CARLSTROM FIELD MAINTENANCE TEAM

by Anonamus

Dear Mom:

Those fellers from Carlstrom Field maintenance department weren't just fooling when they said they were going to come to Miami and "shucklack" the vaunted Tech School "all star" team! You know, Mom, they came in to Miami last Saturday afternoon and did to us just what Pop used to do to me out in the woods... wotta beating! We're allowing that they beat us 18 to 2, but there is a persistent rumor going around that we quit counting after that! We aren't going to argue that point, 'cause we enjoyed meeting Mr. Leach and all his boys, and soon as we practice up a bit, we're going to rechallenge 'em to another game.

Personally, I'd rather not talk about all this, but being feminine, I suppose you want all the details, huh? Well, H. Nix and J. McShane made the only two runs for Tech, while all the Carlstrom boys shared in their glory, adding insult to injury when they relinquished their turn at bat in the first half of the seventh inning. Woe is us! We struck out!

On the line-up of the victorious team were Lawrence Leach, captain; J. M. Moore, Norton Codish, Roland McCook, H. P. Avant, C. E. McRae, H. L. McAnly, E. Alsbrook, Linton Smith, Weyman Whitlock, L. E. Waldron, W. A. Bates and Marcus Sloat, while the "All Stars" were composed of Raymond, Wilkes, Nix, McShane, Meadows, Neesler, Miller, Blomley, Bayles, Barrie, Baker and Keelin.

Well, Mom, I gotta go practice ball now, but will write again when my allowance check is due.

CADETS ENJOY NEW HEADQUARTERS AT MIAMI BEACH: ATTEND SCHOOL PARTY

by Syd Burrows

Many Clewiston Cadets and Instructors sure had a "top hole" time last week-end at their new Miami Beach headquarters, the MacFadden-Deauville, the staff of which certainly made the boys feel at home and have pledged themselves to carry on the good work in the future. About fifty of the champs and a dozen or so flight instructors came in Saturday afternoon, attended the Embry-Riddle supper dance that evening and spent Sunday swimming in the salt water pool or the ocean. "A good time was had by all" is not an empty phrase in describing the time the boys had.

Complete Facilities for Fun

Just a word about our new headquarters: It is a complete recreation center under one roof, containing everything for your enjoyment without the necessity of using gas or tires to go other places. In addition to the world's largest salt water swimming pool, there are cubanas located right on the ocean, a recreation room with pool table, table tennis, dart boards and piano, tennis courts, drug store, dining room, soda fountains and a big ball room... all for the same old Cadet price that prevailed all winter.

Transportation from Clewiston still remains a bit of a problem, but whatever happens, I'm looking forward to many splendid "leaves" with you all at the Deauville.


NEW BUS SCHEDULE

To conserve gasoline by driving more slowly, the 11-passenger bus running daily between the Embry-Riddle bases is now operating on a "war time" schedule, copies of which can be seen at the administration buildings at the fields and the Main Office in Miami.

MIAMI SOFTBALL SCHEDULE

(Coliseum Field, 6 p.m.)

June 1, Engines vs. Bookies
June 2, Instruments vs. Lambs
June 4, Lambs vs. Bookies
June 5, Engines vs. Instruments

Turn to Cadets, page 2, col. 1
LETTER OF THE WEEK
Several swell letters this week, three from England and several from our Air Corps and private flight graduates. Of most interest to the most people, perhaps, is this letter from R.A.F. Sgt. Pilot Arthur L. Prindle, a Carlstrom Field graduate and formerly Fly Paper correspondent from that field. "This bit is cut up by the ‘little man with the blue pencil’ (censor, to you), but we present it herewith, and think you-all can imagine the missing words:

1674156 Sgt. Pilot A. L. Prindle, c/o Mrs. Prindle, Oriel House, Russell Road, Rhyll, North Wales.
Dear Bud,
I am writing this to you at the beginning of a new and big experience, for early next week I am leaving the reception centre to which I came on arrival in England for my first English training unit and within the next few days I shall have my initial opportunity of flying with the R.A.F. I am to be transferred to an aerodrome in Lincolnshire, which is in Eastern England, for a conversion course to (censored) aircraft, as, of course, there was no opportunity in the States of flying anything but (censored) machines. Several of my best friends, including Tom Towlie and Bert Andrews, both of whom were with me at Carlstrom, are going on to the same unit, so the Embry-Riddle flag is carried yet another step forward to the correspondent course to (censored) early next week.

In the Mess shall we go, There to sit row by row To eat our bacon, eggs and toast And listen to a few brag and boast.

The whistle blows We’re all on our toes Then the mad dash upstairs To make our beds and move chairs.

When the clock strikes nine, We fall in line, Then down to class We slowly pass.

There to my studies With a swell group of buddies, Who will soon be off to battle For from the Great City’s rattle But happiest days of all, Will be when the Japs and Nazis fall, Then the long voyage home Never more to roam.

Home at last All horrors past, To spend the rest of our days Among Americans with American ways!

SOLDIERS OF EMBRY-RIDDLE
by Private Burt Woods,
Brownwood, Texas A/C Technical Student
The whistle blows— We open our eyes and wiggle our toes.
"All out for drill!" the Sgts. shriek, Then all our knees feel so weak.

Into the Mess shall we go, There to sit row by row To eat our bacon, eggs and toast And listen to a few brag and boast.

The whistle blows We’re all on our toes Then the mad dash upstairs To make our beds and move chairs.

When the clock strikes nine, We fall in line, Then down to class We slowly pass.

There to my studies With a swell group of buddies, Who will soon be off to battle For from the Great City’s rattle But happiest days of all, Will be when the Japs and Nazis fall, Then the long voyage home Never more to roam.

Home at last All horrors past, To spend the rest of our days Among Americans with American ways!

BOWLING NEWS
Far cry from the old days when we couldn’t get even one bowling team out of the Technical Division is the astounding news that we now have five teams doing their stuff, Accounting, including P. Miller, Byrnes, Wilkes, Bowen and Grindell; Main Office, including NEWSNAME, Beatty, Sheahan, Ordway and Baker; two teams from the Engines Department, including Herby NiX, Van De. Walker, C. Garcia, L. Cunningham, Cotton and Parry; and the “A” league all-star team composed of Klein, Smith, McShane, Hamm and Daniels.

During the past week, Engines No. 1 dropped three games to Renton Lumber Company; Accounting dropped two and took one from the Main Office and the “A” team took two games from Cunningham Sporting.

Managing the “B” teams is Herbie Nix, Engines Student, who needs more players for the teams, and invites anyone, students or employees, who like to bowl to come out to the Playdium Alleys, Tamiami Trail, on Wednesday evening. “You don’t have to be good,” says Herbie, with a look at the score book, “Just come on out and join up. We’ll have fun, at least!”

Our “A” league team, managed by Chief Aircraft Instructor Jim McShane, operates every Friday evening at the Playdium.

PROGRAM
The Riddle “Family Theatre”

Feature Picture
“INTERNATIONAL SPY”
Monday, June 1st—Riddle Field
Tuesday, June 2nd—Dorr Field
Wednesday, June 3rd—Carlstrom Field
Thursday, June 4th—Miami Technical Division

Feature Picture
“DESERT ESCAPE”
Thursday, June 4th—Riddle Field
Friday, June 5th—Dorr Field
Monday, June 8th—Miami Technical Division

For exact time and place, see your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

NOTE
Thursday, May 28th—“The Signs of the Wolf”
at the Technical Division

Monday, June 1st—“Daniel Boone” at the Technical Division
MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

by Mrs. S. M. Lightholder
Nee Betty Hair

Congratulations to Frank Morgan, who has just passed his instructor rating flight test. Frank is only 18 years old and is quite proud of his achievements in the field of aviation. (P.S. he had to set everyone up to cokes and there were plenty of us around when he passed his test.)

Lillian Coville who was taking an approved Private Pilot course successfully passed her flight test today and is very unhappy 'cause there weren't any cokes in the machine—war rationing saved her this time, but we will try to be around when she passes her commercial.

First Secondary C.P.T. to pass his flight test is Rean Robert Sellek, Instructor Helen Cavis's student who came through with flying colors. He also left without signing his records—we think that means a slight fine.

Seen in Our Ramblings

Our brand new Waco UFF-7, everyone is very anxious to try it but Ben Meredith has already had the pleasure. He flew the ship down from the factory... John Pouche eating his lunch in the Guard's house, incidentally he brings his lunch from home and it weighs no less than three pounds... "Powerhouse" Campbell still wearing those dark glasses, we're beginning to wonder...

We are glad to hear that Gerald DeNeil's father is safe and sound after having been lost for three days. Gerald's father was out fishing when the boat sank leaving Mr. DeNeil tossing in the ocean. He was finally found late Sunday evening washed up on shore suffering from exhaustion but otherwise O.K. Gerald, by the way, passed his flight test for a Private after taking Elementary C.P.T.

Some Fun, Eh, Joe!

John Pouche's favorite story is the one about the ferry pilot who couldn't understand what the tower was trying to tell him as he was coming for a landing because some darn horn in the ship was blowing too loud. (The "Gear Up" Signal)

Dear Bud: The only way that we could get this in was to chase Betty away from the typewriter but I am sure that all our readers will be interested in knowing that from now on this column will be written by Mrs. S. M. Lightholder, Miss Betty Hair and Mrs. S.

Lightholder being one and the same person as of Saturday, May 23rd, 1942. Sincerely, Jimmy Gilmore.

Jimmy Gilmore is having trouble with some of his students doing cross-wind landings because they think "drift" is snow piled up against the side of a mountain or something and "wind" is what happens when you load an electric fan up with hot air.

There are only nine Elementary C.P.T. students left to take their flight tests and they are scheduled for completion in about two weeks.

Welcome Visitors

We welcome to Municipal Base H. E. Merchant, flight instructor, who is going to teach the instructors the proper flight training methods as required by the Army.

John Stubbs is being taught Spanish by Johnny Fouve, ably assisted by Nancy Graham, not to mention H. E. Merchant. Stubbs will probably start yelling "contact" in Spanish and cause no end of confusion.

Municipal Base was honored by a visit from Ed China from the Main Office. Mr. China came out to try and get his license reinstated and prove to the C.A.A. Inspector that he was born in the United States and is a full fledged American citizen... just like we all didn't know he hails from Georgia.

Quite a few familiar faces were seen at the party held at the Deauville Saturday. Several of the old Municipal gang were there, Jimmy Cousins, Joe Garcia, Bobby Ahern and we also had the pleasure of a visit from Roscoe Brinton, Jr., at the base Friday afternoon.

Fred "Genial" Howe passed his physical and is now taking time at the Seaplane Base under a very able Instructor, none other than Addison Thompson.

"We'll rule the blue in '42!"

TECH BASEBALL NEWS

by Eddie Baumgarten

The baseball season really swung into high at Embry-Riddle this week with a game between a team from Arcadia and the Tech School team and the beginning of the Tech School League.

Monday afternoon, Engines and Instruments had their field meet with Engines winning because of a preponderance of 10-second dash men. The final score was (honest, I'm not kiddin') 25 to 10. The Instrument team insist that the last inning wasn't fair because three of their men had to get back to seven o'clock classes. Maybe they have something, because it was a ball game up to that point, but the Engineers scored 16 runs in THAT inning, breaking it up very thoroughly.

Both teams are very vengeful in the fact that they have had the only real honest-to-goodness umpire of the current season in Lew Pollock, of the Instrument Stockroom. Lew now has two new nicknames, and you can address his either as "Rock and Gibraltar" or "Supreme Court Pollock."

On Tuesday afternoon the Main Office Labms played the Bookies of the Accounting Department and due to a combination of last inning miracles, the Bookies emerged on the long end of a 14-13 score.

This was a wild and woolly game with both teams fighting a losing game to the umpire and the rule book. In fact, Jim McShane says that he will draw his own set of rules for the next game.

Accounting went into the last inning four runs in the hole and after arguing the umpire out of two decisions, being lucky on a couple of errors, and making a couple of good hits, scored five runs and took the ball game and Peter Ordway's goat. Ramon Prado played a sparkling game at short for the losers and Miller, Treff, Hillstead and Hawes wwere the big guns for the winners.
who's New in Embry-Riddle

In the Aircraft Department teaching basic maintenance is Walter O. Bergh, formerly with the Army Air Corps and Intercontinental. Walter was born in Washington, D. C., but failing to enjoy the climate left there at the mature age of two months and came to Florida where he has lived ever since. U. of Miami is his Alma Mater and George Wheelier is one of his fraternity brothers. He and Mrs. Bergh find pleasure in bowling, swimming, flying and boating. Desmond McRory, teaching airplane construction, Aircraft Dept., came to us from Tech Hi School. He and his wife are from Bryn Mawr, Pa. Desmond is a great golf enthusiast but is quiet on the subject unless he meets another ardent fan and then they have a real session. In the Instrument Dept. is Joseph William Ellis, formerly of the U. S. Air Corps and Spartan School. Mrs. Ellis has not arrived as yet and Joe spends his leisure moments telling what a grand person she is until the listener gets the idea that she is a jolly, no matter where he is or what he does. Altho he liked Tulsa, “Oklahoma Joe,” seems quite content to be in Miami where he can swim and dive the year round.

Here's Your Chance, Girls!

Merle Howie Lang, in Instruments, says he has never been mistaken for Robert Taylor. As handsome as he is he is still unmarried and unproven. Outside school his greatest diversion is dancing. Great popularity is prophesied for Merle. His background consists of Iowa State College and Spartan School. He once met Vice-President Wallace in Washington, D. C., but evidently aviation has no firm grip on him for he preferred to stay with this industry to becoming a government official. Betty Jo Beller, Purchasing, was born in Battle Creek, Mich., but has spent the major portion of her short life in Miami, where she attended Andrew Jackson Hi School and specialized in journalism (Bad, please note). Betty likes dancing and swimming and has lots of pets. Her aversion to bugs of any kind is consistent with the rest of her sex. At the U. S. O. you will find her as hostess. Betty came to us from Municipal.

Another Miami Convert

Emma Louise McEnany, office of the Director of Military Training, was born in Kansas City, Mo., educated at the Academy of Holy Name in Tampa, has lived in Louisiana, traveled all over the U. S. but now that she has found Miami, she wouldn’t live anywhere else. Her hobby is horses and she and Estelle Woodward have much in common on that score. Emma came to us from a firm of lawyers where she had been five years, so if you need any legal advice perhaps she can put you right. Eleanor Haaker, Auditing, is a bride from San Francisco, Cal. Her husband is a junior pilot at Pan American Air Ferries. They have been here about two months and consider Miami a resort town. Eleanor likes all sports and has done quite a bit of hunting and fishing in California but the spear fishing she does here is quite a novelty. Her schooling took place in New York, she has lived in Kentucky and her chief aversion is insect life. Reba Shepard, secretary to Major Stewart, was born in Hemphill, Texas where she went to school specializing in business. Since 1933 she has lived in Miami and for the last five years has been associated with Dr. Stewart. Reba is married, her husband is with Standard Oil, and she says hers has been a simple life. Virginia Hunter, Dept. of Admissions, is an enthusiastic letter-writer. Very, very unusual hobby as most of us put it off and then settle down with a groan when it must be done. She also derives much fun from photography, reading and sewing. Virginia came to Miami last August and in her own words is “crazy about it.” She was born and schooled in Carbondale, Ill. Unlike Mother Eve, she detests snakes.

Week-end Activities

Hearsay evidence (Oh, no! it wasn’t told to me I only heard it): The school dance was voted far and away the best yet, lots of people stayed all night and enjoyed the beach all day Sunday. Mudge Kessler, her daughter and Raymond Schuls were observed at one table; Helene Hirsch jitter-bugged with her sailor boy-friend; Nurse Mary Lorena Steuber and “Sid” made a happy pair; even Betty Harrington who always works so hard to give it to others had a good time herself for once; Lucille Valiere and her quartet of Latin American friends made up a table; Phil de la Ross and his attractive wife attended. Everyone who was unable to go has been made miserable all week listening to the varied and many accounts of the good time missed. Those who weren’t on the Beach Sunday patronized Matheson’s Hammock. Bill Kohler (Radio) and his wife; Charles Smith (Electrical) and his wife and their friends made a very congenial party. Raymond Farmer (Aircraft) and his wife and Bill Blomeley (Main Office) and his wife had a glorious day swimming and grilling steaks. Sun-burns Monday ranged from becoming pink to those who had to go about decrepitly in house slippers.

EMORY-RIDDLE PARTS CATALOGUE SOON READY

The long awaited Embry-Riddle Part Stock Rooms Catalogue is at last in the capable hands of the microgo graph department and should be ready for distribution about June 15th. Approximately 300 working hours will be required to type the necessary stencils and Mrs. Culpepper, Mrs. Edna Moore, Miss Mary Gamble and Mrs. Truxie Woods (formerly with Charlie Ebbets) have been hired to do this work. Eddie Baumgarten is proofreading the stencils and will assist Mrs. Dick with the mimeographing.

A few figures on this new catalogue might be of interest—size 8½x11; thickness, 5"; weight, 11 lbs.; No. of pages, 1200; No. of Main Classifications, 17; No. of Sub- Classifications, 87; No. of Parts listed, Approximately 15,000; Time required to produce, 6 months.

Eddie Baumgarten, Material Control virtuoso, has considerably increased his chest expansion since he got the job of overseeing the four new lovelies temporarily assigned to catalogue typing. Mrs. A. B. Dick graciously loaned one of her delightful pent house offices for this work.

—The More Bonds You Buy—
—The More Planes Will Fly—

LETTER OF THE WEEK is from JOE NEISEY, Ensign USNR, former Municipalite who is now awaiting assignment to a mine sweeper. Further details would be “Military Information,” but we can tell you that good old Joe is a married man . . . it happened Feb. 14, and the lucky girl was his Midshipman days sweetheart from Chicago . . . in case you want to write, mail to him will be forwarded from 148 Williams Street, New London, Conn.
SOLDIER STUFF

An Revoir

It seems strange, even to the point of amazement, that these months could pass so quickly—and yet they have.

With the course for the first class drawing to a close we men are now firmly and soberly prepared to face the future with a grim determination. It is hard for a soldier to put into words what he feels in his heart, but we ARE conscious of, and realize our obligations. The purpose of our schooling is plain and understandable, and we propose to utilize this education to the best of our ability. Our ultimate goal, success, can and shall be obtained.

It is with deep regret that we bid an au revoir to the Embry-Riddle School and Miami. Both have been grand to us fellows and I'm sure I speak for all the soldiers when I say that the treatment we have received here is as fine as we could possibly ask for. When this war of hate, greed, selfishness and ignorance is over and we return a conquering army, of which there is no doubt whatever in our hearts, we hope we will have the opportunity to return to Miami, that we may prove our appreciation of its hospitality.

To Capt. Field and Lt. Stetson, the men would like to say that they enjoyed being under and exercising your commands. To the non-coms many thanks to their “teniences” and to the staff at School, the instructors and their assistants, their patience and guidance shall not be in vain. Oh yes—as levity must have its place—with patience in mind, the waitresses at the cafeteria and canteen shall not go unmentioned. They, too, are a grand lot. Hoping that I haven’t overlooked anyone—and if I have, as the lothario would put it “blame it on my pent up emotions”—I’ll be signing off! It’s been fun writing these columns each week even if I tried to impress Corp. Lynch and the FLY PAPER staff otherwise. I’m really sorry that this will be the last time I’ll be writing—“Well, privates, that’s it for now.” Best of luck!

—Pvt. Manuel Weinstein

May 24, 1942

DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN

Our Commanding Officer

Dear Editor:

This week we are going to take you for a tour through the Hangars and get a Bird’s Eye View of the place; we have two additions in the office force of our Maintenance Division: Mary Lyons and Margaret Williams—who both of whom are local gals. “Welcome to our Sanctum, you-all.” Marching around the hangar (as though picketing) are several angry faced mechanics. Upon inquiry, we find they are pursuing a certain young Lieutenant’s dog who persists upon eating lunches. He had just marched off with three—however judging from the size of “Barney,” he really needs that wholesome food.

She “Wood” Catch Us!

Oh! Oh! I see some gals in Mr. Culler’s office; let’s truck in on there. (Sh—don’t tell my wife.) Do you know those Parker girls are really witty? The other day one of them asked me, “How many kinds of wood does it take to make a match? Do you know?” Well, I didn’t and like a dummy said, “I d’no.” She responded, “Two kinds—He would and she wouldn’t.” Now, let’s clear out before we really get in trouble.

A Good Record for the Meeks

Yes, there is Mr. Cullers at his desk busily writing himself a letter—my mistake, it’s not a letter. It is a list of mechanics who have successfully passed the Army Mechanics test; mind you, 95% of the group that took this examination passed. (Of course, that is due to the good training these boys received at the local ground school.) Their names: Conroy, Franklin, Lanier, Hardy, Liquori, Alley, Andrews, Fancher, Gray, Skipper, Storter, Renner, Bishop, Robertson, Harrison, Powell, Harrell and Coker. Congrats, Fellows!

“On Account of, et cetera”

DORR FIELD—Here’s one of the pictures we’ve been “hollerin’” for . . . Captains Bill Boyd, Commanding Officer of Dorr Field, working at his desk.

Dorre Field

“On Account of, et cetera”

DORR FIELD—“Where’s thatnickle we lost last week?” is the query that Dorr Field Auditor Bill O’Neill, sitting, is saying to Field Accountant Ben Megree. Anyway, it looks like they’re discussing some such weighty problem, but we’ll bet the books balanced before they got through with them.

“What’s this? An empty chair? Yes!” Miss Caroly Holder has gone and said “yes” to a young man—Al Hopkins of Gainesville; the couple were to be wed Saturday evening. Congratulations, Kids, and all the luck in the World.

A Dose of Double-Talk

You know, Bud, for the number of educated people we have in our office, you would hardly believe some favorite expressions that fall from their lips. Such things as “Goody, goody, goody”—Margaret Lightfoot. Mr. Megee calling all the girls “Snooks.” “I ain’t talking”—Mr. Spence; “Hi, toots”—Freddie; “Yes, Suh!”—Jack Whittall; “New, Honey”—Vera Prevette; “Where’s my apple?”—Velma; “What do you mean?!”—Mr. Mougey; “Hey, Bud! That’s my chair!”—Eddie House.

Well, Bud, I’m running out of gab, so will sign off.

“A gabby good-bye”—Ed.

P. S. Hey, Bud: Just learned that Miss Holder’s chair in Operations office is now occupied by Miss Ruth Campbell of Arcadia. Welcome to the fold.

US AND THE U.S.O.

Like every organization that is “doing things,” we’ve heard much about the United Service Organization, both pro and con. And because the U.S.O. is just beginning another drive for contributions to carry on their work, we thought we’d make our own little private investigation of the situation.

Well, boys and girls, from our personal observations, the U.S.O. Unit at Arcadia, serving our boys from Dorr and Carlstrom Fields, and the Unit on N.W. 27th Avenue, serving our Air Corps boys in the Tech Division, in Miami, and serving a mighty fine job . . . well managed, capably and honestly run, and filling a mighty big place in maintaining the morale of our trainees. The boys themselves are almost unanimous in voicing their approval, “We like the U.S.O. They’re doing a lot for us, and many times we’d be lost without them!”

That’s good enough for us . . . the U.S.O. can come around and collect our contribution to carry on this work . . . and if they can’t come for it, we’ll take it to them!

TRANSPORTATION: Harold Wayne, civilian engines instructor, drives from Fort Lauderdale to the Tech. Div. every morning, returning home in the evening, and wishes to share transportation with someone from Fort Lauderdale or other cities along the route.
**CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS**

Jack Hobler, Editor

May 25th, this yere

Dere Bud:

I am sorta sad an' lonesome this week, like everybody else around here. We have lost one of our big chums who was a darn nice feller—Larry Walden. He has went to that new school up in Union City, to be their Director of Ground School. We are glad for him, o'course, that he's gettin' the permotion, but we hated like the devil to see him go. I been knowin' Larry ever since he started teachin' here at Carlstrom, and I wants to tell you he is one guy who is really rep on his subjeck—meteorology. He can predict the weather better than the noosapers can and, what's more, he can teach that dry subjeck so's that anybody can understant it.

Honestly, we felt so bad about his leavin' that we threw him a rib roast up at my place, and didn't charge him anythin' to attend and eat. It was a purty nice affair for everybody 'cept Joe Gillis and me. It was Friday and we couldn't eat no ribs, so the little woman got us a mess of frog legs. They was good eatin', all right, but then jest naturally ain't enuf frogs in De Soto county to give me a good meal, without me havin' to share it with somebody else. But, there I was—generous again—cause Joe is also leavin' us this week to teach a cross-country C.P.T. course up home, and I wanted him to enjoy himself also, so I went easy on the frog legs.

This Joe is a brainy little guy; he's got all the G.S. ratings as well as a commercial flyin' ticket, and he's only 21. Yeah, we're sorry to see him go too. But to get back to that Friday night shindig, it was jest like them high sasety affaires you read about in the papers: "Dinnah was served outdoors on the terrace, and the guests retired to the swimming pool afterward to settle their hash." Bud, it took quite a while to settle all them eats, and we wasn't sure that some of the municipal lifeguards wouldn't get in some work before the evenin' was over. Paul Dixon became one of them there Conscientious Objec tors when he learned he was goin' to go swimmin' while a whole tub of iced drinks was on his conscience. He put away enuf liquid refreshment (soft stuff) to start a pool of his own. All told, the crowd included Paul's wife, Betty, Paul and Ruth DeBor, Bill Gracey, Bob Watts, Wayne Martin, Anetta Holingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Cad Hendry, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mayer, and Joe Woodward. For musical entertainment, we asked Watts and Martin to sing "The Ring Dang Doo" but they was too full of ribs to sound off.

Speakin' of Joe Woodward reminds me that I owe Joe an apology for that crack I made last week regardin' his girlfriend up in Baltimore. Jest so's she won't misunderstand, I want to say that it was all in fun and that she shouldn't take anything she sees in this column too serious.

We got another new Ground School instructor here now, named Harry Newnam, from Washington, D. C. He's goin' to teach Meteorology in Larry Walden's place, and judgin' in the little time we've known him, he looks like an O.K. guy.

By the way, Bud, the Grind School is on safari. Yep, we done got us all them there tropical uniforms of sun helmets and short-sleeved shirts. If everything goes like we hope it does, we're gonna have short, sweet socks, and leather moccasins, and we're gonna have a couple little colored boys in turbans in between classes with trays of cold cokes, etc. Not bad, eh?

If you see Carl Dunn anytime soon, I got somethin' you can raas him about. He was takin' Cadet Costas up the other day for a final check and gave him a list of maneuvers to do before they took off. Costas musta got things balled up, because he done a slow roll right off and seen Carl suddenly grab for everythin' he could get hold of. When the ship was right side again, Carl give Costas his***. It seems that Mr. Dunn had forgotten to fasten his safety belt, and he nearly fell outa the airplane durin' the maneuver. Ain't that awful?

Bud, I gotta sign off now and I wanna say that if this copy smells funny, I can explain it. Willie Moser gave me some of his very own Hoyt's Cologne after I decribed his wardrobe in last week's issue, with instructions to sprinkle it through my column each week. I gess my stuff stinks, eh?

My mechanics done tole me you all gave them a good game which they won, 18-2.

Well, I suppose Miami Main Office will take up short ball, now, and also simple addition in arithmetic. The boys say 18-2 is only the approximate score, as you all stopped countin' our runs after the fifth inning. Anyhow, thanks for takin' care of my boys.

Laughs and hisses, JACK

---

**Keeping 'Em Fit to Fly at Carlstrom Field**

Excerpts from Letters to Editor

"—There isn't one member of 41-H who doesn't envy you in the respect that you have the opportunity of still working at Carlstrom. Tell the officers and officials, especially Boss Riddle, that there is no place on earth that any of our class would rather be than at that Field. You don't know how home sick we've become for the place."


**Flash, Here's Something I Forgot!**

This past week saw a surprise visit from one of our old boys. Lieutenant Bill Welling, of Sykesville, Md., dropped in as navigator of a B-47. He came from Turner Field to pick up Corel Ford and Alastair McBain. Bill was a member of 41-H, Carlstrom's first class, and having washed out for flying, was sent to navigation school. Now possessing his commission as second lieutenant, he is attending navigation school at Turner Field. He will be in charge of the class being given all navigation instructors this week at Turner to standardize all ground school instruction in this subject. Attending his class from Carlstrom were Joe Woodward, and Larry Walden who taught Bill meteorology while he was here as a cadet.

"—Keep 'Em Flying!"

**WE SEE BY THE PAPERS**

that our old friend from Municipal Base, Morton Price, recently got his commission in the Flying Marines at the Jax Air Station. If you think Embry-Riddle hasn't and isn't doing plenty for National Defense, just start counting up how many of our primary and advanced flight graduates now hold commissions with the various air forces!

Ye Ed. spent Thursday and Friday in Arcadia, first trip up-state in two weeks, and we're glad to report that all our newfieds up there are doing fine! Especially did we enjoy the hospitality of "Hobbler Hotel" where we learned the gentle art of frying ham steak in pineapple juice. Yummi! Better try that!

Over at Dorr Field, we had a nice long talk with JIM BURT, another ex-Municipalite, who is now Stage commander. "Our Gang" are certainly taking their work seriously . . . and the results show it! After the war, we'll be able to release some figures that will prove that Embry-Riddle has the finest native flying school in the world, by gosh! We're all proud of it, but can't say too much, you know, because "SILENCE HELPS HAUNT HITLER!"
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor
Bill Jacobs, Jennie Draughon, Paul Prior, Mickey Lightholder, Tubby Owens, Kenny Berry, Netra Purdum, Ted Taylor, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin and Ralph Thyng.

Plenty was accomplished at this Field last week. A lot of flying time was put in, including night flying and cross-country, and the Ground School and Link Departments kept very busy, but as far as news is concerned, it was rather quiet. Therefore, our apologies for a curtailed column this week.

A Good Example of Visa-Versa or Versa-Visa

The pictures below were snapped on a recent trip to Miami, so we thought we’d pass them along to you. If you don’t like this first one,

then, look at this,

Lost Battalion Leaves

Last Saturday, the remaining members of Course IV left for their next destination. This group had remained for some further ground school instruction, and had been named “The Lost Battalion.” In the re-examination which this group took, they made the highest grade of any of the British Flight Training Schools in this country, and once more put No. 9 B.F.T.S. “on the map.” Their many friends here wish them a lot of good luck in their future endeavors.

Cadet Chatter

Bill Watkins, G. Rossi and G. R. Thomas, Blue Flight, and Scotty Simms, Green Flight, were confined to the Infirmary last week.
With wings exams just a few days away, several members of the illustrious Red Flight have been observed using hair dye, to cover up the little patches of gray that were becoming apparent. It is also reported that the barracks lights have been burning very late at night.

Jock Birrell, Green Flight, (you all remember Jock as the bagpiper) had quite an experience with a “house detective” at a Miami hotel a week or so ago! Get him to tell you about it.

The Camp was quite empty the past week-end as groups started for Miami, West Palm Beach, Ft. Meyers, etc. From all reports, everyone is very well pleased with the arrangements at the Mcfadden-Deauville Hotel, in Miami. It is hoped, however, that something can be worked out to relieve the transportation problem. PLEASE!

What member of Yellow Flight fell into the swimming pool last week. Could it have been one of the “Yanks in the R.A.F.”?

L. A. Baker, Green Flight, has definitely come to the conclusion that it does not pay to “follow the leader” on a cross-country. On his first solo cross-country trip recently, Baker became somewhat confused, and, in fact, was lost. So, spotting another ship which he knew to be going to the same destination, he followed directly behind. It all ended with two planes being lost, as the first plane was piloted by Joe Amos, who was in quite a predicament himself, as his map had blown away, and he was flying by “instinct.”

Two nicknames recently given to a couple members of Blue Flight, are “Falling Grade” Murphy, and “South American Joe” Fee.

Thomas and Wheble, Green Flight, really laid it on Tubby Owens and Jack Hopkins in tennis last Saturday. They won 50c each in so doing, besides handing Owens and Hopkins their first doubles set-back.

We wonder why a certain cadet in Blue Flight had to repeat his name twice and spell it at great length over the radio last week? Is it really, and truly such a tongue twister?

Course Commander Arthur Hollis of Red Flight had an excellent picture in Sunday’s Tampa Tribune, and a suitable write-up with the picture covered an entire page of the Feature Section.

Strabismus, pride of the Riddle Field News Letter, was confined to the Infirmary with a bad cold last week, but is OK, now.

Personal Prattle

Helen Scribner, former Canteen Manager here, and now occupying that position at Dorr Field, was a visitor for a couple of hours last Sunday morning.

It has been strongly rumored that Emmett Dugger, Link Instructor, is going to get glasses, so that in the future, he will not have any trouble in distinguishing the difference between the signs, “Men” and “Women.”

A. B. “Red” Guthrie and W. F. Fisher, Link Instructors, have been transferred to the Primary Flight Department. Congratulations!

Lady of the Week

Catherine Minges, that cute little brunette who is Sec. to the R.A.F., is our Lady of the Week.

Catherine says she is more than sweet sixteen, and to be exact is 24 years old, but who will believe that!! She was born in Harrison, Ohio, a little town near Cincinnati, and graduated from High School there, later attending Business College in Cincinnati.

She likes to swim, go horseback riding, and last but not least, EAT.

In July of 1941, Catherine “wound up” down to Florida and became affiliated with the Embry-Riddle Co., in Miami and in Sept., she was transferred to the Purchasing Dept. of the Riddle McKay Aero College and here she remained until the R.A.F. claimed the “other side” of Headquarters building.

The following information was cheerfully contributed by one of her employers—guess which one? “Has toiled with the R.A.F. most successfully as Chief stenographer for the past eight months and due to the ceaseless and untiring efforts of the three Officers is slowly beginning to speak English.”

“Has invented a new filing system which consists mainly of scat­tering letters all over her desk and turning the electric fan “full on!” It’s quite surprising where some of the letters finish up!!

“Is a frequent week-end visitor to Miami, hence the run down, tired and listless look on Monday mornings.”

“Catherine is our Stenographer A pretty little chit She cannot write or spell or type And doesn’t care a bit.”

—Anonymous

“We’ll rule the blue in ‘42”

Tecino More Newlyweds

The trend of Embry-Riddle employees to hit the “bridal path” struck the Riddle Field for the first time during the past week, and unlike lightning, it struck twice here. Mickey Lightholder, Link Instructor, and Miss Betty Hair, from Municipal Base in Miami, became Mr. and Mrs., as did Maston O’Neal and Mary Frances Farrington.

S. M. Lightholder, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Lightholder of Union, New Jersey, and Miss Betty Jane Hair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hair of Miami, Florida, were married at 3:15 p.m. Saturday, May 23, 1942, in Miami Beach, Florida. The attendants were Mr. F. C. “Bad” Bel­land and Miss Martha Warren. Mickey is a Link Instructor at Riddle Field and is also one of the cartoonists of the Fly Paper staff. Betty is the Secretary at the Embry-Riddle Municipal Base in Miami. Both are well known by the employees.

Please turn over leaf
AIM TO WIN

The man who succeeds is the man who takes careful aim—who knows where he wants to go, and makes the most of his opportunities to get there! To you whose future is in Aviation, today represents unequalled opportunity. To you who recognize that opportunity, Embry-Riddle training is the means to get the right start towards success.

SUN and FUN while you learn!

Not only the best in aviation training—but the fun of living while you learn in sunny Florida. Year-round sunshine, beaches, outdoor sports, Aviation thrills in the air gateway to Latin America. Clip the coupon today for full information. enroll now for your Embry-Riddle aviation course.

RIDDLE FIELD

Continued from page 7

Embry-Riddle gang and to them goes our wishes for the "mostus of the bestus." The newlyweds have no immediate plans for the future, but will announce their plans in a couple of weeks.

Maston O'Neal, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Meyers, Jr., of Jacksonville, Florida, and Mary Frances Farrington, daughter of Mrs. L. Farrington, of Selma, Alabama, were married in Miami, Florida, Saturday, May 28, 1942. Their attendants were Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Reid. Mr. O'Neal is a new Primary Flight Instructor at this Field, and he and his wife have an apartment in Clewiston. Everyone wishes these folks a happy and long married life.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

by Strabismus

Strabismus was no<ing the man to Latin thrill!! In Embry-Riddle to Latin beaches.

to Aviation. He never being very good.

S tragicus is highly interested in any matter of historic research, and invites information on a plain, unsigned postcard.

"Keep 'Em Flying!" -

Technical School Gets Moving Picture Shows

It rained in Miami last Monday evening ... for no particular reason at all except that this was the evening on which we were to begin showing moving pictures at the Tech School ... outside! How-ever, Tuesday evening was clear, and a small but appreciative audience of "first nighters" officially opened the Miami unit of the "Riddle Family Theatre," stop the roof of the fourth floor of the south wing of the building.

In response to numerous requests from resident students at the Tech School, these movies, the same being shown at Carlstrom, Riddle and Dorr Fields, will be shown at the Technical Division every Monday and Thursday evening at 8:30. In case of rain, the pictures will be shown the next evening. A charge of ten cents will be made to help defray the cost of these programs.

De Venezuela

Nos ha llegado una fina misiva de la Sra. Irma de Medina A. esposa del presidente de la hermanua republica de Venezuela, agradeciéndonos los datos que tuvi mos el honor de facilitarle respecto al progreso y conducta de los cadetes venezolanos que se instruyen en este plantel y por los cuales se halla muy interesada.

Nos es muy grato acusar recibo de su atenta comunicación por este medio y nos pone sumamente saber que recibe debidamente nuestra publicación semanal "Fly Paper" en la cual ha colaborado ya uno de sus compatriotas. Estos cadetes venezolanos estan avanzando mucho en sus estudios y cuando se graduen no hay duda que habran de ser un credito para la aviacion de la republica del glorioso libertador Bolivar.

Gracias Sra. Knox de Mejía

Agradecemos por este las atenciones prestadas a los cadetes invitados por la Sra. Nina Knox de Mejia, en su residencia de 111 Romano Ave. Coral Gables. Gestos de esta naturaleza se aprecian y conducen a un mayor acercamiento y compenetracion entre los habitantes de este homelitery. Sra Mejia, hemos puesto su nombre en la lista de envio de nuestra revista semanal el "Fly Paper," ya que demuestra estar tan sinceramente interesada en el desarrollo de las actividades de los cadetes interamericanos.

Sec. 562 P. L. & R.