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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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We understand now why Boss Riddle insists that we make a tour of the Bases at least once a week,-- things happen so fast that we'd probably not recognize the fields if we stayed away over a week. Take Clewiston, for example, last time we were there, the hangars were on flat cars,-- this trip they were all delivered to the Field and were being erected. Next week we can probably walk inside the completed hangar. The way they erect those hangars is a story in itself;-- they are all prefabricated, keyed, tagged and numbered,-- all the construction gang has to do is find the number on the plans, locate the corresponding piece of steel,-- put in a couple of bolts,-- and presto, the thing's done! Well, all right,-- we exaggerate a bit, but that's the idea. Maybe you're tired of hearing about the hangars,-- but there's one group who isn't,-- the maintenance crew who has done a yeoman-like job of keeping the ships in tip-top shape. A vote of thanks from all of us to all of them for their "stick-to-it-iveness".

The only thing that hasn't changed at Riddle Field is the well drilling outfit. As long as we've been visiting that base, the drilling rig has
TEAM WORK

Teamwork,—the men on the ground and the men in the air! That's real team work and we've mentioned it here several times,—but we just found a new type of team work that's mighty important, too,—that's the team work and cooperation between the flight student and flight instructor,—the will and desire to learn that is paramount to any other interest!

It all came to our attention a few weeks ago at Arcadia,—one of the recent contingents assigned to Dorr Field had planned for two weeks to throw a big dance at Sarasota. At the last minute, inclement weather made Saturday flying necessary. The lads not only willingly gave up their long planned week-end,—but even asked if they couldn't fly Sunday, too, in order to "keep ahead of schedule."

That request, with the spirit behind it, indicates the great "stuff" of which our future pilots are made! No beefs, no gripes and no growling,—they have a job to do, and they're bound and determined to do it! You can't go far wrong with a gang like that,—you know that they're going to be good pilots, all the way,—a credit to our Air Corps, a credit to our Air Corps, a credit to our School and a credit to themselves.
been a-settin' by the "Req" Building, drilling away, so we stopped and talked to the driller for a while. The well is down 900 feet now, and all they get is a steady flow of oil! Disgustin', ain't it! But the driller man is pretty persistent, and swears he'll get water to fill the swimming pool, which, by the way, is completed.

Also on the nearly completed list is the Canteen and Recreation Building, - a little different lay-out from the one at Carlstrom, but it will be equally as nice, boasting a super-deluxe soda fount, fireplaces, reading rooms and, of course, that now famous "pianner". Looking over the field from the Canteen Patio, the thought occurred to us that the Boss must be pretty darned proud to see his dreams for a "Super Flying University" coming true! We don't know exact figures, but it seems to us that Embry-Riddle must be about the biggest private flying school in the world, - and still growing!

At the Mess Hall we breakfasted with Ed Turner and met Charles "Tubby" Owens, - that "Simon Logroe" of the cash box. Just try to get out without paying him! Also eating there was Uncle Joe Hiss, our maestro of the Canteens and Mess Halls, and Grady Masters, transferred from Carlstrom to the Clewiston Post Supply Department. WE STAND CONNECTED, - stopping at the Administration Building to say "Good Morning" to G. Tyson we learned that we've been committing a social error in designating Wing Commanders Remling and Burdick as "Majors"... there is no such title in the R. A. F., we hear, and the proper title is Commander... sorry gentlemen, we apologize...

Waved to Cadet Tony Gibson as we drove over to the "North Auxiliary Field" where the instructors were giving plenty of solo in the BTs and ATs... at one time we counted 14 ships approaching for landing, - a beautiful thing to see, ---and hear! Johnnie Davis told us the joke Ernie Smith pulled on a certain unnamed instructor, - reporting the conversation thusly, - Smith, "How do you like landing without flaps?" Unnamed Instr., "Why, er, uh, I never landed without flaps!" Smith, again, "Oh, yes, you did. Once yesterday and once today!" ...Which made a swell exit line
for your writer to crawl back thru the barbed wire fence and go to Juke Field" where the lads were flying the P4s...BEST SUGGESTION OF THE YEAR came from a round table discussion with Bob Johnston, Fred Runziker and Gunner Brink,—it was their mutual idea that Uncle Joe Hiss arrange for portable HOT COFFEE stands at each flight operations line during the coming winter months. As one voice they said, "Nothing in the world tastes as good as a cup of hot coffee after an hour of flip-flopping around in the cool (?) upper air!" How's about that, Uncle Joe,—can do? All the boys would appreciate it!

After lunching with Dean Reynolds, Gunner Brink, Bud Carruthers, Bob Walker and "Scotty" McLachlan we were collared by Howard Schooley who insisted that we ask here,- why it is that the Messes. Carpenter and Miller always take the young lady's mother along on those "dates"...the significance of which we don't understand, but everyone in the audience seemed to think it was a pertinent question,—

And so,—on to Arcadia! Remember a few weeks ago we told you not to travel the "back" road in the rain? Well, we were right,—getting caught on that 23 mile stretch of dirt road in a downpour, we had many doubts about ever getting to Carlstrom field...sliding, grinding and skidding,—our speedometer registered 27 miles for the 24-mile drive! However, we did make it, and had our first glimpse of Carlstrom in the rain,—altho some members of the "Week-end Flyers Club" tell us that it's happened before.

There was a great contrast between our last visit to Carlstrom and this trip,—the moonlight, gayety and laughter of the Hallowe'en Party in the patio,—this time as we "squeezed" thru the patio to dinner, there was nothing but the drip, drip of rain...finding the Mess Hall filled to the brim, we drove into Arcadia, ate with Lee Harrell and Roberta, and thence to the bowling alleys where we met Bruce Catlin, playing host to his brother Selden Catlin and Charles Reichert, visiting from Orlando, and Eugene Shepard, Al Janes and Bill Seward, owner of Seward Field at Arcadia and one of the new instructors assigned to Dow Field...some of the scores,—Selden, 121 and 136; Bruce, 76; Gene, 107 and 156; Charley,
134... we don't want to stick our neck out too far, - but we'd like to see McShane, Pyott, Baroudi, Tinsley and some of the other Miami bowlers get in competition with those boys!...It's going to be fun, - and funny!...what a surprise the Miami boys have in store!...

About 9:30 the boys rolled down their sleeves, put on coats, - "Hey, what goes on here?" we asked, and learned, "Well, it's our bedtime, - we fly at 6:00 a.m..." And that seemed to be the story all over town. We made two circuits of Arcadia, - found absolutely nothing happening, and finally drove back to the field, where, after passing five armed guards, we found that "our" room had been moved into the new two-story barracks. These new buildings, as everything else at our Bases, indicate the permanent basis on which Boss Riddle is building our School. This is no temporary program planned for just the "duration", - the Boss is planning and building not for just today and tomorrow, - but for the even greater future that aviation will enjoy after the war.

Early morning again, and those bells that always wake us up at Carlstrom. 'Tis still dark, about 5:00, when the bells start ringing, - first one barracks and then the next, up and down the line... and the sound of hundreds of young men getting up, thumping out of bunks... surprising was the lack of loud talk, laughter, singing and horse-play... the morning parade formed right outside our window, - "E Flight, Tenshun! Left Face! Hup! Two, Three, Four!"... Off to breakfast... peering thru the darkness towards the "Fright Line" we saw all the hangars lighted up like Broadway and 42nd Street in New York... probably a pretty common sight to those stationed at the Field, but we will never cease to thrill to the "Dawn Patrol"... the maintenance crews putting the ships on the line... the absolute pre-dawn quiet shattered by first one and then dozens of big engines, - "warming up"...

Please note that we did NOT get up at this time, - taking a little more shut-eye like an old time banker, we slept until 8 and wandered into the Canteen for breakfast... just in time to meet the students and instructors returning from the first flight... topic of conversation was a rib roast that Mr. and Mrs. Whittbecker and family had thrown at their home, - among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Nestle, Lieut. and Mrs. Bill
Hart, Lieut. and Mrs. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Howarth, Sid Pfluger and Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Cosden, Sid's daughter and son-in-law, Dr. McSwain and "Mamie Lou", Dr. and Mrs. Bevis and Bobby, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Scott, Larry Walden, Jean Treadwell, Joe Woodward and "the" Betty Parker.

It was in the Canteen that we met Sid Pfluger who told us about the latest addition to his ground school course...they have built a 6 foot facsimile of the instrument panel in a PT, complete with the instruments, and this is being used to teach the students the whys and wherefores of the various instruments...a smart idea that will probably be adopted in other schools...Sid also introduced us to two new nicknames,- the Ground School has been christened the "GRIND SCHOOL," and the Flight Line is now known as the "FRIGHT LINE"...speaking of the Fright Line, we met Grant Baker there, all excited about having passed both the Army and RAI flight checks...with Grant was Charlie Close, a graduate from the Cross Country course at Miami Municipal Base and now scheduled for an instructor's job at RAI...

Over in the Dorr Field Hangar, we met Nick Tampoal for the first time, and learned that he got both his private and commercial licenses four years ago in Boston from his new Boss Man, Squire Tom Gates...and a thing of beauty is the chronograph which the lads from Class 42-C gave Nick just before they left...

Always good for a laugh is Roscoe "Curly" Brinton who asked us to bring a "few" things back to Junior Brinton, now instructing at Municipal...these few little items consisted of nothing but one shot gun, heavy gauge, and no less than 400 pounds of assorted baby's toys...

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DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
por Philip A. de la Rosa

Hemos tenido mucho gusto en contestar una comunicación recibida del Sr. Pablo Emilio Jurado, Director de la Administración de Aeronáutica Civil, en la hermana república de Colombia. El Sr. Jurado, nos escribió agradeciéndonos el envío de nuestra publicación "Fly Paper" y nos indica...
que desea continuamos remitiránle semanalmente nuestro noticioso, lo cual nos será grato hacer. Hemos puesto a la Escuela de Aviación Embry Riddle a su disposición por si en algo le podemos servir.

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La civilización humana ha progresado por etapas. Actualmente estamos en la edad de la especialización. La prueba de esto se ve en el estudio de la medicina, el derecho, ingeniería, etc. Un doctor se especializa en cierto ramo de su profesión y a él dedica todos sus esfuerzos. Teniendo esto presente la Escuela de Aviación Embry Riddle está produciendo "especialistas en aviación". Estos hombres, desde el comienzo de sus estudios, reciben un adiestramiento individual, de acuerdo con su entendimiento, capacidad, luces mentales, etc. Cada estudiante representa una entidad individual; nosotros estamos siendo cuales son sus mejores puntos y los dirigimos al estudio de la materia para la cual están mejor capacitados. Esto enfasis en la especialización hace que los estudiantes graduados de la Escuela de Aviación Embry Riddle sean empleados inmediatamente en la industria en la posición mas favorable para su avance rapido en la misma.

Cuando un estudiante es matriculado en esta institución, le exigimos una explicación detallada de sus inclinaciones, preferencias, ambición, etc. y basados en esta información nos es posible dirigirlo correctamente. Si Ud. está interesado en saber para cual de las ramas de la industria esta Ud. mejor capacitado, sírvase escribirnos consultándonos y nos será grato aconsejarlo, sin obligación alguna de su parte. Diríjase al Sr. Philip de la Rosa, Escuela de Aviación Embry Riddle, 3240 N. W. 27th Ave., Miami, Florida, U.S.A.

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TECH TALK

BY SPECIAL INVITATION of Chief Welding Instructor ART HARR and his assistant, Charlie Frie, we went into their department the other day to see a demonstration of what appeared to us to be a MIRACLE MACHINE,---technically known as an automatic gas cutting machine, this little $165.00
gadget will do everything but play the "Stars and Stripes Forever"!
Driven by an electric motor, the cutter will travel in a straight line or in circles, cutting either a straight edge or a beveled edge—running thru sheet steel like a hot knife thru butter. Originally pur-
chased to cut specimens to be used in electric arc welding classes, the cutter is now serving a double purpose, not only doing that job but also teaching the Welding students the use of this important little machine.

After explaining the technical details of the cutter, Charlie Frue put on a working demonstration, cutting one of the big steel rings used in building the engine overhaul stands for the Engine Department. In opera-
tion, it looks like a cross between a gigantic Fourth of July "sparkler" and a Bessemer converter,—shooting sparks all over the place,—yet, for some reason, you can put your hands right under these flying bits of molten metal without harm! Another interesting tool in the Welding Department is the hand cutting torch, which, Art told us, will cut thru 12 inches of solid steel! A pretty interesting place, this Welding Department,—we'd better go back more often.

A COUPLE OF LAUGHS AROUND THE BUILDING THIS WEEK,—in "Aircraft" class, Jim McShane asked student Charley Golley,—"What are the three axis?"...and got the rather unexpected reply, "Hitler, Mussolini and that guy in Japan!"...and the other laugh is one we can only hint at,—Gordon Bowen told the "Slingshot Story" as a personal experience, earning for himself the nickname "Slingshot Al"...for complete details, ask Gordon, or George Wheeler, Ted Treff, Bill O'Neil, Bob Hillstead or Hugh Hinchliffe,—all of whom were in the car returning from Arcadia when it happened...

This 'n' that...Returning to the fold as Sheet Metal Instructor is HOWARD BEAZEL, who will also resume his old duties as Fly Paper correspondent. JIMMY ROSS left Tuesday for Camp Blanding, en route to Biloxi, Miss., where he has enlisted in the U. S. Army Air Corps...VISITOR was AL SHULTZ, an old time EMBRY-Riddleite who is en route to Arcadia to take the RAI instructor check-out... Good Luck, Al!...Faithful subject of King Neptune is Engine Instructor ED RIOPEL who made his first crossing of the Equator —8—
on the U. S. S. Celtic on Nov. 28, 1965... and has a beautiful certificate to that effect hanging in his office... Correction,- it was Betty Bruce and not Kathryn, who took Vee Button's place in the purchasing department.

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R.A.I. CARLSTROM FIELD NEWS
By Arthur Lee Harrell

AFTER SO MANY MONTHS of waiting, planning and much talking, but with, however, very little action..."they done it." We mean, of course, the ARCADIA PILOTS' CLUB which blossomed forth in a formal opening Saturday night. Not knowing much about it we barged in to have a look-see and ran into what looked like an RAI convention with everyone having a very gay time and happy about the "Club" idea.

We still don't know much about it but it seems that Jim Sharmann, H. H. C. Mahrt, R. J. Fruda, and that 'Terrible Timothy' acting as business manager, decided that action was needed and went to work. Holidays were spent using hammers and nails...and there you have it. The Legion Hall made an ideal set-up and the whole affair promises to make possible a more interesting social life for the RAI colony stationed at Arcadia.

Nearly everyone joined in the revelry at the opening Saturday night. Having a lot of fun and showing the rest of us how to dance was Gordon "Pop-Pop" Currier, who danced at least twice with every lady present. Also enjoying themselves were Mr. and Mrs. Boots Frantz, Bill and Fern Carpenter, Charlotte and Potter Smith, Herb and Danny Wood, Sammy and Dot Hottle, Mr. and Mrs. Jack O'Brien, Waldo Davis and Betty Lee Morgan.
"Flywheel" Jones, Mrs. Mary Pratt, Johnny and Ann Ayala, that tall and handsome couple the Jack Barringtons, Charles and Mrs. Sullivan, the Sterling Camdens, Woody and Helen Edmondson, up from Clewiston, the 'Red' McKendrys, Mac, 'the silent' McCurdy, Sally Lambie, the Squire Gates, the Sam Worleys, the George Cochranes, Brock, and welcome to the lovely Mrs. Harper, the Ken Brughs and his sister Kay, and 'Cotton' Jones and his pretty little sister from Tennessee.

NOTES OF A ROVING CORRESPONDENT, or
COPY FROM CLEWISTON
by Jack Hobler

Whew! what a week this has been! If we thought taking the Municipal inventory was a sanity-threatening affair, Clewiston demoralized us completely. Boy, there were just multitudes and multitudes more parts than we had ever been concerned with before. It took us the entire week to get everything straight, but it’s in tip-top shape now. And right here we want to publicly thank Slim Pittman and his boys - John Servis and Junior Crews - for their whole-hearted co-operation. Without their help our job would have been an almost impossible task. Even so, it kept Buck Buxton, Betty Lee, Steve Anderson, Grady Masters, and your truly plenty busy from Monday morning until Saturday noon.

Aside from the work (no offense, please), our stay was made very enjoyable. Steward Howard Schooley kept us fairly well satisfied with three excellent meals each day. We say "fairly well" because we personally will never be satisfied with one helping of food. That’s our fault, not Howard's. Then, Thursday night, Warren and Vee Buxton took us over to West Palm Beach to see the circus - our first. They're a hospitable pair, those two, and we’re sincerely sorry we weren’t able to accept their invitation to visit their own diggin’s, the trailer home we’ve christened the BUTTON-HOLE. Furthermore, until you’ve roomed with Bob Towson, Grady Masters, Ed Turner, Jimmie Durden, and "Uncle Tubby" Owens, you haven’t lived. These birds persisted in taking us into town every night to bowl, much against our protests that we had letters to write and sleep to make up. And it didn’t help much to have tho
R.A.F. Cadet O. D. poke his head into our room every morning and exclaim, "I say there, you chaps, you're due on the flight line! What flight are you in?" At 5:00 A.M. that wasn't a bit appreciated, and it was usually Bob Towson who politely explained that we weren't cadets. That is, usually until Saturday morning when Uncle Tubby beat him to the reply. With a speed that belied his six-foot, 260 pound frame, he fired a "condemned" alarm clock that whistled past the cadet's head like a 37 mm. shell. But it was all in fun.

The nightly bowling sojourns were events to be remembered. It will be a long time before we forget Uncle Tubby's shattering roar, "O.K. boy; set 'em up and RUN!" If they ever draft that guy, they'll never need guns to hurl cannonballs. The appearance of several very comely young ladies affected everyone's score but his and Steve Anderson's and we concluded that both must be either very good bowlers, or very bad romantics. Incidentally, Owens must be quite a fisherman, for we heard him mention "tackle" and "the levee" very often. We ran into Buddy Carruthers, Scotty McLaughlin, Bob Walker, and Dean Reynolds at the alleys a couple of nights in a row, and delivered to Buddy and Scotty the message entrusted to us by Colleen Breslin before we left; to give them her love. Happily, we bring the same message back to the lovely choir-singer from them.

Pearsall Day flew over from Miami in an Aerocou Chief to say "Hello" to Bob Johnston one day, and had to hurry right back. We found Frank Frugoli partaking of the Canteen's cuisine one evening and enjoyed quite a little talk with him. Frank is instructing in Advanced now. Doc Robbins spent one night with us in our barracks room, but found one night was enough. That must have been the night Johnny Gewinner woke up to find a hound-dog had wandered into the room and crept into bed with him. We had frequent visits from cadets and employees alike who found Bob Towson's new cigarette lighter a very fascinating contraption.

The week's laugh was on Grady Masters, who was all set to come back to Miami with us for a week's dual check in the
Main Office Stockroom, only to be sent to Arcadia by Mr. Burton as a relief man in the supply shed there. When we finally departed the sand and half-finished structures that are Riddle Field in its infancy the handsome Scott, Curly Concannon was selling the lovely, brown-eyed Betty Lee a bill of goods. Somehow, the goods were labeled, "Made in Scotland".

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Back at Municipal Saturday afternoon, we found a nifty ping-pong table set up in the hanger for the enjoyment of the Pilots. When we saw it, though, there were no Pilots using it; instead their enjoyment and interest seemed to be centered on the two extraordinarily attractive young ladies who were batting the ball back and forth. Well, whether they use it or watch it, it's still a good investment.

That excellent and very flattering poem contributed by Charlie Bestoso last week definitely confirmed our suspicions as to what his middle initials stand for. A long time we have looked at the signature "Charles P. L. Bestoso" in wonder, but now it's clear to us. That "P.L." means Poet Laureate or we're three men. Thanks, Charlie.

** * **

Since this is Thanksgiving week, we thought we'd slip in a little poem of our own. It will never go down in the history of literature for kids to study in school, but its sentiments are based on thoughts we picked up hanging around a swell bunch of flyers.

A PILOT'S THANKSGIVING PRAYER

I thank Thee, Lord, for bodily health
And mental soundness, too;
The benefits I've reaped from these
I humbly owe to You.

I thank Thee for my parents, 'cause
Two better has no man;
For brother and for sister, too,
And friends: not one I ban.

- 12 -
From asking that You bless them as
You've blessed me this past year.
Please grant them all continued peace,
Protect them from war's fear.

You've let me feel the rush of wind
And hear the motor's roar,
And thrill to see Thy beauteous Earth
While near to Thee I soar.

Please keep me safe up there, O Lord;
Extend Thy guiding Hand,
For, far below, my wife will wait
Until I safely land.

She means so much to me, You know -
I'd die ere cause her harm;
She prays for me, so let me not
Cause her undue alarm.

So now, when You accept my thanks
For all You've done so far,
Please never let ingratitude
My friendship with Thee mar.

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In closing, I'd like to offer, on behalf of all who have worked with him
and on my own behalf, our heartfelt and sincere sympathy to Roy Kinkel,
who just lost his little four-year-old nephew this past week.

DORR FIELD BULL-ETIN
By Jack Barrington

The barbecue, a huge success, now lies a heap of bones. To Messrs.
Sharman, Lyons and Lightfoot, a vote of thanks for their excellent manage-
ment and careful preparation. To Mr. and Mrs. Gates, a vote of admira-
tion and thanks for their generous hospitality and the use of the hall.
To each other, we offer sympathy and condolence for our financial efforts.

It. Nachtigalli, back from his tour of the North is looking very fit—-not
so fit, however, as to lead us to believe that his vacation was not a
total success.
We were comparing yachts with Mr. Povey the other evening, and he seemed to beat us at every turn. Wonder if he would consider a race if we can get ours out of the bottle.

Just the other side of Peace River, located in the American Legion Home under the management of mine hosts, Fruda, Sharman, and Mahrt, we found "The Pilot's Club." Our three entrepreneurs have gone to considerable time and expense to give us a meeting and eating place operating on a non-profit scale. Thanks and congratulations, gentlemen!

Having watched a few unfortunate souls miss the bridge heading into the instructors parking lot, our crusading spirit insists upon coming to the fore. Please, may we have a bridge without any missing planks?

While busily engaged in putting the Cub in a ditch the other day, our Mr. Joe Horton narrowly missed one of our more intelligent white "curlew". Slightly ruffled but in full possession of his faculties, Mr. "curlew" sauntered back and critically surveyed the wreckage. Finally, fixing a baleful eye on Joe, he said, "Say, Bud, this is my fishing ground you know."

CLEWISTON NEWS

By H.M. "Buddie" Carruthers

Hi, kids,-- the newest primary class is "in the groove" and "on the beam", already over half of the class has soloed! To Instructor Jack Crummer went the honor of being the first to get one of his fledglings aloft alone,-- but Bill King won the distinction of being the first instructor to solo all of his cadets. A swell gang of cadets,-- and apparently good pilot material. We would like very much to have one of the chaps volunteer to write some Riddle Field Cadet News for us,--How about it?

EXTRA! Probably the biggest news affecting Riddle Field this week is the "at long last" decision to hold the Cadet Graduation Dance at the famous Quarter-Deck Club in Miami this Saturday afternoon and evening,--November 29th. Thru the cooperation of Cdr. Turner, members have agreed
to donate the use of their yachts to transport the Cadets and guests to
the scene of the festivities,—the boats will leave the Shore Station
on Biscayne Boulevard promptly at 4:30 Saturday afternoon. Don't be
late for this one,—it'll be a honey!

The new power plant at the Field is
"putting out" at last, and, wonder
of wonders, the well finally came in
at 970 feet, a gusher! No oil, but
a steady stream of artesian water
that will be used for the "Swimmin'
Bath" and fire hydrants. Ah, at
last we can take a bath! Also on
the new operating list is the new
Canteen which has been officially
christened and is dishing out soda
pop and ice cream by the gallon and
ton lots. Dean Reynolds has promised
us a cartoon on the subject, and we
are eagerly looking forward to it.
Oh, yes, before we forget, we speak for many at the Field in nominating
Noel Ellis as our entry in the International Liar's Tournament,— did
you hear his fish stories???

Among the British Cadets spending the week-end with Syd Burrows at the
Colony Hotel in Miami Beach were Bill Hobekirk, P. C. Price, E. A. Jenkins;
B. Manson, J. Penman, B. Cooper, J. Hogarth, I. I. Samuels, R. M. Cummings,
T. S. Haynes, A. C. I. Brown, P. F. Clayton (wotta a date he had!), Tom
Pullin, F. R. Mellor, J. C. York, A. Barton, F. R. Walker, J. F. Pickard
and D. W. Dugard.

Also week-ending in Miami were Maintenance men Pete Welles, Earl McMurray
and Bill Neff who spent Saturday evening at the Kitty Davis Airliner.

Turn about is fair play,— Miamians in Clewiston Saturday night at the
Hangar Dedication Party included Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hart and Mr. and Mrs.
Hugh Hinchcliffe,— but we'll let Hugh tell you all about it in his own
words,—

"Barbecued ribs, potato salad, coffee and cake, all done up neatly by the
capable staff at Clewiston, started off the festivities to launch, dedicate,
christen and celebrate completion of the new #1 Hangar. Everyone absorbed
more than enough food and after a short time devoted to conversation, the dance "took up" to the splendid music of the Rythmaires from Ft. Myers. The "rug cutting" jitterbugs worked out on concrete for a change and although the dancers really shuffled, no noticeable grooves appeared in the hangar floor.

"G. Willis Tyson, together with the 'Mrs.' and 'kid' sister Margaret, acted in the role of host, and saw to it personally that everyone had a good time;--- and from the latest returns, everyone did! With the able assistance of Jimmie Durden, all went well except that Fletcher Gardner, Jr. sent out an S.O.S. for food, calling both 'Ma' and 'Pa' home early. A well attended shindig, but there was plenty of room in the "other half" of the hangar, and we heard many suggestions that there should be more hangar dances, something for which we would cast our vote in the affirmative as a most appreciative guest."

TECH BOWLERS TIED FOR SECOND PLACE!

Nobody will ever believe that it wasn't a "put up" job last Thursday evening when the Pilots, bowling against Tech, lost three games in a row,- the first two by forfeiture for non-appearance! However, it was all strictly honest, thank gosh;-- and these three games put Tech into second place tie with Biltmore Service; the Pilots are back in seventh place and feeling no pain!

It's about time to start talking about what we're going to do with the prize money these two teams are going to collect,--- it'll run some place between $75. and $100., and while it's strictly up to the teams what they do with the money, Ye Editor would like to suggest something like this: A dinner party for the team members and their wives or "gal Friends", $40.; Embry-Riddle sweaters for the team, $20.; some elementary boxing equipment for the gang at the Tech School, $15. or so...what do you-all think?

Scores were:

- 16 -
TECH
Nix 103 110 134
Barcudi 165 142 185
Reddick 120 145 136
McShane 129 179 158
Pyott 158 175 181

PILOTS
Moxley 119 128 151
Gibbons 142 148 110
Colley 138 138 138
Sutton 140 140 140
Tinsley 131 131 131

P. S. The next, and last night of this league, will be Thursday, Dec. 4—on account of Thanksgiving!

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

The old duck pond didn't give us much news this week,—but all of it was good! Leading off, and requiring many congratulations, were the solo accomplishments of two of our Main Office employees,—Accountant DICK HISS who soloed last Friday with 8:45 minutes of instruction time (would have been sooner except for bad weather) and Secretary CORRINE PHILLIPS who soloed at 8 hours,—"on the nose"... Ad Thompson was Dick's instructor and ole man Rexrode was Corrine's teacher.

Among the Tech School students flying the seaplanes are cousins Bob and Tommie Root,—Bob going after his private license and Tom, who has a private, getting his "water" rating.

Then, too, the good old U. S. Coast Guard is sending us a couple of flight students,—members of the Miami Coast Guard station, J. J. Pokorny and Tom Shevlin are both working on their private licenses. Personality note on Tom,—we believe it was last week's Miami Herald that credited his wife with being one of the Best Dressed Women in America! Wow! Does she fly, too, Tom? Well, at least bring her around so we, too, can admire. No foolin'!
CARLSTROM CADET NEWS
By Y. N. Lonnén U. K.

Since I had an offer from two cadets to make a hash out of the wind "r", we note that the latter has been moved to the middle of the field, with a dead zone of 100 yards on either side. An unofficial report has it, that there is a machine gun nest covering it, and the strip is filled with land mines.

We also note a change in the traffic patterns, and naturally your scribe came in wrong for his first landing. One fervid instructor royally jumped on his neck. The boys have been laboring under the strains of "checkitis". We read the article in our handbooks, but there were many cases of water on the knoe, when the would-be aces on 20 hour check read their names on the board.

We hear of a bewildered cadet, whose instructor jumped up and down in his seat after a boy had finished a maneuver, uttering the fiercest shrieks. He later found out that this display was elicited by the fact that the stunt had been done right for once. The poor cadet is wondering what would happen if he did something right the first time of asking. (Probably he’d say "(--Censored--)", and bail out!

Most of the cadets are waiting for the completion of a football or cricket pitch at the back of the softball diamond. You can see cadets in their spare time (Ha! Ha!) devouring the tackle in the hangar with their eyes. One even went as far as to suggest that one of the tennis courts should be commandeered to use as cricket nets. (That surface sure would be ideal for fast bowling.)

Perhaps it would be cricket to mention a cadet who, operating from Carlstrom, set his ship down at Parker and waited, and waited---while his instructor wept and tore his hair over his wandering boy. Another two cadets had fun and games at forced landings. Personally, I would rather handle soft drinks than "corked out" planes.
As of late, many reports have been coming in about the way planes land at Carlstrom. Another insane member of 42-D thinks it would be a good idea to put retractable wings on the planes and pull them in just before landing. He says it won't make much difference to his landings as he generally drops in from 10 feet anyway. Personally I prefer to land on top of the baskets, and then float in.

And to finish, may I inform the squadron our motto is "Keep Them Flying," and not as some of the members here think, "keep 'em lying." (Course, we're a record class, so don't get over-anxious, and by the way, what kind of classes inhabited Carlstrom before?)

HEADLINES FROM CARLSTROM
by Cadet John Wyborn U/K

Carlstrom's been doing things of late. Last Friday week brought cheers to U/K Cadet Ray Dean and charming Miss Doris Stevens from Baltimore. Guess after four years of pen friendship it was a big thrill to get around and meet the real thing. Some fellows have all the luck! (Has she got any sisters, Ray?)

Sunday evening brought us a gracious lady of musical fame. Carlstrom was given a really topping concert by Miss Mildred Dilling the celebrated harpist so well known on both sides of the Atlantic. No doubt some of the U/K Cadets will recall this grand artist's concerts with the B.B.C. in pre-war days. Thanks a lot Miss Dilling; we thoroughly enjoyed it from start to finish. Dare we say - "Come again".

Harking back to mundane things we're glad to note that Florida's weather has recovered from its relapse. Seriously, we British lads do appreciate the fine training we get out there on the flight line. Carlstrom's getting so chock-a-block full with ships these days that landing time each day gets to look more and more like one of the R.A.F.'s well known offensive scoops. Now offensive, of course, we soon discover when, full of pride, we do our series of ground loops to the parking line and meet the ever watchful one - "Well, Mr.
That’s the guy from 42D who never rolls with the plane.
Fishbiscant, I guess you've been told dive bombing isn't part of the landing technique taught at this school. I guess you have!" And so, now that most of Class 42-D have moved out to their country home way over in Hanger No. 3--

The curfew tells the knell of pastry day,
The growing head winds slowly o'er the sea
Each student homeward plows his weary way
"Say, why don't they put some terrac for me."

(With tentative apologies to Thomas Gray)

SAFETY THOUGHT

This is the tale of a foolish man,
Who never would fly as he should,
So, instead of being in an airplane,
He's now in a crate of Wood!

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P.S. To all Students and Employees,-- how's about writing us some more Safety Thoughts? These little jingles are not only amusing but always carry a good thought to keep in mind, on the ground and in the air! Come on, Gang! Give!

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PERSONALITIES: Among people we've met recently is JOHN O. HERTMANN, U.S. Air Service Cadet who is doing such a swell job writing Dorr Field Cadet News for the Fly Paper. Johnnie is a Baltimore, Md., lad, and gained his journalistic experience writing for his high school and college papers. Since college, he's been writing for legal journals.

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RECOMMENDED: -- "Target for Tonight!" ... that short moving picture showing the R. A. F. bombers in actual action over enemy targets... everyone should see it... those who have read here about the British chaps,- our gang working with the UK-ers and the "Chappies" themselves will enjoy the picture... the matter of fact, unruffled actions of the characters was so typically British... we got a special "kick" out of it because we could imagine our Arcadia and Clowiston friends in these roles,--- Eric Hall and John Wyborn as "Skipper" and Second Pilot; Peter Clayton, "Saint" Tickner, Scotty Brannigan and Roy Neadlands, "Crew";
Tom Pullin, the Technical Sergeant; Billy Wykes in charge of the "Landing Strip"; and W/C Ken Rampleing as "The Old Man". It was a "topping flick"! Don't miss it!

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ANONYMOUS: -- A special note to those who write in to the Fly Paper without signing your name: Much good "copy" has come in this way, but it is strictly against our policy to use such stuff; we will withhold your name from print if you wish, but PLEASE, sign your copy.

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MENTIONING MUNICIPAL,- By Lynelle Rabun,--- "Nellie" was all wrapped up in studying for a C.A.A. Commercial written exam this week, and consequently his copy came in too late for this issue, but will be back here next week.

UNLIMITED OPPORTUNITIES

There are tremendous, in fact, unlimited opportunities today for young men who go into the United States Air Service! We wonder how many of you readers are eligible, but just haven't thought of it,--? It's no easy snap, but the lad who can "take it" will come out as a commissioned officer with the best flight training available anywhere in the world. It's an education and a career, and the cadets draw pay while they're being taught at the Government's expense. If YOU are eligible, don't overlook this "best bet of the year." Complete information can be secured at your local U. S. Army Recruiting Office.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING"
SURE CURE FOR THE BLUES

Every once in a while Yo Editor gets the "blues",- that "down in the dumps," that "what the heck do we care," that "the world is going to end yesterday" feeling,---Wednesday was one of those days,--so we went to our Municipal Base, a guaranteed antidote for that "tired feeling." Honestly, the gang out there are doing a super job of "Keeping 'em Flying," but they always mix the proper amount of fun with the seriousness, with the result that Municipal is a grand place to fly, work, or, as we were doing, just "loaf".

However, as we found out, one must visit Municipal at his own risk,---some of the boys have been patronizing Frank's Magic Shop, and perils run from Charlie Barnhardt's "Hot Seat" thru the gamut of trick matches, exploding cigarettes and the wonders of the "Mystic Pocket Radio" so evident in the Operations Ready Room! As one of the lads put it, "Always back out of doors,- and don't trust your best friend."

Cut in the "Recreation Room", sometimes called the Hangar, we were introduced to the fascinating game of Ping-Pong,- being consistently beaten by David Narrow...Undisputed champ at this racket is Jack McKay, who, so far as we know, hasn't been beaten yet...surrounded by a goodly crowd of off duty pilots and students, Jack "took" all comers...among those present was Mr. DeBear, wearing his new "Flyin' Jackass" necktie..."Ruling the Roost," as usual was Betty Hair,- Burgin may be General Manager in Charge of Miami Flight Operations and Barnhardt may be Municipal Operations Manager,- but when Betty said she didn't like Joe Garcia's mustache we noticed that it disappeared almost immediately.

The spirit that prevails at Municipal Base is hard to put into words,- they're all a swell gang, and so damned friendly,- a couple hours "hangar flying" with that group would put anyone in a good humor,- even a grouchy Fly Paper Editor. 'Tis a pleasure, indeed, to have such a place to go in our "off" moments!
DON'T THROW AWAY TIME

Honestly, now — how many hours did you waste last week? — hours you could have spent in aviation study — hours that would make you better qualified, better-paid. Start now to make the most of your time and the amazing opportunity that exists today — put that "spare" time into Embry-Riddle training.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

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