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 . . . that these men are heroes we cheerfully admit, and willingly add our voice to the swelling tumult of praise being showered by the Allied Nations on these "few to whom we owe so much!"

Yet, in our enthusiasm, let us not forget that in back of every Fighter Pilot, in back of every Bomber Pilot, in back of every Ferry Pilot is another man, a man who might well be called the greatest 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 Corps down 37 Jap Planes in Pacific" or "R. 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 . . . to all of them, from all of us in the entire School "Happy Landings" ! ! !

EMBRY-RIDDLEITES "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

Busy week for the "tire savers"!

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. Municipal Base 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.

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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.

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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 E. Cohen, 340857410, 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 Betty 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 any 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 cadet. 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 P-40-C, with my own crew. It’s a lot easier to get into your 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 OTT, Naval Air Station, Bldg. 2477, Corpus Christi, Texas. Jack, another Municipal flight graduate, writes, “… sure wish I could be there for an Embry-Riddle dance at the Deauville like 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!” Woah, 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, droning Continentials,
A hundred and fifty strong;
Cadets, a half a thousand,
Sing Freedom’s husky song.

And, too, the trusty linemen—
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.

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

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
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 heartbeat 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 he was. None less than Mary Carlisle of the movies! What's this fellow Blakeley 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, over 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 voo that when the next one comes along, we'll suck our long white beard and tosser over to the beach and watch the young folks. Tell me, Bud, do ye have square dance'n' that?

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 at Miami, was returning to his Miami Beach apartment when he was struck by a taxi cab. Taken to St. Francis' Hospital he is said to be in critical condition.

McGEEHEE INSTRUCTOR AT RIDDLE FIELD

CLEWISTON—Pat McGeehe, 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 supervisor, left, Lieutenant D. L. Sutliff, center, and Sergeant Bradford W. 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 gang, 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.

Elliot Meredith and Ali Lumpkin have set up housekeeping and are cooking, washing dishes, etc. Elliot 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 to lunch on time. By the way, these fellows and gals are pretty hearty eaters... Jack Wanz 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.ers 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 Airport Registrar 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 Oak Farm in New Jersey).

...Goes in for red roast beef, loud shirts (but has never owned one) and Barbara Stanwyck.

...Dislikes noisy 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, Carlsstrom 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...

CUAS EUAS OUAS

No. 3 Course
No. 5 B.F.T.S. Clewiston, Florida

October 2nd, 1941 ... March 13th, 1942
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 would have 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, was it 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 hailes 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 scrum 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 Yumpa Yumpa forced landed

Here Willy wandered to Wauchula

Here Jock landed on his belly

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

Lake Wales

R. Kissimmee

Many small lakes partly dry

Many large lakes partly wet

Polo Gordo

Fort Myers

Port St. Joe

Tampa

Aarasota

Here John Oxon was last seen journeying from bad to worse.
DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO

REPORTE SEMANAL DE LOS CADETS INTER AMERICANOS

por Bill Rivas, Nicaragua

El Jueves de la semana pasada, La Community Entertainmen
t Series of a ciudad de Miami ofreció un concierto de honor en la Amer
can Legion Home, con un programa en el cual tomaron parte un grupo de artistas alumnos de Gladys Muse, al cual fuimos invitados especialmente.

En el momento de ser presentados a la concurrencia, hube que tomar la palabra al microfono en ingles, por lo que salvando la situ.
ación, la tomó el cadete Philip
Levi de Chile.

El programa fue de lo más selecto, habiendo gustado mucho a todos, oyendo comentarios sagas en conclusión que les encantó la canción española Chabelita de Val
verdi, la cual fue cantada por el tenor Ernest Tello y el Italian Street Song de Victor Herbert, canta
do por la soprano Líricas Carele Albright.

Nota de especial mención fue la ejecución al piano del Tango "De
recho 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 púb
do fue general pues todos se en
centraban entusiasmados.

A continuación se sirvió un delicioso buffet donde con la cortesía del cadete y con toda la caballería
dad del Latino, los cadetes Icaza y Naranjo del Ecuador, sirvieron re
drescoes a las altas damas.

Reinó 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 grados recuerdos.

Las direcciones de la mayoría de las muchachas concurrentes fueron tomadas como de costumbre por el irresistible "Pepe L." pidiádase si necesita.

Viernes

Las muchachas de la Universi
dad de Miami en su baile anual "Spinner Stomp" invitaron tam
dimiento a todos los cadetes a este ale
grísimo acontecimiento.

El baile fue animado por la orquesta de Kampus Klubmen quien completó a todos ejecutando musica Cubana. Estuvieron repre
sentadas en el baile todas las na
ciones Centro y Sud Americanas porque todos los cadetes asistieron esta vez.

El Che Botija Molino, como siempre pusó a Cuba a la altura con sus Rumbas, bailó con Coci Gil que estaba de lo más lindo, así mismo admiramos el Jitter Bug, de la simpáticos Jessica Wilkerson de la Carolina del Norte que es el tipo perfecto de la muchacha norte americana, Carmen Monserrat y Judy Lopez de Puerto Rico; esta última con su exótica belleza daba realce al esplendor general, como Botija en un arranque de entus
asmo la calificada de Bella mulata tropical, y también nuestras ami
gas Norte Americanas Juanita Pozo, con su dulzura de siempre, Margaret y sus gélulas y Jean Gelein tan buena y simpática como ninguna.

El baile terminó a la 1 de la madrugada, con pesar de todos por que a esta hora el entusiasmo estaba por las cumbres, sin embargo como
todo tiene fin, esto lo tuvo y no nos queda mas que agradecer todas las fineszas y atenciones de que fuimos objeto.

Sábado 7

Mrs. J. J. Maca de Miami Beach, tuvo como invitados de honor en un Party que dio en su residencia partcular a los cadetes Gonzalo Lope
z Garzon, Adolfo Montero, Ro
berto Machado, Ricardo Callander, Archival Evans, Philip Lewis, Carlos Montenegro y nuestro servidor, el party fue de lo más alegre, y todos tuvimos el honor de ser pre
sentados a los mas culto y distin
guido del Miami Beach; a las 9 y 30 de la noche el Sr. Ferber, Secre
tario de la Pan American League, nos llevó a todos al Mac Padden para asistir al baile que nuestra es
cuela daba esa noche.

Algo a cerca del Baile

El Sábado 7 tuvo lugar un magn
ifico baile en el lujoso Hotel Mac
Fadden Deauville situado en la playa; desde los primeros instantes empezaron a llegar los autos reple
tos de bellas muchachas ansiosas de pasar un buen rato con los ca
detes interamericanos. Como siem
pre se reunió lo mas selecto de la empleomanía de la escuela; donde tuvimos el gusto de ver a Mr. y Mrs. Varnell alto dirigente de dicho planteo, con un grupo de amigos, disfrutando de los acordes de las magníficas orquestas:

Para todos fue un placer la pre

cencia de unos cuantos cadetes del air corps U. S. A. que actualmente toman el curso en Embry Riddle, los cuales enseguida fraternizaron con los interamerican cadets. La orquesta deleitó al público desde los primeros números pero cuando empezó la rumba, ya era inconte
nible el ritmo tropical.

Cual no fue mi sorpresa al distinguirme en un delicioso y cozy rin
cón a un cadete que conocí vda.

en un baile de la escuela interamericana, quien complació a todos con su dulzura de mansión, ejecutando unos pasos imprescindibles con una bella muchacha de procedencia rusa, como siempre nuestra casihier, la cual estaba ele

gantemente vestida danzaba en medio del salón con pure y clásico estilo Cubano, después de haber to

ificado tan cortas pero bien aprovecha

chos lecciones? Por todos lados se vieron los tuxados a la última moda alternando con los bizarritos uniformes de nuestros Air Corps.

Los bailes han mejorado admirable

EEMBY-RIIDDE FLY PAPER "Stick To It" Page 9

"A Million Rivets Keep One Plane In the Air"

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 Nurona, Roberto Becker, Ricketts, Wood, Israel Silva, Romeo Rodriguez F., Pedro Gustavo Flores.

VISION

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

No trae consolidadoras frases para aquellos

Responsables de los dolores de otros.

Donde la mirada pasa;

Donde la verdad es despreciada,

Lleva la vida justa

Y recta que aquel preconizaba.

No tiene poledres en su mano;

Ninguna bomba desde las alturas;

Ni como el que, inhumano,

Mutila inocentes criaturas;

Pero busca sin descanso al tirado

Que quiere abogar indomitas bra

reras.

-Federico Zorrez.

Venezuela, S. A.

"Mom'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 "news" to us . . . Flight Instructor Frank Frugoli and Elizabeth "Betty" Lee, from Post Supply at Riddle Field! Taking place at Dick Granere'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 Granere "gave the bride away.

Following the ceremony, refreshm
teas and a delicious wedding sup
er were served to the guests, during which the newlyweds made the "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 Sat


day 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. "Mima" Granere, Sr. Jim Cochrell 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" Middle

do Dc Camp from Standard Oil of Kentucky. This is a while ago and he was John Fradett, from Carlstrom to see Jim McShane about the Cub he's having recovered at the school.
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—by 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 Refresherers are going full blast under the able guidance of Glen Whittenbeck and “Heinie” 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.

(Carlstrom Field, R. A. I. News)

Jack Hobler, Editor

Flights Line
by Tom Taylor

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(If they plan to complete the flight with the airplane.) It’s a little hard on the constitution to have to learn this important lesson the hard way.

More Newcomers

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. Par rar 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-specter.

"Mum’s the Word! Don’t Talk!"

"OUR COUNTRY SCRIBE"

by Jack Hobler

Sunday, Mar. 7, still this year

Dere Edditer:

Well, here I am back again, and I got a crew to pick with you. How come you let them fellers, Woodward and Walton, give you all that there rambance about me bein’ hog-tied? Ain’t you got no better sense then to print somethin’ about me without askin’ me first? And Woodward ain’t 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 dooties as Direcckter of Flyin’ fer a while until somebody else gets his lines up fer his old job. We also got a lot of permissuns in the Army personnel. Herbert Dailey is now a Master Sergeant, and Red 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 snoop 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 drowsy.

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

Gradually Open Throttle

As ship accelerates to point where complete control is assured, apply forward 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.

NOW I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY USE ALL THE FIELD.
I'd never think they'd be teaching kadets to fly someday. It all goes to show you. Jim Sutton is advertising for a brown-eyed blonde about so tall that can cook ham steaks with pineapple. If you got a line on enmyone like that, let him know, as he is despairs.

This Is No Lie!

Well, I ain't got much more to say except that when you talk to enny Carlstrom instructors, 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. Trainer 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 mis-taken identity. "Pop" was fleeing 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, let's see...

The Old Double X!

In the new class of British Cadets we have one named Double and another named Cross. But this coincidence wasn't enough, for if you were to look on the Flights Ops. board in the Cadet Ready Room you would find the two names, one under the other—reading 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 welfare—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 projecting 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 a 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 for him or maybe he has a harren 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 salesgirl 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

(EDITORS 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... EMMITT 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 Rampino 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 Fielders 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 MOULTERIE
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 merited 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 HORTON, 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 Smilin' 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 get "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!

LIEUT. FREEMAN

Ray Morders
P. O. Box 6689
Clewiston, Fla.