SOLDIER STUFF

by "The Boys"

And So They Came!

Yes, Sir! There was plenty of back slapping and hand shaking when the new group of "Cheveroned" soldiers arrived, and many old acquaintances were pleasantly renewed. We "old timers" were glad to see them, and wish 'em the best of luck here at the school. And while we're speaking of surprises, the one that took the cake this week was a honey... "How do you do it, Mr. Crawford?"

Very noticeable sunburns, accompanied by the usual groanings, were quite prevalent after a "day at the beach" by our acquatic cronies. Will they never learn? Or are the gals really worth it?

That affair down at Bayfront Park for the Navy Relief Fund was just swell from the viewpoint of purpose, delivery and publicity. Everyone who attended had a great time. It is sure gratifying to see everyone pitch in and help out in any way they possibly can.

Oh, by the way, while we are on this subject of gatherings, both for the benefit of the new men and those who did not read last week's Fly Paper... since last week, the immediate area around the C. Q. desk has been appropriately renamed "Red Square," significant of this because of the unreasonably large gatherings at the most unearthly hours, perpetrated for no good reason other than to keep us unfortunates who sleep (?) in a semi-comma 'til they decide to call it quits. Have a heart, soldier, will yuh?

Well, privates, (and the new men) that's it for now, so study hard, go to bed early, eat lots of food... and keep those darned ornaments off your G. I. Shirts!

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

Visiting the Colony Hotel at Miami Beach Tuesday and Wednesday of last week were Carlstrom Field instructors Lloyd Lampman and Ray Faehring, together with their "missusess."
and a third time, but nobody can soberly suppose that the red is never going to appear. It will appear, and the chance-taker is lost.

So watch danger whizzing past at a safe distance of a mile, and refrain from asking it to singe your whiskers. Give yourself a margin:

**EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER**

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by the

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION

Miami, Florida

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RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

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Jack Barrington
U.S. Army Primary School, Dorr Field, Arcadia

Ray Farringer—Jack Hobler
Jack Hart—Sam Lightholder
Staff Artists

Charles C. Erbets
Staff Photographer

recognize that there are three areas—danger, safety and the zone separating the two. It is only in this way that safety—complete and continuous—is to be achieved. But the further you venture into that forbidden margin, the lower falls the index which measures the number of chances of survival against the possibility of disaster.

**Judgment**

It must not be imagined that the margin of safety is governed by a rule of thumb stating baldly, "Keep one mile away." A margin is always in the last resort indeterminate, clearly visible only to the penetrating eye of providence. It is true that a man endowed with providential vision could avoid disaster by a hair's breadth—could step nimbly from before the oncoming car just as its bumper-bar grazed the seat of his trousers. But there is no man whose eyes are not shrouded by the dim veil of mortality: he sees not a clearly defined line, but a wavering smudge: and in keeping his path too far away from one danger he may gradually approach another! For there is another cliff, just as treacherous, whose slopes are strewn by the ever cautious and whose crags ring with the querulous despairing cries of those who player not for safety but for too much safety, who escaped the engulfing maw of Scylla only to be seized by the horrid tenacles of Charybdis. There is one factor which restrains caution from falling into panic; it is judgment. This is the quality that enables man to tread the path of the Golden Mean, the ideal swing and honoured by poets and scholars from the beginning of mankind's development.

But judgment needs fair play; give it a margin and it will not let you down. It will support you in all hazards: it will tell you when the danger-index has begun to rise and prevent a panic reaction. The air pilot trusts his judgment but does not treat it roughly; he does not force it to make decisions involving inches, but gives it yards. A good judgment may narrow the margin of safety but cannot abolish it. It is possible to knock a T-sign over with impunity once or twice; but some day the T-sign will stand up and hit back and turn out to be not a T-sign at all but a rock or a house or another aircraft. A good judgment can never consider himself as safe: for too much safety will suffice to apprise him in time of approaching danger. Keep one eye on what you are doing and the other on what anybody else or anything else is doing, and remember that a safe landing is far more important than a perfectly executed maneuver which leads one fateful inch farther on into calamity. Nobody will ever blame you for "going round again": it shows that your eyes are open and that your mind is versatile enough to drop its absorption in the job in hand to swing away on another and a safer path. "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day"; but he who fights and thus is slain never, never fights again." The old song has a variety of interpretations.

The Beginners

A special danger waits on the beginners. It lurks behind the ambush of ignorance. Above all, the novice in flying must be on his guard against a false impression of air speed and its relation to objects on the ground. At first he is naturally cautious, for, being a ground-rubber, he has a due respect for fast moving aircraft capable of speeds far above those he experiences on the ground. But after a few hours in the air he has become acquainted with the buoyancy of air which sustains his craft; that, and the relatively enormous power which lies under his throttle hand, has developed in him a superior feeling to all people and objects on the ground, and even causes him to consider himself as light as the proverbial feather. But the ground remains stony, hostile, implacable, and hard. The ground is the real enemy, not the air: the pilot must always return to it. The resilience of that embrace depends on his respect for the enormous force of gravity and the inherent instability of his ship.

It would be well if he repeated to himself as he cruises loftily at an altitude of 1,500 feet, "This craft is inherently unstable: its designers have done all that the wit of man can devise to endow it with a measure of stability, but it has no brain; it cannot fly itself! And like all brainless things it may not be relied on to perform suddenly, inexplicable and dangerous excursions—unless I supply the brain, the watchfulness, and the coolheadedness! The ship cannot respect the man. The man must respect the ship.

What, then, is the chief danger for the tyro? Surely a judgment not yet sufficiently adopted to functioning in the air. Until it does so, he must make his margin of safety wide enough to cover the tyro. Surely a judgment not yet sufficiently adopted to functioning in the air. Until it does so, he must make his margin of safety wide enough to cover the tyro.
INTRODUCTION IN THE PAN AMERICAN LEAGUE
by Federico Zerres, Venezuela

Several nights ago at Mrs. Tobin’s home, six fellow students were introduced to a Pan American League’s meeting by Mr. Philip de la Rosa, who is in charge of the Embry-Riddle Latin American Department. That night each of us had the chance to say some words about the country from which we came, and about our gladness being in the “States” studying such an important subject as aviation, besides the interesting social activities we are having as guests of the government. Afterwards, Mr. de la Rosa spoke, explaining how aviation is used in our countries as a way of transportation, saving plenty of time, and the main role we shall play in its improvement when going back.

Also, he spoke about something true: that it is the first time a group of Latin American students (from twelve South American countries) have met to study together, exchanging ideas and knowing by themselves how North American people are making sound friendship toward a real and closer brotherhood of the Western Hemisphere. To finish this short comment, I’m giving the names of the fellows who were introduced: Lt. F. Medina Perez, Cuba; Benito Oliva, Honduras; Carlos Montenegro, Brazil; Manuel Poveda, El Salvador; Segundo Maya, Ecuador (this is the shortest and most popular man in the school), and F. Zerres, Venezuela.

CARTA DE LA UNIVERSIDAD DE COLUMBIA
Nos trajo también hoy el correo una grata reseña de una misiva escrita impecablemente en la lengua del glorioso marco de Lepanto por la Srita. Virginia Goodrich, quien está cursando altos estudios de filología y letras en la bien preparada universidad de Colombia. Nos ha sido grato el distribuir los recuerdos que da a los amigos en otros lugares de esta institución y deseamos hacerle presente que hemos puesto su nombre en la lista del “Fly Paper” para que lo reciba todas las semanas. Haga el favor de decírnos como le llega. El envío es sin costo alguno para Vd., Virginia.

CARTA DE CUBA
Nos es grato echar por este medio recibo de una fina comunicación recibida del Comodoro Sr. Julio D. Argüelles, caballero Jefe de la Marina Nacional Cubana, ha quien hemos agradecido de todo corazón las amables frases y su interés por el desarrollo y progreso de los estudios que cursan en esta institución los cadetes cubanos.

News Flashes
We have just received striking news that Cadet Domingo Capote of Cuba, has been having a touch of high life. Someone told us that his photograph appeared on the front page of one of Pennsylvania's leading newspapers with that of the aristocratic Pat Garvey.

Other pleasant news is that Cadet Lázaro Guerrero has fully recovered from his illness of a few days and is once more back with us attending classes.

Another news flash we have received is that of the visit to the University of Miami of Marida Lopez McCormick, sister of our very popular friend, Judy Lopez of Puerto Rico.

CORREO DEL URUGUAY
También nos llegó una amable carta de la democrática república del Uruguay, firmada por el Director Intelecto de la Aerónautica Militar Tte. Coronel Sr. Oscar D. Gestido a quien nos es gusto contestar para facilitarle los informes que solicita.

—“Waste Not, Want Not”—

Castillo de la Punta, Habana, marzo 11 de 1942.
Sr. Philip A. de la Rosa,
Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, Miami, Florida.

Distinguido señor:

Me es grato informarle haber recibido su atenta comunicación fechada el día 17 del mes de febrero pasado, relativa a los oficiales cubanos que se encuentran recibiendo instrucción en esa escuela bajo su digna dirección.

Al agradecerle profundamente su información en cuanto a la conducción y progreso de dichos oficiales, aprovecho la oportunidad para darle las más sinceras gracias por haberme incluido entre los agraciados para recibir la publicación semanal editada en esa, destinada a narrar las actividades de los estudiantes de esa escuela.

Reiterándole el testimonio de mi más distinguida consideración, quedo suyo atento, y ss.,

Julio D. Argüelles,
M.N.M., Comodoro.

MAJOR FANSTONE’S WIFE AND FAMILY
ARRIVE IN STATES
Event of the week at the Colony Hotel was the arrival there of Mrs. Fanstone, wife of our very good friend Major Fanstone, formerly of Clewiston and now stationed at Washington, who was accompanied by their three children and Mrs. De Graythus, whose husband is also stationed with the British Legation in Washington. Coming across the ocean by “Clipper” plane, the new arrivals reported a glorious and thrilling trip.

But, as usual, Syd Burrows can tell the story better than we can, so we’ll let him carry the ball from here:

“It was grand to see the amazing how a'vice on their faces at the beauty of Miami Beach. The children couldn’t wait a minute to get into the ocean, and all had a most enjoyable tour of Miami with Mrs. Fanstone acting as hostess. There’s no doubt that they’ll return to Miami Beach at the earliest opportunity.

‘Isn’t coincidence strange? Group Captain D. V. Carnegie had just left the Colony just before Mrs. Fanstone arrived, yet as she was signing the guest register, we received a long distance call for Mr. Carnegie from... Major Fanstone, who didn’t even suspect that his wife had arrived here.”

“Naturally, I just handed the phone to Mrs. Fanstone, and I shall never forget the looks on the faces of those people and the excited voices of the children saying, ‘Hello, father! for the first time in many, many months!"

Cadets Enjoy Naval Tour

The cadets visiting from Clewiston had quite a time. Quite a few had an extra thrill Saturday evening when I was able to send many of them to the Navy Relief Fund Benefit in Bayfront Park. What a time! Some of the boys were given free seats in the $15.00 section... with girls... and you can’t beat that!”

Among the guests at the Hotel were several instructors from Riddle Field, Keene Langhorne, Sam Lightholder, Bob Hosford, C. C. Clark, J. D. Racener, Joe Garcia and Bobby Ahern; and the following R.A.F. flight cadets:


“Mum’s the Word! Don’t Talk!”

AN ACCOUNT FROM ACCOUNTING

Dear Mom:

Another week and another dither. Not much happening this week. Look for girls from the Payroll Department. Mrs. Lilian Flynn has an appointment to Opia Locka; filling her shoes, but not quite as large, is Mrs. Marie Starks. Seems to be a very nice girl, but she is already hitched.

Rodey Vestel, of the Auditing Department, is leaving us for Arcadia. Good luck, Rodney, says L. Grinnell will probably follow soon. Whether from there, boys? Correction on last week: Bowen insists he was unassisted with his party; the only assistance he had was in the form of our cafeteria man, Van Buskirk. He had to show Bowen how to candy yams! So that’s why they were so good! Well, whether from there, boys?

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TECH TALK
by Bill Burton

It's A Boy!

It was a boy last week at the Lee Mainstreet, just as Lee had been saying all along it would be. We're all glad now that we didn't take up that hat-betting proposition. Or did some of us? Anyway, Lee showed up that morning with the biggest box of cigars this side of Tampa, and a box of candy a yard long. Before long there were six of us in the office puffing away. It was drafty that morning through the first floor and the doors were closed, and within fifteen minutes Estelle Woodward had turned a bright green. In case there might be any misunderstanding, it was merely that the atmosphere in the office had got a bit thick. Estelle was not smoking. But the girls did go for the candy, diets to the contrary notwithstanding. Ask Mary Mitchell.

What's the Percentage?

This joke is either on Peter Ordway or my wife. I'm not sure which. In response to some in- quiry, it seemed, over the noises emanating from the lower regions where the engine department is being enlarged, that Peter asked that his department be referred to as the Department of Commis­sions. At least that's the way Mrs. B. heard it, but Peter apologeti­cally explained, during a lull in the racket, that he had said "Depart­ments of Admission."

Speaking of my better seven eights, the librarian, have you seen Jim McShanes office recent­ly? The feminine touch is now very apparent, what with pretty pictures adorning the walls, flowers in a vase and a sea-shell for a door stop. Jim vows by all that's unholy that the day he comes to work and finds chintz curtains at the windows he quits.

Rumor hath it that Mike Lo­ninger, of the engine department, will middle-aisle it sometime in April. Are the feminine hearts of Embry-Riddle in for another break before they've really recovered from the blow dealt by a certain recent wedding?

New Arrivals

TRIXIE WOODS, from Roanoke, Va., recently joined the Photog­raphy Department. Mrs. Gladys Norwood, whose husband is flying with Mc­Arthur, in Jim Blakeley's office. Charlie England, the new runner (Charlie II, to differentiate from Charlie Morris), and Clarence McCord, who's been hav­ing his ups and downs as morning elevator operator, to Pensacola. The best to both of you.

Transfers

Marie Starkes, from Mr. Gish's office to the Payroll Department. "Mother" Murphy took her important step in a man's life on March 21st, with Eric Sundstrom among the best men. Eric reports "real" champagne and the bridal couple barely made the train, but got off in a storm of the traditional Commodore F. F. Department.

Departures

Polly Flynn, formerly of the Payroll Department, to Opa Locka. Herbie Whitehead, whose place as runner was taken by Charlie England, promoted to the Mimograph Department, where he hopes to make a good impression! Wow!

THE RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Bill Jacobs, Jimmie Deasehon, Paul Prior, Mickey Lightbolder, Tobyy Owen, Kenny Berry, Neva Forren, Ray Denton, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin and Ralph Thyer, Associate Editors.

April 2, 1942

MORE AIR FORCE OFFICERS VISIT TECH

A happy man is Boss John Paul Riddle when he has an opportunity to show his friends the wonderful things being accomplished at our various bases. From the flight lines in Clewiston and Arcadia to the Technical Division in Miami, the conversion of the various Embry-Riddle facilities to all-out production of pilots and aircraft technicians is little short of miraculous, an accomplishment in which we all take pride, from the "Boss Man" himself right down to the last man on a labor crew "who also serves" in our so-important task of "Keeping 'Em Flying!"

Showed above are several members of the Air Corps and Royal Air Force who made an unofficial tour of the Technical Division last week. Left to right, they are Lieut. Adams, Lieut. Wilder, General Ryan, Air Commodore Fiddedden, U/K, Major Middledon and Mr. Riddle.

WHAT'S COOKING, JOE?

No, Joe isn't cooking, but all plans have been completed for the dance this Saturday evening at the Deauville. Dancing will be from 9 to 1 a.m., inside and outside on the Clipper Deck, and don't forget, a FREE supper will be served in the Rumpus Room at midnight!

So Sorry

In organizing our column, we attempted to have every Department represented, but we had overlooked one of the most important Departments—the Ground School. So, we apologize for this blunder and hope you will notice that Mr. Ralph Thyer, of the Ground School Staff, has been added to our Associate Editors.

Speaking of the Ground School, we would have you know that it was from this same school that Course III, recently graduated, made the highest grades of any graduating class from the six British Flight Training Schools located in the United States. That is indeed complimentary to both the class and the instructors, so gentlemen, take a bow.

On the Ground School Staff are Cliff Bjorsson, head master and theory of flight instructor, George Chase, Harold Cowlishaw and Robert Fowler, navigation instructors, Hilton Robinson, signals and meteorology instructor, Ralph Thyer, armsmanship instructor, and Sergt. Tom Pullin of the R.A.F., armaments instructor.

Fowler is the newest addition to the staff, having been transferred here from Dorr Field.

Basketball Season Over

The Riddle Field Basketball team has ended its season, and the final record stands at 14 wins and three losses. Two games had been scheduled for last week, but they were postponed and the season has officially ended.

Pahokee was the only team able to stop the Riddlers twice, and Tech was the other team to beat the locals.

Charles Tubby Owens was the coach and general manager of the team, and it is to Tubby that much credit should be given for the successful season. Besides directing the team's play during a game, good old Tubby handled the scheduling and other business matters for the quintet.

Lou Place was the captain of the outfit and one of the main cogs in the team play. Lou, a Hoosier himself, had two Indiana running mates in Paul Prior and Jack Hopkins. Big Bob Walker held the center position and Fran Winkler and Jimmy Taylor were always in there fighting. Lynwood "Marcus" Blount and Bob Towsen also saw action with the Riddle Five.

Besides having an excellent record, the team had a reputation for being good sports and playing a clean game. We feel that a lot of
good-will was created by the team and we congratulate Tubby and his crew on their fine spirit and splendid record.

The record in figures is:

Riddle, 47 — LaBelle, 37
Riddle, 33 — Moore Haven, 15
Riddle, 53 — Clewiston, 25
Riddle, 44 — Belle Glade, 24
Riddle, 44 — Biscayne Bay, 29
Pahokee, 24 — Riddle, 23
Riddle, 2 — Mechanics, 0 (forfeit)
Riddle, 58 — Moore Haven, 42
Riddle, 53 — Clewiston, 36
Riddle, 28 — Tech, 22
Riddle, 55 — Tech, 27
Riddle, 41 — Pahokee, 40
Riddle, 56 — Belle Glade, 35
Tech, 41 — Riddle, 39
Riddle, 64 — Moore Haven, 16
Riddle, 37 — Clewiston, 27
Pahokee, 40 — Riddle, 39
Riddle scored 705 points to their opponents 490. The Riddler averaged 44 points per game and their opponents, 31.

Cadet Chatter

First of all, let us say that the cooperation on the part of the Cadets in doing their bit for the Fly Paper has been swell. The special article in last week’s edition and the special article in this number are good examples. We hope the fellows continue in this spirit and we’re hoping to have at least one special Cadet feature each week.

Jimmy Walker, Basic student and one of our Associate Editors, celebrated his 21st birthday March 17, and he was sent a “singing” telegram from several of his friends at Sarasota. When the telegram arrived at the Field, the operator was a little perplexed, as she just didn’t have a singing voice. Catherin Minges, comely miss in the R.A.F. office, eased the situation by getting Margaret Von Mach, Frances Hardy and Pat McCollum, three more Admin. gals, and singing Happy Birthday to Jimmy. Jimmy said that he’s sure it couldn’t have been done any better by an experienced singing operator.

“C” Flight challenged “O” Flight to a soccer game last Thursday evening, and the result was a 0-0 tie in a well-played and hard-fought game. Playing for “A” Flight were Cadets Mallinson, Abbey, King, Greenhalgh, Kelly, Eyt-Jones, Fraser, Morgan, Bate, man, Reeves and McDonald. On the “C” Flight team were Cadets Edwards, Vaughn, Thorpe, Sharp, Terry Clow, Childs, Rowland, Farr, Slape, Skidmore and Webster.

Physical Education Instructor Bob Townson has announced that plans are being made for an inter-flight track meet in the near future. Complete details will be available next week.

Dave Shingleton-Smith, “C” Flight, is up and about again after being confined to the Infirmary with the mumps for about three weeks.

If Corporal Dyson of “A” Flight, complained of sore feet about a week or so ago it was because—or, well, Dickie, we won’t tell on you, but we will hint that it had something to do with walking around North Field for missing boundaries or something.

C. B. Thomas, “B” Flight, who has been in the infirmary with a leg injury, is able to be up again, but has not started flying as yet.

Social Jottings of Strabismus

EDITOR’S NOTE — Always looking for something which will be interesting news for readers, we contacted our friend Strabismus the other day, and inquired as to whether or not he couldn’t be dusted out with some manner of gossip column each week. It being of a kind and a modulating nature, he kindly consented, and burst forth with these bits of weekly features. P.S. We hope you like it.

Jimmy (Bimbo) Walker’s bathing panties are quite the rage of the pool this season, driving all the other “jaunty” “jaunty” you ever saw. How do you do it Jimmy?

Looked in at the Bath and Tennis Club last Saturday. The usual “second floor veterans” were there having their weekly glit. Cadets John son and Butler were pulling up, preparatory to a strenuous afternoon at the Alibi. Rumor has it that one habituee, a cadet whom we shall call “Oz”, never knew there was a swimming pool until last week, when in the middle of lunch he had to leave the room and take the wrong turning.

Sunning himself was someone back from New York, whose lovely white “Stork Club tan” delighted his feminine admirers.

The same crowd of elite were there sipping up most of Sunday when we dropped in, on our way to the most exclusive of exclusive solarees.

Syd Burroughs gave a small but intimate week-end party at his beautiful Miami Beach establishment, at which a hundred or so acquaintances turned up. Perfect Host Burroughs entertained everyone on the same scale as before, and no one wrote anything impolite in the guest book. (The surest indication of a happy visit.)

Section Leader “Jacey” Feeney has really got the strongest ideas in section drill since he saw the Rockettes at Radio City, New York. There are rumors of Hollis (Arturo) running for consularship after Dyson has left his office.

The usual smart Friday evening crowd thronged the “Seminole” for Open Post Night. Instructor Bing was there in the cutest line in hats. Glamour boys in “A” Flight made a sensation in their latest spring styles.

It was a shame Denis couldn’t visit Miami last week-end, we hear Virginia was heart-broken.

Such a jolly inspection Saturday morning. Spring is here. No more dread winter blue, cool khaki pants, ever so nicely creased. The boys say it went off a treat. Must simply rush off now ... to the Everglades ... you know.

Man of the Week

Our “victim” this week is no other than our congenial No. 1 Squadron Commander, Ernest J. Smith, better known to his associates (unfortunately we failed to find out what the J stands for, probably John or James or some such name. After all newspaper reporting is a bit out of our line anyway.) From the records, a personal interview and other means too numerous to mention the following facts have been legendarily regarded regarding our subject, namely E. J. Smith, Man of the Week:

Born August 21, 1912 in the Black Hills of South Dakota — place Sturgess.

Attended grammar school at the above place, later moving to Culver City, Cal., where he was graduated from high school.

First started flying in 1929.

Among the various phases of aviation occupation we find that Mr. Smith has served as mechanic, airport manager, pilot, vice-pres., and instructor, all with various airports, towns, schools, etc. in California, including the Tyson Flying Service (G. Willius) until June, 1941, when he came to Florida and was employed by the Riddle Aeronautical Institute as Instructor, later moving to Clewiston where he served as engineering officer with R.M. A. C. until his promotion to Basic and Squadron Commander.

Married to Virginia St. Clair on May 4, 1938.

Personal description reveals the following: 28 years old, with the strain of the past weeks he may have aged greatly and most probably lost some of the 170 lbs, is 6 ft, 1½ in. in height, has brown hair, and hazed eyes.

Likes steak and is trying to find time to develop a hobby — particularly to catch a Florida fish. Other distinguishing traits are (1) he is always hungry, and (2) his feet always hurt.

P.S. He occupies one of the “tower” offices — sorta looks down on the rest of us.

Personal Prattle

After seeing General Manager Tyson with his cowboy hat on the other day, someone suggested that he be called “Gene Autrey” Tyson instead of G. W.

Mr. Walters, the mess hall attendant, is now almost completely recovered from the foot injury suffered in an auto accident several months ago.

Complimentary to Helen Scribner, who left recently from Can­teen Mgr. here to a like position at Dorr field, the following dined and danced in her honor last week: Misses Stella Lord, Lela Brannon, Edna Cox, Gervis Hathcock and Mrs. Geo. Van Hyning and Jonnie Draughon, Messrs. Geo. Van Hyning, A. O. Ward, Harvey Pool, Needham Purdue, Ted Walters and Herman Draughon.

Chief Timekeeper Johnny Ful­lin and his helpers have moved into their office rooms at the base of the radio tower and look very efficient in their new location. Johnny’s gang had been pushed around quite a bit before the tower was completed, but it seems as if they are permanently set now.

Distinguished visitors at the Field Friday of last week, was Zack Moulder, creator of the famous comic strip “Smillin’ Jack.” Mosley was here to get new ideas for his sketches and seemed particularly interested in the Link Department. While there Joe Obermeyer, gave Mr. Mosley a brief ride in one of the Links, so if one should make an appearance in the “furnace” one of these days, don’t be surprised if it wasn’t modeled after one right here at Riddle Field.

Instructor Bledgett has been ac­cused of saying the following to one of his students: “Any resemblance to a formation which you are flying is purely coincidental.”

Bledgett may have been one cadet who thinks a half roll is something for breakfast.

Gene Rooney, primary flight in­structor, was challenging some of his mates Saturday on having their “shortsnorters.” He had no victims until someone asked Rooney for “his” “shortsnorter,” and unfortunately it cost Gene $4.00 — Gene doesn’t like the idea anymore.

A rare sight to behold is Boss Tyson, Fred Hunskiker, Fl. Comms. Brink and Johnston, L. N. Hutson,
Ernie Smith, Fletch Gardner and one or two other in the "Swamp" Buggy out to hunt snakes on a Sunday afternoon. "Rarer" yet is the sight of Hutson walking quite a distance for help after the "Buggy" became "absorbed" in a particularly tough bit of swamp.

Fritz Sebek, link instructor, has acquired a new nickname—"BT". The reason for the new monicker is due to the fact that Fritz became violently ill after his first ride in a BT Sunday.

Mr. Durden spent the week end in Miami, Mrs. Margaret Morgan and Mrs. Nelva Furdin spent the week end in Ft. Myers.

Pat McCollum absent from work due to "flu" on Sat. A. M.

Visitor at Headquarters Building who attracted much attention was Jack Mosley, author of the Cartoon "Smilin' Jack," who is a personal friend of Mr. Tyson.

The most common subject at present is Easter plans, shopping, etc., especially among "us girls."

—The More Roads You Buy—
—The More Plans Will Fly!—

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

By Betty Hair

We Congratulate

L. P. Moore, a new Link Instructor.
R. V. Domer, Link Maintenance Man, who successfully completed his Maintenance training course at the Link School at Binghamton, New York and is now a full-fledged trainee.

L. G. "Shorty" Rees has departed from Municipal to report at Barnsdale Field, Shreveport, La., for active duty. "Shorty" served in the last war in the Air Corps and will, we know, give a good account of himself in the present conflict. Good luck to you, "Shorty."

At the Morningside School carnival last week that intrepid, fearless, ocean-flying aviator "Pappy" Norton REFUSED to ride on the Ferris Wheel! He said it wasn't safe, and by gosh, he meant just that!

Congratulations

Congratulations are in order for Dispatcher RED FRHanT who was soloed by May Brooks last Tuesday . . . true to tradition, Red "set up" cokes for all the gang present, saying, "Maybe I should invest in Coca-Cola stock!"

Also, congrats to WESLEY BE- DELL and JOE PRime, the first primary C.P.T.P. students to solo on the present program. Elliott Meredith was their instructor.

Lieut. Charles Fator has been ap-pointed Operations Manager and also retains his duties as Chief Flight Instructor. Lieut. Fator is carrying a heavy load and all the flight personnel is endeavoring to assist him in every way possible.

Laugh of the Week

Is on MELVIN SINGER who "won" the famous Embry-Riddle "Flyin' Jackass" for pulling the prize boner of the program. Mel set his altimeter at 600 feet while on the ground and made his practice turns when the thing read 1,000 feet. "Because," he explained, "600 from 1,000 leaves 400, and you're supposed to make those turns at 400 aren't you?" Sounds to us like a cross between Rube Goldberg and Prof. Einstein.

The Civil Air Patrol is now in the advance stages of organization and soon will be in full swing, operating, functioning, and carrying out orders in an efficient and orderly manner. There are really some swell people in the CAP and the PFD and we have just cause for being proud of them.

The Secondary flight instructors for the Spring Session C.P.T. program are Helen Cavis, David E. Burch and Jack McKay, Jr., three swell instructors that are really doing a fine job here these days.

Things 'n' Stuff

Lloyd Fales, Executive Officer, Civil Air Patrol, soloed the Fairchild trainer after receiving dual instruction from that very capable person, Lt. Van Burgin.

While enjoying Syd Burrow's hospitality Sunday night at the Colony Hotel with Bud Belland, Mr. and Mrs. Pitt Stark, Mickey Lightholder and a host of others, your truly had the pleasure of seeing a couple of old Municipal friends, none other than Joe Garcia and Bob Ahern who came down from Clewiston for a day or two to rest up and renew old acquaintances.

Jack Wantz strolled into the office the other day to tell us all about his first ferry trip. For obvious reasons we will not relay the details, but nevertheless the trip was really very interesting, according to Jack, and we hope that he can make many more and have happy landings!

Tried to corner Vernon Wunnenburg in order to interview him for the "Personalities" this week but Vern flatly refuses to have his life history in the paper. Seems Vern is wanted for something or other by the sheriff and doesn't want to have too much said about him! Don't worry, Vern, we won't tell! Vern is too valuable on the Maintenance crew to lose.

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Holiber, Editor

Vacation Time

This week we write this column a little more than a thousand miles away from our usual base of operations. Having taken a little vacation from teaching class, we are spending a week at home—Catonsville, Md. Contrary to expectations, we drove up from Arcadia with Ed Morey, ground school instructor from Dorr Field, instead of taking the bus. It was a long grind, and we worked shifts driving—one taking the wheel while the other slept. The trip, and the tires, lasted about 26 hours, and the road was ex-cellent, on the whole.

Preceding us on a home-bound train was Paul De Bor, who left for his native Pittsburg (also Ed Morey’s home town) the previous Friday. Both Paul and Ed had ulterior motives for their trips, and we are sworn to absolute secrecy as to details. Suffice it to say that there may be a surprise or two in store for their friends when they return to Arcadia.

Returning this past week from their vacations were Joe Woodward and Larry Walden. Joe spent his time up here in Baltimore too, after a few days in Miami, looking over the navigation set-up Pan American has for students there. Larry, likewise, stayed in Miami a few days getting a wealth of information and advice from Pan Am's meteorology men. Both the boys have only the highest praise for the efficiency and completeness of the systems they viewed, as well as for the firey courtesy that was extended them by the officials of that company. The tips and hints they obtained during their brief tour will be of great assistance to them in enlarging and elaborating on their courses. It may seem odd to some folks, but the more these boys know about their subjects, the more they want to learn about them. Perhaps that is why our Ground School courses here at Carlstrom are so avidly received by the cadets, and so widely praised by outsiders who are familiar with the type of student we turn out. The best is none too good for the defense of democracy. We'll KEEP 'EM FLYING, and how!

LAST MINUTE NEWS

No sooner do we return from our vacation than a news item pops up before our very eyes—the dance at the PILOT'S CLUB Saturday night. The Embry-Riddle sets in Miami may be magnifi-cent affairs, but for sheer hilarity and fun our P. C. shindigs run an awful close second. This particular one was a luau.

The Link School at Clewiston

—By S. M. Lightholder

P. S. "Mickey" had an appendectomy in Miami Monday and is doing fine.
With the slightly wacky Lee Hibson in charge (ticket taker) and ably assisted by the slightly wackier George Eckart, the venerable building shook with the measurement of time. The intoxicating rhythms of a groove-riding band tore even the usually austere Nate Reece and Sterling Camden from comfortable tables to trip fantastically over the floor with their glamorous wives. Sammy (The Tapper) Hottle and his missus gave remarkable renditions of the jitterbug art. And we really mean remarkable, for if Sammy's aerobatics are as intricate as his floorboatics, he should give Len Povey and Clem Whittenbach a lot of competition.

George and Ida Cochran, with that same co-ordination that distinguishes them on the bowling alley, slid the ball in gently humping other couples for occasional strikes and spares. Tex Kuykendall and Louise Davis put on an Astaire-Rogers act that nearly brought the roof down, and Tex with it. Wier Williams glided about with a lightness of foot that belied his massive frame, and no one will ever forget the dapper Mark Ball leading evanescent Betty Parker through a never-ending series of snap rolls and vertical reversements. Betty was escorted by Holy Joe Woodward, who forsook his famed dignity and swung his six-feet-four-inches about with terpsichorean abandon.

As if to animate his caricature in one of the recent FLY PAPERS, Paul Dixon wafted lovely Betty Clements, new addition to Dorr Field, in twists and gyrations that you'll never see in books. Finding a girl with a "nice, even temperature," Larry Walden gave the impression of a cumulus cloud being chased by a hurricane wind, and Jean Treadwell was sorely taxed to keep up with him. Brents Durance, a picture of summer formal personified, was having a devil of a time keeping his date, pretty Pat Cannon, away from debonair Paul Debor who had come stag, as he usually does.

Ray Fahringer became so wrapped up in music that he drew a picture of an airplane on the wall, riding the high notes, and Liet. George Ola was so wrapped up that he got in it and flew back to Carlstrom Field. As for ourselves, we barely got a full dance with our own date, since most of the gang wanted to swing out a bit with the bride-to-be.

All in all, now that the whole business is over, we revel in beautiful memories and nurse broken pocketbooks. Though the spell of soft lights and sweet music has faded, the fond thoughts and mind pictures haven't, and we say in all truth, "It was worth it!" To any and all who have never enjoyed one of these PILOTS' CLUB dances, we say you've certainly missed something, and we heartily recommend them as an unfailing dispenser of blues in the night.

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

THE FLIGHT LINE
By Tom Taylor

Form 1 Fun!
Well, I am still living; which could mean that nobody reads this stuff.

Before going any further, we must announce that Flight 4, class 42H, commanded by that ever smiling gent, Al Janes, (the tooth paste ad) won the ten dollars ($10.00) that was donated by El Capitan Povey to the flight having the fewest Form 1 errors. I still suspect Al of tempering with the Form 1's on all the other flights. (For that much dough all at once with a paint brush and a "STAG" dinner, and no one will have any complaints.) That Al! "OIl shock absorber," he's been 'called' anyway, to get back to flight 4, they are going to skin the "Kitty" by having a "TAG" dinner and stuff at Anderson's lodge near Punta Gorda on the evening of April third, and from all I can hear the affair is going to be well attended.

I am willing to bet that as far as flight 4 is concerned, there will be very few lazy 8's performed by dual ships on Saturday, April the fourth!

A.C.P. Gets New Lease—on Life!
We also notice that the pilot's club is blossoming out under the able guidance of Lee Hipson and Charlie Hewing and some of the gang from Dorr field: Lee tells us that a new chef is to be hired and dinners are to be served from 5 to 8 in the evenings, and besides all this, Charlie Ebbets, our photographer, is doing some decorating around the place. It is to be sincerely hoped that Charlie will not hang up any of the pictures that he took for C.A.A. identification cards! If he does, there will be no room left for club members due to the fact that the F.B.I. will be using the place for a rogue's gallery.

The whole trouble is that Charlie's camera doesn't lie and so the boys show up as we see them everyday. (No wonder the "Kaydets" look so scared!). The club seems to be stepping right out and going to town, but Lee says, "we are not opposed to any one spending rainy afternoons around the club, especially if they are the least bit handy with a paint brush.

New Class—Welcome!
Now comes the new class of Americans, so we do hereby welcome them to our nest. We sincerely hope that none of them fall out of the nest before they get their pin feathers. We are glad to have you with us, fellows, and hope that you are glad to be here, even with the "Training" that goes with the life of an under classman! But stay with it, your day will come. You are going to fly with and be part of a SWELL outfit and you are going to get every break that can be given you. We have a reputation that "Aint to be sneezed at," and we want you guys to help keep us on top of the pile, so "Keep 'em flying" lads!

In Appreciation
There is another thing that has to be taken care of before it gets too far into the past, and that is a word of thanks and appreciation to Sid Pfuger's boys, who so unselfishly gave up their time in order to further the education of all the flying in the making of instrument flying. Sid was always there giving us II— for trying to out talk the instructors, as if anyone could make more noise than Larry Walden the "Weather Blocke!" We didn't do much arguing with Larry after watching his predications take place. Then there is that steadfast Joe E. Woodard, who held sway with four little arrows and a flock of navigation and to further complicate matters, he also broke out with one of those doggone "confusers" and then he really had us. Heck of it is, Joe really knows what he is talking about and so that eliminated all arguments on that score.

The "Missing Link"
This branch was completely under and overtaken by Paul Dixon and believe us, that guy "aint just pumpin' his gums" when he holds forth on instruments and what makes 'em tick. We would like to know how Sid collected these lads and is able to hold them in one place.

We want to thank the fellows for all the trouble and pains they took in order that we might do ourselves some good, and I know that everyone who attended those classes feel that they really learned something, and that is saying a whole lot.

While on the subject of instrument flying, we might add that the instrument flight school is expanding. Lee Hipson now has two full time instrument rated instructors helping him to pound in some practical problems along with the ground schooling that most of us took. The two assistants are Ken Fleming and Len Stittle, and I have first hand information that these two fellers know their business too. I have been exposed to aviation a long time and thought I knew a lot of answers, but one of those lads who is several years my junior can mix me up more and with less effort than I care to admit, AND I AINT ALONE.

Can't think of another doggone thing, so I'll be seeing you.
ESSAY Continued from Page 2

as wide as possible. When his sense of geometry tells him that his own track and that of another ship will intersect at a point far ahead, and that his own position and that of the other ship are likely to coincide at that point in some few minutes, and not merely your own doom, but the probability of another’s doom, as well. Remember how you feel yourself sometimes when you are about to put your kite on the deck and observe with some chagrin that three-quarters of the field is marked off with pretty baskets and the so-called “safe” area littered with Stearmans pointing to all quarters of the compass and taxiing at all speeds between 40 miles an hour and zero. Give that man in the sky a chance! Don’t run across his path because it seems you can just do it; that man has just returned from angelic haunts and deserted sub-solar retreats: from airy care-free exercises he turns to the grim task of so maneuvering his craft against the malignity of shifting air currents and equally variable T signs that contact with the earth will not cause himself and his craft severe structural change and mental distress and semipernial oblivion. “Do unto others as you would be done by.” Be a gentleman of the air!

a fool than you are, and you must remember that two fools do not produce just a double amount of folly, but treble and quadruple; mathematically speaking, folly increases directly as the square or cube of the number of fools.

The Other Man

But if the other man is a fool, don’t waste him: he may make an excellent pilot. This is a front-line rule even if you yourself are in no danger. Remember how you feel yourself sometimes when you are about to put your kite on the deck and observe with some chagrin that three-quarters of the field is marked off with pretty baskets and the so-called “safe” area littered with Stearmans pointing to all quarters of the compass and taxiing at all speeds between 40 miles an hour and zero. Give that man in the sky a chance! Don’t run across his path because it seems you can just do it; that man has just returned from angelic haunts and deserted sub-solar retreats: from airy care-free exercises he turns to the grim task of so maneuvering his craft against the malignity of shifting air currents and equally variable T signs that contact with the earth will not cause himself and his craft severe structural change and mental distress and semipernial oblivion. “Do unto others as you would be done by.” Be a gentleman of the air!

SOFT BALL

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

Peter Ordway just called to tell us that the Main Office gang has accepted the challenge of FRED ENGELKE, representing the Instrument Department softball team. The Main Office team will be made up from the Sales Department, Accounting and general offices. P. S. The laugh in this situation is that neither team has a team! Both are Embry-onic, and both groups are scurrying around trying to recruit players. The question in our mind is, . . . who wins if both teams forfeit by non-appearance?

—“Waste Not, Want Not!”—

SUCH IS FAME

The Fly Paper is getting famous, by gosh! Yesterday we got a letter clear from England addressed only “Fly Paper, Miami, U. S. A.” And another one came in last week addressed to “Tanglefoot, Miami, Fla.” Come on, kids, when you write, please give the post office a break . . . the proper address is Fly Paper, P. O. Box 668, Miami, Florida, U. S. A.

—“Salvage Waste for Victory”—

Webster Bright, Tech School graduate, has won a place with the Navy as Aviation Machinist Mate, and is now stationed at the Naval Air Station, Opa Locka.

WARREN “Buddie” BUTTON, formerly Tech instructor and crew chief at Clewiston, has been appointed as an Aviation Cadet and will report for duty soon. Buttons certainly believes in Keeping ‘em Flying, doesn’t he? And wouldn’t it be funny if he got assigned to one of our own bases for his flight training.

—“It’s Nice to Be Nice”—

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Letter of the week is something else that’s going into Ye Editor’s memory book . . . American history books in the future will say many fine things about the man who write us, “I have received copies of The Fly Paper and am looking forward, with pleasure, to receipt of the weekly edition.”

“Thank you very much for your consideration in this instance.

“With best wishes, I am,

“Very truly yours,

“C. L. Tinker.”

Yes, sir, chillen, THAT is THE Major General C. L. Tinker, H. A.F., Hickman Field, T.H., Honolulu, Hawaii. To the Major, may we speak for the whole Embry-Riddle organization and say, “You are doing a fine job, Sir, and you can count on us, A.L.I. of us, to send you the best fighting pilots and fighting planes in the world!”

Sec. 562 P. L. & R.