Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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A BEVY OF BUS-DRIVING BEAUTIES

TECH SCHOOL—Above are five reasons why transportation is getting to be the most popular department of the Technical Division. These new station-wagon drivers, all dolled up in their smart grey and blue uniforms, are, left to right, Dorothy Wells, Elaine Chalk, Ruth Turner, Rachel Lane and Laurie Ebbets. If this is “morale building,” brother, we’re FOR IT!

BASES INSPECTED ONCE AGAIN BY SLIGHTLY ‘TECHED’ REPORTER

“We liked it so well that we did it again-again, once more around for old Mother Finagin,” or however the song goes. The fact remains that traveling days rolled around again last week, and another trip to Arcadia was made by Ye Ed.’s third assistant’s editorial assistant. Journey was quieter this time since Ye Ed. stayed to home, like a good boy, working. But it was livened up by infrequent glimpses of ‘Boss’ Riddle, who had the same idea we had, and was touring the Bases.

At Carlstrom

At Carlstrom the first people we saw were Kay Bramlitt and Joe Woodward, a most gallant gentleman who grabs your arm like a vise whenever a pebble is seen in the road ahead. Ray Fahringer promised us a cartoon, a nice, big, funny cartoon by 4:30 that afternoon . . .

at 3 we saw him begin a tennis game which lasted ’til 5. After we spoke roughly to him, he swore on his word of honor as a gentleman and a Fahringer that there would be a cartoon on the company bus the next morning. There wasn’t, of course.

“Oh, well,” said Mr. F., significantly, doing strange things with his eyes, “Belland and I are always betting each other down. Tell him that . . . He’ll know what I mean.”

We had a little trouble with the (Please turn to Page 8—Col. 2)

FAMOUS DEAUVILLE PARTIES SLATED EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Well, gang, it’s EVERY Saturday night from now on that we’ll be seeing you over at the Deauville for those tennis-ping-pong-darts-swimming-supper-dancing super special Embry-Riddle parties. It seems that the parties are so successful, everyone likes them so much, and out-of-town guests have a chance to see lots of the family at one throw, and have a chance to feed their faces and exercise their feet at the same time, that Boss Riddle made the decision: the parties are now scheduled for every week, instead of every other week, as it has been in the past.

VICTORY VACATION WEEK-END

It’s not only because they’re fun, but also because recreation of this type, as well as the regular company sports program, has a definite and important place in the war effort.

So, you won’t be unpatriotic if you forget those tires and that A-3 is only a week . . . it’s all for Uncle Sam!

And speaking of parties, the one last Saturday night was a honey. More than 250 attended with about 100 spending the night or the weekend at the hotel, including many Clewiston and Arcadia visitors.

Rumba Specialists

We got a special kick watching the Latin-American students and their dates demonstrate the correct rumba technique. There was one gal named Carmen (we couldn’t find out the rest of it) who really put on a dancing show for the spectators with one of the cadets.

Mr. and Mrs. Gates Celebrate

Our nomination for guests of honor for the evening were Squire and Mrs. Tom Gates who were down from Dorz Field. It was their first visit to Miami since 1933, (Squire said something about belonging to a Miami Beach Cabana Club, and pulled out a membership (Please turn to Page 2—Col. 1)
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

Justin Paul Riddle, President

F. C. "Bud" Ebelland, Editor

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Jack Hopkins, British Flight Training School, Riddle Field, Clewiston
Ed Morey, U. S. Army Primary School, Dorr Field, Arcadia
Ray Fahringer—Jack Hobier
Jack Hart—Sam Lightholder
Staff Artists
Charles C. Ebbets
Staff Photographer

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS
Jack Hobier, Editor

Dere Bud:

I guess you will have to say it's a sorry reporter, but I have been scooped again. This time, I read in the ARCADIAN where Captain George Ola is engaged to that pretty Ruth Pemberton. Y'know, I been watchin' this here romance for some time, and I was beginnin' to wonder when they was goin' to make it legal but announcement of their betrothall sorta caught me with my goggles up. Well, there ain't nothin' more for me to do except congratulat' you both on behalf of the whole post, and when the wedding comes off (around August 1st, I hear) I hope we all get invited.

Chum, we all want to thank you for sendin' Miss Jean Small over here alone. Without you, she went over right big with the boys. In fact, Kaydet Kutz, who used to be a magifishn before he got into the Air Corps, liked her so well that he done a few of his special heat tricks for her. Ask her about the one he did with the sponges. He stuffed a little rubber sponge into her hand and told her to close her fist. When she opened it, it honest to goodness, there was two sponges there! It jest didn't seem natural, and, by the way, it jest wasn't natural. We had to tell Paul Dixon that I should take her over when she got here and show her around. Don't you know that I am a faithful married man and can't practice infidelity no more? It was a good thing Joe Woodward was around, 'cause he did the job of escortin' and seemed to make it right well. But don't you pullin' no fox passes (that's French for "boners") like that again. Whew!

Little Cupids

Our Physical Education Department has got some archery sets installed on the athelaic field, and it looks like we are goin' to have a lot of William Tella and Robin Hoods around here soon. I am beginnin' to get alarmed, as the other day one of my classes brought me an apple fer the teacher and the next day I gave them a test. Now I'm scared that they will ask me to wear the apple on my head while they practise with them bows and arrows.

Daily Gets a Party

Bud, it won't be long before you will have one of our gang in your neighborhood. Master Sergeant Herbert Daily is goin' to leave us on the 25th of this month to go to Officers' Training School in Myam, to. To say that we are all sorry to see him go is puttin' it mild, but we can't help wantin' to see him get ahead. He has been here at Carlstrom since we opened up last March a yere ago, and everybody here knows him fer a hard-workin', good-hearted guy who can be depended on to do any given job and do it right. So we all wish him the best of luck and hope he'll come back here when he gets his commission. If possible, we're goin' to throw him a little farewell party. We'll let you know so you can come too (if you pay).

De Noive of 'Em

A lot of our kaydets has been frequentin' (I jest learned that word yesterday) the local swimmin' pool on Sundays, and the town girls are reely gettin' the surprises of their life. I overheard a couple of them talkin' in Ray's the other day and it gave me a laugh. One was sayin', "Here I was with two perfectly gorgeous caddets — sitting pretty. They wanted me to go swimming with them so I thought 'Why not?' Good heavens, when I saw them in trunks I almost died! Were they scrummary! Boy, those uniforms sure make them look swell." I don't know who she was talkin' about, as all my boys are magnificent specimens. Maybe she got our boys mixed up with some from Dorr Field.

Big Talk, Mister

Say, Bud, our softball team would like to give your boys a return game. If your boys can face another team, let me know. This time we will rent an adding machine so's you can count up the score. Anyhow, my gang is itchin' fer battle, so I hope you can give it to them. Also, if Clewiston or Dorr is lookin' fer games, we shall be glad to oblige.

Well, I am about to sign off and take this up to the front office where I can talk with that pretty Joyce Tew a while. Don't get no fancy ideas as she is well taken care of over here. 'Bye now.

PROGRAM

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture

"ELLIS ISLAND"

Monday, June 29th—Riddle Field
Tuesday, June 30th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, July 1st—Carlstrom Field
Thursday, July 2nd—Miami Technical Division

Feature Picture

"MEET THE MAYOR"

Thursday, July 2nd—Riddle Field
Friday, July 3rd—Dorr Field
Monday, July 6th—Miami Technical Division

For exact time and place, see your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents
IDLE CHATTER

L. Garner, one of our night guards, told me that even the mosquitoes here at Carlatrom are experienced. He claims if you look close you’ll see sherrons on them for four and five years service, and their bite proves they deserve it, not exactly bites—excavations.

More About Mosquitoes
I hate to talk so much about mosquitoes but I do believe every known variety comes to visit with me sometime during the night. Some wear flying tops, some shorts and some are still sporting their long handlebars. There wouldn’t be space enough in hangar 2 to mount them all if I could stuff them and that’s the logical spot for them. From what I hear most of that gang are like that, if you catch.

Jes’ Country Folks
Let’s all go over to Mr. Reece’s one morning soon for breakfast, or do you like tomato preserves on your toast. No grass grows under our feet. No sir. But we have tomato at our north gate and what other Field can say as much? How can we ever say “goodbye” to Mrs. Garner when she leaves? Connie has been with us since the day business began. I can’t find the words but this tune says “Thanks for everything and the best of luck.”

The Morning Star is up, so I’ll sit down.

—NIGHT P.B.X.
— THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY —
— THE MORE PLANES WE’LL FLY —

AIN’T SCIENCE GRAND! These new automatic “Coke” machines being placed around our bases are wonderful . . . no bottles, no caps and sometimes, NO “Coke”! They have been fixed now, but we’re still out 15 cents.

— WELL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42 —

SWEDISH LUCK PREFERRED

One of our flying graduates, Allan Ringblom, now with the Marines in the Pacific, took an active part in the Battle of Midway—that is, as far as his family is able to tell by his letters, which have been in the hands of Ole Man Censor.

But we know for sure that Allan is flying, and stationed at Midway, and was in the battle. As for what actually happened, well, you can draw your own conclusions. All Allan had to say was: “Well, you can talk as much as you like about ‘the luck of the Irish’, but I’ll take my ‘Dumb Swede’ luck any day!”

DODO O’DORR

“Chandeliers later, O’Dorr—I asked for a gentle climbing turn!”

TECH TALK

by Bill Blomdey

Well, Gang. “Yours Truly” has been asked to carry on as guest writer after Betty Jo led off with such a grand start last week. If any accidents occur during this flight, just blame it upon bad weather and good intentions.

More Good-byes
The big “Riddle family” seems to be changing rapidly and the most startling news of all was the departure of Lucille Fox who has so faithfully fulfilled the position of secretary to Bob Hillsdale for over a year. Lucille says that five years of hard work deserve a much needed rest. We all hope to look forward to her return. Laura S. Burgess who replaced Peggy Cates at the receptionist desk will now replace Lucille. Among the others who are leaving us are: Thomas Bickerstaff, Auditing, who leaves Friday. She is going to Duncan Field, Texas and from there she will fly to Trinidad to fulfill a position with Uncle Sam. Marie Starkes, Payroll Department, is going to work for the Navy here in Miami, Pier No. 3. Dorothy Ciecarlell, who has been with Ma de la Rosa for several months, is leaving for the Census Office, also in Miami.

... and Hello’s

Among those to be welcomed, Tillie E. Capps, a congenial personality who may be found in the Personnel Department. She came to us from Twymon Brothers, a law firm in Miami. This reporter found that she is very pleased in her new location, but not nearly as much as we are to have her here. Sorry, Boys, but she is a MRS. (Shades of Betty Jo!) Martha Gene Mims, who has been a student of Florida State Woman’s College and later of Barry College is our new messenger. We are happy to have her with us as we like to see her happy smile.

NICE WORK—IF YOU GET IT!

Now for the Joan of Arc of our new additions to the school, Miss Josie Anderson, who has joined our staff at the Coliseum. What courage to work in that group—the only woman among some several hundred men! What young ladies I know who wouldn’t give a something to have such priority? She says “I am very, very happy in my new position and everyone is so kind, making it most pleasant.”

She loves dancing and we are looking forward to seeing her at our dances. She has lived in Miami for the last five years with her parents, previously attending school in New Jersey. Incidentally, her father, Ernst Anderson is in Maintenance Department, and he too things Embry-Riddle is the most congenial place he has ever worked.

Bill Kohler, formerly of the Radio Department, has moved downstairs into Mr. Gilb’s office. Dr. C. C. Carson, Ph. D. in Education, has begun a course for instructors called “Faculty Teaching Course.” This will be held for two hours a night and the same lecture is given three nights a week so if you can’t attend on Tuesday you still can go Wednesday or Thursday. The course will run for nine weeks. At the close of the first week it was found that the course was well attended and well liked and all are looking forward to graduating. No better group of instructors is to be had anywhere than the present group that Embry-Riddle boasts. Nice going, Gang.

UNCLE SAM CALLS

After a close look about the School, among the men who might be eligible for service with the great armed forces, we see a few worried expressions and a number of happy grins. Some of the prospects are Mr. Tom Davies, Department of Admissions, who recently took his physical examination and came out with a score of 100; Murray Wilkes, who is wondering if there are any new branches being organized that he would be interested in; Andy McAvoy, whose pleasant face may be seen afternoons after 4:00 P. M. on the elevator, biding his time until he can join the Marines; Bud Belland, our most famous and popular Editor anxiously watching a neck and neck race between the draft board and the Navy (his neck is the booby prize); Fred Hawes, Accounting, declaring himself in for a vacation next month fearing it might be his last one for some time. Of our Army boys, Jimmy McGuire, or you may know him as Corporal McGuire, has been accepted for Officer’s Candidate School and expects to leave soon. Good luck, fellows, from us all!

“Yours Truly” would like to take this opportunity to pay appreciation to everyone for the kind consideration shown me during my visit with you. I have had a wonderful time and I hope that I have been able to please. My destination is unknown but my address may be found in the files of the editor of the “Fly Paper” at a recent date. I would like to hear from anyone of you who would be interested in corresponding. So “until the rising sun sinks beneath the waves,” carry on, and—Keep ‘Em Flying!!!

— WELL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42 —

TECH SCHOOL GRADUATE IN AUSTRALIA

The “Fly Paper” received a letter from the mother of one of the early Tech School graduates yesterday. Her son, Carl W. Schwenker, Jr., graduated May 2, 1941, from the Sheet Metal department.

Since then, says “ma,” he has enlisted in the Army Air Corps, and was sent overseas in January of this year. His family has received a couple of letters from him saying that he was “well and happy, and liked Australia very much.”

He was married November 22, 1941, to Faye Sutton of Indianapolis.
Wednesday, June the 17th will long live in the memory of course No. 5, the R.A.F. Cadets at Riddle Field.

It was then that the long awaited and eagerly striven for wings were presented to them. Through the courteous cooperation of the management, Open Post was held for the exercises. The graduation was viewed with great enjoyment by a considerable number of visitors from the neighboring vicinity.

This Flight should, and we know they will, feel justly proud of their achievements, as they all passed their wings examinations with thumbs up. With gay spirits they became, at long last, full fledged pilots, and with light hearts they boarded the "Clewiston Zephyr" for embarkation at Censored for Censored duty.

Although sorry that such a fine group of lads has left us, we can not help but feel proud of the work they will soon be doing, representing us as well as themselves in this all-out fight for the freedom of the skies.

Radio Department

When nearing Riddle Field, the first thing one would see would be the Radio Tower, which is a division of the Radio Department. Colby A. Foss, more commonly known to us as "Doc," is the head of this Department. Incidentally, "Doc" was married to Miss Violet Lindsay, of Miami at Moore Haven last Friday night.

First, let's stop at the repair shop, where we find John Parker, John Crow, and Bob Hlavaty playing an important role as maintenance men. It is the duty of these men to see that the ships' radios are in good working order at all times, and may let it be known that they certainly do a swell job. Now let's go to the tower. The first thing we see is a sign, stating NO ADMITTANCE TO THE TOWER. Well, we don't have to go up to see that it must be very cool at such a high altitude.

But in asking questions we find that James Hampton, Harold Jones, Bill Jacobs and Murray Steward are kept quite busy contacting the planes, relaying the Dispatcher's orders to the pilots, and helping service the radios.

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate "Doc" and his men for the efficient operation of such an important Department. The picture below of James Hampton and Murray Steward was snapped when we made our invisible tour of the Tower.

Mr. Durden made a very important trip to Miami this week. We heard it was to bring Mrs. Durden and the new member of the Durden family back to Moore Haven, where they have their home.

We are very happy to say that Lloyd Bryant, one of the men who serve petrol to the planes, is recovering very nicely from his accident which occurred last week, while on his way to work. Lloyd is spending his convalescence with his folks at Myakka Springs, Fla. Dr. and Mrs. Gowin celebrated their fourth anniversary by dining at Kitty Davis' Saturday night. The anniversary was Monday, the 15th, but they were both back at work in Clewiston then.

Flash:

Lieu. Schuler and Miss Lorraine Jones attended the first night attraction of "Gene Autry" at the Glades Theatre in Moore Haven. The State of Virginia welcomes home for a visit several of the Instructors, as did a few other (unmentionable) places.

The picture below of Earl McDuffie, the Field errand boy, who has recently transferred to Post Supply, was taken by our Boating Photographer while touring the Field.

Personal Prattle

The rest (or first) variety bill held on the Field must be headed by Primary Dispatcher Paul Prior. We are told that he combines horse riding with contortionism. Does it sting, Paul? and does it keep them away? What new flag—blue and white—was sported on the flight line the other day by one of the Flight Instructors? Really, we think they should be kept for week-ends, don't you, "Charlie" L.?

All Riddle Field Instructors are "swell guys." But five British Cadets were very sorry when popular Mr. "Dick" Dwyer was transferred to Green Flight. This photo was taken by Cadet Strong, the "missing" Cadet, in one of the hangars the other night, proving that Instructors are around at all times. Those in the photo are, from left to right: L. A. C.'s Ball, Laird, Dick Dwyer, Corp. Woodham and L. A. C. Beveridge.

What is it we hear about Primary Instructor Donald Day having to walk five blocks (through Moore Haven) to get his coat from a certain young lady? And why was he wearing his coat anyway? It surely was warm enough, wasn't it? Don't, "Keep 'Em Flying."

Cadet Chatter

Due to the fact that three of our Flights were on leave this week we are a little short on Cadet chatter. But we promise you we will do better next week. Well, here is what we have.

Why does Colin Campbell have "Ground Loop" written on his flying suit?

What has Jimmie Turner learned about the breaks on a P.T.? and why did he fall asleep in the Link Room the other day?

What "Yank in the R.A.F." changed rooms because the lads were so noisy?

It is customary for the Fly Paper not to mention names, when it shouldn't, so we suggest you ask "Bud" Fay if you would like to know.

Yellow Flight had the entire Field at their command this week and we can assure you they didn't waste a minute of their time. Between the usual tennis, ping-pong, and many other worthwhile pastimes, they say they enjoyed the week quite a lot.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

Men of the Week

We've had a man of the week and a lady of the week, but this is the first time we've had MEN of the Week. At any rate, we're presenting Administrative Sergeants J. W. Henley and T. L. Pullen as Men of the Week.

Two Men with Three Stripes

Sergeant Pullin

One of the foundation stones of the R.A.F. (I am, Sir, your obedient servant—since 1934). Upon completing his apprenticeship, and getting the usual run around, he was seen serving with the fleet Air Arm. He later returned to his first choice, the R.A.F., due, it is rumored, to the fact that Wrens don't have webbed feet. He first landed on these shores in 1940 with the King and Queen. Sometime later Clewiston claimed him as its own and from that time he has mystified countless would be U/K pilots with such horrors as, "The rear scraortainer keeper locking stud housing spring paw cam ..." However, when exam time comes around he is able to find just enough good in everyone ... Glory Be and Halleluhah!

He is very keen on his job and has frequently been known to continue his work after hours by enlightening a certain scholarly lady with the intimate details of breeches (blocks) etc.

He likes to drink "coke" in moderation (he says) and has a veritable penchant for rummy, especially in his Palm Beach apartment.

All in all a modest and even tempered individual who can only be coaxed into passionate eloquence upon the subject of his moustache.
"A poor thing . . . but mine own" he will say with his whimsical smile.

Sergeant (Tiger) Henley

Born Blackheath, London, he is big brother to six sisters (and proud of it), is known variously as John, Tich, Shorty, dependent upon your degree of intimacy.

Been doing time in one capacity or another (with R.A.F.) since 1939. Finished course at Cranwell in February, 1940, and has since been with the Training Command who, based on his hardness and ability to "take it" as well as "give it," are responsible for sending him to two such extremes as Moose Jaw in Saskatchewan (wangled pay ledgers) and Clewiston in Florida. (Here he wangles almost everything!)

Very keen on Motorcycle racing, horse back riding, swimming, and is truly a demon at table tennis.

We have discovered that he has nothing in common with Sergeant Pullen (Romeo) as he is a confirmed myosynagist and consequently regards women with incorrigible cynicism. We quote, "Girls, huh— all the nice ones are married. If they aren't married then they wouldn't be interested anyway."

His official job here is accounting.
DORR FIELD NEWS BULLETIN

DORR FIELD NEWS BULLETIN

Ed Morey, Editor

This past week we were visited by two of our former cadets here at the Grind School. Lieutenant Tom Layfield and Lieutenant M. C. Henry, who were in the first class to graduate from Dorr Field. The boys spent a few minutes with "Dool" Hocker, discussing old times, and they also added that their training here at R.A.I. would never be forgotten. These snappy R.A.I. young officers are now flying B-17's and said as they left, "We're going to jump into one of the new fangled cracker boxes with hot and cold folding doors and go a-steaming after the Japs." Good luck to you both. "Keep 'Em Flying."

"Keep 'Em Jumping"

Did you know there is one particular department on this field that nobody seems to hear about? Yet we believe here at Dorr that they are the most important of all important departments. Yes, it is true that their group is small, and they are working back there in the hangar where no one can see them, but the parachutist are always on the job. Charlie Mercer, who is the chief of the outfit, will not only guarantee his work but has made a promise to go up and descend with anyone who may have doubts. Then there is Bill Deriso who holds all speed records in packing a 24 foot "chute" in 15 minutes flat. Jack Hill, who has been working as apprentice for quite some time under Mr. Mercer and Mr. Deriso, will have received his rigger's rating by the time this edition is printed. He is taking the examination Monday at Miami.

We believe these men's ability and workmanship have been proved for themselves. When, during past training flights, men were sent from the planes they flew, all jumps were completed without a scratch. "Keep 'em packin'!"

"More New Faces"

With rainy season in full swing there is one man taking the rap! That is Mr. Mouget. He says you never can quite tell when to put the flags up or leave them down. Despite the weather, they still keep flying. On top of this our flock is increasing. Several new flight instructors have started refresher work this past week under the guidance of Johnny Fredendall. Some of them are: C. S. Babeck from Lake Wales, Fla.; W. S. Baranow-sky from New York; V. L. Bordered from Elmhurst, Ill.; L. A. Cheatham of Birmingham, Ala.; J. A. Cicheski from Pittsburgh, Pa.; H. B. Denham from Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. E. Gladson from West Palm Beach, Fla.; A. H. Hall from Hollywood, Fla.; C. E. Hamlin from Birmingham, Ala.; F. A. Lennellyn from Whenton, Ill.; E. J. Moran from Elizabeth, N. J.; R. E. Seins from Green Bay, Wis.; M. L. Shaw from Miami, Fla.; J. C. Shonaker from Miami, Fla.; B. D. Lillett from Durham, N. C., and R. L. Weigle from Camp Hill, Fla. There are all a great looking bunch of fellows and sure hope they will stay on with us.

We sure were sorry to lose Mr. Fruda, one of our well known Flight Instructors, who has accepted a commission in the U. S. Army Air Corps. Lots of luck, fellow.

Two More Newlyweds

Love will do some funny things sometimes. Good examples of that might be Bill Southern and Bob Southern and Bob Watson. Yip! that's right, they both hitched their ladders to a star. "Married" that is. Bob's girl (now Mrs. Watson) came all the way down here from Columbus, Ohio; but Bill had to go to the extreme and have his girl (now Mrs. Southern) come all the way from the State of Washington. Anyway all is said and done, except that both boys had to be checked out for two days afterwards for fear they would try to walk on clouds. Both couples are very happy in their cozy apartments, and we do wish you both the best of luck and plenty of happiness.

Hobbies!

Verna "Peaches" Pevait—washing feet in swimming pool.

Ruth Campbell—late for lunch.

"Freddie" Lewis—Lieutenants.

Charline Eller—Cadets.

"Sam" Clawson—Pretty Bugs.

"Eddie" House—Cigars.

Say, folks, don't forget to visit our Barber Shop. "Do we have one?" Yes sir! The best barber on this side of Latitude 30°. Mr. Penton is the proprietor, chief, barber, and clean-up man all in one.

Speaking of barber shops, Mr. Cullers went into one the other day and said, "Once around" and then closed his eyes to rest. When he was awakened by "Next," he jumped from his seat, looked in the mirror, and then asked "Where is the rest of me? I just said once around." The barber responded, "But, sir, you didn't say how deep?"

Flash:

Helen Scribner, our former Canteen manager, has been promoted to general Canteen manager for Dorr, Carlsbad, and Clewiston. Congrats, Helen. Miss Scribner's former shoes will be filled by "Jerry" Brun, who has been employed here for quite some time.

Best of luck to you, gals.

DORR FIELD—Most photographed and most sought-after gal at Dorr is Miss Patty Nachigall, mascot, pictured here with one of her numerous admirers, Cadet John G. Claunsch. Patty really gets around.

DORR FIELD—That aginized look on the face of Chief Guard Jack "Buy a Bond!" Whitall is getting to be a habit with him, brought on by trying to tell these twits, Sam and Albert Bee, mass hall workers, apart when they come to work. When they come separately, Jack was almost ready to quit his job. He couldn't figure out how this guy could get in, and then get in again, without ever going out. Here the mystery is solved, but the aginy fingers a...

DORR DOINGS

by A/C Gray Stulmeccker

Dorr Dances

The dance last Thursday was quite a success. More party ladies! On the pretense of interviews, we obtained quite a few names, but no phone numbers, darn it. We learned from the ladies, including the Misses Goodloe, Lilian Garrett, Kay Bramlett, Mickey Wilson, and Lois Fagan, that the cadets are just super! (We knew it all the time.) But many of them seemed to think the fellows are too timid. A cadet timid? And we thought the boys had trouble the other way.

Credit Budgeteer, Patterson, Young, and McMurray with the music. Despite the lack of time to practice, they sent it plenty solid.

Social Notes

Gillon dancing with a strange woman—Mrs. Gillion please note. That very violent jitterbug was Dobbins. Only what was he doing there? We noticed that B. Ballinger is still bothered (?) with that student officer. But the boys were in there fighting. Margie has hidden powers as a jitterbug, and did you see those red socks of Dottie's? We counted over forty girls at the dance. And that's the kind of morale building we like . . .

Flight-line Floaters

The boys are sulking now, and the tall stories are piling up. The class experimenting with ground-loop characteristics of the PT includes J. A. Vick, Rossaman, Silverberg, Dobbins, Waldo, Reish, and several others. Credit for the best advancement goes to Vick. The other boys could at least taxi their planes back to the line. Funniest story of the week comes from Rosenberg. (Wouldn't you know it?) Seems Rosie was given a routine forced landing, and immediately set his base leg, as any good cadet would do. But he mixed up on his wind direction, and at 200 feet, discovered he was landing downwind. Not the least daunted, he hit the thing, climbed to 500, cut the gun and did it right. Moral: If you want to be sure of a good forced landing, always carry a spare motor . . .

Chatter

Charlie applied a half Nelson on Miss Dorothy Heeler for a marital merger last Sunday at two. The groom wore a pink flash. Congrats and best wishes to them both . . . R. Dean is reported losing out to Bond's convertible. Are you that fickle, Peggy? Same source reports that Dotty has a new date every
night. Where does the line form? Some of the boys are wondering why they didn't see Lt. Folan's name on the gig sheet for swimming in the pool. When they tried it, they read about it. And we don't mean in the paper. . . . Spanky Spangler has decided never to solo before an open post again. Ask him why!

**Sarasota Slants**

Now we understand those bleary Monday morn looks, Sarasota is a nice place to have fun in, isn't it? It looked like Dorr Field had moved, judging from all the familiar faces. The thing that impressed us most was the Lido. More pretty gals. We even saw one with a dress on. At least the girls are co-operating with the defense effort. They aren't using excess material in those swim suits. We aren't complaining either, just remarking. Your correspondent is engaged, but he enjoyed the view from the sidelines.

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**We've Got the Lowdown . . .**

on **CHARLIE EBBETS**

. . . born 39 years ago in an Alabama hick town

. . . took his first camera at the age of four, taking angle shots, etc.

. . . is known as "Wildcat Charlie" to the Seminole indians, on account all the time he has spent tracking the beasts down and setting off flash bulbs in front of their pretty, friendly faces.

. . . has for his hobby: photography

. . . has for his work: photography

. . . in his spare time: he takes pictures

. . . most enjoyable time he's ever spent: taking pictures and so on

. . . boasts that if there's one thing he can do (besides taking pictures) it's cook . . . and he does his own canning, too.

. . . maintains his house is "the one every man dreams of, but never has the courage to build, because he can't find the woman to go with it!"

. . . claims he built it, and found the woman four years ago — his wife, Laurie, who can tramp as far as he in the Floridian wilderness, and likes it . . . was almost buried alive during the disastrous Keys hurricane when, after taking pix straight for five days, he fell asleep . . . in a coffin!

. . . lost a chunk out of his thumb when a cotton-mouth mouse got him . . . has been in the "family" for 18 months now

... communes soulfully with his pet pig, Miss Porky which he picked up half dead on the road to Arcadia some weeks ago

... likes nothing better than a good long trip deep into the Everglades

... has been places where no white foot had stepped before

... spends some of his time in his office on the main floor of the Tech School, getting fingerprints and snapshots of employees

**Mentioning Municipal**

by **Betty Hale Lightholder**

**Visitors**

Visitors of interest this week at Municipal were none other than Len Povey from Carlstrom Field and Boss Riddle — they stopped in to say hello before taking off for Riddle Field, Clewiston. We were glad to see them and hope they pay us another visit soon.

New members of the Municipal gang are Theron Redish who is taking Malcolm "Powerhouse" Campbell's place as clearance officer, Powerhouse is in the new Cross County course yuh know . . . and Cara Lee Cook, commonly referred to as "Cookie" who will take yours truly's place. Yours truly is really leaving this time but for Union City, Tenn., instead of Clewiston.

**Farewells in Order**

Jack White, the little fellow who pushes the planes in and out of the hangar all day, is leaving us for the Army Air Corps as flying cadet. He will report first to Camp Blanding then to Maxwell Field.

Also to be listed among the missing from Municipal shortly is Donald Newhauser, who has joined the Navy — to see the world, no less . . .

. . . describes his house as a cross between a ranch and a museum, full of stuffed animals, hides, trophies, whips, guns, and so forth

. . . states modestly he has no bad qualities

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Henry Scholz completed his Private course with Instructor Pat Werber Grant and is slated for his flight test as soon as there is a C.A.A. Inspector available.

**New Students**

Five new students for the Instructor Course reported to Municipal yesterday they are, namely, James L. Amin, Robert C. Barron, Linden J. Rene, Thomas Y. Jacobs, Hiram E. Mozley, Jr.

Jimmy Gilmore is quite the proud person these days he will be one of the instructors on the Class D Cross-Country Course which is slated to commence pronto . . .

Jimmy and C. W. Tinsley together will put through these boys in fine shape and has been done on all of the preceding classes.

**Orchids to Rabun**

Lynelle Rabun dashed madly into the office yesterday to inform us that he will again be working for and with the Riddle family at Union City, Tenn., we are really glad to hear this as Lynelle has always done a good job no matter what he was called upon to do.

Joe Crum, U. S. Marine Air Corps, visited Municipal yesterday all decked out in his uniform. Joe had to lose a lot of weight to be eligible for the Air Corps and as yet hasn't gained it back. We were glad to see Joe and wish all our old students could visit us again . . . we will be expecting them after they have done their bit in the war effort . . .

**New Waco**

Lt. Fator and Charles Presbroy are going to Troy, Ohio to bring back the new Waco . . . Mr. G. decided we needed him to much here so he has declined the offer to fly as Co-Pilot with Lt. Fator this time.

The Grey Kitten is in fine shape and all ready to be used on the Class D X-C course — both Stinson Reliants will be employed on the course to expertise completion. C. W. Tinsley and Jimmy Gilmore are kind of worried about this course though 'cause the fellows are all so big that it will take plenty of praying plus the longest runway available . . . they should wear shorts and no shoes . . . comfortable too.

**Party of the Week**

Party of the week was held in the small class room and was given by none other than Laurence de Marco — menu consisted of delicious spaghetti, meat balls, sauce and bread. Everyone was invited, rather everyone who discovered the location of the brawl. Fred Ball and Harry Whipple took the prize eatin' the most.
Carr dt·111an1I· of tht· 1rtror) Effort, Etnhr~·Hicldlt• drla) mo II .

THE EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION IS GIVING 15 WEEK INTENSIVE COURSES IN:
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- Engine Specialist
- Radio Communications
- Instrument Technician
- Drafting and Design
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- Welding Specialist

These courses are tailored for specific demands of the industry. They are open to men and women, 18-50, who are willing to do their part for the Victory Effort, and who are interested in becoming aviation specialists.

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KEEP 'EM FLYING

A Letter From England
Odstone
Marine Drive
Colwyn Bay
North Wales
Great Britain

Dear Bud Belland,

News of Old Pals

I had the intention of writing to you firmly fixed in my mind ever since leaving Clewiston—in order to tell you all the news and to inform you of all the Clewiston (Riddle Field) boys' activities now they are over on this side. I hope too much of this won't get censored but I'll be as reserved as possible!

To begin the story, everyone from No. 3 course arrived home safely and in the lap of luxury, at least I know our party did; you see we split into two parties in Canada, one waiting three weeks in highly different surroundings to wonderful Florida.

We spent our well-earned leave as frivolously as possible but how could we cope without a Miami Beach night club under our feet! You can tell our fellows out there they can expect quite a spot of leave and also plenty of waiting which can be fun, but gets rather boring.

Here's the "Gen"

Now to tell you the GEN—you may remember a certain "Jock" Blue—a red-headed lad who always preferred landing on his belly—also a lad who was notoriously popular with the fair Floridian beauties; a certain Stanley Haynes. Yours truly has been accustomed to accompany these gentlemen (!) on their travels and it was no surprise that all three of us were sent to "somewhere in Scotland" to be made instructors, together with Reber Bicket, H. R. Janals, Peter Mellor, Jock Dunn and J. H. Akerman. I might add that all are now Pilot Officers—also that the Wing Commander who opened our flying reports was quite amazed at the incredibly high standard attained by one and all.

I can only add that I am sure that all Riddle trained students will put up an equally good show under such careful and excellent instruction.

Regards

I should like to give our regards to all our friends and acquaintances in Clewiston, Miami, Fort Myers and elsewhere. I hope you'll forgive a personal touch—I should like to take this opportunity of saying how much I appreciated being the pupil of C. C. Clark, Jack Cummer and Frank Frugoli. To all I wish the best of luck in whatever they are doing. Finally, drop us a copy of FLY PAPER—there's a pal! All the kindest regards to all of you. "Keep 'em flying!"

Pilot Officer "Chick" Brown

P. S. We're all "browned" off, as Instructors!! (See R. A. F. Dictionary)

Sec. 562 F. L & R.