Dick Hiss Goes To Carlstrom!

Top story of the week for the old timers around the Emy-Riddle School is the very good news that Dick Hiss, Municipal Base flight graduate and formerly an Accountant in the Main Office, has been assigned to our own Carlstrom Field, or Arcadia, for his primary training as an Army Air Force Cadet. Dick, who will renew many old friendships among the staff of Carlstrom, resigned his job with the School last January to enlist in the Air Force. He was scheduled to arrive at Carlstrom early this week with the other new members of Class 42-J.

="We’ll rule the blue in ’42!"

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
by Bill Linkroom

Our two flying “debs,” Charlotte Kayser and Corrine Phillips, have just completed their cross-country hop in preparation for their Private Pilot’s license. Charlotte remarked that she was plenty tired from sitting for so long a time. After all, it is nothing a bit to have a young lady be so still!

Larry Stanhope is having birth certificate trouble. Sunny California apparently until recently was not concerned with over-population and kept no birth records.

More New Students

New faces here at the Base includes Mrs. Lillian Conner and Mr. Elliot Brainard. Mrs. Conner is Turn to Seaplane Base, Page 2, Col. 2

“GOING PLACES!”

There’s a certain new employee in our School who is going places, we betcha! We couldn’t find out his name, unfortunately, but the story we heard ran something like this: He was hired in Miami for a job on the Maintenance Crew at Carlstrom Field, Arcadia. To save transportation charges between his job at the Field and Arcadia, he wanted to take his bicycle up with him... and the only way he could get the bike up there without paying more cash money was to ride it up... which he did, by gosh, 183 miles under the hot Florida sun, 12 hours of powerful pedaling! With determination like that, we know this fellow will give a good account of himself and really “go places!”

R. A. F. CADETS CRASH HEADLINES!
MEET DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

Lucky indeed were R.A.F. Sgt. John Henley and U/K Cadets Dick Thorp and Frank “Red” Clark, Riddle Fielders in Miami for the week-end, for they met, and talked with, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at a formal reception for them at the Roney-Plaza Hotel last Saturday afternoon... and made the headlines in the Miami papers Sunday for their amazing feat!

Don’t Know How It Happened!

“I don’t know just how it happened,” Dick Thorp told a Fly Paper correspondent Sunday. “We were walking past the Roney; saw a bunch of men in uniform; someone saluted us... and the next thing we knew we were inside and talking to the Duke. He’s a wonderful fellow. Talked to us about fifteen minutes and then asked us to stay on as his guests at the reception!”

These “lucky fellows” will have plenty to write home about now! They were part of a small contingent of Cadets who arrived in Miami Beach Saturday afternoon to spend their week-end leave at the Deauville. Among others in from Clewiston were Cadets E. R. Parry, R. W. Beveridge, R. L. Maellen, P. Theophilus, W. R. Griffen, W. Ainsley and R. E. Webster, and Riddle Field flight instructors Keene Langhorn, E. E. “Tom” Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Morders.

Many Others on “Vacation”

In addition to the Clewiston group many other members of our “family” were found vacationing at the Deauville during the week-end. From Arcadia were Mr. and Mrs. Jim Burt, A. C. Tosi and G. R. Westerland; from Punta Gorda (Carlstrom Field), Mr. and Mrs. Bill Henderson and Mr. and Mrs. John Pridet.

Also present were Adolpho Montero, Inter-American Technical trainee from Buenos Aires, Argentina; R. H. Payne and F. W. Pearson from Miami, and R. G. F. Lee, U/K, formerly a flight student with our School and now in the Pan American Airways school.

CARLSTROM FIELD, ARCADIA—“When Day Is Done”... a portion of the Cadet contingent and officers stand at “attention” in front of the Administration Building as Our Flag is slowly hauled down, thus marking completion of another day’s activities at what we all think is one of the most beautiful private flying training schools in the world.

“Retreat” at Carlstrom Field, Riddle Aeronautical Institute, Arcadia, Florida.
SEAPLANE BASE
Continued from Page 1
under the supervision of Ad Thompson, while Mr. Brainard is taking his instruction from "yours truly." When asked why he was taking up flying, Mr. Brainard admitted he was trying to get one jump ahead of his charming daughter who soon will be of pilot age, and he would be, "darned if he was going to let her get ahead of him."

Not Too Busy to Fly!
It is interesting to note that many people holding down important defense jobs are participating in active flying. We here at the Base feel privileged to aid these men and women in their desire to learn aviation. The fact that civilian flyers can continue here is a stimulus for us to cooperate with the authorities in every way possible to aid the smooth functioning of their heavy tasks.

Peggy Morton went to take her rating test the other day and was flying about 400 feet when the ceiling suddenly closed in on her. She keenly surmised that an attempt at a 180 degree side approach would be impossible, so she landed and the result of the test will be revealed in our next. For a minute there, Peggy must have wondered who put the lights out.

A new member added to our smooth running organization here at the Base is William Waters, who has replaced Whinery now located in New Jersey. Billy as we call him is "catching on" to the routine fast and already has become a veteran.

Mrs. Ralph (Peggy) Rex, of the Cleveland Rexes, is conscientiously taking a ground school course here with us. Captain Dick Cornell having long ago soloed is finding a lot of ship channels that he never knew about from the air. Flying is an entree to plenty interesting things, eh Captain?

Welcome Back, Old Timer!
A new Commercial student is Mac Lowry, a convert from Municipal (and how we like to get 'em) who is doing right nice by himself. Mrs. Lowry is keeping up with papa by taking ground school under Charlie Stahler.

Close that Window!
Art Griffiths is feeling a little chilly lately. He has been caught in a small draft, and we mean Uncle Sam's. However, Art is an excellent mechanic and according to reports, he may be of much better service in a defense job. Art is one of those old time pilots who flew OX5's in the days when a takeoff was fun and from then on a wonder — a wonder the thing stayed up. Art's flying is really getting smooth now. In fact he has a carload of feminine admirers tither day watching his approaches — I mean landings!

2x2 Is What?
The little man with the Computer, C. F. (Pete) Smith, is working hard with Charlie on ground work. Pete appears punctually every day and is always interesting to talk to about flying. His new computer had him floored for a while but one night late came the dawn and his problem was solved. It's not the initial cost these days, Pete, you've got to pay for labor, even if it's your own.

"How Green Is Our Grass!"
We must give praise where praise is due. Willie Whitehead, our head greenskeeper, has at last obtained results with his stubborn grass. Willie's landscaping has proved very successful and the Base no longer has that "too new" appearance. One sure sign of rain is Willie's watering the lawn. You can bet your best plugged nickel that it will rain within an hour if Willie runs for the hose, I wonder . . .

As a parting shot, I am sure that our readers will be interested to know we had the biggest day in the history of the Base Sunday last. Ad and yours truly were glad to stand up the remainder of the day.
Tech Talk

by Dorothy Burton

Guessing Game

It has just been discovered who is the school's most popular girl! If anyone cares to dispute the fact and wishes to put it to vote she will meet with overwhelming defeat because the soldiers to a man will cast their "eyes" for "Mother." The devoted Latin American students prefer to call her "Aunt." Her assistants are as enthusiastic as movie fans. No jealousy exists among the school's other glamour girls as she has the same grand smile for them as she has for everyone. She and the Duchess of Windsor are from the same small hamlet in Maryland--Baltimore. Oh, wonder of wonders, her husband is as attentive as a beau. "Supervision of Mess Hall and Cafeteria" is her official title and her name is--Grace Simpson.

It is as the wisest woman in Washington once said, "The personality of the man in charge is reflected all the way down the line." Have you ever seen Mr. Hiss when he wasn't pleasant, quiet spoken, and a most agreeable luncheon companion--as busy a man as he is too? Mr. Van Buskirk, so distinguished looking and the soul of courtesy, is intensely proud of the refrigeration system and will give a personally conducted tour behind the scenes to show the well set-up establishment.

Mr. Zion, the Chef, gives a gay greeting and starts one down the cafeteria line in good humor to end up with a small, pretty, dark young person, Anne Elrod, who takes your money and makes you like her--an art, that. Altogether the lunch hour is a pretty good time of day (if you aren't counting those mean old calories).

Mrs. Grundy Wants to Know

What Latin American student went home with Florence McMann to dinner? Why does Charlie Shepherd get so angry when his Dad playing on the opposite softball team gives him the rave? What did the seven weeks old Lee Malmsen baby say to his parents the first time he fell out of bed? Why did Jack Steward (Aircrafts) want to leave earthy Paradise for Ogden, Utah? Will Mrs. Truman "Skinny" Gilie like the new home "Skinny" selected? If you've ever seen anything cuter than Lt. Stetson on his bicycle? If you don't think Mary Mitchell is the perfect hostess renting an extra apartment to house her guests? If anyone can console Betty Harrington while her Mother is up North "for the season"?

If you saw the picture in "Life," June 1st issue, of David Beaty's lovely home? What Helen Drabeck thought when she saw the old boyfriend from Chicago here now as a student? If Jennie Michel liked her date with the above mentioned gentleman from Chicago?

"Waste Not, Want Not!"

Tech School, Miami! Concurrent with the transfer of the Technical Division of our school from the direction of the Air Service Command to the Army Air Force Technical Training Command was the formal Inspection made Monday by Colonel James D. Givens, Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, who is shown above with John Paul Riddle, Captain George Field and Major John Weiss. At the conclusion of the Inspection, Colonel Givens said that he was not only satisfied with the progress being made by the men in training, but that he was amazed at the school's expansion and improved training facilities since his last visit here several months ago.

Tech Baseball News by Eddie Baumgarten

The news from the baseball front is, to say the least, amazing! During the past week, only two games were played and the competition is becoming very keen. As for the standings as of today, in the American, it's the Yankees, in the National, it's the Dodgers, and in the Tech League, it's the Bookies, with three games won and no losses. They are followed by the Engines Department team, and then come Instruments and the Lambs in that order.

Last Thursday night saw about the wildest, wooliest game of baseball seen in these parts in many a day. The final score of that brawl was Bookies 30, Instruments 13. The affair was highlighted by the new record maker, Bob Hillstead, who has the dubious honor of ending four consecutive innings. And who was the intrepid umpire who said to whom, "Look, Bob, one argument and I'll throw you out of the game!" (Since then he knows who Hillstead is.)

The next scheduled game was held Monday afternoon between and during intermittent showers at the Coliseum Field and really turned into a fine ball game.

The final score of this one, and, incidentally, the only score of the current season which hasn't reached astronomical proportions, was 6 to 5, in favor of the Bookies.

Lobdell, at second, played his usual blocking back position and was knocked out again.

The Bookies are the most improved team in the league and even though Monday's game was more or less of an upset, the battle for top honors between them and Engines is going to be a honey.

"He who laughs, last!"

Miami Softball Schedule

(Coliseum Field, 6 P.M.)
June 8-Instruments vs. Bookies.
June 9-Engines vs. Lambs.
June 11-Engines vs. Bookies.
June 12-Instruments vs. Lambs.

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

Things and Stuff

NOW WE KNOW why Sgt. Brad Wood and Cpl. Ed Lynch, two of our A/C Technical Students, are always saving their money and not dating "other" girls . . . it's the girls they left behind them, both of whom came to Miami last week to visit the boys. Visiting Wood was wife "Emmie" from Macon, Ga., spending the week-end, and in from Syracuse for a week was Cpl. Lynch's Wilma Dennis.

Happy days for the boys!

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

PROUD "PAPA" is Emmett Varney, Embry-Riddle Personal Director, who just learned that son JUD has solaced as an Air Force Cadet at Hicks Field in Texas. Question: Which got a bigger thrill, Emmett or Jud? Any way, congrats to them both!

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

"Waste Not, Want Not!"

Welcome Visitor around the Main Office is Mrs. Jean Ogden, formerly secretary to Boss Riddle, who comes around from time to time to renew old friendships. Joan reports Phillip, Jr., to be doing fine and growing fast.

"I believe we'd better find something else for Codie Blunk to do. He can't remember to release the brakes when he takes off."

--Courtesy intercontinues
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER
Jack Hopkins, Editor
Bill Jacobs, Paul Prior, Mickey Lightboulder, Tubby Owens, Kenny Berry, Nelva Purdon, Ted Taylor, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin, Ralph Thyng, Associate Editors

Weather Report
Frequent rains this past week failed to dampen the enthusiasm any, and although somewhat handicapped, we kept 'em flying as much as possible. However, let us say that bad weather is very unusual for the State of Florida, and that as a general thing, one can expect a warm, often hot, day with clear skies and ideal flying conditions.

Now, after having complimented the Florida weather, and honestly expressing our true opinion of it, we know that the State Chamber of Commerce won't mind these quotations about the weather here—

Eddie Cantor — “I asked the president of the Chamber of Commerce about this California weather, and he said, ‘this isn’t our weather, it’s a refugee storm from Florida’.”

Ben Bernie — “When I arrived in Florida, I was greeted with great news—they had discovered land on my property.”

During one of the “small” storms here last week, the following picture was snapped. We thought it to be very good, so will pass it along to you:

SOCIAL JOTTINGS by Strabismus
The weeks exquisite thought:
Sitting in an Aeroplane,
Gives my undercut a pain.
Navigations just a ramp for giving navigators cramp.
“Film Fun” on the plotting board.
Even “Breezie” leaves me bored.
When my little atticum is so achin’ stiff and numb.

On Link in May,
I’d like to say
A thing or two
I shouldn’t do.

Stills Presented
When Mr. Gardner requested a pair of stilts for Joe Obermeyer the other week, he may have been kidding, but Joe wasn’t. After reading about the request, Obermeyer, called Gardner and demanded the stilts! Fletch, not to be outdone, had a pair of stilts made, and brought them down to Joe last week. So, below, we see Mr. Gardner presenting the stilts to Mr. Obermeyer, afterwhich Joe climbed aboard, but needed a little assistance.

About the Lost Battalion
Whose leaving we reported last week, we present forthwith, the last official photograph of the while at Clewiston. Of course, the faces aren’t too plain, but they’re all waving anyway. Here it is:

The Girl They Left Behind
Peter Dawson, Yellow Flight, really does a splendid job of pounding the ivories (playing the piano, you twerp), and we’re going to arrange with Bud Belland to have him play at one of the school parties at the Macfadden-Deauville in the near future.

Why are they calling Phillip Mighell of Green Flight, “Daddy”?
Plans are going forward for a grand farewell party in honor of Red Flight AFTER and IF they pass the wings exams. Tentative plans call for the “shindig” to be held in Miami.

Sgt. Henley and Cadets F. G. Clark and Dick Thorp, Blue Flight, were very honored and very fortunate to be received by the Duke of Windsor at a Miami Hotel the past week-end.

There is a rumor going about that Yellow Flight possesses an excellent soccer team, but that they are unable to find any opposition whatsoever. Is this true? Having solced, most of them are now in the throes of a dreadful disease known as “checkits,” so they should be easy meat for anyone willing to take them on. (Editor’s note—this note has the earmarks of a challenge — how about it Green, Blue or Red Flight? Let’s arrange to meet the Yellow Flight.)

Cadet Colley of Green Flight is hereby invited to act as Guest Editor of this column for a week or two if he so desires. We understand Mr. Colley to be quite a journalist.

Cadets Skidmore and Slape, Blue Flight, did some more work on the cataloguing of books for a library, the past week-end. We were very happy to receive a letter from our very good friend, Stan Haynes, this past week. Stan, who graduated with Course III is now a Pilot Officer, and is instructing somewhere in England.

Others from his course, who are engaged as Flight Instructors, are Joch “Red” Blue, Peter Bicket, Joch Dunn, Chick Brown, Peter Mellor and “Heddar” James. Crabbe, Baxter, Burt, Williams and Simms of Course II are also doing well at this same post. Stan report all are O.K. and doing well.

Several members of Green Flight have quite the latest in pajamas. If you’d like to see them, be sure and wear your sun glasses to sort of break the shock, if you get what we mean.

Man of the Week
Dr. T. S. Govin is our nominee for Man of the Week this issue.

Riddle Field’s Doctor was born in the year 1912 in Miami, Fl., where he was raised and attended Miami High School until 1930, when he was graduated. He then went to Miami University and took his first year of pre-med, and then the University of Florida at Gainesville for his second and third years. Upon his completion of pre-med, he entered the University of Louisville at Louisville, Kentucky and graduated in 1938 with the degree of Medical Doctor.

It was in 1938 that he married Miss Marjorie Meggs, also a Miamian.

Dr. Govin then served a year on the staff at Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami, after which he went to the Dade County Hospital in Kendal, and became Asst. Chief Resident of Surgery from 1939 to 1941. Our Man of the Week came to Riddle Field in December of 1941.

Typical of all M.D.’s, he is better known as “the Doc,” “DR.” etc. He is in charge of the Infirmary on the Field and does a good job of keeping everyone physically fit. He has a fine sense of humor and is well-liked by everyone (especially Mrs. Govin!).

“Dr.” spends all his spare time around the field learning about flying and the construction of the field. He also occasionally may be found on the Clewiston golf links, where, he admits, his patience has been tried more than anywhere else. Mrs. Govin, incidentally, is also learning the game.

If you ever would like to meet this fellow, you will either find him in his office in the Infirmary or in one of the hangars asking many questions about flying and the operation of engines. As far as his own flying is concerned, we
LETTER OF THE WEEK

1216560 Sgt/Filot Brown, S. H., c/o 1 First Avenue, Rainworth Nr. Mansfield, Notitia, England

Dear Bud,

Thanks a lot for your swell letter, and also for the copies of the FLY PAPER which I have received. My! my! The old paper has grown an awful lot since we were in Clewiston.

Your description of the growing infant at Clewiston sure makes me wish I was back. I'll bet it's a dandy to look at right now. I suppose it's a toss-up between Riddle and Carlstrom now, as to which is the best spot. (Ed's. Note: Don't forget DORR!) Well, Bud, since I last wrote to you I have had a little bad luck. I had a forced landing, through engine failure, and failed to make a decent landing. As a result, I smashed into some trees head-on. However, I was extremely lucky, escaping with severe concussion and spinal bruises. They picked the plane up with a magnet. I am now convalescing on the West Coast. (I can't say where owing to the chap with the blue-pencel, and things are progressing fairly well. You'd better not show this to Mr. Lehman, otherwise he'll want to know what became of all his training.

Here's something else which should please him. Another of his pupils, P/O W. J. Cleverly also had a bit of bad luck. His undercarriage lever jammed, and he had to make a belly-landing. He got away with it all right. While I am on with his pupils, Sgts. A. R. Brady, & J. Bradley have been transferred to twin-engined bombers. Sgts. Brough A., Brown, R.E.V., Hicomon, G. L. Cowley, L. Stewart, F. R. and Pilot Officer Smith, K., will be on fighter squadrons very shortly. Yours truly will follow in due course. Of the rest I have no news at all.

Brye-Bye, Beville

Our friend and censor, Lieutenant Jimmy Beville, is leaving for Fort Washington, Md., and we're honestly sorry to see him go. Ever since we've been writing staff for Jim to read over first before it was printed, we've found him an 18-karat, all-around swell guy. There's a fellow who can use the blue pencil so painlessly that we have to stop and commend him desk-side manner. And we're not alone when we say we'll miss him; everyone on the post will miss the sunshine of his smile and the starlit twinkle of his eye. Specifically, we're willing to bet that the Canteen's Mrs. Williams is going to suffer somewhat of a minor heartbreak. Well, Lieutenant, you carry our fond, good wishes with you, and we all hope you can come back to see us again.

No "Tin" Anniversary This Year!

Right here we want to stop and extend to Mr. and Mrs. Fahringan—on behalf of the entire Carlstrom personnel—congratulations and of their tenth wedding anniversary, sincere good wishes on the occasion which occurred this past week. To Ray we can only give credit for landing such a grand girl in the first place, but to the miss—after putting up with that bird ten years—we say, "Lady, how do you do it?" All kidding aside, though, they're a couple of fine folks whom we're glad to have with us, and if their two sons turn out half as good as their Daddy, they'll be O.K. They will, of course.

"Snake-Man" Gets "Clipped"

We don't know what Carl Dunn is doing to rate all this recent publicity, but he's in the news again this week. A little project was afoot to give the red-headed Flight Commander a present. Several sincere and earnest young men deprived themselves of a penny apiece and tossed it all into a pot until it amounted to thirty-five cents, and Carl became the recipient of the sum. The amount has a familiar sound; could it be the price of a haircut? He has been sporting a Tarzan Weismuller coiffure lately.

Grads Revisit Old Stompin' Grounds

Three British cadets, formerly of our 42-G class, dropped in to say "Hello," L.A.C.'s Waugh, Watson, and Tree have just finished Basic and visited us before they go to Advanced. Perhaps we're blowing our own horn too loud here, but the first thing these boys mentioned was the superiority of their training here. Their flight lessons here have given them more than adequate experience for what they're learning now, and they thanked the Ground School staff for all the free time we gave them in Basic.

In explanation, they say that Carlstrom G.S. fitted them so well for their secondary training that the Basic G.S. course was a breeze. The excellence of Carlstrom-trained cadets is very obvious in these more advanced schools, report the U/K's, and they want to express their gratitude to the man who made such a school possible—John Paul Riddle. Boss, it looks like you really started something here in March, 1941.

Our last group of cadets to graduate, 42-I, left only after three weddings among their number. A/C's Brandis, Sheehan, and Gilmore took unto themselves a wife each, and we congratulate these boys, sympathize with the girls, and wish them all the best of luck and happiness.

THERE'S ONE ON EVERY AIRPORT!

Dear Bud,

Did you ever notice the lame brain who taxis as if he were driving in a Roman chariot race?

Oooy! Oooy! Nothing like Brakes!

Ray Fahringan Jr.

Just lately, I've met quite a few of the United States soldiers who have come over here, and, needless to say, I have got on quite well with them, being able to speak to them with the accent I picked up in Florida. Most of them are from up North, but I did meet one who had been to Miami, and had stayed in the Clewiston Hotel. He was from Texas.

I'm glad that the Clewiston instructors are continuing with the fine work they are doing. Keep it up, fellows. You're putting up a grand show. They say they're dishing medals out for patience and perseverance. If so, you deserve them, times over.

Well, Bud, the nurse (and what a nurse!) has just come in to tell us it's time for chow, so I'll say cheers.

Best wishes to all the gang, and Keep 'em Flying.

Sincerely yours,

STEPHEN H. BROWN, Sgt., R.A.F.
JUMPIN' JIVE, BOYS! IT'S THE DORR FIELD BAND!

DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN
Ed Morey, Editor

(Editor Ed Morey being on vacation, the following copy was written by "the Dorr Field girls.")

Sleepy Time at Dorr
Did you notice all those yawns Friday morning?? Well just blame them on the Graduation Dance—it was held Thursday evening in the patio of the Mess Hall, where all that fast-growing shrubbery seems to have sprung up over night—there were even flowers on the plants that were set out Tuesday—whatta place! That Dorr Field! Colored lights were strung across the patio and The Music Makers did their duty from the band shell.

Pretty Girls—Pretty Music
Everything was really beautiful, even the girls who came all decked out in formals. Lt. Prouty was finally dragged upon the stage and sang "Make Believe" very beautifully (can you imagine and look the way he does!) while Betty B. stood proudly by.

From the sidelines we noted "Gallant" Collins and "Bashful" Crowe doing their bit to make everyone happy. Lt. and Mrs. Fo­lan, both in white, were a striking couple. Capt. Nachigall, Capt. Curnutt, and Lt. Phillip also were in those pretty white uniforms. Mr. Gates, all smiles, acting like a proud papa, and accompanied by Mrs. Gates who was looking mighty pretty, Mickey Wilson "the lady in blue," whirled from one partner to another, two young ladies, Miss Bramlilt and Miss Boring, smiling bravely though carrying painful evidence of a day on the beach.

Dancing Away the Nite
Seems that Cadet Sebian was in the spotlight for a while. Cadet Earl Miller had a time keeping up with Margaret Lightfoot and did you notice Cadet Moore dancing in that hill-billy Tennessee way—teach us how, "Tennessee." Cadet Beaty crying for "Billie" to play ping-pong with him at the canteen. "Twas noted that Capt. Boyd and Lt. Pinkerton chose seats right next to the table where punch and sandwiches were served. We won­der why???

Estelle and "Sissy" sure did a bang-up job of the LaConga—and did you all note Lt. Phillip's energy?? "Liz" Smith and Cadet Crowe doing it so we certainly entranced with each other—someone had to tell them the dance was over so they would stop dancing.

Mrs. Riddle Buys Bond!
Mrs. Riddle visited with us here at Dorr Field last week; when she left the Company Bus, our enter­prising Chief of the Sheriff's local force, Mr. Jack Whitnall, promptly asked that she show her "Pass"—but, alas, the lady had to admit that she, too, forgets. Naturally, Jack was delighted to have this oppor­tunity to explain the "Defense Stamp Purchase" penalty (?) system for such forgetfulness; however, she quickly complimented our Guard for his brilliant idea and of­fered to buy a bond—was Jack's face red for, of course, he had no bond; therefore Mrs. Riddle, ever a good sport, promised to make the purchase in Miami and have it credited to Mr. Whitnall's salesmanship.

Lt. Samuel R. Bowen and Lt. Andrew J. Alexandre, graduates from our Class 42-E and now stationed at Spence Field, spent Satur­day at Dorr Field renewing many old acquaintances and noting the great progress—they were fortunate to have Mr. Gates as a guide, otherwise they would have, undoubtedly, been lost — many changes and additions have been made since last January when these two visitors were graduated out of here.

—"He's Nice to Be Nice"—

Visiting Miami Tuesday and a n Wednesday were Ray Fahring­er and Spd Pfluger who flew "the all weather route" between Arcadia and a certain undisclosed pasture near Miami.

NOTE FROM YE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

YE EDITOR'S previous references to his "padded cell" at the Main Office in Miami were not just in jest! Here, then, is a quick re­sume of what's happening at the Technical Division, and un­tease reasons we like to spend as much time as possible at Arcadia and Clewiston:

Within a thousand yards of our Sanctum Sanctorum they are blast­ing for water mains; building a rough materials warehouse; build­ing eight blocks of new roads to connect the building being erected behind the School building; build­ing a block of barracks, they say; building four all-metal work hang­ars; building 10 engine test houses; drilling a deep-water well; install­ing new plumbing on the floor be­low us; working on the freight ele­vator next to us; and the other side they are teaching hundreds of stu­dents the none-too-quiet art of riveting sheet aluminum. Peace and quiet, that's what we got ... but this is no complaint, 'cause it all adds up to the fact that our Tech Division is progressing and grow­ing ... Fast!

TOM TALLENT, Tech School graduate, is now employed at the Air Base in Orlando. His address is P.O. Box 932, Orlando.

AMONG VISITORS in the Mi­ami area recently were MICHAEL COVERT, formerly of the Seaplane Base and now teaching at Arcadia Thursday evening, June 5th, just in case there's a rib roast we can have on in.

Ask Me Another!

"Trixie" Woods, studying First Aid, asked photographer Art Rhun­
ke the other day, “Art, what would you do for a snake bite?”

Replied Rhunlee, with all seriousness, “Well, personally, I just wouldn’t bite a snake!”

All of which reminds us, “Tri-xie’s” mother, Mrs. T. D. Woodson, on a two week vacation from Roanoke, Va., toured the Tech Division the other day.

Who’s the Goat?

Post Script: When Yarborough’s Animal Clinic sent over a three-week-old Billy Goat recently to be the Tech mascot, everybody was plenty pleased. It was a swell idea . . . we thought! However, after said goat had eaten 1 sock, 1 shoe, left, 4 text books and the tail off a P-40, said goat, name now unprintable, was quickly returned to our well-intended benefactors! in his new cot, but it

We’re still in the market for a mascot, but it MUST be well “house broken” . . . tame . . . and not dangerous to life, limb and property. How about a stuffed owl?

CONGRATULATIONS to H. Jennings Latta, Materiel Control, who became “papa” to little Miss Martha MacArthur Latta, born Monday evening at Fayetteville, N. C.; Jennings took the first train north for a look-see at his new family.

—“We’ll rule the blue in ‘42!”—

PIX ARE COMING!

Pix, chillen, just in case you don’t know, is newspaper slang for pictures, and we DO mean that they are coming! In response to our recent supplications, Lieutenants Jack Pinkerton of Dorr and King of Carlstrom, both came through with offers to help us get more pictures of their fields for the Fly Paper. And to cap the cooperative climax, as it were, Charlie Eddies, Chief of our Photographic Division in the School, tells us he is going to spend a whole week in Arecia doing nothing but “snappin’ the shutter.” So—get those install-ment haircuta finished, gang, put on your clean shirts and be ready to “look pretty”!

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

by

Mrs. S. M. Lightholder

Nee Betty Hair

Willard Van Wormer successfully passed his Commercial flight test, with Mary Brooks as his proud instructor. Van plans to secure his flight instructor rating when he returns to his home in New York.

Bob Marshall is taking his place with Pan American Airways. Bobbie is a good pilot and good instructor. We sure will miss him but wish him all the luck possible in his new venture.

The new Class D Cross Country course is about to commence. Students assigned to us are: Malcolm Campbell, better known as “Powerhouse,” who has been with us on both the Elementary and Secondary C.P.T., John D. Lynn, Jr., Robert Landis, Irving Schindler, Claud Davis, Jr., Stanley G. Tyre, all of whom hail from Florida except Bob Landis who is from Tennessee.

They Can’t Stay Away!

Some of the old Municipal gang in the persons of C. K. “Rex” Rexrode, Roger Carley, and C. O. Snyder are with us again, attending Wilbur Sheffield’s ground school classes in Instrument instruction—they are all going to take their written for instrument ratings. We know they will come through with flying colors!

Sam Sparks, whom we just welcomed to Municipal about two weeks ago, is leaving us for Arcadia—we hate to see Sam go but know he will like Eiddle Aeronautical Institute very much.

Two more Secondary C.P.T.’s have climbed the ladder to “ye olde flight test” namely, Bob Seiler and Paul Ropes.

Our “Mr. G.” is Sick!

We were sorry to hear that Mr. “G”—Arthur Gibbons—was on the sick list Monday, but wish him a speedy recovery and the best of health from here on out.

Jim Gilmore was having a little trouble with his Secondary students. Bob Zeugner, today, Jim told Bob to “Report to the field at 6:15 A. M. Tuesday morning” to which Bob replied “I’ll be here but where will you be?” Seems Jim never can quite get to the field by 6:15 A. M.

Congrats to David Burch for the grand job he is doing with both his Secondary students and the new Instructor Course students. Dave is flying “night and day” now and according to the fellows is doing O.K.

Frank Morgan is now a full-fledged Embry-Riddle Municipal Base flight instructor with four students, and is he proud! Frank is more than glad to be out of the cage, commonly called the Dispatcher’s Desk.

Seen In Our Ramblings

J. B. “Jungle Jim” Pollard tying ships down, pushing them into the hangar in one of our recent down-pours . . . Mary Brooks dashing out to the field at 9:15 A. M. to get Van Wormer off on his flight test in the Fairchild, biting her nails, and pulling her hair out ‘cause somebody took off in the Fairchild just about ten minutes before Van’s flight test, lucky for them they got back in time! . . . Ethel Hazlett trying to keep track of Lt. Burgin these days . . .

Pat Whitaker can’t get over this Florida weather. Pat claims that in Virginia, where he hails from, if the sky begins to look cloudy it is time to tie everything including the hangar ‘cause it is going to rain like . . . and it does too! But down here the sky stays cloudy and yet it never rains—Oh Yeah! “Amazing,” says Pat.

Laugh of the Week

Dispatcher “Red” Friant will never live this one down!

The Place: Embry-Riddle Municipal Base.

The Time: About noon.

The Weather: Rain, strictly “Zero-Zero” all morning with no sign of a let-up.

Ah! THE ACTION! The Public Address system purrs to life, and comes to one and all the strident voice of Dispatcher Friant: “At­ tention, all students and instructors: Contact flight will be cancelled ‘til the weather clears!”

Teh! Teh, Mr. Friant, and what woke YOU up? ? ? ?

—“Waste Not, Want Not!”—

Letter from England

169, Lodge Lane,
Grays, Essex

The Editor—

Dear Sir,

Will you please accept the thanks of a couple of grateful parents of one of the Flying Students from England, whom you have welcomed so sincerely amongst you in Florida.

Your paper, although not speaking of our son himself, gives us the feeling of being in closer touch with him through you; and you may be sure that its arrival is eagerly awaited here, not only by his parents, but also by his friends likewise.

Again—Thanks for your kindness.

Yours truly,

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murphy

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AMERICA'S aircraft plants are turning out ships for the defense of the Democracies. But it takes fifteen men to service, repair, and keep each ship in operation. Trained men are needed as never before to "KEEP 'EM FLYING." Unless we have these skilled specialists American Air Defense, the planes, and pilots will be helpless. Train now for the one assured industry of the future.

START IN AMERICA'S AIR GATEWAY

Embry-Riddle offers private students in technical, mechanical, craft, and flight courses the same high standards which have made it one of America's greatest air training organizations—Here, too, you'll enjoy South Florida's unequalled advantages of climate, healthful outdoor living and sports—the thrill of beginning your aviation career in the air gateway to Latin America, terminus of U. S.-Africa service, center of military, private and commercial aviation. Special Spanish & Portuguese courses.

KEEP 'EM FLYING"

TECH LIBRARY NOTES

By Dorothy P. Burton

Although the Library will be, in the main, scientific, technical and along the lines of research, there will be a small department for recreational reading. Contributions to this effect have been made by Catherine Dick, Mary Mitchell, Ray Lipe, Gordon Bowen, Jim McShane, and Ray Delaney. Some of the new books received this week are: