GRACIAS,
NORTEAMERICA!

Está ya próximo el momento de nuestra partida, y creo que como yo, habrán muchos compañeros que quieran aprovechar la oportunidad que nos brinda el FLY-PAPER para hacer público nuestro agradecimiento al Gobierno Norteamericano. Por ello tomo esta relativa deshora; quiero dejar espacio para todos en las columnas de este semanario.

Todas y cada uno de los latinoamericanos hemos recibido una ingrata impresión. El pueblo, norteamericano no conoce Latinoamérica. Esta no es solo nuestra impresión, no es de hoy, hace 20 años, el 15 de febrero de 1.922, bajo los auspicios de la Pan-American Advertising Association fue brindada una comida en el salón rosado del Astor Hotel de New York en honor al Ecuador. Tomaron allá la palabra, figuras distinguidas e reconocidos escritores, tales como Mr. James Carson, Presidente de la Asociación, Tancred Pinochet, el famoso escritor chileno y otros. Hablo también el Dr. Juan Cueva García (Ex-ministro del Ecuador ante el Gobierno Británico) quien dijo, entre otras cosas, aquel día; lo siguiente:

“Cuando cedia a los Estados Unidos por primera vez, se me dio una...’

“carta de presentación para en socio principal de una prominente.”

“firma de Abogados de Chicago. Recorriendo el país (y como todos, “los caminos van a dar a Chicago), un buen día me encontré en aqué.”

“la ciudad, la segunda en importancia entre las vuestras—y fui!”

“la oficina de dicho Abogado, y pase mi tarjeta acompañada de la...’


“Del Ecuador.—Oh, sí, sí Ecuador, si Ecuador.”

“El hombre estaba desconcertado, y para sacarle de su embarazo...’

Turn to GRACIAS, Page 2, Col. 2

NOTICE!
ALL CADETS AND PERSONNEL

Effective immediately, all R.A.F., U.S. Air Corps and out-of-town Embry-Riddle personnel on leave in Miami are asked to make their headquarters at the MacFadden Deauville Hotel, 6701 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach. Special extremely low rates on both food and rooms are in effect for the Embry-Riddle “Family,” just show your identification card when registering.

This request is being made to eliminate transportation difficulties and to help conserve gasoline in accordance with the national gasoline rationing program.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Many happy returns and all best wishes to our own Boss Man, John Paul Riddle, whose birthday was Tuesday, May 19th. It was no time off and “business as usual” for the Boss, from early in the morning until late at night.

Well, that’s what it takes these days to “Keep ‘em Flying,” hard work and long hours... and that’s what we can give our Boss for his birthday present... another year of our individual and combined efforts to keep Embry-Riddle the biggest and best School in the world!

CONGRATULATIONS to Miss “Freddie” Lewis, the guiding light behind the increasingly popular Dorr Field Dances... and we’d like to know who sent us that post card from Dorr, beginning “Dear...” and signed “With Love (underscored), from the Patriotic Worm...”

I joined the Apple Core!”

Repair bills saved can buy a bond Don’t show off before a blonde.
GRACIAS Continued from Page 1

“So, añadi.— Pero ahora vivo en Panamá.”

“¿Oh, sí Panamá, Panamá?”

“En donde Ud. está construyendo mi canal, añadi, yo, a lo que él replicó muy satisfecho.”

“Ya se ahora, el canal de Cape Cod.”

“No, no el antiguo canal francés, el canal de Lesespa.”

“Entonces nos conocimos y supimos de donde éramos y de qué veníamos hablando.”

Hoy, después de 20 años, hemos encontrado nosotros la misma ignorancia: El pueblo de Norteamérica no sabe nada de Latinoamérica. Nada, y de ello tienen las culpa nuestros Gobiernos que no se han dado cuenta de que en Estados Unidos nada se aprende por libros que en las escuelas no enseñan a conocer nuestra Patria, que todo aca hay que enseñarlo con letras luminosas y multicolors, que solo aprenden cuando ven las cosas, y la América Latina, lo único que enseña en esta forma son los Indios aborígenes y sus costumbres. Sus selvas y sus animales y pelígrinos.

Muchos desengaños debemos haber causado nosotros a nuestra llegada a este país de oro.

Vestimos como los blancos . . .

No usabamos plumas . . .

Agradezco a los Estados Unidos esta magnífica oportunidad que nos ha brindado para hacer conocer la América. Hispana. Esto vale para mí, más que toda la instrucción que puedo recibir, por que esto vale para América Latina.

Sirvan, para comprobar lo dicho, las palabras que el Sr. John Paul Riddle tuvo para nosotros cuando presidía el acto de la izada de la bandera de estrellas y franjas en el acta de honor de esta escuela:

“Pido también un aplauso para esos muchachos que ven allí, los mejores estudiantes que han tenido la Embry-Riddle School de aviación, los latinoamericanos. Así es Latinoamérica.

Gracias Norteamérica! Miami, Mayo 16 de 1942.

OCTAVIO J. ICACA VALVERDE Latinoamericano

“Mum's the Word! Don’t Talk!”

De regreso de Cuba

Se encuentra de nuevo entre nosotros el Tte. Sr. Francisco Medina Parés, quien tuvo que ir a Cuba por varios días para atender un asunto personal urgente. A su regreso hemos podido demostrar a muchos que “Cuba es la tierra del mayor tabaco del mundo.” Muy agradecidos Tte. Medina!

TECH TALK
by Dorothy Burton

Arrivals
Malcolm Slocum, Sheet Metal, whose popularity with his co-workers seems assured. As say he is “a pretty good fellow; you can put the heat on him.” We’ve had sugar ration cards, gas ration cards and now our first girl runner—Virginia Williams, efficient and pretty. Speaking of pretty girls, the school now has a Veronica Lake in the Photography Department. Her name is “Jo” Axtell. Marjorie is the name of the cute brunette in Purchasing, and also new in that department is the extremely petite Daphne Banks.

Departures
Sidney Wood, Sheet Metal, has left to take a full time position with the Civil Air Patrol. He came back in full regalia for a brief visit to let the young ladies see what they had lost. Better run home, Suh, for Sidney will get you if you don’t! Betty Bruce, amiable and ambitious young lady of the Purchasing Dept., has accepted a position in Key West with a construction company. Buena suerte, Betty! James Prott, Sheet Metal, to Miami Tech Hi School where he will continue the good work he was doing there. Glamor girl, Eve Atkins, Dept. of Admissions, resigned as of the 15th to marry “Buddy” (Intercontinental) and go to California. A happy ending to a romance that had to be carried on mostly by note writing, as Eve worked long hours by day and the lucky man ditto at night. Congratulations and best wishes.

Transfers
Katherine Bruce, from the Dept. of Admissions, to be secretary to Joe Horton, Superintendent of Maintenance. They will be housed in one of the new buildings behind the Tech building. Connie Young, with Ed China, to the new Union City field where she will be temporarily engaged in starting the purchasing department there. Gladys Norwood, Jim Blakeley’s office, to take a leave of absence as of May 23rd to attend to matters of business in the north. Dean Ross, runner, to the Engine Dept., where we expect his rise to fame to be “cyclonic” and “whirlwind.” Helen Drakeck (Cafeteria) to the Registrar’s Office, where they consider themselves very fortunate to get one as capable, intelligent and lovely as Helen. Her splendid efforts and results as dietician won her the admiration of all who saw the Cafeteria from its tiny beginning to its present enormous size.

Personalities
W. R. Burton returned from a long and dangerous illness to find his office (it took him three months to get it) had been turned into an Electricity class-room. Virgil Kittrell’s wife and two baby daughters, from Tulsa, Okla., will be with him this week after a three month’s separation that has seemed more like three years. Virgil hopes to be able to get off from...
work for fifteen minutes the day they arrive. Isn’t that carrying conscientiousness to the nth degree? The gals are giggling at the crew hair cut of Dean Ross but confess that they really do like it too. What cute little telephone operator is so absent-minded she sharpened her pencil at the drinking fountain. Could it be love?

Sunday’s fishing trip was 200% successful. Seventy participated, the greater number being U. S. Army students. Two boats were used and Tom Davie reports he caught several yellow tails. Sergeant Wood fell asleep and a window pane shattered nearby causing cuts on his face and hand. Jim McShane cooked Sunday dinner for the Lee Malamants. He waxed great hns of his fluffy wiskered potatoes waxed soft-ball size. Shov’d milk’s fifteen mile announc’d Davie Jones’ mystic briny deep, perpendicular to it.

A real fun time on the look out for Miami sun. Sarg Woods proved to be waving flag of the ball game. Could it be he was a part of the trip lately. Guess he got that “extra work” he asked for a couple of months ago.

Kenny Copeland will soon be out of his “harness.” Bet he doesn’t forget that ball game very soon.

Sort of surprised to see Rodney Vestal back again. Looks like he might stay for a while this time. Hope so, anyhow.

Seaplane base has really had a rush the last week or so. Hillstead and Hawes certainly like to look for ships, subs and such. How about a ride, Bob? I think I’d like it myself.

Big party at the Deauville this Saturday. Think I’ll go and hope the rest of accounting and auditing go too. It’s more fun that way.

Speaking of fishing, while we weren’t, I never did hear Fred say whether he made the five o’clock deadline last Sunday morning, and if he did, why don’t we hear about the big one that got away?

Well, Mom, outside of the fact that Miss Fox and Mrs. Fox seem to have trouble keeping their phone calls straight, there isn’t much more to say, so I’ll sign off now instead of sounding off.

—Mum’s the Word! Don’t Talk!”

SOLDIER STUFF
Ship Ahoy! Cast Off!

And let’s get going—And many of our brave and hearty lads showed up to participate in Davie Jones’ mystic briny deep, looking for adventure and fish on a deep sea (?) fishing trip. It was announced that it was to be a fifteen mile ride, but it didn’t stipulate that fourteen and one-half miles of it was to be parallel to the shore and one-half mile perpendicular to it. However, a few little fishes who didn’t listen to their mommy were “rope’d” on lines so ensnared in one another that it would be more appropriate to say they were scooped in, net fashion, rather than hooked.

A few of the less seaworthy lads, somewhat affected by the news of late, spent three-fourths of their time on the look out for axis subs; and I wouldn’t be a bit surprised if some of them really did see the stack bibles that they saw at least a couple of ’em floundering about and basking their cute little peri­scopes in the warm (a chamber of commerce word for “hot”) Miami sun. Sarg Woods proved to be the only one really to enjoy the trip being the victim of a poorly aimed sinker that found its mark only when its flight was rudely interrupted by one of the windows on board and the flying fragments of which lighted effectively on and in the Sarg’s hand and face. All is well, though, and the patient is expected to recover. (I wonder who threw that sinker anyway?)

Well, I see a few more of our little lovers of nature fell victims to the potent rays of ole sol this past week-end. So help me, if about fifty of those soldiers got together in a group and donned a couple of feathers atop their sun beaten brows, passers-by would probably think that Embry-Riddle had been turned into an Indian reservation.

So Kranse ups to me and says. “I’m telling you, boy, while we were swimming we chased away word fish and hammer head sharks and everything.” “Yeah,” I says right back to him, raising a curious eye. “Aren’t they dangerous, how big were they?” “Oh, about so big,” he answered, indicating a spacious distance of three of four inches with his finger.

Wise guy!

What’s the Story Back of This?

Well, we had our first literal wash out the other day when Crawford showed up for chow soaked to the gills, coveralls and all. Somebody ought to tell him that people nowadays usually remove their clothing before taking a shower.

Say, that effigy that “Pop” Adams concocted down at the Welding stock room sure was a honey. I hope all parties concerned will take note—The welders have now adapted a pass word for admittance to classrooms. In obtaining it they tried to get a word that compiled with all the rules, etc., they had received per­taining to their course. All but one was eliminated and the ballot rang out with the word—“gener­ally.” I guess you fellows in sheet metal, electric and engine head up against this prob­lem and can share our grief.

Well, Privates, that’s it for now think it’s a good idea to beat the rules by coming in late, ask any except to remind you that if you of the 41 participating ‘drippers’ that put on an exhibition last Sun­day about it. I think they can readily and conclusively change your minds—but definitely!

Account from Accounting

Dear Mom:

Boy, what a week! Baseball, bowling, dances and stuff. The ac­counting department now has a bowling team as well as one of the best softball teams in the coun­try. They took the Ordway lambs again last week, and are all set to walk off with the Embry-Riddle championship trophy. Your boy is up against this prob­lem and has now been organized with a trophy for the top team, so we have already picked a spot for it in the account­ing dept.

A new face has appeared, in the welding department. Some of you remember him from last winter, when he made daily trips to Municipal and back. Jimmy Michel seems to be suffer­ing from a nervous condition. Hope he gets back soon from the sort of miss he. Bowen seems to have taken a vacation too. The kids must be cutting up again. Griffiths suddenly up and got himself a civil service job, and Ted really did move downstairs, so the office looked sort of deserted the last few days, what with Aubenger and Miller patronizing the fountain so often. Grindell looks sort of lost lately.

Coral Gables—Strictly pictorial, but giving a good idea of the conditions sur­rounding the students training with Em­bry-Riddle is this shot taken recently at the Miami Biltmore swimming pool. Left to right, on the diving boards, are Ricar­do Calendar and Carlos Eduardo More­ga, two of our Latin-American technical cadets from Uruguay.
MUNICIPAL BASE HAS ITS 'GRIND SCHOOL', TOO!

MUNICIPAL BASE, MIAMI—After hearing so much about the 'Grind Schools' at Carlstrom, Dorr and Riddle Fields, to say nothing of the Seaplane Base, we thought it was high time to run this picture of one of the Ground School class rooms at our Municipal Base. Too little has been said about the work being done there, but take it from us, the records being hung up by private and C.P.T.P. students on the written exams for everything from "Solo Permit" to Commercial Ticket are something to write home about. Shown above are a few of the students in class. At extreme right is Chief Instructor WILBUR SHEFFIELD, the man who is largely responsible for these good records.

MUNICIPAL BASE is really coming up in this world—last week the total flying time for this Base was 555:30 hours, and we think that is pretty good! The flight instructors and mechanics really deserve a word of appreciation as they have been doing a fine job.

Mentioning Municipal
by Betty Hair

Municipal Base is ready coming up in this world—last week the total flying time for this Base was 555:30 hours, and we think that is pretty good! The flight instructors and mechanics really deserve a word of appreciation as they have been doing a fine job.

See in our ramblings around: Mary Brooks and six other people going to lunch in Mary's little Bantam! . . . Johnny Fouche without the cast on his arm . . . "Powerhouse" Campbell and those dark glasses, hmmm hmmm!

Laugh of the Week

Laugh of the week is on Mary Brooks, who will never forgive me for telling this. The other day when the rains came Mary was on a dual flight with Red Frierant, and was forced to land at Eastern Air lines 36th Street Airport. After the rain, the Miami Tower gave her permission to return to Municipal—wellll—Mary dashes out to her little Cub and before she could reach the ship a nice little smiling man approached her and said "and where do you think you're going."

Mary said he was such a nice little man and was smiling so sweetly that she must know him and had just forgotten where she had met him. Mary promptly put out her hand and shook the little man's hand violently saying "Where hello! How are you . . . . " Well, the little man was so set back by this that he couldn't speak, so Mary told him who she was and immediately took off in her airplane and returned to Municipal. Our opinion is that the guard who stopped Mary won't forget her for quite some time!

C. W. Tinsley is the proud instructor of a group of six Cross Country students who are in the final stage of their cross country instruction. This stage consists of night flying and they recently flew until 4:30 A.M. !

Newest addition to the instructor staff is Dave DaBoll primary flight instructor. Sam Sparks is Mr. Gibbons' new assistant and we welcome them both to Municipal Base.

Post Card of the Week

Letter of the Week around Municipal was the postal sent to John nie Fouche by Tom Gammage, Municipal graduate who is now in the Naval Reserve as an aviation cadet. Tommie, whose address is Student T. M. Gammage, Class 3A, Left Wing, U.S.N.R.A.B., Atlanta, Ga., would like to have some letters from his old pals around here. So, let's get going, and swamp the fell er with notes!

Here's the post card: "Dear Gang, Sorry I am so late in writ ing, but I have really been busy. We started flying last Monday, and I soloed the 4th day in 3 hours and 15 minutes. Sure do miss all the Wireless instructors. Wish you could all be here with me."

Please send me the Fly Paper and give my regards to Betty Hair and Mickey Lighthouse. Would like to hear from Gene Williams, Rabun and all the fellows (and girls!) Like this place fine, but wish I could train again in Miami. Be good and let me hear from you. Tell Betty Lang hello.

Your Buddy,

TOM.

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

May 21, 1942

CARLSTROM FIELD—Any time Chief Ground Schooler SID PFUGER begins boasting about his prowess as a "hunt­ er," just show him this picture! It's a machine gun used for primary instruction . . . and there are no bullets in it, name tag over the coversall's upper left pocket—Lieut. John E. Clonts! According to the lieutenant later, Mac seemed to suddenly come to his feet in a brace without moving a muscle. Of course, apologies were in order and accepted.

An Orchid to Our Officers

It might appear odd to print things like this, but one idea came to mind, and it was this: in what other country's armed forces could this happen and turn out as it did? What other nation's officers are so tolerant of such small instances of human error? Where else could a soldier slip up in similar circumstances, and not have to face a court martial and possible imprisonment? There was certainly no disrespect intended in either of the cases mentioned here; in fact, both lieutenants showed respect and esteem by their treatment of the situations, and the whole United States Army principle of working with the officers, rather than for them has been given more incentive. Human tolerance in positions of authority is an admirable quality, when used intelligently.

Fast, Pal, Think Fast!

The prize forced landing of the week was made by A/C Abrahams. Obliged to sit down because of engine trouble, he found a four-foot fence looming between him and flat ground. Calmly shoving his stick forward, he jammed the wheels down onto the ground—bouncing the whole airplane over the fence to make a safe landing on the other side. How's that for using your head?

Society Notes

Heading this week's society section is the marriage of Paul DeBor to Miss Ruth Nelson, at the local Presbyterian church Friday evening at 9:00 P.M. With Mrs. Hobler as matron-of-honor and yours truly as next-best man, our Little
Chum was well attended by most of the Ground School force as he entered the state of cannibals bliss. In white skirt, powder-blue jacket, and hat to match, the bride was a lovely complement to the handsome groom, natty in Palm Beach and shaky in the knees. Both ladies wore corsages of pink rosebuds. On hand to see their pal’s pay-check split in half were Joe Gillis, Bill Gracey, Paull and Betty Dixon, Larry Walden, Joe Woodward, and a half-dozen cadets from 42-I. A reception was held at the newly-weds’ apartment at 188 S. Brevard St., after the ceremony, with sandwich, refreshments and advice flowing freely.

Speaking of weddings reminds us that our one-time pal and bosom friend Barney Wilson—Assistant Physical Training Director at Carlstrom—also took unto himself a helpmate last week. Mrs. Wilson was the former Irene Howard, of the Kentucky Howarts. (We say “one-time pal, etc.”, because Barney went off and got married without notifying us beforehand so we could scope the local newspapers.) Anyhow, the best of everything to you both; come payday we’ll send you a wedding present.

We might as well advise his worshipping public that Byron Schuppe also trotted off to be wed a couple of weeks ago. It was another sneak affair—no previous notice to the FLY PAPER correspondent. Well, good luck to you two, too.

To Be—or Not to Be??

The marriage bug has Joe Woodard in a heck of a dither. Sometimes he wants to and sometimes he doesn’t. Just this past week he had a bright idea for saving his face. He was so asked by a blonde lady friend up in Baltimore to come down to Arcadia and tie the knot with him—figuring that with automobile trips rationed, railroad trips rationed, and air line travel curtailed, she’d still have the proposal but wouldn’t be able to carry it out. Just before he decided to go ahead with this idea, some kindly soul informed him that bus trips are still in operation. Now he’s looking for another way to get his gag across. Keep looking, Joe; maybe one of these gals with a ranch and horses (and perhaps even a tennis court) will take you in yet.

A new keynote in men’s styles was set by William John Moser, recent addition to our Ground School staff. Bill arrived from the west coast in a wide-brimmed koko straw hat, ESQUIRE pants strictly gate, and a perfumed gabardine jacket. Now the whole Ground School office smells like a woman’s bodice. Have a heart, Chum; some of the staff aren’t married.

—Keep ‘Em Flying—

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Bill Jacobs, Jonnie Draughon, Paul Prior, Mickey Lightholder, Tubby Owens, Kenny Berry, Neva Purdon, Ted Taylor, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin and Ralph Thyer, Associate Editors.

Last week, we called your attention to the purchase of War Bonds and Stamps on the pay-roll deduction basis. A late check-up reveals that approximately 80% of the employees here at Riddle Field have started their savings. This is very good, but remember, we don’t want 80% or 90% or 99%, WE WANT 100% FROM RIDDLE FIELD! So, let’s go gang—if you are one of the 20% not signed, see your Department Head for your pay allotment cards—Department Heads, insist that all of your men get in the game. After all, it should not be necessary to beg or force anyone to do this small service for both HIS COUNTRY and HIMSELF. Next week, let us be able to report that Riddle Field is behind the war effort 100%.

Camera Shots

We chanced on two very excellent shots of the Field the past week, so will pass them along to you (courtesy the Censors).

The first is a shot of the swimming pool looking toward the Can tear:

Next, we see the flag pole, with American and R.A.F. flags flying with the Administration Building in the background:

How this third picture got in here, we don’t know. At any rate, it is quite a novel picture as it shows Tom Rowland, Course Commander of Blue Flight, and Paul Prior, Primary Flight Dispatcher, on Miami Beach, NOT in swimming trunks:

NIGHT P.B.X.

“Will rule the blue in ‘44”

When taking off use all the field
The trees ahead might never yield.
that there is some kind of continued improvement here at the Field every week. This time we can report that additional landscaping around the Admin Building, and other places and the beach umbrellas, tables and chairs placed around the swimming pool have improved appearances very much.

New faces at the Canteen are Hazel Vega and Genieve Summers, waitresses. Welcome, girls—keep 'em coming.

Tommy Carpenter, Advanced Instructor, was the proud owner of "AT6," a koper that won a heat in the Kiwanis Gopher Race in Clewiston the other night. Interviewed after the win, owner Carpenter said, quote "Hi Mom!" unquote.

Are You There?
Mr. Tyson called the Maintenance Department the other morning. A very cheery voice rang out, "Maintenance Department, Meyers speaking." Then came a very embarrassed pause, followed by "No, this isn't Meyers, it's Greenberg." What's the matter Jerry—is it the new female clerk at the hangar?

Copy of a purchase request seen on Mr. Gardner's desk—Description, one pair stilts—Reason for Expenditure—for Joe Obermeyer so that he can keep up with the crowd when going for coca-colas, lunch, etc.—Estimated Cost—practically nothing—Requested by Gardner.

Cadet Chatter
Bugs Trobridge, Red Flight, Red Clark and Dick Thorpe, Blue Flight and A. E. Ball, Yellow Flight, were confined to the Infirmary last week.

Several gentlemen from the various Flights had quite a lot of enjoyment at the expense of your Editor last Saturday afternoon, when they picked him up and tossed him in the swimming pool. However, the "old man" gave them quite a run for their money before they finally caught up with him.

Syd Burrows was a welcome visitor at the Field last Friday. Syd was busy arranging for transportation for the fellows to Miami.

Gilbert Neil, Yellow Flight, met a private in the U. S. Army on the trip to Clewiston. Mentioning the fact that he was coming to Clewiston for his training, Neil found out that his U. S. Army buddy was coming from his former fellowworker of his, who was instructing R.A.F. Cadets somewhere in the South. He told Neil that his name was Dick Dwyer and to remember him to Dwyer if he should come in contact with him.

Well, as fate would have it, Neil was assigned to Instructor Dick Dwyer who is training here at Clewiston, so it isn't such a large world after all, is it?

We can't figure out why Ray Denton is called Bill.

More Changes
The office personnel at Headquarters Buildings is going through another change as follows:
Mrs. T. S. Gwin replaced Mrs. Reese, formerly Mr. Durden's sec., who has been employed by the R. A. F. as Sec. to W. C. Rampling; Mrs. Waters moved in to replace Mrs. Hardy, who resigned to join friend hubby now in training at Douglas, Ga.; Betty Baily was transferred from Timekeeping to Accounting, and Pat McCollum was transferred to Post Supply. Whose move next, eh, Mr. Gardner?

Understand there are several new boards up around the building and the fairer sex, too. How much overtime did the fellows have this week, we wonder? And we understand from an authoritative source that the female hangar clerks have the male hangar clerks so befuddled that they do not know their own names.

Scraps Wanted!
The varied colored boxes you see in the Canteen and Headquarters Building are there for a purpose, not merely decoration. And are there in accordance with a request from the higher-ups in Miami, as per "Budi" Belland. Come on, let's "Give some scraps to kill the Japs." Incidentally, for those who do not read the Memos sent to each department the results of our Salvage Waste for Victory will be sold and the money placed in the Cadets' athletic fund for buying equipment, etc. So, that is an added incentive for bringing in your old metal. Seriously, may we have your cooperation?

"Waste Not, Want Not!"

NICK
(by exclusive interview)
"Beware the ADJUTANT my son. The BULL that binds, the rules that catch.
Beware the BURDICKBIRD. And shun the triumphant RAM-PERSNATCH!"

"Nonsense," said Alice, "I like Nick." (From MALICE IN BLAIZONLAND.) And so do all of us. One just can't help it. But then he does the funniest things. He does, really! I mean things like changing all his five dollar bills into quarters when ever he goes to "his club" in Miami. Whenever his dad gave him a shilling as a boy, he'd change it into pennies and rush off to the "What the Butler Saw" machines on the pier.

Anyway, getting back to his life history, he was just getting along nicely as a government official in Lincoln, when the 1914 blood orgy hit an overprosperous, overconfident world, and Nick joined up as a private in the Liecestershire Regiment. He went to France and through his hard work and ability rose to Sergeant. He found himself at Etaples teaching Americans to use their own Lewis gun. The gun jammed and the war ended; and he came home to England.

England was slowly settling down, somewhat shaken, bloody, but unbowed. He was able to take up his former occupation, and reconstruct his life with the help of the Only Person In the World. He met her and they married.

They now have a son in the R. A. F. who is doing his Initial Air Crew training in England. If Fate or Air Ministry sends him over for his training, we can only say he would be a most welcome addition to any flying school.

His father (the son's) came here in February and started on a series of improvements which pleased everybody. Wednesday afternoon no longer saw us sweating and binding in the Ground School, but deporting ourselves in that cool blue pool, bouncing about on the tennis courts, or taking a merry round of golf, fresh of charge to Cadets.

Mr. Nick and I are so well with him. W. R. O. S. took on a more friendly tone, and the cranky reams of manifestos on the folding of blankets and other matters of vital military importance ceased abruptly. But then, a rolling stone never did gather moss, did it?

Well, back at Clewiston, Fla., he has a chromium plated school, like the other two, and keeps a careful eye on what "crosses the bar" due north and south of his D.R. position. (An Adjutant's duties are varied and strange—ED.)

I don't know whether he likes Palm Beach, but the other week, the C.O. had to fly there on business. Nick, who had to hitch, arrived there hours later, and passed Morrison Field in time to see his Superior Officer in the charge of two buck privates—and he could identify himself. There are times when a twelve fifty is useful.

As for golf, he fairly rattles around the course. He is a good shot with a niblick or a 303 rifle. In spite of his Lewis gun experience, he can get 40 out of 43 times running, which is an amazing feat. If you don't believe me try it for yourself—smartly.

Nick is cheerful, has a good sense of humor, and is liked by those above him and those below him. For an adjutant, this is another remarkable feat.

As this (thank God) is the last of our atrocious series on our officers, we might as well point out that they are grand fellows, so don't take our previous droolings too seriously.

We would like to acknowledge valuable assistance and technical research given us by the following authors:

Sgd. Leader Burdick for the low crack about Miami. He also wants to know why Nick whispers into the telephone for hours, in that chummy little office they used to share;
To W. C. Rampling for pointing out that since Nick has discovered his favorite Bass exists not over here, he is sadder BUDWEISER;
Also to Mr. Tyson for his valuable research work at one of the Palm Beach parties! Such a story! Did you hear it? Of course you did not, you stodgy, it. It was frightfully hush—But its packa gen, and another tremendous STRABISMUS SCOOP—

Nick had a blind date arranged for him at one of the Palm Beach orgies. They danced. She danced
divinely, and they got along very well. The party ended—we all
straggled back to camp.

Then came the revelation! The
date was a male accomplice of these
unscrupulous three stripers, dressed
up as a lady!

As well as golf, where he is a
good shot, he loves dancing with
Peggy, where he shoots a good line.

He likes Obstacles races, and pro-
poses to have a sports day every
three months, at which fresh forms
of torture will be devised.

So, thus we leave picturesque
Cleweison, the sun setting delightly
behind the Ad Building. From
which issues the soothing rattle of
_typewriter's, sweet, soft typed noth-
ings from the CO's office and an
occasional worried looking Cadet.

And the Big Bear, and the Med-
ium Bear and the Little Bear troop
back to their little stools in the
Inn, and a chorus of angelic Cadet
voices arise in a poignant lullaby:

"Bless 'em all
Bless 'em all
The Long and the Squad and the
Small.
We've had our promotion
This side of the ocean,
So, cheer up my lads, bless 'em all!"

— "We'll rule the blue in '42!" —

"NURSING 'EM THRU!"

CARLSTROM FIELD—Admittedly, we take
extra good care of the members of "Our
Family," but this young "lady" is not a
member of our family, nor is bottle feed-
ing a part of the regular duties of Car-
lstrom. C. O., Captain George Ola. Nope,
the young lady getting all of the Cap-
tain's attention is "Miss Porky," Charlie
Ebbet's travelling mascot. Any rumors that
this is a future rib roast are being denied
by Mr. Ebbeet!

"HOW NOT TO FLY"

by RAY FAHRRINGER

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU
SAW IN THE MOVIES—THIS
ISN'T THE WAY IT'S DONE!

DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN
Ed Morey, Editor

Dear Editor:

You all should have been up here
last Thursday evening; we here
Grind-School instructors really
had one big "shin-Dig". We all
took out a basket of food and went
to the "river shore."

Among those present was "Doug"
Hocker and Mrs. Hocker who was
dressed in black dress, Mrs. J. L.
Huggins and family; Mr. and Mrs.
Paul Mueller and the poop; Mr. and Mrs. "Eddie"
House; Mr. and Mrs. Homer
Hoten; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Claw-
son; Mr. and Mrs. "Dick" Oschner
and last but not least yours truly
and his sweet little wife.

The latter part of the afternoon
was spent with the women folks
separatin' from us men to go find
themselves some sunshine because
"Edie" predicted rain within an
hour. Can you imagine a weather
man sticking his dag-blasted head
out that far in front of a bunch of
women?

Us guys got some wood together
and made a fire; after the fire
was well burned down, our "Sweet Bita-
o' Heaven" prepared the meal;
when the dinner bell was sounded
the table (a couple of blankets
covered with paper) drew the rest
of us toward it like ants toward
a crumb of sugar since rationing
began.

But, I never knew such a frail
bunch of Instructors to have such
great appetites; "Sam" Clawson
must have had an even dozen "hot
dogs" with Eddie House running
a very close second. Poor Paul
Mueller was in the back ground
because of his dog which seemed
to grab them quicker than Paul
could "mustard" them. Then there
was Homer Hoten—Hats off to
him; he was the gentleman of the
evening—Why??! Well! Due to
the fact that he treated the ladies
first, he received a tiny portion of
what was left Poor Boy!!!

Having satisfied the inner man
we waddled down to the sandy
shore where "Doug" Hocker and
"Sam" Clawson insisted upon
chasing alligators; however, they
beat a disgusted retreat when it
was found that J. L.'s young
daughter had thrown a stick into
the water.

Everyone joined in for several
songs and then a Goody Good-
Night when the mosquitoes dove
on us in formation!

Well, Bud, how's about joining
us on one of these excursions soon?
We'd love to have you and promise
to give you a fair share—if you
can get it!

So long.

P. S. Oh! Yes! There was one
missing! Henry Warren! Guess he
doesn't feel right among so many
married people, but from what we
hear it will be the "ball and chain"
for him very soon according to
a report from his own "Loving
Island." Fess up, Henry!

Sgt. Herman C. Sharp was all
smiles the other day—and why
not! He has been promoted to
Master Sgt. He passed out Candy
and Cigars (all accompanied by
that famous smile) to everyone
he met. At first we thought 'twas
something else but the explanation

cleared him. Congrats, Sgt.

Dance at Dorr
Thrue A Cadet's Eyes

Fifty pretty girls being
cyed by 120 hungry-looking misters
—That's what we saw as we
sauntered into the canteen with
that studied carelessness. Really,
we were trying to look as though
we had "just dropped in for a
minute"—and we were not getting
away with it—as usual. (P. S.
Stayed until the last horn blew,
and got kicked out by those wolfish
lieutenants, who always get all
the girls in the end: What have
they got that gets 'em?) Through
a haze of smoke . . . hot licks from
the outfit that the boys used to
call Siegfried's folly — till we
heard them "give out." After ten
minutes of battle, the orchestra
rushed out for reinforcements
and came back with a hot trumpet
and a swell pianist—both Shanghaid
from the lower class—Ace Quigley,
with his clarinet melting in his
hands . . . "Silly" beating him-
selves down to his socks on those
drums.

Impressions

"Li'l Kaintuck" Murray, jitter-
bugging (Or so he says) . . . Earl
Miller whispering sweet nothings
into shell-like ears—and we do
mean nothings. Don't believe him.

"Ripper" Miller cutting
rugs with his size fourteen—and
Betty loved it. A/C Ageo, C.G.
(that's G.I. for Chris)" danced so
fast and so hard that he finally
had to wring himself out. "Buzz"
King showing 'em how it's done
where he comes from. Come around
and give us a private lesson, some-
time, Buzz! Is that peculiar to
Brooklyn, or do normal people do
it, too? . . . Brooks, spending the
whole evening with that pretty
red-head—he still looks dreamy-
eyed; Gail, what did you do to him?

Thackston, the little "Feather
Merchant," wasn't a bit bashful about
showing us the newest in dancing
from 'way back in "them thar
hills." Bruske, pouring on the
charm for the sole benefit of one
Peggy . . . Fred George walking off
the floor, "Ohh, so-o-o tendah!" All night he was fighting
off Phil Ward (and us) for the
pleasure of dancing with that cer-
tain cute brunette. "Bah none,"
says Lander (of Gwaja), "'tisn't
Joyce is sholy th' purtest gal on
the flit!"

Some of the boys were true to
the girls back home, but they sure
did miss out on all the fun.

VISITING Ye Editor at the Main
Office in Miami for a week was
old friend AL JAMES, formerly of
Municipal Base and Carlstrom.
MATERIEL CONTROL
Trying to keep up with the Materiel Control News is a little bit like being on a Merry-Go-Round, especially with conditions in the draft the way they are today. Most of the news this week concerns itself with the problem of replacements for the men who have left or are leaving for the services.

We have George Wygant, who has passed all his exams for the Officers Training School on the Beach, and whose place on the inventory crew is to be taken by Eugene Kelley, who in turn will be followed on his old (two weeks) job by Edward Clement, former chief of the fourth floor stockroom. George's brother, Howard Wygant, the male interest of half the girls on the main floor, is taking a chance on the U. S. Coast Guard. He should be leaving pretty soon. Chenault Elmore of Municipal Stockroom has been accepted as an Aviation Cadet by the Army. And Little Jack Little of the Tech School Stockroom has passed all of his prelims with flying colors and the Air Corps should have another good man very shortly.

Mr. B. H. Buxton (very formal this morning) has just returned from Union City, Tennessee. George Lobbell is the man who has to make Materiel Control go when the new field gets under way. To take George's place, Harry Koehler, formerly Chief Store-keeper at Carlstrom Field, has been transferred to the Main Office in Miami to train for the job of assistant in Materiel Control, and Martin Avery, Jr. has been transferred over to his old job.

Charlie England, ex-runner of Tech, has been sent up to the Dorr Post Supply to fill a vacancy there; W. F. Farmer and J. M. Foster have been assigned to the Maintenance Stockroom at Carlstrom Field. Warren Howell has been put to work at the Fourth-floor stockroom at Tech and while “Buck” was in Tennessee he hired a receiving clerk and General Facetotum who answers the name of C. S. Howard. If Tennessee is all that Buck says it is, both he and George have a job on their hands for this coming year.

Another department under Materiel Control has grown in the past few weeks. Bill Jacobs, up at Clewiston Post Supply has taken unto himself a Secretary. He raised the Accounting Department and Miss Mattie Pearl McCullon is doing his letter writin' and stuff.

Fred Bull, out at Municipal, is back in bed for a couple of days and we hope that he'll be back at work soon.

Can't think of any more hirin's or firin's so I'll be a' seein' of ya. FLASH**** It just took long enough to take the paper out of the typewriter and the Department had two new men. Mr. F. P. Wichman has gone into the Main Floor Stockroom and Graham L. Shaw has gone up into the fourth floor stockroom.

P.S. I'm going to sneak this out before they ring in a couple of new faces on me.

THE BIGGEST OF ALL EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL PARTIES
at the
MacFadden Deauville
Miami Beach
SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1942 FROM 1 P.M. TO 1 A.M.

Students, Employees, Graduates and Friends
Don't Miss This

SWIMMING from 1 to 7 P.M.
BUFFET SUPPER from 7 to 9 P.M.
DANCING from 9 to 1 A.M.
Assessment, including everything
$1.50, drag or stag!

Bring your wife and spend the week-end! Special rates for Embry-Riddle: Rooms, $1.00 per person

Sec. 562 P. L. & R.