EMBRY-RIDDLE LEITTES "FLING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC" FROM ARCADIA TO MIAMI

Dancing Is the Order of the Day as "Our Gang" Relaxes Over the Week-end

From all reports filtering into our Editorial "Den," it seems like most members of our "Family" put on golden slippers and went to town over the week-end. Taking advantage of "open posts," the U/Ks and the A/Cs from Carlstrom and Dorr scattered four ways from Sunday, some going to Fort Myers and Sarasota, and many attending the "Black Out" dance at the Arcadia Elks Club, with music being furnished by the Carlstrom Cadet Band.

ALL FIELDS NOW HAVE BUS TRANSPORTATION
Door and Riddle Fields Latest to Get Buses

Good news for the "tire savers"! Since our story two weeks ago about the new bus service from Carlstrom Field to Arcadia, additional transportation facilities have been arranged for employees and students at Dorr Field and Riddle Field. Scheduled to accommodate the majority of people at each field, the Riddle Field bus will leave Clewiston each morning at 5:30, completing a round trip every 40 minutes; the Dorr bus schedule is posted at the bus station in Arcadia and at the field.

Emery-Riddle in Miami is already being served by the Opa-Locka bus, but with the addition of many new C.P.T.P. students, and the growing need to conserve tires, General Manager Lt. Burgin says that it may be necessary to request more frequent service on this route.

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

EMBRY-RIDDLEFLY PAPER
"STICK TO IT"

VOL III MARCH 12, 1942 NO. 21

INSTRUCTOR PILOTS "CARRY THE BALL"

The Fighter Pilot who downs an enemy aircraft is a hero; the Bomber Pilot who destroys an enemy fortification is a hero; the Ferry Pilot who flies ships to the scene of action is a hero. Yet, in our enthusiasm, let us not forget that in back of every Pilot, in back of every Pilot, in back of every Bomb Pilot is another man, a man who himself is a hero of all, a man who must do his job and do it perfectly, with scant praise and but little hope of being called a hero... the Instructor Pilot.

In the final analysis, it is this "Pilot behind the Pilot" who makes the heroes; it is his skill and ability and patience; a counterpart of all that the Instructor is, himself, reflected in the Pilot he has produced! And so, when next you read that "U.S. Air Corp down 37 Jap Planes in Pacific" or "B. A. F. Raids Berlin," cheer for the Pilot, cheer loud and long, but don't forget to cheer, too, for the Instructor Pilot who's ability made these successes possible... quite possibly that Instructor Pilot might be one of our own Pilots at one of our own Flight Bases.

"Keep 'Em Flying!"

DEDICATION

This issue of the FLY PAPER, containing Volume Two of "Listening Out," is respectfully dedicated to the Royal Air Force Cadets of Class Three at Riddle-McKay Aero College, Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida, U.S.A., a fine group of gentlemen it has been a pleasure knowing them and working with them, and to all of them, from all of us in the entire School "Happy Landings!!!"

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE

EMBRY-RIDDLEFLY PAPER
"STICK TO IT"

VOL III MARCH 12, 1942 NO. 21

FLASH

Arcadia. We see by the paper and probably this week's biggest story in the FLY PAPER... CLETIE HUFF got two new tires and two new tubes! Come, come, Cletie, tell the rest of us what this power is you have with the rationing board! Perhaps the fact that they were "obsolete" had something to do with it, but anyway, Congratulations, Cletie! "Be Alive When You Arrive!"

CLEYSTON—How come Bob Paul got the new nickname, "Choo-Choo"?

"MOOD INDIGO"

Eddie Baumgarten, Tech School storekeeper, really lifted us out of a deep blue funk last Monday by taking us to the second floor barracks and pounding the ivories on the piano just bought for the dormitory students. Believe us, Eddie can play that thing, and has great ideas about organizing an Embry-Riddle orchestra to play at our school dances.

All classes at Riddle Field in Clewiston reached the week-end simultaneously with the completion of their various stages of instruction; the Senior, or Advanced Class, began a four-day leave my attending their graduation party at the super-swank Everglades Club in Palm Beach... the Basic Class, also on leave, left for points unknown to visit American friends, many of them, we hear, going as far as New York City for their first look at the "tall buildings"... most of the junior class, having to fly Monday morning, came to Miami, where they attended the School Party at the Maffen-Deauville Saturday evening.

One Place at a Time, Please!

Being unable to be four places at once, Ye Editor stuck around Miami for our regular bi-monthly School Dance, and believe us, chillen, there was a dance! Between 500 and 600 Riddleites jammed the Deauville... Inter-American Cadets, civilian fliers, private Tech students, Air Corps Cadets, Instructors, U. S. Army officers and personnel, guests from the Naval Air Station, School graduates, R. A. F. Flight Cadets, School personnel, representatives from every Embry-Riddle Base, Seaplane, Tech, Main Office, Municipal, Riddle, Dorr and Carlstrom Fields! Even, by gosh, Boss Riddle, himself, who came over to watch the fun and have a few dances!

No More, Too Few!

Miracle of miracles was the wonderful balance between the "stag"
This Girl Friday of ours is giving us H. . . .! Orderliness and promptness is the order of the day, and she just dumped a batch of unanswered letters and post cards on our desk and said, "Answer these!" Well, no rest for the wicked, and never let it be said we'd argue with a woman, so here goes . . .

First, some postal cards . . . from BOB PEARL, instrument technician graduate, 4 Rhode Island Avenue, Ft. Myers, who went into the Army last month and is doing "Okay" . . . from GENE COHEN, "Your scandal sheet is still one of the high notes of my week, so keep it coming. My new address is Pvt. Eugene F. Cohen, 34057410, Post Finance Office, Ft. Knox, Ky. Tell everyone Hello, and keep up the good work." Will do, Gene!

From Mr. and Mrs. C. H. TUCKER, 1567 Broadway, No. 10, Indianapolis, Ind.: "The arrival of the Fly Paper is quite an event in our household. Even three-year-old Betsy Ann begs for it. We certainly do enjoy the news of all the "gang" and thanks a million for sending it to us."

"Charles would like to hear from anyone of you who care to write. He likes his work in the Testing Department at Allison, and is going to school again . . . this time studying Aerodynamics. Once again, thanks for the Fly Paper, and let's hear from some of you." From Pvt. DENNIS C. COCHRAN, 93rd S. S., Scott Field, Ill.: "Am here in Radio School and would like to receive the Fly Paper. I was an employee and student with the School from Feb. to Oct., 1941. Am now trying to transfer into the Air Corps as a cadre. Wish me luck. Hope all is well with Embry-Riddle and give best regards to all my buddies."".

Two Jacks, Burr and Ott

Two letters from two "old timers" . . . A. H. "JACK" BURR, 2nd Lieut. A/C, 16th Pursuit Group, Albrook Field, C. Z. . . . Jack is a Municipal Base graduate and wrote us a swell letter, most of which we'll leave out on account of war restrictions. However, he's well, doing a good job "down under" and sends his best to all the gang. Here's one paragraph we can print, " . . . I have my own ship, a F-40-C, with my own crew. It's rather nice to get into your own ship and not have to fuss around with the seat or belt or rudder pedals, etc. . . . they're always just as I want them. I've got a good crew chief! Boy, Maintenance is three-quarters of flying!"

The other letter is from JACK O'TT, Naval Air Station, Bldg. 24-7. Corpus Christi, Texas. Jack, another Municipal flight graduate, writes, " . . . sure wish I could be there for an Embry-Riddle dance at the Deauville as we used to have, remember? . . . have (censored) flying days before I graduate here and so far have received no 'downs.' Guess I've been lucky, or it might be the good training I received from the boys at Municipal. Give my best to all."

To the Alumni who have written in, many thanks for your letters. We surely like to hear from you, and to pass the word along to your friends that you're well, and doing well! Happy landings to all of you, and "Keep 'Em Flying."

"Keep 'Em Flying"

"HE'S SO FRIENDLY!"

"Why that fellow couldn't be a spy . . . he's too friendly!" Weah, hold everything, boys and girls! That is the first requirement of a good spy . . . get friendly . . . get confident . . . get information! All of which puts us on the spot. We hate to rebuff friendly advances, but even more, we'd hate to let out vital information. Why not try this system: If someone indicates a desire for friendship, well, be friendly, but keep your eyes and ears open and your MOUTH SHUT! A real friend won't ask you pertinent questions about your place in the defense set-up, but if anyone does ask you, just look dumb and say, "Why, gosh, mister, I don't know." The real friend will understand your position; the spy will call you "dumb," but that isn't being dumb!"

"K.O. for Tokyo"

The Editor, Embry-Riddle FLY PAPER, Miami, Florida.
My work as a flight instructor at Carlstrom Field is just a drop in a mighty ocean, but the below will give my idea of the job we have to do. I hope I can always find a swell company like R.A.F. to work for.

Riddle's Reply

Hoarse, droonimg Continentals, A hundred and fifty strong; Cadets, a half a thousand, Sing Freedom's husky song.

And, too, the trusty lineemen— Mechanics by the score— Ten flights of flight instructors, Adds a hundred more.

The waiters in the mess hall— A cheerful, ducky throng— And a hundred million Americans Sing Freedom's husky song.

And United we will labor, 'Til the dirty job is done— The day when Freedom's children Shall sink the rising-sun! —Wm. F. McVey.

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**PROGRAM**

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

**Feature Picture**

**"HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT"**

With CHARLES BOYER JEAN ARTHUR LEO CARRILLO

Monday, March 16th—Riddle Field
Tuesday, March 17th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, March 18th—Carlstrom Field

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**Feature Picture**

"52nd STREET"

With Ian Hunter Pat Patterson Zasu Pitts Kenny Baker

Thursday, March 19th—Riddle Field
Friday, March 20th—Dorr Field
Saturday, March 21st—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

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**EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER **STICK TO IT**

**Published Weekly by the EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION Miami, Florida**

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**ALUMNI CLUB NEWS AND LETTERS**

Bad Belland, Secretary

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**NEXT DANCE!**

Saturday, March 21, 9 p.m. at Macadden-Deauville Miami Beach Tickets $1.00, drag or stag; Ladies admitted free COME EARLY!
MIA.MI BEACII—All was not dancing at the big School Party at the Macfadden-Dauville last Saturday evening. Shown above is George Disher, St. Louis, Mo., working out on the pool table between dances. Between 300 and 600 of "our gang" turned out from the various bases and had a "super-swell" time! The next Dance in this bi-monthly series is scheduled for Saturday, March 21, 9:00 p.m., at the Macfadden-Dauville. Plan now to attend . . . and come early!

SOLDIER STUFF

by "The Boys"

School Days Again

The Army is off to school. The days of merely fighting are over. Today is the day of specialists. Each and every soldier must and will be a specialist in one phase or another.

We who came to Embry-Riddle feel very fortunate. I, for one, have heard a lot about this School, and I am sure that most of the other boys have.

We are not here for a vacation. We are here to learn; to learn to be specialists, in order that we may defeat our enemies.

We are glad and proud to have this chance! To all our fellow students of this and other countries, to our School faculty, and to the citizens depending on the army, we say that we will study, we will learn, and WE WILL WIN! It may be long; it may be hard; but God is with us. You are with us. We cannot and will not fail you!

Thorns in the Roses

I have just come to Embry-Riddle. I find the food good and the girls who work here very pretty. It is all very nice, but who invented marching to the dining hall?

Most of us can take it, but the minute we lie down to rest come Corporal yells, "Fall in." Yep, it's another darn formation and usually at six in the morning. Yes, we would be willing to forget the non sense if we could look forward to an overnight pass on Saturday nights.

Dancing is very popular with soldiers, judging from the size of the crowd at the Embry-Riddle dance Saturday night. At the appointed time about one hundred girls came rushing into the dance. Many of the boys have made valuable connections. How else can we explain the sudden rush of automobiles driven by beautiful girls to the School every night? They drive away accompanied by some smiling soldier.

Thanks to Miss Harrington, who arranged to have these girls at the dance, and thanks, too, for introducing us to someone with a car. Now we can get around.

Oh yes, just as we were beginning to enjoy ourselves, the non com came along and made us all go home to bed.

(Okayed by Capt. George Field, with the remark, "I think there's nothing in this copy that the enemy can use." And the classical reply from Lt. Stetson, "No, Sir. Not unless they should happen to want some dates.")

--Keep 'Em Flying--

(Editor's Note: 'Tis with extreme sadness that we note this week the passing of two "old timers" from our family payroll . . . Bill Jaster and Charlie Barnhardt. Both are "swell gents . . . all the way," and everyone who knows them will join with us in wishing them the best of everything in their new jobs. To them, then, Happy Landings, always!

Meanwhile, the Mentioning Municipal column falls into the delicate, gentle hands of Betty Hair, who, with the capable assistance of Flight Registrar Arthur Gibson and Municipal Ground School Instructor Wilbur Sheffield, will "Keep 'Em Flying" in the Fly Paper.)

TECH TALK

by Bill Burton

Well, the Army has arrived and is all settled in now. Apparently the lads are inclined to agree that the setup is not bad. Many of them have been living in army camps for months and the comforts of Embry-Riddle are overwhelming.

Just to check on it, we accosted one of the boys in khaki on the porch the other night and asked him how he liked it here. Between mouthfuls of a candy bar he said, "Mister, it's heaven." We hope all the boys feel that way.

Rumor has it that Jim Blakeley's heart beat is on the way East from the coast and due to arrive in sunny Miami almost any day. We had known about that part of it, but you could have knocked us over with a drill press when we found out who she is. None less than Mary Carlisle of the movies! What's this fellow Blakey got that the rest of us ain't got?

Real Estate Notes

The amazing Mr. Throgmorton probably established an all time record by arriving here with his family the other day and finding and renting a house by noon of the following day. We spent all of our spare time for a solid week when we came here before we located one, and many folks indicated that that was something of a feat in itself.

Lee Malmsten has bought a house, near Coral Gables, and moved in. Understand that Jim McShane went downtown with Lee and had a Roman holiday helping spend Lee's money for furniture. Jim should have been in stride for the job, however, because he and Betty have just moved into their place in Miami Springs. When do we hold the door-chopping, Jim?

Didn't get to the dance at the Deauville on Saturday night. Had planned to go, but at the last minute our age caught up with us, and just didn't make it. Sorry now, because we hear it was some party, with between five and six hundred people there. This is a vow that when the next one comes along, we'll tuck our long white beard under the second shirt button and totter over to the beach and watch the young folks. Tell me, Bud, do ye have square dancin' thar?

Good Luck, Tom!

Thomas B. Halpin, former director of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, Technical Division, was the victim of an unfortunate accident Monday night. Halpin, who is now with the Perry Command, had just returned from his first trip to Africa and was returning to his Miami Beach apartment when he was struck by a taxicab. Taken to St. Francis' Hospital he is said to be in critical condition.

McGEHEE INSTRUCTOR AT RIDDLE FIELD

CLEWISTON—Pat McGehee, who recently completed an instructor's course at Embry-Riddle school in Miami and who now holds both a commercial and CAA instructor's rating, this week accepted a position at Riddle Field as a Link Trainer instructor.

Pat began flight training here a couple of years ago taking lessons from Charlie Miller, now a Riddle Field instructor. This previous flying experience enabled him to complete a normal year's course at the Embry-Riddle school in less than six months with splendid grades.—The Clewiston News.

'TENSION! First Official Inspection at Tech!

TECH SCHOOL, MIAMI—First official inspection of the U. S. Army enlisted personnel studying aircraft maintenance subjects at the Tech School was held this week. Captain George Field, commanding officer of the training detachment and air corps superior, left, Lieutenant D. L. Stetson, center, and Sergeant Bradford S. Wood walk past as the men stand at attention.
MENTIONING MUNICIPAL BASE
by Betty Hair

Plenty Good News!

Best news this week is that Bill McDougall, old member of Municipal garage, is a proud pappy of a baby girl. She will probably start flying as soon as she can walk.

Pat McGeehee passed his instructor rating flight test and is now a full-fledged instructor headed for home town, Clewiston, to become one of G. Tyson’s instructors at Riddle-McKay Aero College. Good luck, Pat, you did a fine job at Municipal and we know you’ll do an even better job at Clewiston.

Paul Fleming passed his flight test for a private license and is now working toward his commercial and instructor rating.

Elliott Meredith and Ali Lumpkin have set up housekeeping and are cooking, washing dishes, etc. Elliott cooks and Ali washes the dishes. Overheard Elliott telling Ali to “hurry home and wash those breakfast dishes or else he wouldn’t get any supper.”

Seen In Our Ramblings

Ted Hunter giving the base a check-up every few minutes and keeping everything under control . . . Instructors watching clock so that they will be sure to go on lunch on time. By the way, these fellows and gals are pretty hearty eaters . . . Jack Wanzy paying his daily visit to Hangar No. 1 (that’s us) to talk about “flying machines” with the fellows . . . Bob Marshall entering time in his log book daily, remarking that his time was well over the 300-hour mark a long time ago—last month! . . . B. J. Pollard is going to spend his spare time familiarizing himself with the instruments in the Stinson Voyager, right B. J.?

Bob Marshall was twenty-one years old March 6 and as is usually said, “Today he is a man.”

L. G. Rees, Operations Manager, took his first plane ride in an airplane with only one seat. The pilot let him hang outside on a wing. Then were the good old days!

Airplanes Are Safer!

First casualty at Municipal since the first day of operation happened Sunday when John Fonche fell off a chair in the operations office and broke his left wrist. John was immediately taken to Jackson Memorial Hospital and it is reported that it will be at least six weeks before he can use his left hand. We are indeed sorry this happened and wish John a speedy recovery.

C.P.T.s Begin Flying

At long last the CPT program is going to get under way. The Primary class reported to Municipal Sunday for assignment to instructors and the usual procedure of getting acquainted with everybody. A nice group of boys, if we must say so ourselves.

Some of you pilots are no doubt interested in knowing the CAA has let down the bars on Secondary CPT and no college units are required. If you attained a private license through the Elementary CPT course you are eligible for Secondary training. As yet our quota is not quite filled on this course, so hurry, hurry, hurry.

Our old friend Gardner Royce is back with us again instructing on Elementary CPT.

Bill Jaster is leaving us once again. This time to work for the Army Ordnance Department at the Rock Island Arsenal in Illinois. He wants to take this opportunity to say goodbye to all his many friends at Municipal and the other bases.

(L. T. Burgin, quote: “I expect him back again within four months.”)

PERSONALITIES

E. Arthur Gibbons

... is registrar for the Miami Flight Division of Embry-Riddle Company.
... Just recently made an Airplane Registration and Clearance Officer at Municipal Field.
... Says the “E” stands for Ernest.
... Worked in the Texas oil fields during the boom of 1922.
... Was a “big shot” butter and egg man (owned White Oaks Farm in New Jersey).
... Goes in for red roast beef, loud shirts (but has never owned one) and Barbara Stanwyck.
... Dislikes nosey people, broccoli, and cold weather.
... Numbers among his ambitions a trip to Australia—mastery of the Conga—and to retire to the island of Bali (after recovery from the Japs).
... Hobbies are horseback riding, and watching other people do gardening.
... Is happily married and especially fond of his 11-year-old niece, Pat, who has lived with them since three months old.

... Will never forget the oil well fire in Texas in which he lost his eye lashes and several years of his life.
... Longs for the day when he can fly as well as some of the students he has enrolled.
... Envises people who are always right.
... Has a decided preference for redheads (at least that is what his wife says), Hudson autos, and Conga rhythm.
... Is afraid of unloaded guns—and to register as a Republican in Florida.
... Was born in Bogota, New Jersey—has been a Miamian for one year and eight months.
... Grew his moustache years ago so people would stop calling him “Sonny.”
... Lives in Miami Shores and has a VERY pretty home there.
... Affectionately known as “Mr. G.”

—Keep ’Em Flying—

FAVORITE SONG: Everyplace we go, Carlstrom and Riddle Fields and the Colony Hotel at Miami Beach, the favorite song of the British cadets is “White Cliffs of Dover.” A sentimental ballad, it’s a constant reminder to the U.Kers to keep “on the beam” so that they can fly higher, faster and farther when THE day comes!

“GROUND FLYING” TO PREPARE FOR WHAT WILL HAPPEN “UPSTAIRS”

MIAMI MUNICIPAL BASE—General Operations Manager, Lieut. Van H. Burgin, center, surrounded by flight students and instructors, shows “the boys” the intricacies of some of the maneuvers they will be doing soon at 3,000 feet. “The good pilot,” says Van, “is the one who is thoroughly prepared for ANY contingency which might arise. Know WHAT to do before you HAVE to do it!”
LISTENING OUT...

C U A S E U A S O U A S

N o. 3 C O U R S E
N o. 5 B. F. T. S. C L E W I S T O N, F L O R I D A
O C T O B E R 2 n d, 1 9 4 1 . . . M A R C H 1 3 t h , 1 9 4 2
Thanks for the Memory

As we look back over our six months down here in the heart of Florida, surely long enough, we feel, to have qualified us as "crackers," it is interesting to compare our experiences with what we imagined it would all be like when we first learned we were coming here to train. Our ideas about America then probably came from two sources. One was the by now quite famous little blue book issued to us which, along with strict instructions for our deportment, gave us the impression that the U.S.A. was a land where the people were very different from us, and where we should feel that we were foreigners. The other source was the Hollywood "hicks" on which we had all been brought up from our cradles. From there we gathered that America was inhabited mainly by gum-chewing gangsters and their molls, speak-easies, hot swing bands, dashing reporters with slouch hats, and jitterbugs.

But now, looking back, one feels that the diplomatic author of the little blue booklet was a little too apprehensive—we seem to have got by without causing an international situation, and on the other hand, we have not found life in America as hectic as Hollywood had us believe, which is a good thing, as after all, we did come over here to learn to fly. In fact, we found that the people were really very like us. They even spoke the same language, practically, although some of us have had trouble with certain differences in pronunciation, experienced with our instructors at one end of the intercomm. and us at the other! But one thing the little blue book did not exaggerate. It warned us about American hospitality, and boy, it was right! We have been entertained right royally wherever we have gone, at Fort Myers, Palm Beach, Miami and even one of us, inadvertently, at Tallahassee. To those who have shown us such good times, we can only say, "come over and be our guests, après la guerre."

And while we are saying our thank yous, there is one good friend we have all made over here, who hails from our own country, the all-providing and, we have come to believe, omniscient Syd Burrows. His hotel on Miami Beach has become a veritable Colony of the R.A.F. in Florida during the last few months, and to his safe keeping as a sort of guardian angel to the R.A.F. in Miami, we entrust all future flights that come to Riddle Field, knowing that he'll never let them down. He really should be made an Air Commodore!

But as well as our week-ends off, the gradual and sometimes painful growing of our wings has had its lighter moments. A whole saga could be written of our fledgling days, including Tim's crazy Grand National across the flying field in a B.T. ending with the magnificent jump that just cleared the telegraph wires, and Boris who "really wasn't competent to tell when he was drifting," and the interesting experiment of Willy and Johnny Penman proving conclusively the indestructibility of P.Ts. And so we could go on, but for further escapades see our map of Florida. Coming as we did straight from our carefree undergraduate days, where we combined the full life with the study of all manner of unwartlike things, "from cabbages to kings," we entered into flying with little knowledge, but immense enthusiasm. In fact, the scum of milling men 'round the dispatcher, poor man, all clamouring for "solo ships," reminded us at times of 9:55 in the evening at the "Leo," the "Randolph" or the "Tuns!" Of course, there have been times when the daily round has seemed tedious, and people are even known to have felt sleepy in ground school, but it's been fun, all of it, from the mingled surprise and triumph we felt when we got back to earth in one piece after our first solo, to the exalted dignity of flying A.T.6's in formation. To those few who started out with us, but fell by the wayside, we send our best wishes wherever they may be and especially to Ian Samuels (alias "Clancy"), who by now should be flying elsewhere.

We shall take back with us many things. A new vocabulary, for one. Some of us can even say "I betcha" with that irresistible Southern drawl. We are old hands at the grand old sport of "jukin'" and one or two, it's rumored, have learned to jitterbug. Then there are new tastes—fried chicken, sweet potatoes, "cokes," cuba-libras and (did someone say), Zombies. And memories, lots of them. Swimming and sunbathing on the shores of the Atlantic (a warm and peaceful sea down here!), riotous Saturday nights, Florida sunsets, the moon over Miami and, ah, those Southern girls. At least the movies weren't wrong about them. So to them, and to our long suffering instructors, and to the scores of other friends we have made, we say, until we meet again, "good-bye to y'all."

Florida or what we saw of America

Here John Dixon was last seen journeying
Here Tumpo Tumpo forced landed
Here Wally wandered to Wauchula

Many small lakes partly dry
Many large lakes partly wet

Here Cork landed on his belly
Here we all flew

South of here are the Everglades where are many alligators
Here dwell Seminole Indians and snakes and some say buried treasure.
Here are weird serpents

Here blew Hurricanes to South America

Fort Myers
Palo Fuego
Little Elk

From bad to worse
West Palm Beach
Miami

Tallahassee
St. Augustine
Lake Wales
Kissimmee
Isokpeta
Tampa
arasota
DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
Philip A. de la Rosa, Director

REPORTE SEMANAL
DE LOS CADETS
INTER AMERICANOS

por Bill Rivas, Nicaragua

El Jueves de la semana pasada tuvo lugar un concurso de honor en la American Legion Horse, con un programa en el cual tomaron parte un grupo de artistas de Gladys Muse, al cual fuimos invitados especialmente.

En el momento de ser presentados a la concurrencia, hubo que tomar la palabra al microfono en ingles, por lo que saliendo la situación, la tomo el cadete Philip Luis de Chile.

El programa fue de lo más selecto habiendo pasado mucho a todos, oyendo comentarios suag en conclusión que les encantó la canción española Chabelita de Valverdi, la cual fue cantada por el tenor Ernest Tello y el Italian Street Song de Victor Herbert, cantado por el soprano Lírias Carole Albright.

Nota de especial mención fué la ejecucución al piano del Tango "Dechro Viejo" por el Cadete Roberto Machado de Uruguay, quien al finalizar recibió de manos de la Presidenta de la American Legion una guirnalda, el aplauso del público fue general pues todos se encontraban entusiasmados.

A continuación se sirvió un delicioso buffet donde con la cortesía del comedor y con toda la caballerosidad del Latino, los cadetes Icaza y Naranjo del Ecuador, sirvieron refrescos a las altas damas.

Recibió la alegría con la danza a la cual se entregaron todos después de los refrescos, a las 12:30 p.m. se dio por terminada la recepción que dejó marcada impresión en todos y grandes recuerdos.

Las direcciones de la mayoría de nuestras muchachas concurrentes fueron tomadas como de costumbre por el irresistible "Pepe L." pidianos si necesitarían otra vez.

Viernes
Las muchachas de la Universidad de Miami en su baile anual "Spintier Stomp" invitaron también a todos los cadetes a este alegrísimo acontecimiento.

El baile fue amenizado por la orquesta de Kampus Klubmen quien complió a todos ejecutando musica Cubana.

"A Million Rivets Keep One Plane In the Air"

30 de la noche el Sr. Ferber, Secretario de la Pan American League, nos llevó a todos al Mac Fadden para asistir al baile que nuestra escuela daba esa noche.

Algo a cerca del Baile
El Sabado 7 tuvo lugar un magnifico baile en el lujoso Hotel Mac-Fadden Deauville situado en la playa; desde los primeros instantes empezaron a llegar los autos repletos de bellas muchachas ansiosas de pasar un buen rato con los cadetes interamericanos. Como siempre se reunió lo mas selecto de la empleopinaria de la escuela; donde tuvimos el gusto de ver a Mr. y Mrs. Varney alto dirigente de dicho plantel, con un grupo de amigos, disfrutando de los acordes de las magníficas orquestas:

Para todos fué un placer la presencia de unos cuantos cadetes del air corps U. S. A. que actualmente tomán el curso en Embry Riddle, los cuales enseguida fraternizaron con los interamericanos Cadi. La Orquesta deleitó al público desde los primeros números pero cuando empezó la rumba, ya era incontenible el ritmo tropical.

Cual no fué mi sorpresa al distinguir en un delicioso y cozy rincón a un cadete que conocen vds. ejecutando unos pasos impensables de cunga con una bella muchacha de procedencia rusa, como siempre nuestra casihjer, la cual estaba elegantemente vestida danzaba en medio del salon con pure y clásico estilo Cubano, después de haber tomado mano cortes pero bien aprovechadas lecciones? Por todos lados se vieron los tuxedos a la última moda alternando con los bizarros uniformes de nuestros Air Corps.

Los bailes han mejorado admirablemente cumpliendo así la Predicta de Bill.

—Keep 'Em Flying—

VISION

No viene con un stock de pildoras O con polvos rosados para falsos males.

No traen consoladoras frases para aquellos

Responsables de los dolores de otros.

Donde la miseria pasa;

Donde la Verdad es despreciada,

Lleva la vida justa y

Recta que aquel preconizaba.

No tiene poderes en su mano;

No tiene bombas desde las alturas;

Nunca el mismo, indefenso.

Mutila inocentes criaturas;

Pero busca sin descanso al tirano

Que quiere abogar indomitas bravuras.

—Frederico Zerres,

Venezuelo, S. A.

—Mum's the Word! Don't Talk!—

FRANK FRUGOLI
MARRIES BETTY LEE

Clewiston—Surprise weddings seem to be the order of the day! Here's another one that was "newsworthy" to us. . . Flight Instructor Frank Frugoli and Elizabeth "Betty" Lee, from Post Supply at Riddle Field! Taking place at Dick Graner's home last Saturday afternoon, Rev. Meddows officiated at the single ring ceremony, with Johnnie Coch- rill acting as best man and Hazel Prince being bridesmaid. Dick Graner "gave the bride away." Following the ceremony, refreshments and a delicious wedding supper were served the guests, during which the bride and groom "getaway" . . . or thought they did! Apparently leaving for Miami, they circled the block and sneaked into the Clewiston Inn . . . but nevertheless, we know of a certain bed that was filled with rice Saturday night.

Among other guests were "Bucky" Buxton and Vivian Hotchkiss, from Miami; Mrs. Bob George, Mrs. Lee Heffron, Mrs. Elsie Hair, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Miller, Emily Hair, Mrs. "Mimi" Graner, Sr., Jim Cochillin and Fritz Sebek, a new instructor from Long Island, N. Y.

—Be Alive When You Arrive—

Among the visitors at the Tech School last week was "Cuz" Middlebrop De Camp from Standard Oil of Kentucky. He was there for a while and John Fradett, from Carlstrom to see Jim McShane about the Cub he's having recovered at the school.

TECH SCHOOL, MIAMI—In the construction of modern all-metal airplanes a humble rivet is "king," without them we would still be flying fabric and wood planes. In this corner of the sheet metal department are shown a few of the Latin-American students learning the "how, when and where" of the riveting procedure. In the foreground, left to right, are: Fernando Naranjo, Roberto Carrizales, Wood, Israel Silva, Romeo Rodriguez F., Pedro Gustavo Flores.
FLIGHT LINE
by Tom Taylor

An important discovery has been noted: “A watched pot never boils,” and news doesn’t happen when you’re looking for it. We wish to take this opportunity to express our regrets over the loss of our Commanding Officer, Lt. Freeman, who will be leaving in a few days to take up duties at another post. We are all sorry to have Lt. Freeman leave us. He has always been, to put it plainly, “A regular guy.” There have been many occasions in the past when things haven’t gone according to schedule and have assumed a somewhat dark outlook; usually these things have been ironed out quietly behind the scenes—under Lt. Freeman. He takes with him the respect and admiration of all the gang here at Carlstrom. So, thanks for everything, Lt. Freeman, and may you always have C.A.V.U. Come back and see us often.

Lt. Freeman’s successor will be Lt. George Ola, who needs no introduction to those on the flight line. We are all on tap ready to give Lt. Ola all the cooperation that was given our former Commanding Officers. If we don’t, those that perhaps do not know Lt. Ola will no doubt have a personal meeting with the gentleman.

On the Beam!”

The Flight Line is on instruments now. Lee Hipson is working out on the Flight Commanders at present. Clete Huff says there’s nothing to it; “All you have to do is keep the floor level.” There is also a story on the loose concerning the time that Lee Hipson actually “spun in” (in a Link Trainer!).

The Refresheres are going full blast under the able guidance of Clem Whittenbeck and “Heinnie” Right.

Buckle Your Belt!

Bruce Catlin had a startling experience a few days ago. While demonstrating a slow roll, Bruce glanced into the rear vision glass to find his cadet about half way out of the cockpit. He was grimly hanging on with both hands. Bruce had to hurry the roll a little so the rear seat wouldn’t lose its occupant. Some day someone will invent a way to convince all people who fly that a safety belt must be buckled across their middle and inspected before each maneuver.

It’s getting very difficult to know “who’s who” around the old place. One of Joe Horton’s able assistants has now eloped from Joe’s Maintenance Department and is now a full-fledged instructor. Following closely behind Jack Spencer’s heels are two more of the Maintenance Department—J. P. Wofford and M. W. Roberts. Also on the flight line is Everett Glenn, who hails from Seattle, Wash. This makes nine pilots who have come from the state of Washington, approximately 4,000 miles away. They are: Lil’ Abner Lampman, “Red” McKendry, Eric Schutte, “Red” Hawk, Art Villar, R. L. Priest, Bill Southern (Dorr Field), and “yours truly.”

What’s It All About?

Here is a comforting item for the venerable Roscoe Brinton, Esquire: He has been defended in his statements of some time ago. Sgt. Farrar when informed of Roscoe’s efforts in scientific research, announced he had actually run similar tests and was glad to be quoted as saying he absolutely agreed with Roscoe in all of his findings. Sgt., you will no doubt have Roscoe’s undying friendship, as you both occupy a unique seat in the hall of fame. More power to both of you gentlemen in further experiments.

This just about winds up this week’s efforts, except that I have noted a goodly number of instructors looking for softer cushions on their parachutes. This may be due to long hours in the air. Personally, I think it can be traced back to the roller skating rink in Arcadia. That floor is hard—I know. See you next week!—Tom Taylor, your Carlstrom horror-squadent.

“Mum’s the Word! Don’t Talk!”—

OUR COUNTRY SCRIBE
by Jack Hobler

Sunday, Mar. 7, still this year
Dere Editor:

Well, here I am back again, and I got a crew to pick with you. How come you let them fellers, Woodward and Walden, give you all that there romance about me bein’ hog-tied? Aint you got no better sense then to print somethin’ about me without askin’ me first? And Woodward aint got no sense either, tellin’ you that stuff. You wanna know somethin’ about Joe Woodward? For a while Joe was sorta heartbroken on account of how Red Hayes was beatin’ his time; well, he is all happy-like now since Red done went and married up with some other gal—one of them surprise affairs. They say Red is happy, too.

Doggone, congrats, Mr. Hunt!

Maybe you ain’t heard the big news around these here parts, but Jack Hunt is now the General Manager of Carlstrom Field. He’s gotta keep up his dootties as Director of Flyin’ fer a while until somebody else gets a line up for his old job. We also got a lot of permoshuns in the Army personnel. Herbert Dailey is now a Master Sergeant, and Reds White and Johnny Jordan is Technical Sergeants. These is hard-workin’ boys and between I and you, they deserve the honors.

Help Wanted, and Welcomed

I see I got some help writin’ up this collum. That is good as I aint usually got much time to snop around the Fright Line, and Tom Taylor’s help is welcome. Also I would like to know who is “Flash” that writes the “Chatter”; his stuff smells like he was in one of my classes, and now that them kaydets is finished with Grind School, I can’t do anything about what he puts in his collum. Speakin’ about Grind School, I been promisin’ to send you that pome U/K Kaydet Harold Smith write about the brain factory some time ago. Here it is.

Grind School

Every day when we have fed, and all are full and drowsy Our sergeant rings a little bell for classes dry and lousy. Out on parade we wend our way: our heads are drooping low, To answer half a dozen names for fellows who are slow.

FROM THE CADET HANDBOOK

by Ray Fehringer

NOW I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY USE ALL THE FIELD.

GRADUALLY OPEN THROTTLE AS SHIP ACCELERATES TO POINT WHERE COMPLETE CONTROL IS ASSURED APPLY FLYING SPEED PRESSURE TO STICK THIS RAISES TAIL TO FLYING POSITION AS SHIP GAINS FLYING SPEED A SLIGHT BACK PRESSURE ON THE STICK WILL AID IN LIFTING THE SHIP INTO THE AIR AND ESTABLISHING THE TAKE-OFF CLIMB.
Along the path our step we drag,  
Past Crankshaft Charlie's wrenches.  
And open wide the classroom door  
To flop upon the benches.  
Then someone marches through the door,  
Midst listless cries of,  
"Rise!"  
And tells us that those cirrus clouds  
Should cause us some surprise.  
We look aghast—perhaps blank—  
Upon our foreheads,  
That if some stratus comes along  
We may be thunderstormed.  
The Beaufort Scale we do believe  
Is used for finding course;  
For all we know of millibars,  
They may occur in Morse.  
Cold fronts are formed by Hitler's  
Serfs in Russia's snowy lands,  
And Mussbo found the warmer ones  
In Libya's scorching sands.  
When Cloudform Walden drives us out,  
is his face full of despair,  
We go along to Crankshaft Charles  
To make him tear his hair.  
At least there's one thing we know  
Concerning parts of aircraft;  
Everything 'round revolves  
Must needs work off the crankshaft.  
And when, at last, we've slept  
In peace thru half a carburetor,  
We crawl along to navigate around  
The world's Equator.  
Somehow we find we're in a mess,  
And pinpoint over Berne;  
It seems there's really such a lot  
For us poor chaps to learn.  
So next we steer a Rhumb Line course  
To harass poor DeBor,  
Who tries to teach us lift and drag  
And what the thrust is for.  
Asleep once more, our nightmare is  
Of three winged, tailless kites,  
Which flap their way thru outraged air  
To wake us all with frights.  
At last, when Grind School comes to close,  
We rise without preamble;  
We grab our caps and rush outside  
To join the Mess Hall scramble.  
"You Can't Fool Me, . . ."  
Bud, I guess you can see that these  
Boys really appreciate us teachers.  
They're all got a foot in the door  
To marry off Paul DeBor's son;  
So they can throw him a party.  They want  
He should have a fittin' Guard of Honor.  
If they guard him like they did me at the Elk's Hall dance last nite,  
He won't get nowhere near his bride.  It was just like a football game;  I'd gain five yards with the little lady and a kaydet would cut in, throwin' me for a loss.  
By the way, do you know that  
Roy Kunkel, Slick Stanley,  
And Jim Sutton is Fright Instructors  
Over here now? You know, I lived  
With them boys over in Myamie  
And we sorta grew up together.

I'd never think they'd be teaching  
Cadets to fly someday. It all goes  
To show you. Jan Sutton is advertisin'  
For a brown-eyed blonde about  
So tall that can cook ham steaks  
With pineapple. If you got a line  
on ennyone like that, let him know,  
as he is despot.  

This Is No Lie!  
Well, I ain't got much more to say  
Except that when you talk to  
Crankshaft Cadets,  
you don't believe none of what you hear,  
And only half of what you see. If you  
Think I'm kiddin' you ought  
To hang around with Ralph Cuthbertson  
a while; he has got a sure-fire idea  
For getting in some extra Link.  
Trainee time, and he's gonna work it  
Out with Mr. Dixon. So, as Howard Wade says when he's ate a hamburger full of raw onions, I  
Hope you had "a stinkin' good time"  
At the Deauville dance last nite.  
So long, Meatball,  
JACK.

CARLSTROM CHATTER  
by "Flash"  

Hello, friends . . . The latest from  
This end of the line centers around  
Cadet "Pop" Whitfield. You see  
"Pop" was in the Metropolitan Police  
In London before he joined the R.A.F.,  
And he would possibly explain this as  
A case of mistaking identity.  "Pop" was  
Flying gaily around in his  
Aeroplane when he decides it's  
About time he returned to Carlstrom,  
Otherwise his instructor might get worried about him.  
Spying an aerodrome that resembled Carlstrom he nicely enters  
Traffic, lands, and taxis into the line. He's just about to turn the  
Motor off when suddenly it strikes  
All of a sudden like, that somehow  
or other it doesn't look at all like  
The aerodrome he usually flies from.  Unfortunately his fears were right  
For he landed at Dorr Field!!  
But all's well that ends well,  
And "Pop," his face a deep shade of  
Red, taxied out again, took off and  
This time landed at Carlstrom. But  
Did his instructor laugh when he  
Told him? Well, says he:  

The Old Double X!  

In the new class of British Cadets  
We have one named Double and  
Another named Cross. But this co-  
Incidence wasn't enough, for if  
You were to look on the Flights  
Ops. board in theCadet Ready Room you would find the two  
Names, one under the other—readin'  
DOUBLECROSS!  

One instructor here created a  
New record in a day's flying hours.  
At the end of the day he asked  
each of his four cadets for the  
Number of hours they had flown  
That day. When he totaled them  
It came to sixteen hours!—Each  
Cadet averaging four hours apiece.  

We hear on the radio that  
The American soldiers who have  
Arrived in London don't like the  
Chlorinated water. They're lucky.  
They should hear what the R.A.F.  
Cadets say about the sulphur water  
Out here! (Ed's Note: Me, too!)  

We hear that Cadet Bill Fowles  
Has taken a keen interest in bird  
Watching—the type that fly and twitter!  
Every morning he spends a few  
Minutes feeding them and we  
Really believe the birds are getting  
To know him. Maybe that's  
Why "birds" take such a fancy to  
The R.A.F.!!  

Cadets John Edmunds and Reg  
Holman have something very much  
In common. You see John has  
Just discovered that his "sweetie"  
In Sarasota is the younger sister of  
Reg's heartthrob and believe it  
Is troubling them both. Maybe  
They think the sisters confide  
In each other.  
Or is it that they are afraid one  
 Might get something on the other?  
Anyway there seems to be a lot of  
Correspondence going to and from  
Sarasota lately—and in scented  
Pink envelopes, too!  

If you should suddenly come  
Across a cadet wandering around  
The camp in a very serious manner  
And carrying a small object in  
His hand it is  
Not somebody trying to plant a bomb, but only  
Cadet John Gaylor trying a new  
Work-out with his movie camera.  
Next time we see him we'll ask him  
If he has any film in the camera or  
If he's just rehearsing for some  
Big event! By the way, Gaylor is  
Also the man responsible for pro- 
jecting the film shows every week—  
Sort of man behind the scene job.  
But it's tough on him when the  
Film breaks down and he has to  
Fix it amid derisive remarks from  
Irate cadets.

"Bobby" Is Not a Boy's Name  
One flying instructor has decided  
That if he never sees or hears of  
An English policeman as a flying  
Cadet again, it'll be too soon. Out  
Of five pupils he started with, two  
Of them were policemen in England.  
Gradually his pupils whistled down to three, as they sometimes do,  
And another pupil was transferred  
To his care. The poor instructor  
Nearly threw a fit when his student  
Turned out to be another policeman.  

One of the most important things  
In the life of an R.A.F. Cadet is  
Mail from home. One flight thought  
They were going to get one each the  
Other day when the N.C.O. walked  
Up with a bunch in his hand. But  
It turned out that eight of the  
Letters were for Cadet Howes.  
They'd evidently been saving them  
Up for him or maybe he has a  
Harlem back in England!  

Soap has now been rationed in  
England. This announcement  
Caused one cadet much concern, so  
Next Open Post he visited the 5 & 10  
And amazed the girl behind the  
Counter by buying up a large  
Quantity of soap to send home.  
We can just imagine what the girl thought,  
Especially when he bought some  
Lifebuoy and said he was sending  
Some home to his girl!  

Another thing that is popular  
With another cadet is silk stockings.  
It must be a very embarrassing  
Situation when he has to describe  
To the sales girl just what he wants,  
And then fumbles in his pocket for the piece of paper with the  
Size on it.  

Well that's all for this week . . .  
More scandal next time!"
THE MORNING AFTER THE WEEK BEFORE
by Sally Slipstream

(EDITOR’S NOTE: In order to keep up with the hundreds of things happening in the various units of our school, we inaugurate this week our Walter Winchell column... just things and stuff about people here and there. Please give us YOUR cooperation by sending in personal items to Sally Slipstream, c/o THE FLY PAPER, Box 668, Miami, Fla.)

Okay, Gang! Here We Go!

First item in our gossip column this week is the marriage of MYRA LEE ALLEN to BILL COLLINS... another surprise... Billy is a Tech School graduate and has been employed on the Line Crew at Riddle Field... is now in Washington, D. C., where he underwent a minor nasal operation... WHO are those Dorr Field Aviation Cadets WALLY BURGER and DAVID LEE?... have heard so much about them!...

EVE ATKINSON, lovely Tech School sales representative, is back on the job after a four-day cold... incidentally, Eve is NOT married... and NOT engaged!... Transferred from Clewiston maintenance crew to the night maintenance crew at Municipal Base is WARREN BUTTON... wife Ve is back with Ed China in the Main Office and is doing the buying for Riddle Field at Clewiston... EM-MITT VARNEY is the new Personnel Director, while HUGH HINCHLIFFE has been assigned to the unpleasant task of taking care of Priorities... an ex-army man with legal training, Hugh is just the man to handle this job, ask him to explain priorities to you some day!

In the Tech dormitory, PETER RALPH POMEROY, from Uruguay, has a 16-tube short wave radio... the other evening he tuned in on CXA6 and heard a talk by Alfredo Baldomir, President of Uruguay... back home, Pete is a radio technician... coming events forecast their shadows... a certain Carlstrom Fielder will soon trip arm and arm down the isle... the truth will out, and soon!... In the Clewiston golf tourney, W/C Ken Ramping and S/L George Burdick seem to be put-ting it over on their American opponents... perhaps the R.A.F. officers learned to play in Scotland...

Will one of the girls in the Dorr Field office please send us some personal items... Riddle Fielder Dick Granere, Frank Frugoli, George May and Jack Crummer are planning to join the Ferry Command... Betty Brannan’s name is now Mrs. Ward Brinson.

LIEUT. FREEMAN IS SENT TO MOULTON Carlstrom Field Commander Succeeded by Lt. George Ola Lt. M. P. Freeman, who has been commanding officer at Carlstrom Field since June, 1941, has received a promotion and an assignment to the advanced training school at Moultrie, Ga., with orders to report there on March 10. His transfer comes as a well meritted advance in the government service, as his new duties will include added responsibilities.

Succeeding Lt. Freeman at Carlstrom will be Lt. George Ola, who has been stationed at Carlstrom since Riddle Aeronautical Institute was established there nearly a year ago. He has been serving most of this time as engineering and operations officer.—The Arcadian.

Among the visitors at the Tech School Tuesday was JOE HOR TON, Superintendent of Maintenance at Carlstrom Field. Also visiting was GROVE WEBSTER, from Washington, who is visiting E. Arthur Gibbons, Municipal Base Flight Registrar.

DANCE
Continued from Page 1
guys and gals... almost without exception, every man managed to pair up with an attractive dancing partner, and therein lies a story. Returning from Clewiston Friday evening, we learned that we would have over a hundred more unattached men than we had expected!

Even the great Smillin’ Jack’s little address book wouldn’t stand that blow, so Maggie Miles of the Miami Herald staff, went to town for us, and Saturday morning’s paper carried the story that we wanted dancing partners for the men. That little story certainly proved the power of the press... during the day we had over 225 calls from girls and right now have the most complete little address book in the United States. Believe us, we’ll never be caught like that again!

Everyone Had Fun!

Lack of space prevents us from giving the guest list at the party, but it seemed like old times again... almost everyone was there, everyone had a good time, and everyone claimed it was the “best yet!” Okay, gang, but let’s got “on the beam” and make the next party even better! It’ll be at the Deauville, Miami Beach, Saturday evening, March 21, at 9 p.m. See you there!

See. 562 P. L. & R.

SEATLE FLYER PAPERS

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