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 in- grata impresión. El pueblo, norte-americano no conoce Latinoamerica. Esta no es solo nuestra impresión, no es de hoy, hace 20 años, el 15 de febrero de 1922, 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, Tancredo Pinochet, el famoso escritor chileno y otros. Hablo también el Dr. Juan Cueva García (Ex-ministro del Ecuador ante el Gobierno Britanico) quien dijo, entre otras cosas, aquel día; lo siguiente:

"Cuando cenía a los Estados Unidos por primera vez, se me dio una..."

"carta de presentación para en socio principal de una prominente."

"el de Abogados de Chicago. Recorriendo el país (y como todas)"

"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!

"a la oficina de dicho Abogado, y pase mi tarjeta acompañada de la"

"carta. Fui recibido inmediata- mente de la manera mas cordial.

"De dónde es Ud? Me preguntó mi ilustre amigo."

"Del Ecuador.—Oh, sí, sí Ecuador, sí Ecuador"

"El hombre estaba desconcerta- do, y para sacarle de su embarga"

Turn to GRACIAS, Page 2, Col. 2

TECHNICAL DIVISION, MIAMI—Biggest story of the week concerns the chaps in these pictures! Unfit for military service because of minor physical disabilities, these men, together with many others in the Technical School, have not despaired of "doing their bit," and day after day can be seen in the shops and class rooms learning to do the many essential duties necessary to keep aircraft flying. At the left, Elmo Meadows is studying Aircraft Instruments; center picture, left to right, Frank Gillis, Sam Riner and A. R. Smith are welding aircraft fuselage tubing, at the right, Julius Bayard is putting the finishing touches on a recently overhauled Wright Cyclone engine. To these men, who certainly deserve the admiration of everyone in our School, we say, "Hats Off!"

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 Macadden Deauville Hotel, 6701 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach. Special, extremely low rates on both food and rooms are in effect for theEmbry-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.
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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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 HOSLER

JACK HART—SAM LIGHTHOLDER
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. EBERTS
Staff Photographer

Betty Gets “Showered”

So far as we know, it’s still a secret, but circumstances sure look mighty suspicious—especially when Elaine Devery and Lucille Fox got together Wednesday and invited a bunch of Betty Galbraith’s close friends together for a “shower” for Betty. And it wasn’t pots and pans this time, but those little pink and blue, fuzzy things and stuff! Maybe an attorney would say that is hearsay evidence, but it’s good enough for use to start offering congratulations to Secretary Betty Galbraith and husband. Ensign Johnnie!

GRACIAS Continued from Page 1

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

“Oh, sí, Panamá, Panamá.”

“En donde Usds. estén construyendo el gran canal. Añadi yo, a lo que él replicó muy satisfecho.”

“Ya se aviva, el canal de Cape Cod.”

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

“Entonces nos conocimos y supimos de donde éramos y de qué veíamos 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 la 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 multicolores, que solo aprenden cuando ven las cosas, y la América Latina, lo único que enseñan en esta forma son los Indios aborígenes y sus costumbres. Sus selvas y sus animales y pelígrinos.

Muchos desengaños deberemos haber causado nosotros a nuestra llegada a este país de ove.

Vestimos como los blancos…

No usábamos plumas…

Agradezco a los Estados Unidos, esta magnifica oportunidad que nos ha brindado para hacer conocer la América Hispana. Esto vale para mi, 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 vela allí, los mejores estudiantes que ha tenido la Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, los Latinoamericanos. Así es Latinoamérica.

Gracias Norteamérica! Miami, Mayo 16 de 1942.

OCTAVIO J. ICAYA VALVERDE
Latinomericano

“Mum’s the Word! Don’t Talk!”

De regreso de Cuba

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

TECH TALK

by Dorothy Burton

Arrivals

Malcolm Slowem, Sheet Metal, whose popularity with his co-workers seems assured, says 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, Suhs, 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 Pratt, Sheet Metal, to Miami Tech Hi School where he will continue the good work he was doing there. Glamor girl, Eve Atkinson, Dept. of Admissions, resigned as of the 15th to marry “Buddy” (Intercontinental) and go to California. A happy end!

The Riddle “Family Theatre”

Feature Picture

“THE SIGN OF THE WOLF”

by Jack London

Monday, May 25th—Riddle Field
Tuesday, May 26th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, May 27th—Carlstrom Field

** ** **

Feature Picture

“DANIEL BOONE”

GEORGE O’BRIEN and HEATHER ANGEL

Thursday, May 28th—Riddle Field
Friday, May 29th—Dorr Field
Saturday, May 30th—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

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May 21, 1942
EMORY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It"

Page 3

SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS GO FISHING

MIMAI BEACH—"A fishing they did go"... maybe not "deep sea" fishing, but at least they had a nice ride and caught plenty of it, a Deep-??! Last Sunday, about 70 of our U. S. A.ir Corps technical students, instructors and civilian students boarded chartered boats at Miami Beach and embarked on an afternoon of fishing, sub-spotting and not too gentle sun-burning. Shown above are a few of the "going" just before the boat left.

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 Sarge's hand and face. All is well, though, and the patient is expected to recover. (I wonder who threw that sinker anyway?)

Still Getting Sunburned!

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 these soldiers got together in a group and donned a couple of feathers atop their sun beaten brows, passes-by would probably think that Emby-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 sword 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 adopted a pass word for admittance to classrooms. In obtaining it they tried to get a word that complied with all the rules, etc., they had received pertaining to their course. All but one was eliminated and the ballot rung out with the word,—"generally. I guess you fellows in sheet metal, electrical and engineer courses don't have a thing to worry about, and can share our grief. Well, Privates, that's it for now. I 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 'drillers' 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 Orduy Lamb again last week, and are all set to walk off with the Embry-Riddle championship trophy. Your boy 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 form of Harry Reinhart. Course, some of you remember him from last winter, when he made daily trips to Municipal and back.

Jinny Michel seems to be suffering from a nervous condition. Hope she gets back soon, for we sort of miss her. 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 Aubberger and Miller patronizing the fountain so often. Grindell looks sort of lost 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.

ANANAMUS

AIN'T FLORIDA GRAND

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 Moreno, two of our Latin-American technical cadets from Uruguay.
MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

by Betty Hair

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.

See in our ramblings around:

Mary Brooks and six other people going to lunch in Mary's little Bantam!... Johnny Fonche without the cast on his arm... "Powerhouse" Campbell and those dark glasses, hmm hmm!

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 Friant, 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—wellllll—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 "Why 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 Johnnie Fonche 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 feller with notes!

Here's the post card: "Dear Gang, Sorry I am so late in writing, 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 Waterland fun and you could all be here with me.

Please send me the Fly Paper and give my regards to Betty Hair and Mickey Lightholder. 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."

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 of 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.

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

May 21, 1942

CARLSTROM FIELD — Any time Chief Ground Schooler SID PFUGER begins boasting about his prowess as a "huntsman," 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 coveralls' 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 thereby were given 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 of positions of authority is an admirable quality, when used intelligently.

Think 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 on 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 De Bor 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 convivial bliss. In white skirt, powder-blue jacket, and hat to match, the bride was a lovely complement to the handsomely groomed, natty in Palm Beach and shaky in the knees. Both ladies wore corsages of pink rosebuds. On hand to see their pal’s paycheck split in half were Joe Gillis, Bill Gracey, Paul and Betty Dixon, Larry Walden, Joe Woodward, and a half-dozen cadets from 42-I. A reception was held at the newlyweds’ apartment at 188 S. Beverly St. after the ceremony, with sandwiches, 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 Howards. (We say “one-time pal, etc.,” because Barney went off and got married without notifying us beforehand so we could scoop 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 worshippable public that Byron Schuppe also trotted off to be wed a couple of weeks ago. It was another sneek 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 Woodward 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 on the hunt for 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 kokomo straw hat, ESQUIRE pants strictly gate, and a perfumed gabardine jacket. Now the whole Ground School office smells like a woman’s boudoir. Have a heart, Chum; some of the staff aren’t.

—Keep ’Em Flying—

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Bill Jacobs, Bonnie Draugton, Paul Prior, Mickey Lightholder, Tubby Owens, Kenny Berry, Nelva Purdon, Ted Taylor, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin and Ralph Thayer, 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 90% 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 99.9%, 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 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 Canteen:

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:

Personal Prattle
Paul Prior, whose picture you see smearing this page above, has definitely decided not to wear sun glasses anymore. It seems that Mr. Prior while wearing his sun glasses, failed to notice the degree of sun tan in a certain party at Miami the other week-end, and was embarrassed no end after starting his flirtations. Ask Paul to tell you about the incident—if you can get him to talk about it.

Continued improvement — let’s see, we used that phrase last week, too, didn’t we—at any rate it seems.

Please turn over leaf
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 when his training was heading 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 have gone through another change as follows:

Mrs. T. S. Gowin 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 bubby now in training at Douglas, Ga.; Betty Baily was transferred from Timekeeping to Accounting, and Pat McCallum was transferred to Post Supply. Whose move next, eh, Mr. Gardner?

Understand there are several new women in the Infirmary 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.

Scrap 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 high-ups in Miami, as per "Bud" Belland. Come on, let's "Give some scaps 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 USAF's athlete's 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 BURDKIBIRD. And shun the tremendous RAM-" PERSNATCH!"

"Nonsense," said Alice, "I like Nick." (From MALICE IN BLUNDERLAND) 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 whenever 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 Liecester 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 here 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, bumbling about on the tennis courts, or taking a merry round of golf, free of charge to Cadets.

Nick is a real man 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.—E.D.) 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 back-burners—and probably he could identify himself. There are times when a twelve fifty is useful.

As for golf, he fairly rackets 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 63 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 stodidge, it was frightfully hush—But its packa gen, and another tremendous STRAINMUS SCOOOP—

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 strippers, 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 proposes to have a sports day every three months, at which fresh forms of torture will be devised.

So, thus we leave picturesque Clewiston, the sun setting delightfully behind the Ad Building. From which issue the soothing rattle of typewriters, sweet, soft typed nothings from the CO's office and an occasional worried looking Cadet.

And the Big Bear, and the Medium 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 feeding a part of the regular duties of Carlstrom C. O. Captain George Ola, Neno, the young lady getting all of the Captain's attention is "Mama Perky," Charlie Ebbet's travelling mascot. Any rumors that this is a future rib roast are being denied by Mr. Ebbetts!

"HOW NOT TO FLY"

by RAY FAHRIINGER

Dear Editor:

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

Among those present was "Dough" Hocker and Mrs. Hocker who was all decked out in slacks; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Huggins and family; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mueller and the pooch; Mr. and Mrs. "Eddie" House; Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hoten; Mr. and Mrs. Sam Clawson; 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 "Eddie" 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 "Dough" 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

Thrul A Cadet's Eyes

. . . Fifty pretty girls being eyed 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 . . . "Sigy" beating himself down to his socks on those drums.

Impressions

"Li'l Rainy Lake" Murray, jitter-bugging (Or so he says) . . . Eari Miller whispering sweet nothings into shell-like ears—and we do mean nothings. Don't believe him, "Big Red" Miller cutting rugs with his size fourteen's—and Betty loved it. A/C Agee, 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 when he comes home. Come around and give us a private lesson, sometime, 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, saying "Oh, ho-o-o tendah!" All night he was fighting off Phil Ward (and us) for the pleasure of dancing with that certain cute brunette. "Bah none," says Lander (of Gawa) "then I'll Joyce is sholy th' prettiest gal on the fly!"

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 this 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 Lobdell is the man who has to make Materiel Control go when the new field gets under way. To take George's place, Harry Koehl, 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 to 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 Material Control has grown in the past few weeks. Bill Jacobs, up at Clewiston Post Supply has taken unto himself a Secretary. He raid ed 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'seedin' 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. Wickman 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.

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