YELLOW FLIGHT TAKES HIGH HONORS IN FIRST RIDDLE FIELD TRACK MEET

TONY HAWLEY CAPTAINS WINNING TEAM AND TAKES INDIVIDUAL HIGH SCORE

RIDDLE FIELD, CLEWISTON—Before a large crowd of cheering spectators, Tony Hawley, Capetown, South Africa, led "Yellow" Flight to complete victory over the Reds, Greens and Blues of Class 6 in the first of a series of track and field meets to be played by each R.A.F. Class in training at Riddle Field. Of the 24 points scored by Yellow Flight, Hawley accounted for 10½; the final scores for Red being 16, Green 12 and Blue 9.

Featuring spills and thrills, with plenty of laughs, this first track and field meet was an outstanding success, and the boys at the Field as well as their officers and friends are looking forward to the next event. Lack of time prevents a detailed account, but we are able to give the complete results of Tuesday’s affair.

Scores in Detail

220-yard dash — Eyton-Jones (Red) first; Bateman (Red) second; Orman (Yellow) third; 24 seconds.

220-yard hurdles — Orman (Green) first; Schmelzke (Green) second; Auch (Yellow) third; 29 seconds.

Cricket ball throw — Williams (Green) first; Harding (Green) second; Mallinson (Red) third.

Sack Race—Walsmsley, first; Hol- lis, second; Hayes, third.

100-yard dash — Hawley (Yellow) first; Bateman (Red) second; Butler (Yellow) third; 12 seconds.

One Mile—Webster (Yellow) first; McGregor (Green) second; McDonald (Red) third; 5:30.

Three-Legged Race—Brook and Butler (Yellow) first; Finlay and Beavis (Yellow) second. Also ran: W/C Rampling and S/L Burdick.

Turn to Track Meet, Page 8, Col. 1

IT'S TRUE! NEW FIELD FOR R. A. I. UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT UNION CITY

$750,000.00 ADDITION TO OUR SCHOOL NOW BEING BUILT IN TENNESSEE

Confirming rumors that have been gently floating around the various bases for the past couple of weeks is the news story appearing in THE ARCADIAN last week . . . a new unit of Riddle Aeronautical Institute, closely modeled after Carlstrom Field, and costing about $750,000.00 is already under construction at Union City, Tennessee. Honestly, though, all we know is what we read in the papers, and all we can do is quote the following story, as it appeared in The Arcadian:

Actual work on the construction of the new field began on Monday. The field, which will cost approximately $750,000 in its initial stages, is to be patterned closely after Carlstrom Field here, it is reported, and is expected to develop into one of the major pilot training schools in the central section of the country.

Construction of the field will be in the hands of the C. F. Wheeler Construction Co., with Tom Frederick, general superintendent, in direct charge of the work.

G. Willis Tyson, manager of the Clewiston Field, is expected to be placed in charge of the Union City Field.

Twelve farms are being purchased, and all buildings are being moved to form the new field, and it was said that other nearby farms have been placed under option to form auxiliary fields.

Arcadia and the Arcadia area came in for a good spread of publicity in the Union City Messenger when it released the story of the field development, with brief descriptions of both Carlstrom and Dorr fields, as well as descriptions of other Embry-Riddle schools.

—The Arcadian

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

NEXT SCHOOL PARTY ANOTHER SUPPER DANCE AT THE MACFADDEN DEAUVILLE Miam Beach SATURDAY, APRIL 25th Dancing on the Clipper Deck 9 to 1 Supper from 12 to 1 Tickets $1.00 dress or stag Ladies Admitted Free

CARLSTROM FIELD—When genial G. Willis Tyson, Manager of Riddle Field, recently paid a visit to his colleagues at Carlstrom Field, he received more than a warm welcome. Of particular interest to the Carlstrom Fielders were the lovely new shoulder straps on Mr. Tyson's uniform. Shown above, left to right are Capt. George Olo, Capt. Len Pavey, and, extreme right, "Doc" Nethery, as they conducted a not too gentle investigation of the situation.
EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER
“STICK TO IT”
Published Weekly by the
EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Miami, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE-MCKAY AERO COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

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British Flight Training School, Riddle Field, Clewiston

Ed Morey
U.S. Army Primary School, Dorr Field, Arcadia

Ray Fahlinger—Jack Hornor
Jack Hart—Sam Lightbolger
Staff Artists

Charles C. Erbets
Staff Photographer

RUMOR HATH IT that Hollis Andrews, our Station Wagon driver, got married last Friday evening! We hear that the girl’s name was Eleanor Gardner. If all this is true, congratulations, “Andy”!

DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN
Ed Morey, Editor

Just Watch It Grow
A trip around town, or I should say a trip around Dorr Field, brings your eyes upon some hard working departments, who are plugging along together like bees in a honeycomb to make this the largest and the most outstanding of all the R.A.F. Fields.

Looking first to our flight line, we find Mr. Mougey has obtained his desk and chair position in the second story of the operations tower; Mr. Mougey and his boys have shown what can be done when duty calls, with the completion of 41-G Class in record-breaking time; well done, Fellers. “Keep ‘em Flying.”

But let’s not stop there; we have a most reliable association in our Ground School; Mr. Hocker, a teacher of all teachers, is doing a bang-up job in training our pilots for their instrument ratings. Week after week, every Tuesday and Thursday evening, you will find “Doug” with fellow-instructors, House, Huggins and Warren, drilling our pilots on anything from “Thunderstorms” to “Celestial.” A number of A and E mechanics have been turned loose on our Ground School gates since class periods began in early February.

What Humor
It was rumored the other day that mechanics were to carry parachutes to the Flight Line every morning. All of a sudden a mass of greasy faces appeared in front of Operations—with weapons in hand. Now, I wonder why the little joke was revoked? Could it have been the new secretaries’?

Winding Up
Traveling around the honeycomb we find friend Cullers and fellow workers still chugging; this past week has given us three new faces in our Maintenance Departments: Robert Scott (A and E) from Pittsburgh, Penna., also Ernie Hauger (A and E) and “Red” Wunder (A Mechanic) from Baltimore, Md. Welcome to our Sunny Clime, Chums.

Personals
What will “Army” do if the team of Marge and George breaks up? This team compares well with the team of Evers to Tinker to Chance.

At last the Cadets are given a break (or should I say a date?) The girls at Dorr Field are reported to be working hard on plans for a dance in the near future.

LIEUTENANT Heck, what happened to your car Sunday evening? Was

“THIS IS NO LIE”

Dorr Field—When “Squire” Tom Gates, General Manager of Dorr Field, went “fishing” he didn’t experience the usual troubles of fishermen in describing his catch. Shown above is the “Squire” with the evidence. Some people claim these are “Flying Fish,” but Ve Feller wouldn’t be quoted on it. Ask Mr. Gates!

this one of those times when “Romeo” (Lieut. Erdmann to you) borrowed it due to lack of trustworthy tires on his own vehicle? Where could anyone find such “muddy mud” in Florida?

Congrats
Dorr Field Army Personnel come into their own; we are proud to report that our C.O. is now titled “Captain” Boyd; other promotions are Captain Bentley, Captain Curtin and First Lieutenant Phillip. Our congratulations to four fine fellows!

Also we are happy to see our own “Fiber” Mogee back from a session with “Doc” in Miami—he is somewhat handicapped by a bandage over one eye but is carrying-on with lots of vim and vigor. Lucky that he has such an efficient, as well as attractive, secretary plus that trim young man who recently joined the Accounting force.

“INSIDE THE DORR”
A/C J. W. Warren
“Ready on the Flying Line”

The boys on the flying line got a big thrill recently when Lt. Col. Blair was an interested observer. He made a big hit when he talked informally to them and was high in his praise of the excellent morale that he said was so apparent. He observed the squadrons at retreat and he was very much impressed. By looking at the Colonel, you wonder how a man attained that office at such a young age.

Chatter
BOB HARRIS smiling very satisfied-like after having passed his regular check ride. The dispatcher. Mr. Eatman, never failing to catch the planes’ numbers and I can’t spot one.

DAVE MORTIMER in his white aviator’s scarf. He really handles it with care.

VERNON CASSELBERRY, T. D. Watson and “Doggie” Tarr calling their girls up to meet them in Sarasota on “open post night.”

PHIL RUBIN finally got his car.

PROGRAM

The Riddle “Family Theatre”
Feature Picture

“The Cat’s Paw”
with

HAROLD LLOYD
UNA MERKEL

Monday, April 20th—Riddle Field
Tuesday, April 21st—Dorr Field
Wednesday, April 22nd—Carlstrom Field

A L L S T A R F E A T U R E P L A Y

“Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round”
with

JACK BENNY
G E N E R AY D E R N A C Y C A R R O L L

Thursday, April 23rd—Riddle Field
Friday, April 24th—Dorr Field
Saturday, April 25th—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents
out of the shop where it underwent repairs after he hit a cow in Georgia. It is rumored that he had a cowcatcher put on the front.

I know Why Dept.

An Air Corps officer is always young.

A check ride always makes a cadet nervous.

The Air Corps song thrills everyone who hears it.

The Japs will be shot out of the air like clay pigeons.

Don’t Quit

To every cadet throughout the world the following poem is dedicated:

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you’re trudging seems all up-hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must—but don’t you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns
And everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don’t give up, though the pace seems slow
You might succeed with another blow.

Success is failure turned inside out
The silver lining of the clouds of doubt
And you never can tell how close you are.
It may be near when it seems so far.
So stick to the fight when you’re hardest hit;
It’s when things seem worst that you mustn’t quit.

We Got the Best!

We cadets here at Dorr Field can someday proudly say that we received our primary training here, because when completed this Field will be one of the most beautiful in the Southeast. All of the buildings are of modern design and have the latest equipment.

Only last week, the new Post Exchange was opened and is already the center of all social activity with its fountain and lounge room offering refreshment and comfort, and in a week or so the new swimming pool will be ready to accommodate all of the cadets here. There is also under construction a new outdoor theater which when completed will give us a self-contained unit.

All Americans Would Like:

To look like Robert Taylor.
Make love like Clark Gable.
Sing like Bing Crosby.
Fly like Rickenbacker.

To read Hitler’s death notice.

TECH TALK

By Both Burtons

Here Come the Women

We are pleased to see that the women of Miami are appreciative of Embry-Riddle’s program for national defense and are beginning to enroll for courses. In the Radio Department we find Hazel Shevnan and in the Instrument Department Anne Buchanan and Margaret Howland. Welcome, girls, make a high mark and be a credit to your sex.

To the Editor: Re: Bonds

Seriously, Bud, how about the school selling war stamps and bonds? Can’t it be arranged to buy them on the premises? We know everyone feels flush on payday and if we had them for sale here we could make a good showing.

Chances are by the time anyone reaches a place where stamps are sold he’s so broke he can’t afford even a ten cent one and he’s ashamed to buy for fear he will look like a piker. Be our Morganthau, Bud, get us started and we’ll go over the top.

(Editor’s reply: We’re working on that! Watch for an important announcement real soon!)

Arrivals

William Blomsey, as runner, successor to Charlie England, who is temporarily in the stock preparatory to Arcadia; Harriett McLane, in Mr. Buxton’s office, where she is preparing a catalog that will be of great use to all the departments.

MARIE STARKES has purchased a new bicycle and as soon as she learns to stay on it will come merrily pedaling along to school each day.

SHELDON WELLS and his wife are very happy over their new home but what we are wondering is what they did to break the lease at their old home?

Soft-ball is now the order of the day and the general topic of conversation among the men. We understand the Instrument Department has a team and the Accounting Division has a team and Where Peter Ordway, Charlie Ebbee, Charlie Shepherd and Jim McShane play we can’t understand for we hear them talking about

“And Casey Struck Out”

COLUMBUS BALL PARK, MIAMI—The competition between the softball teams of the Main Office and Technical School departments is getting pretty keen with an intense and friendly rivalry much in evidence. Shown above is the star of the Accounting Department team, Fred Hower, awaiting his turn at bat. We hate to do this to Freddy, but we hope that you all notice that the ball is laying on the ground at the left. How come, Freddy? What were YOU looking at?

In the first game in this series, the Instrument Department trimmed the Main Office 10 to 3, and in the second game Thursday night, the Main Office took over Accounting by final score of 29 to 12. Also, Engines took Instruments, 12 to 14.

All games are being played at our new ball field at the Coliseum and are well worth your attendance, if only for the fun of seeing our erstwhile dignified dignitaries sliding home feet first!

The “Phillies,” etc.

The JIM and MARY (Carlisle) Blakeley’s entertained the Engine Department at a fiesta. Did the electric toaster, which was a present from the Engineers, play a part in the refreshments?

MARGARET de PAMPHILIS says her hobby is shoes. Have you seen those pretty green, brass nail studded shoes she is wearing? Quite an attractive hobby particularly in conjunction with those cute hair bows she wears.

Do a Good Deed

One of our Latin American students, Ovidio Palma of Honduras, has been in Jackson Memorial Hospital since January, the victim of an automobile accident. It is a pretty lonesome business trying to get well in a strange land with no friends or family to pop in to see how you do. Why not pay him a call or send him a line? It certainly would be appreciated. Also one of our Georgia students, Donald Walden, is in Jackson Memorial with a broken leg and would like some things to read.

“JOHN” (Clyde William) RID- DLE bids fair to be our most fluent Spanish speaking student. We saw him leaving for the weekend with three volumes of Spanish tucked under his arm. Mary Mitchell is willing to pinch-hit for Dr. De Valle any day he wants to take a vacation.

Mind Over Matter

Best story of the week comes out of the engine department, demonstrating the ascendancy of mind over matter. It seems that Mr. Bertram, trying to get an airplane into the building, found a box, in which a Wright motor had been shipped, in the way. Promptly he detailed six men to take the box outside. This they did with ease and acrobatics, lifting it over a two foot wall and placing it outside the building where it would no longer be in the way. The airplane was then brought in, and everything was set right until some time later, Mr. Brewer found his unit shy one Wright engine. Search brought out the fact that the missing engine was, and had been, in the box that the six men removed from the shop. To bring the box back down the two foot wall, and place it where it formerly stood, required the combined efforts of no less than twenty men, all of whom were completely exhausted at the end of the operation. You figure it out!

Give a Lift!

Many of us are lucky enough to have time in working condition, and still drive to work in the mornings. Often we stop along the way to pick up other employees whom we know. But how about the employees we pass up because we do not know them personally? Perhaps if everyone waiting on corners in the morning for the bus would wear his or her badge prominently displayed, and if those who drive would be on the alert for the blue or yellow card, it would make a happy situation.

What say you try it anyway? Give the Embry-Riddle ride a lift to work. Someday your tires may wear out, too!

Our thanks to Gertrude Bohres, whose good looks always arouse comment and whose good brain always excites admiration, for her patience and ability to digest and transcribe the already complete data on Embry-Riddle personnel for use in the “Fly Paper.”
POR FIN . . .

No es muy sorprendente de que por fin la aviación ha sido reconocida como la industria de mayor importancia actualmente. Esta proyección la hicimos hace muchos meses, cuando aun se nos discutía acabeladamente que el medio ambiente pudiese a un avión el hundir a un neocracado. Hoy los equívocos de entonces admiten esto como un hecho probado y consideran la aviación con mucho mayor respecto.

Lo que estámos pensando ahora y este mes no es tan lejano con el que será el futuro de esta grán industria. Nosotros vemos que no pasará mucho tiempo en que se verán aviones gigantes que transportarán cientos de pasajeros a la vez como ahora llevan decciones. Estos aviones del mañana no muy lejano despegarán, volarán y aterrizarán completamente por instrumentos y utilizarán las regiones de calma atmosférica constante de la estratosfera.

En el Resto de las Américas

An la América Latina el transporte aéreo dormirá por completo a todos los demás métodos de locomoción. Consideraremos afortunados a estas naciones hermanas pues si hasta ahora han sufrido por la carencia de carreteras y de vías ferreñas; cuya construcción y manutención es en extremo difícil. La adaptación del transporte aéreo se abordará estos grandes gastos, debido a que con una fracción del costo pueden utilizar el sistema más rápido, más siglo XX y que mas se adaptarse a la topografía del terrí-
reno de la mayoría de las repúblicas en este hemisferio. Para poder explotar una región rica en minerales y en valiosas materias crudas para la industria farmacéutica solo es menester enviar un grupo de hombres a la región que se desen trabajan. Esto se hará en la selva, nivela el terreno y recibe mas comestibles, equipo y herramientas por avión . . . Hoy hay aviones equipados con una puerta lateral que permite el carga-
ar un tractor completo . . . Se establece una base aérea, talleres, laboratorios, etc. y se comienza la labor de arrancar de la naturaleza los tesoros que esconde celosa en los rincones mas apartados. Después de procesados estos productos en el mismo lugar se envían por avión, cruzando vertiginosamente sobre los terrenos pantanosos, sobre las quebradas del suelo, sobre la vege-

ción nutrida que lo harían imposible hacer de otro modo. Esta es la manera en que los pueblos americanos van a obtener una firme economía doméstica, pues hasta ahora a la mayoría no les ha sido posible desarrollar su economía por la falta de transporte adecuado.

Este es el futuro seguro y la promesa cierta para aquellos que se preparan para entrar en esta gran industria. Fé y adelante y recorden que el mañana es suyo.

CORRESPONDENCIA DE NICARAGUA

Nos es muy grato el acusar recibo por este medio de una atenta carta escrita por el Comandante de la Fuerza Aérea G. N. de Nicaragua Capitán Sr. Guillermo Rivas Cuadra, a quien le hemos agradece- cido altamente sus bien escritas frases expresando sus buenos deseos y quedándonos a la recíproca por al en algo le podamos servir.

Muchas Gracias

Deseamos hacer presente por este medio nuestro agradecimiento al Sr. y a la Sra. E. W. Gorham por las atenciones prestadas el pasado fin de semana a los cedentes Francisco Jordán Mirich, de la Argentina y Walter Zabalaga de Bolivia. Ambos han quedado altamente satisfechos por la gentileza y finura del matrimonio Gorham y no hay duda alguna de que invitaciones de esta naturaleza son de gran fuerza efec- tiva para crear un mayor y mejor entendimiento entre los ciudadanos de este hemisferio.

Ciuidero Chico

Tech School, Miami—Proving that others besides angels have wings is this intimate shop picture of Chief Aircraft Instructor, Jim McShane, showing some of the students how to build ribs and assembly wing sections. The student pictured in the foreground are, left to right, C. Coursey, Jose A. de Aman, Instructor McShane and Federico Zerres.

THE CRACKER BOX

By and For the Gauja Boys

The newcomers to our Group are Mr. A. B. Smith from Worrington, Ga.; Mr. J. D. Medows from Dalton, Ga.; Mr. Donald Walden from Dalton, Ga.; Mr. Daniel McRan from Eastman, Ga., and Mr. Frank Gittis from Atlanta, Ga. We wish these boys success and hope they enjoy their stay in Miami.

Believe it or not, a man from Georgia can hold 15 pool balls and also the cue ball in one hand. This has Ripley’s man beat.

Big Stuff

A certain fellow from Georgia who likes to fish a lot went out Sunday to try his luck. When he returned he was asked how he had done, to which he replied, “Fine, caught two about three inches long and several small ones.”

Things ’N Stuff

The pride of Georgia from Au-
gustina joined the social party in the Deam’, and SUFFERED!

Mr. Morris is thinking of moving downtown so he won’t have to sign in after three o’clock in the mor-
ing!

The most enjoyable game the Georgia boys had had was cut out by one of the officials. They are hoping it can be re-arranged so the game can carry on.

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

By Betty Hair

-Laugh of the Week

Laugh of the week is on Pat Werder, the new instructor, and Harold Greene her student. They were the first from Municipal to be fined at Seminole Airport. It seems that Pat went the wrong way around the field and when the plane rolled to a beautiful stop, a nice little man, with a tin cup, commonly referred to as a penny bank, approached Pat requesting a quarter. Pat being all women, (what am I saying!) didn’t have any change, Therefore, Hal Greene had to pay! Its the man who pays and pays!

Congratulations

Carlton Baumgardner passed his Private flight test on April 11th, and as the usual custom, he set everyone up to a coke. Kinda like this new system of students buying everyone cokes. Amazing the money you can save with some- one else paying for the things!

Also Cecil Corriff passed flight test for his instructors rating April 11th, usual custom of cokes following.

Gardner Royce still boasts about his son’s flying ability and we know he isn’t just talking through it. Gardner, Sr., can fly as good as the best—but how can he keep from being good with Gardner Royce, Sr., as a father!

Congratulations are in order for Jerry Cook who passed his instruc-
tor flight test. Jerry is one of the hard workers who are still passing through all the phases of Civilian Pilot training. He is slated to start working for Embry-Riddle very shortly and we will be proud to have such a swell fellow among our flight in-
structors. The other five boys on the Cross Country Course are to take their flight tests for instructor ratings very shortly.

Things and Stuff

Another member has been added to the flight instructor personnel—none other than Patrick Whitter—but to be a secondary flight instructor and from all reports he is plenty good.

Gene Williams will take the fatal step some time this week—that of going up for his flight test for that much sought after instructors rating. Good luck Gene, according to L. F. Futur you won’t have a bit of trouble. He seems to think that you are plenty good.

Secondary C. P. T. boys are still taxying after landing with flaps down, you know what that means fellows—if you don’t want to be broke all the time from having to buy cokes put those flaps up!

Newest addition to the office force in the person of very charming Betty Jo Beller—if you don’t think she is cute just ask Red Print.

The C. P. T. program is really going strong now with most of the Elementary boys out of the first stage, and eleven Secondary boys in the second stage.
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Bill Jacobs, Jennie Drayborough, Paul Prior, Mickey Lightholder, Tubby Owens, Kenny Berry, Neiva Paron, Ray Denton, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin and Ralph Thyng, Associate Editors.

Man of the Week

Our nominee for the Man of the Week in this issue, is FLETCHER GARDNER, Chief Accountant at this field.

"Fletch," as he is usually called, was born January 31, 1907, in Auburn, N. Y. His schooling was taken at various places in the East, until he left college, when he started and graduated from Princeton University.

He then was in various citrus businesses, until 1930, when he served seven years as Cost Accountant and Sales Manager in the State of Florida. From 1937 to 1940, Fletch was in the citrus brokerage business, and in July of 1940 he became connected with the Embry-Riddle Company.

Mr. Gardner was married in 1931 to Edna Earnest, who died in 1935. He married Elizabeth Ellis in 1939. Fletch is the father of three children, Mary Niven, who is 16, Eleanor Beth, age 8, and Fletcher, Jr., seven months old.

He has an excellent reputation as an accountant and is particularly noted for his consideration of all the many minor details that come before him each day.

For recreation, he likes to play tennis and is now learning to fly. Below is the photo of our Man of the Week, Fletcher Gardner.

A Dissertation on the Ancient Art of Not Observing Correct Traffic Patterns

by Wun Hoo Nose

Confidentially, this very fine bit of nonsense was written by A. E. Storey, Cadet from Course V, Base.—Very good, Mr. Storey.

On this station, No. 5, B.F.T.S., which is approximately seven miles as the crow flies west from out of Clewiston and nine miles as the P.T. flies in no particular direction from the aforementioned Clewiston, aviators have evolved, airmen, for the use of, a series, long and involved, of surprisingly intricate rules and regulations concerning the approach and entry of the aforesaid field, of certain divers mechanical contrivances known only to man as a Stearman P.T. 17 R. 370/5, complete and unabridged beyond all recognition.

Ornithologists have observed, as the well-earned fruit of many years of research, that winged creatures, known to the ancient Romans as "aves" (pronounced aooez), and to the English speaking peoples (a populace of some several billions) throughout the whole entire world have this phenomenal ability to alight from flight on any given direction, whether premeditated or otherwise, immediately. However these miraculous, man-made monsters, commonly known as aeroplanes, are made ever to approach a field in any direction other than the one in which it is desired to land.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, as I shall show later in my treatise, the powers that be have decreed that some semblance of order shall be made to accommodate the landing at one time of more than one aeroplane, and have drawn up a series of pamphlets which depict what are known as Traffic Patterns, of which there are eight.

Upon one momentous occasion this wretched, illegitimate scribe failed to observe one such traffic pattern, namely that which he called Two or North-East. Due to certain unusual circumstances this pattern which should have been left-handed or southpaw, was right-handed or northpaw. Hence, upon landing, this scribe was greeted most profusely and the blessing of a 300-word theme was bestowed upon his humble head.

This descible, therefore finds this moral applicable: Confucius he say, "Better to conform to Traffic Pattern than write theme."

Reference to any character now dead is unintentional and is only coincidental; apologies will be made if a stamped envelop is sent to the author (W.H.N.)

Tamam Shud, So Be It.

AMEN.

—K.O. for Tokyo—

The Colony "TRADITION"

When an R.A.F. Cadet comes to Clewiston for training, one of his first desires is to visit Miami—a city about which he has heard much. But, there are several points he will be interested in planning a trip to this gay metropolis. It would be the expense of the trip that is the major item to be considered, for while an R.A.F. Cadet does draw his pay every fortnight, it isn't a fabulous sum (voices of Cadets agreeing). A ride to and from Miami is not too great an obstacle, even though hitching is still not legal (voices again agree). So, the big item is a place to stay and make headquarters while in Miami.

One man, who was born in England himself, who has been in this country for 10 to 15 years, sensed this situation—this man was in a position to do something about it, and DID do something about it. By now, you know that I am referring to Syd Burrows, who, as manager of the Colony Hotel on the Beach, gave his best rooms, at cost price, not only to the R.A.F., but to employees of Embry-Riddle, as well. His generosity did not stop at this very gracious accommodation—the Colony became the home for the Cadets while in Miami. Then Syd has done thousands of favors for hundreds of Cadets—things like driving back to Clewiston to take some unfortunate who failed to hitch a ride—arranging dates—lending a fellow a "couple of bucks"—giving directions, etc. And speaking for these hundreds of Cadets and many other persons who have enjoyed this hospitality, let me say to you, Syd Burrows, that you are the best friend of the R.A.F. in the United States, and that your generosity is appreciated more than you will ever know.

Now, the United States Government has decreed it necessary to use the Colony Hotel as barracks for the troops to be stationed in this area. Consequently, the Miami home for the R.A.F. and Embry-Riddle employees is no more. It also means that Syd Burrows will not be with the Colony any longer.

Therefore, another situation is apparent. We hope that someone else will see this situation—someone who is in a position to do some-thing about it, and someone who will do something about it.

"BYE BYE COLONY"

MIAMI BEACH—Sad news to the Clewiston Cadets and many members of the Embry-Riddle family is the fact that the U.S. Army has taken over the Colony Hotel for some of the soldiers in training at Miami Beach. We present herewith a night picture of the Colony, taken before blackout was instituted, in order that our out-of-state readers and friends in England can see what a charming place "Our Gang" had in which to spend their weekends.

However, all is not lost! Sid Burrows just called to tell us that he has arranged for the "Colony Tradition" to be carried on at the METROPOLE HOTEL, 635 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, just one block south and east of the Colony. The same prices will prevail for R.A.F.F Cadets and Embry-Riddle personnel, and our old friend, Sid, will be there Saturday afternoon to welcome you in. So will we.

ODE

A ground loop I have never done
A flying Ace I am:
I've talked of flying since the day
I first left mother's pram.
At Immelman's I'm excellent
At snap rolls I am bright;
But best of all I like to do
Prolonged inverted flight.
To fly at night is my delight
By now I'm pretty hot,
But do you know, on Wednesday night
I nearly overshot!
It was the Flight Commander's fault.
The flare path wasn't straight
And whizzing in to land, I found
I'd flattened out too late!
I don't like shooting lines,
of course,
That's clearly understood;
But when it comes to flying,
I'm really rather good
By now you wonder who I am
I'll tell you (you can't blame me)
At Riddle Field my pseudonym
Is Superman.—or Amy.

Anonymous

Please turn over leaf.
Bagpipes Beneath the Palms

That title may sound a little confusing, but we hope the particulars that follow will explain it:

One Sunday afternoon about three weeks ago, we happened to be at the Field going to the Canton, when suddenly there came the sound of a bagpipe. Investigating, we found James "Jock" Birrell, a Course VII ladie from Glasgow, Scotland, giving a demonstration of the art of blowing the bagpipes. It was nice job he was doing too, and after talking with Jinnie he consented to wear his kilt and let us have a picture. So, below you see a Scotsman in kilts playing his bagpipe beneath the palm trees in sunny (?) Florida.

After this picture was snapped, a few other Scotsmen decided to stage a Scottish dance, so with the aid of some of their English buddies, and with Jock supplying the music, we caught the following scene:

In talking with some of the Scottish gents, we were surprised to learn some of the facts about their famous kilts. To begin with, the design on the kilt denotes the clan to which the wearer belongs. Birrell's kilt is that of the Hunting Scott clan. Next, we discovered that the kilt is made of hard-woven Scotch spun wool and more than 10 yards of material go into its makeup. Then, the cost is shocking—the current cost is $50 and the price ranges from $30 to $150, but this high cost is offset by the fact that they wear from 10 to 12 years. In fact, the kilts Jock is wearing is now six years old and is as good as new.

Cadet Chatter

What Cadet in Blue Flight was seen throwing his cap in the air and expressing extreme happiness after leaving the Admin. Bldg. one day last week?

Blue Flight definitely established themselves as being the top ranking soccer team, after defeating the Yellow Flight 2-0 in a well-played game last Thursday evening.

Question and Answer Department: Question—Why does Course Commander Tom Rowland of Yellow Flight spend so many weekends in Moore Haven? Answer—A certain lovely creature by the name (note: see Mr. Rowland for exact details).

Red Flight has been quite busy the past week with Wings exams, night flying, etc., but now, if their flying time is finished as per schedule, the week's leave is coming up. Consequently, rumor hath it that Miami and West Palm Beach have added an extra Corps of Police for that week.

Albert Charlesworth (Red Flight), G. R. Thomas and F. F. Thomas (Blue Flight) and Ted Taylor (Green Flight) were confined to the Infirmary last week.

Personal Prettles

George "Wieh" Meyer, Maintenance Clerk, is organizing a softball team among the Maintenance crew. We also understand that the Pilots are seriously considering the organization of a softball team. Two more teams and a league could be formed.

Pat McGehee, Link Instructor, says the "ceiling was very low" after having sat upon the spot his chair was supposed to have been.

We were very glad to hear from the former Riddle Field Editor, Frank Deregibus, last week. Frank is at Brady, Texas, and says "tell all my friends hello." Glad to hear from you, Frank—good luck, and write again.

P.S.—We are giving "Strathbymia" a well-earned vacation this week, but he'll be back with us in the next issue.

—Keep 'Em Flying—

A NOTE from Dick Hess, formerly Main Office accountant, tells us that he is doing well in the Air Corps and hopes to be assigned to Dorr or Carlstrom Field for his primary training. Dick's address, A/C Hess, R. J., Sqd. Group 3, Maxwell Field, Alabama.

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Holber, Editor

WELCOME!

A very pleasant surprise to all here at Carlstrom was the visit of Lieutenant-Colonel STANLEY J. DONOVAN Sunday and Monday. It has been about a year since this man left this field, where he had been our Commanding Officer since Carlstrom's rebirth, as a Captain, to join the Chief of Air Staff forces in Washington, D. C. A graduate of West Point and Randolph and Kelly Fields, the man, as is evidenced by his rather rapid rise in the administrative forces of the Air Corps.

One of the finest pilots in the country, as well as a perfect personification of the real officer-gentleman combination, Lt-Col. Donovan's departure was mourned deeply by all who had the pleasure of working with or for him; indeed, he hated very much to leave, himself, because his heart and soul were all in Cadet Training—partly of the type given at both Carlstrom Field. So it is with sincere delight that we welcome our first C. O. back to the place he helped to make what it is today.

R.A. I. Grad Flies MacArthur!

Of special interest to all members of 41-H, Carlstrom's first class, is the news Lt-Col. Donovan brings of Roy Carruthers—one of those first Cadets. Roy was washed out for flying deficiency, but went into navigation school. Not very long ago, Lieutenant Carruthers was the top pilot in the plane that flew to General MacArthur to Australia! Congratulations, Roy, and the best of luck in everything. The KEEP 'EM FLYING spirit!

More Congratulations!

Although we ran quite a bouquet-throwing column last week, we have yet more of the same job to do. We congratulate CAPTAINS Leslie Richardson and Charles Breeding on their promotions from First Lieutenants the early part of last week. Captain Richardson is our Commandant of Cadets, and Captain Breeding our Engineering Officer. There are now more silver bars floating around here than you could find in an Army-Navy insignia store.

Another Pilot's Club Dance

Was held Saturday night, and it was even bigger since it was the last one. So many turned out for this one that we ran short of chairs, and had to use empty soft-drink cases for seats at the tables.

It seemed that everyone of any account at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields was present. Again, Buddy Bock's orchestra kept the five jumping!

In the company of Sammy and Dorothy Hottle, Kenny and Mary Alice Brugh, and Jack and Jean O'Brien, our date and ourself sailed forth into an atmosphere throbbing with rhythm and noise by with funmaking. The sky was the limit, for we had two momentous occasions to celebrate. One was Joe Horton's birthday, and we must say that Joe was actively proving that being "over 21" hasn't slowed him down a bit; he slid back and forth over the polished hardwood like a new end-wrench across a hangar floor. The second reason for merry-making was the 25th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Sid Phuger's wedding. This deserves special notice, because no woman can live with that guy 25 years ought to get a rubber medal for stretching a lot of points. While his misus sat graciously receiving the good wishes of all present, Sid sat hazy out with Mrs. Jack Hunt in a combination boogie-woogie, jitterbug, and Virginia reel that defied description or imitation. Those who paid ticket-taker Valerie Eckart (hobby George was flying) got more than they expected for their bucks, we bet.

Still displaying a delicate grace that belied their powerful physiques, Joe Woodward and Larry Walden skidded about with Carmen Mizell and Jean Treadwell, respectively, under the critical eyes of Gordon Mougey and Howard Wade—the Masters. Although we missed jovial Len Povye (away in Tennessee on business) we were honored by the presence of his lovely wife, Edie, who had her hands full playing hostess to everybody. Dignitaries like Mr. and Mrs. Nate Reeves and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gates contributed their talents to the art of Swiss cheese, along with the more flamboyant Doug and Mrs. Fowler and Clete and Mrs. Huff. Alec Hayes was busy introducing his wife of a few weeks to all and sundry (including us) and Vee Dudley singled us out for leaving the Women's Club out of print. It looks as if we have got to learn bridge to learn the gossip that goes with it. The warm evening seemed to cause perspiring Sterling Camden little discomfort; the same must
be also said for Captain George Ola, who maintained his cool, immaculate appearance with Ruth Pemberton throughout the evening. For the last word in Dancing Relaxation, we recommend Mr. and Mrs. Hub McAnley; Bob Boyle is their staunchest supporter. Tex Kuykendall and Tater Davis were gliding around with what looked like more than a professional interest in each other.

Our table was honored by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Dixon, Sr., parents of Paul Junior, the navigation wizard. His folks are a couple of swell people, and it was a distinct pleasure to show them around Carlstrom Field the next day. It was their first meeting with Betty Clements, Paul's intended, and she looked like an entirely favorable set-up.

Citing the quiet attitudes of Boots Franz and Frank Thoman, we were advised that both these gentlemen had peculiar streaks in them that certain circumstances would bring out. Toward the end of the dance we saw those circumstances—the boys really gave out. During the course of the evening we also found out that Jean O'Brien is one of Robert Benchley's regulars. The man had to personally convince her his movie shorts were good.

As usual, everyone had a wonderful time, and we look forward to the next one with eager anticipation.

No "Henners"—That's Home!

We must print here a deeply sincere apology. We have just been told that the "hamburger drive-in" we referred to in last week's issue that Instructor C. H. Ball is building is not an eatery at all, but a summer cabin. Well, it just goes to show you that if you are as ignorant of architecture as we are, you shouldn't take other instructor's words for anything. Sorry.

Things and Stuff

Mary Francis Beverly, our beautiful front office brunette, has just returned from a trip through Georgia where she was visiting Lieut. Billy Gunter. Also just returning from a vacation in his native Texas is Sgt. "Reds" White. Both look like they had an enjoyable time of it.

The past week also saw a visit by our beloved boss, John Paul Riddle, himself. Over here on business, as usual, his stay was all too short and many of the gang didn't even know he was around. Something different in bosses, isn't it? We have just been advised by Nate Reece that the swimming pool will be made available to the civilian personnel of Carlstrom every morning up until 11:00 A.M. and every afternoon after 6:00 P.M. On Sundays, an extra period from 3:00 to 4:00 P.M. will be added.

THE FLIGHT LINE

By Tom Taylor

Well, here goes another session. The way we have been moving around this place recently, it's just about all I can do to get out a couple of lines per week.

First of All

There was a promotion at this place that wasn't even mentioned and it really should have a complete issue devoted to it. Our own "Curley" Brinton; stage commander and Teller of Tales has done a job and got his self promoted to Assistant Director of Flying and in addition to this he will continue with his duties as Stage Commander. I'm telling you guys here and now—we'll never get that Tee closed on rainy days now. Congratulations and all that sort of stuff, Roscoe, the "Powers That Be" couldn't have made a better choice and every one on the line is tickled into a little pink "Tizzy" that things took place as they did.

My editor, (J. Hobler) whom I never seem to meet, got the shower of promotions that hit this place. Heck, everybody is a Captain now. We never see Jack Hunt around the place anymore, now that he has taken off to his new headquarters in the front office. It is believed that the strain of watching the increased traffic out of the operations window was getting too much for Jack, you gotta be tough to take this stuff.

Yeah, and here's something else! "Curley" is having green paint homergers watching a lot of the Cadets (and instructors) making grass TEE take-offs. See what WE can do about it, fellers!

Seen Floating Around the Line

When we got the chance to look.

Johnny Ayala counting up his bonds. Clete Huff dangling over to scare H- out of some Cadets on close rides. (Incidently it has been said that Mr. Huff is the Villiest man!) How about it, Clete, do you agree or shall we get confirmation from Mrs. Huff? We also notice that ol' man Poynter is still keeping his 'chute in our ready room. The guy won't believe we ditched him. The gent with the very sleepy appearance is Jim Parrot who, it is said, gets all of one hours sleep between day and night flying. (Poor old 122!) Then we also noted that Andy Minichello was getting educated. He was just worrying the dickens out of Linn Stitle about instruments and instrument aviation. Boots Franz was also asking Linn's advice as to the advisability of putting instruments in the Culver. What for? Roots? The durn thing is always in the corner!

I think "Flywheel" Jones removed most of your ship when he was doing all that work on his a short time ago.

Well, I hear the call of B.A.I. singing in the night, so I just gotta get gone—got Cadets waitin'—so I'll be seeing you.

"CADET READY ROOM," FRESH AIR STYIE

CARLSTROM FIELD—With the advent of Spring weather in Florida, it is amazing how fast the Cadets abandoned their inside Ready Room for the more desirable lee side of an instructor's car on the flight line. Shown above are some of our Air Corps Flight Students waiting their turn in the air.

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

By Janet Mayhew

(Substituting for Ad Thompson)

Walked in on Ad last Tuesday and listened to him on the phone as he explained to Editor Belland's secretary that the reason he never sent in any news to the "Fly Paper" was because he didn't have a secretary of his own.

That's where I stepped in and took the job over, although getting news out of Ad and Percy Whinery was pretty difficult. Here it is in condensed form:

C. E. MILLER is working for a Private ticket.

PAT CACCAVELLA is working for his Commercial.

STEWARD "BUDDY" COHEN is flying at the Seaplane Base again while working at the Army Air Corps officers training center on the Beach.

DONALD HILL is brushing up here before going into the Army Air Corps.

CORINNE PHILLIPS is working on her Private Pilot's license.

CHARLOTTE KAYSER soloed this week in eight hours flat for which Ad wants a little credit, but we'll ignore him.

RAY JENNINGS has received his Commercial Seaplane rating on the Skimmer Barracuda."

Poem To Nature

Embry-Riddle seaplane base
Is definitely just the place
For sitting around taking it slow
And watching the 30-mile winds blow.

Now don't expect to go up and fly,'Cause brother that wind is plenty high
And until the weather does get better
You won't be a flyer, you'll just be a setter.

"Be Alive When You Arrive"

AIR CORPS ANNOUNCES PROMOTIONS AT DORR

The following promotions have been announced by the War Department for the Army Personnel stationed at Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida, Primary Training School for the Army Air Forces:

First Lieut. W. S. Boyd to Captain;
First Lieut. C. S. Bentley to Captain;
First Lieut. J. L. Curnutt to Captain;
Second Lieut. D. H. Phillip to First Lieut.;
Technical Sergeant G. M. Mink to Master Sergeant;
Technical Sergeant J. J. Enigh to Master Sergeant;
Staff Sergeant C. L. Blackwell to Technical Sergeant;
Staff Sergeant D. W. Williams to Technical Sergeant and Corporal Victor Messina to Sergeant.
TRACK MEET
Continued From Page 1
Broad Jump—Hawley (Yellow) first, 18 feet 11 inches; Bateman (Red) second, 16 feet 7 inches; Thomas (Green) third, 16 feet 5 inches.
Mile Relay—Yellow, first (Salpe, Martin, Hawley, Butler); Red, second (Bateman, Mallinson, Abbey, Epton-Jones). 1:50.
Obstacle Race—Yellow, first.
High Jump—Lean (Green), first, 5 feet; Epton-Jones (Red), Clark (Yellow, Tufnell (Yellow) and Williams (Green) tied for second, 4 feet 11 inches.
440-yard Dash—Hawley (Yellow) first; Orman (Yellow) second; Williams (Green) third; 1:01½.
Tug-of-War—Blue, first (Leslie, Hollis, Hughton, Beard, Browne, Chesterfield, Ball, Feeney); Yellow, second (Finlay, Young, Fee, Thorp, Shingleton-Smith, Sharp, Murphy, Rowland).
STARTERS were W/C K. J. Rampling and S/L G. Burdick. JUDGES were G. W. Tyson, J. W. Darden, E. J. Smith and F. Hanziker. CLERK OF COURSE was F/L G. W. Nickerson. TIME-KEEPERS were C. J. Hopkins and C. Owens. STEWARDS were L.A. C. Cox, L.A.C. Morgan and L.A.C. Shingleton-Smith.

SOLDIER STUFF
by "The Boys"
Mohbed Again
Once again our roster got the works when the new men from Macon and Duncan arrived Sunday. Good luck in your courses, fellows. You're sure going to like Miami and it also sure is nice to see that there are a few privates left in this man's army.
Say, how did you boys like the football game at the Orange Bowl? The score was a sad story, but oh, that majorette!! On behalf of the soldiers, I would like to thank those men responsible for the accommodations for the men in uniform at this game. It was swell, as was the response the boys received from the Miami U. rooters.

Church Services at School
A lot of you soldiers were a little discouraged at your inability to attend church services on Sundays. Well, through the efforts of the Riddle School, these Sunday Services have now been made possible right at your own post; so let's see a real turn out. You asked for it, they got it for you, now show how much you really wanted it!

Dishin' the Dirt
I know you boys like dirt—well I do too! However, you must remember that this is an army organization. Also, my fine friends, coincidentally, I happen to be in possession of the chimney stack—extremely susceptible to a left hook so bear with me and I'll try to "give" without committing slander—and how can I overlook our favorite soldier, poor Mr. Metaefle. It looks as though he'll spend his "duration plus 6" C'lining for the school. Well, it's up to him, I say. —We have two new names to add to our list of versatile soldiers:
1. Did you ever hear "Crooner" Maguire magnificently mutter magni-eloquent, melancholy melodies? No? You sho' am missin' a powerful lot. Perhaps then you have had the good fortune to witness "hips" Rains render forth at random, while reveling raillery, a ravens, raging, rapid, rigamore review of rythmic rhumbras. Yes? Not bad, eh? Personally, at the moment which an exclaimed to believe that it is question-able whether or not their achievements should be attributed entirely to their (ahem) capabil-ities. Methinks last Saturday's ex-hibitions were exerted through en-thusiasm of a strong uno's force. Say, Ross, how's your back?

Goofy Golf!
I went down to the Miami Biltmore golf course to play a round and am wondering if any of you fellows could tell me what a good score is. How's 144 for 18 holes?

I did pretty good though. Only lost five balls but made a hole in one in every darn puddle in the joint—You should see ole "coo-chie woogie" Pisciotto play around the course in a pair of soaked pants as a result of a "fishing" party. He did manage to recover a couple of balls though. Heaven knows whose they were!

"Two-bits-a-hole" Kraus cleaned up while shooting a terrific 118—and was he ripping (professional style)!! Well privates, that's it for now except to add that the tenants of "Red Square" are very grateful to you for quieting down.

P.S. The Accounting Department made a grand gesture of patriotism Tuesday afternoon. They let the Main Office win the softball game by a small margin (29 to 12) in order that the Army boys wouldn't have an inferiority complex. You see, the Ordway boys had to run in an Army Cadet as pitcher, so what could we do? Besides, our star pitcher, Miller, had a terrific sprain in his arm, but he masterfully stuck it out. However, next time, Army or no Army, we'll guarantee the Bookies will book the biggest score. 'Course, Hawes, Grindell and some of the others, namely "Stoop" Grif- fiths, may have to improve a bit, but it can and will be done! Watch out, Lambe!

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