make extra effort to catch ‘em.

**More Nice Names**

We got a kaydet here that has acquired a new nickname: Half-mast Cserpynak. This boy was O.D. the other day and the fog was so thick that he couldn’t see the top of the flag pole, so he only run up Old Glory half-way. Other than that, he has been a good O. D., ‘cause all the boys say his has really been on the ball givin’ orders—lots of orders.

Speakin’ of nicknames, “Downbeat” Pryor is now being called “Downwind” Pryor, as he makes landings different from the other kaydets. In case you want to know how come we called him “Downbeat,” it is because he can really tickle piano keys. He had the whole Canteen jumpin’, to boogie-woogie one afternoon and evenin’. He sure puts everything he’s got into that piano-playin’; his whole body jumps and sways to the music.

They tell me that “Sweeds” Milligan had a heck of a time gettin’ away from Captain Richardson the other mornin’. His engine wouldn’t rev up enuf, and the captain musta
CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE
By Tom Taylor

During the past week we have had the pleasure of hosting to a couple of right nice guys, Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain, these two lads are writers for the American and Colliers Magazines, and during their stay here they did a heek of a lot of "Short Snorting" while gathering stuff for a story on Carlstrom.

First Lt. Charles Holt, Chief Public Relations Officer, S.E.A.C.T.C., is accompanying Ford and MacBain on their tour.

Front and Center—Needle and Ball
We notice that the instrument school is grinding 'em out; during the last week we have seen the following instructors out there centering the needle and the ball—George Dudley, K. J. Harkin, J. Y. Brannon, A. T. Hayes, D. V. Tanguay, W. J. O'Neill, Jim Patrott, and we must not forget to mention good ol' N' Orleans Ball of Hamburger stand fame.

What certain Cartoonist suggested that a certain flight commander and a certain Lieutenant start an "exclusive" club? Oh, yes, and what other assistant flight commander gave what other flight commander a big box of FUDGE and COOKIES? Besides all of these as yet unanswered questions we want to know what Carl Dunn was doing in a pantry.

Friendly Warning
The following is a warning to the flight line; several months ago a bulletin was issued stating that goggles definitely must be worn while flying P.T. type airplanes due to sand blowing around in the cockpit, now you guys better get started wearing your goggles.

Has anyone noticed that each morning we are invaded by Dorr Field's Doug, Hocker? It seems that Doug comes over to fly our Cub since Capt. Nachtigal took up the science of mechanics a few days ago; his first effort in this line of work was the removal of the landing gear on a Cub.

Well, I guess I had better fold up for this week—no news—so I'll close with the gentle reminder to the flight line—When you start getting too "HOT" before you've been on the fire long enough—you're only half-baked-period.

NOTE: Any reference to any person now living or dead is purely co-incidental. (If any one swallows that last line they are most certainly in worse shape than I am).

DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN
Ed Morey, Editor

At this time, we wish to extend our fullest welcome to new members of our staff. Two attractive young ladies, Juannell Webb and Margaret Lightfoot, have taken up every day duties as Form Clerks in Mr. Colliers' "sanctum."

Trouble, Trouble!!
Our own Grind School instructor, Henry Warren, has taken on a new branch—Electrician. He may last, but we doubt it, according to the "shock" he got Sunday night, Gee, that switchboard operator is "pecks" of trouble—eh, Henry?

Speaking of trouble, you should have seen the assembly around a certain little object in the projection room of our well-known ground school. There was "Doug" Hocker giving orders, along with Sam Clawson and his little pocket knife, Henry Warren with his big diagonals, and half the drug blasting hangar crew. "What were they doing?" It sure had me, until I got my airfoil sections together and went over the top just to find a poor little old projection machine with its stomach torn wide open. "What was the trouble?" Ah—but a little weeny wire in the wall plug broken loose. Congratulations to you all. Just keep the throttle forward and the stick back.

Messin' the Back
Now is the time for all good people to be—good people. Now is not the time for inaction; but golly-gee, and also whizz-bang. So don't delay but go right down to your neighborhood furrier and stock up on goose-bumps and shrill-chills for the coming season of 90 degree weather. You'll need 'em.

Don't get discouraged; yes, it's anyone's privilege to make a mistake and just because you abuse the privilege—but don't be down-hearted, yet. Cheer up by runnin' over to the canteen for a reclamed cocoa cola; they say it's swell.

How're your priorities? Swell, mine aren't either! So I told "Mafie"—Too much—

Well hush mah mof wide open, and also keep me quiet. Did you hear what was said when attempts

Please turn to Page 8, Col. 2
DORR FIELD
Continued from Page 7
were being made to pour boiling coffee into paper cups at the American Rib roast! At which we didn't miss Miss Shroeder and Sgt. Pierce, on account of they were there, together, yet, also. I was there, too, but every one had a nice time anyhow, too.
The canteen floor must have had knee-deep in dropped dishes when we first heard our lovely deep-pink fire siren, or was it just sand in my egg-salad?
OVERHEARD IN THE AD. BUILDING: “Well, really, I don't see how you can see him in my eyes, cause he's almost always in my hair!”
LISTENED TO IN THE GROUND SCHOOL: “I tell you they have NOT rationed Sugar!!!”
How do I know??! Guess I was out with her last night.

In the Canteen
“And there I was, all sweetly innocent of the fact that the record on the juke-box were changed; all I did was touch the top when St. Louis Blues came on; but I do think these purple and orange-checkered slings are becoming. Becoming a nuisance.
Dorr Field lies under a pall of quietness, not to mention a ten-ton caterpillar, a roller and a few PT's. Did you notice the sign “No parking this side of sign” “Reserved for?” Yeah, and on the other side of the sign (the reserved side) was a nice dry two-inches of water and wetness. Duck-fun.
We thought Katie Sandusky was chewing gum one afternoon, but didn’t say anything for hours; then it was that we learned it wasn’t gum, just that steak sandwich. Mr. Norman commented, “Gee, but that of tired-looking hot-dog was LOWSEE!!!”
QUOTE: “You can leave your car here, but no parking.”
When advised that the sign on the Central Hangar was just a wee-bit top-sided, RAI personnel banged a tire of mene upon the Hangar wall—us? Oh, Sgt's just took another aspirin.
Well, since you’ve wandered this far, we bid you a fond farewell, and, oh golly, I’m afraid I left a tire of lipstick on your pretty khaki collar.

Flight Line Gossip
Miss K. Sandusky spent the week-end in Jacksonville.
Gerald Taylor braving about what wonderful cake he could make, then he actually asked us to sample a piece that he had brought for his lunch. Gerald missed his calling, he should be a chef. The cake was delicious, but we suspect that Mrs. Taylor really dished it out, ‘Fess up, Gerry.
They are always joking about women going shopping, but our instructors were really in a dither about the new flying suits they were ordering. They wanted to know if they were “Zoot Suits.”
The sizes ran—long, short, or medium legs. One instructor wanted a long, lean pair. Tex Ruyakendall walked in about this time wearing one that he had purchased in Texas. He was nice enough to model for all of us, and quite a salesman he is,—showing the nicer points of the suit for summer flying.
Zipped the zippers on the arms and legs to show the places for ventilation. After this demonstration, orders went soaring.

Question of the Week
What instructor and cadet had a difference of opinion as to the proper throttle action? Results: One broken throttle arm, plus a dead stick landing.
We see that Mr. Belette purchased a new “mucking bird trap” (Convertible Ford) while on his vacation.
We wonder why Mr. Fred Johnson rushes down to Miami at every opportunity. Is it just to see his Mother?
We extend many votes of thanks to “Curly” Baird and his boys for the splendid job of maintaining Dorr Field buildings and grounds.

We watched it grow from pasture to runways, with the constructors on duty every day of the week. We feel that it is the best in the land. And why? Because of the splendid workmanship that every man puts forth.

Soft Ball
We don’t have to go to the World Series this year; we’re going to have one here in our own back yard, “The Peace River Valley Soft Ball Association,” in which Dorr Field, the mightiest of the mighty (take note Carleton) has entered four teams: “Dorr Blue Devils,” “Dorr Eagles,” “Dorr Lineman,” “Dorr Knobs.” The first league game out under way last Monday. To you Arcadians—let’s give the boys a good turn-out. Yours truly will keep you posted on the results from week to week. Keep ‘em flyin’.

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DORR CANTEN WEEK-END SPECIAL

“Old Glory”
Ice Cream Sandae
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Miss Caroline Hendry
Arcadia, Fla.

See 562 P. L. & R.