Tech Talk
by Burton & Burton Co., Inc.

Rationing Hits Embry-Riddle
Our "coko" supply has been practically cut in half and it is the most disconcerting feeling to know that your "second wind" of the day is not forthcoming. Particularly is it disolating to see the clerk take out a frosty "coko" and when you ask for it be informed it is especially reserved for Mr. Peter Ordway. No caste system in the democracies?

Popularity
The indisposition or "strep" throat suffered by Alolpho Antonio Montero caused Nurse Betty McShane no end of trouble. Not that he was a bad patient, but the attentions showered upon him by his feminine friends was not what Betty wanted in an isolation case.

Arrivals
A new runner, Dean Ross, has taken the place of our old faithful, Charlie Shepherd, who is now in the Sheet-Metal Stock Room. A new elevator operator, Raymond Farmer, has taken the place of the new operator, Rollin H. Savage, who last week, who is now out at the front gate. We certainly do wear out our elevator operators in a hurry!

Fraud!
Virgil Kittrell and Howard Beazel are now selling subscriptions to the Fly Paper to any unwary newcomers. The Better Business Bureau says to watch out for these slick con men.

Changes
Elizabeth Hirsch has left her Hollywood home for a Northwest Miami address. No doubt to be nearer her beloved work? Harvey Richter's departure for Tallahassee will be a great loss to his many good friends and well wishers. Pauline Baker has transferred to Insurance Department and her position as secretary to Mr. Hiss, Cafeteria, has been filled by Miss Sarah Rhamstine. Beautiful little Annette Hollingsworth, Bill Gracey and Mayme Fielder. Following the wedding, a "bang-up" reception was held at the Hobler's new home, 90 West Granger Street, with refreshments by Dixon and music by Grant Baker's phonograph.

Quoting from Jack's letter about the event, we further learn that the "honeymoon" was spent by him in classes of "Cadets vs. Engines, amid a shower of rice, lima beans, peas and cracker corn, while Carolyn honeymooned with a broughm and dust pan, cleaning up the mess the boys left. Oh, Me!" Well, we still say, congrats, and all good luck to you!

--"Keep 'Em Flying"--

It's Mr. and Mrs. Now!
No longer do those sweet nothings flow from the nimble lips of Mr. Jack Hobler, for the benefit of all and sundry good looking girls from Miami to Arcadia...and all points North, South, East and West..."tis all reserved for Carolyn Hendry, er, that is, we mean "the Mrs." You see, finally happened, Jack and Carolyn got married...last Saturday evening, St. Paul's Rectory at Arcadia, with Father Doyle officiating.

Well, well, kids, congratulations to you from all of us!

Covering the evening in detail, we find that Bob Boyle and Max Zimmerman, Carlstrom and Dorr Flight Instructors, acted as witnesses, while the guests included Carolyn's mother, Paul Dixon, Betty Clements, Paul Debor, Bob Watts, Mark Ball, Wayne Martin, Louise Davis, Anetta Hollingsworth, Bill Gracey and Mayme Fielder. Following the reception was held at the Hoblers' new home, 90 West Granger Street, with refreshments by Dixon and music by Grant Baker's phonograph.

Quoting from Jack's letter about the event, we further learn that the "honeymoon" was spent by him in classes of "Cadets vs. Engines, amid a shower of rice, lima beans, peas and cracker corn, while Carolyn honeymooned with a broughm and dust pan, cleaning up the mess the boys left. Oh, Me!"

Well, we still say, congrats, and all good luck to you!

Next School Party
Midnight Supper Dance at the
MacFadden Deauville
Miami Beach
Saturday, April 25th
Dancing on the Clipper Deck
9 to 1
Supper from 12 to 1
Tickets $1.00 drag or stag
Ladies Admitted Free
**TECH TALK**

Cont. from page 1

Jennie Mickel, Accounting Department, appeared with a new summer coiffure (shorter and cooder) which is so becoming it is rapidly creating the fashion at School.

**PERSONALS**

At a recent soft-ball game the reserved, dignified and shy Mr. Truman (Altitude) Giles convinced spectators with his inarticulate strip-lease. A trouser leg was torn off at the knee and his shirt ripped down the back, but "Skinny," blushing modestly, played on to the finish, thereby, covering himself with glory in lieu of clothing.

Mary Mitchell and her charming husband fell heir to a sail boat and Mary says her nites and week-ends are spent scraping barnacles, but she generously promises sailing trips when the job is done.

Jim McShane, too enterprising a gentleman to be satisfied with text-weeks written by others, appears to be writing one of his own which Peggy Cates is typing. She should have name on the title page as co-author of this great masterpiece, as she is so fascinated by the contents she goes around talking about Archimedes, the law of buoyancy and other scientific matters foreign to her nature.

**VISITORS**


**REFRESHMENTS**

Our new Canteen under the supervision of Peggy Masserdotte, assisted by Beatrice Sawyer, opened this week. It looks so inviting we feel certain they will have to enlarge it each week they do business.

**LIBRARY NOTES**

Jack Stewart, Aircraft, has voluntarily taken over the position of Assistant Librarian and is equally good at the charging desk or reference work.

"It's Nice to Be Nice"

De Mejico

Nos escribe de Mejico una fia que nos ha impresionado mucho, Gabriela Alarcón Morali, quien está muy interesada en recibir instrucción de aviación en este plantel y a quien hemos quedado altamente agraciados por sus amables frases. Nos agrada ver que está recibiendo nuestra publica que es un honor para todos los que la conocen. Esta es una de los mejores del mundo y para los que la conocen.

**LETTER OF THE WEEK**

Still keeping Ye Editor happy is the increasing number of letters being received from our readers in England. Last week we received two letters, and will present one here, and the other next week. Incidentally, don't forget that the FLY PAPER will be sent free of charge to anyone, anywhere in the world... just send the name and address, plainly printed, to The Editor, Embry-Riddle Co., P. O. Box 668, Miami, Florida.

Letter from England

to the Editor:

Dear Sir:

What a thrill you gave us on Feb. 25th, last, when your "Fly Paper" fell out of our letter box! Thank you very much for the same.

You brought our son very near when we opened it to find a group portrait of our boys. At first, we thought our son had a "double" in Class 2, but later learned that an error had been made and the group was Class 5.

Words fail to convey how grateful we feel to your country and its citizens for the many kindnesses shown to our boys! Particularly do we our grateful thanks go out to your staff for the brilliant idea of keeping us in touch by means of your publication. Up to the moment of writing, we have received from our readers several of the R.A.F. Cadets each week-end. It all began when Mrs. Hubbard found four Cadets "lost" in Palm Beach some time ago. Picking them up, she took them home, arranged dinner for them, got them dates and otherwise planned an enjoyable week-end... and when they left, she asked that they send down four other Cadets on the next week-end, a custom which has been followed every since.

The four Cadets who were Mrs. Hubbard's guests this week were Wright, Jones, Williams and Sandiers.
ACCOUNT FROM ACCOUNTING

Dear Mom:

"The time has come, the walrus said—
Yea, there's a lot brewing this week. The rivalry between the Main Office softball team and the Accounting team is running hot and heavy. Betting seems to be about even, but as Bob says, the Main Office boys always do things "the Ordway," so odds don't mean a thing. The Accounting Department is a cinch to win. Why?

You should have seen them in action out back of the Coliseum. Miller pitches a mean ball, Hillstead really snags 'em out of the air, and you can't steal a base on Bowen, because his catcher-to-second peg is greased lightning. Havens looks good in action, and that's not just quitin'. The rest of the boys come from Auditing, Stockroom, and what not, but we're afraid the big league may snap them up if I mention them in here.

Seems that Madge Kessler came to work without her eyebrows the other morning. She almost had to identify herself along with Griffiths and Aubberger, who had their eyes lowered. Aubberger also let us in on a little secret. He is a connoisseur of odd recipes, so if you have any trouble along that line, let me know, and I'll ask Walt for help. Jimney looks like she "growed up" with that new hair style and spike heels.

Saw Elizabeth of the Payroll Department with Lieut. Fots again. Getting pretty regular. Bowen's kids must have been pretty good this week, no news. Competition for the title of Dear Mom is running neck and neck, so 'g'bye now.

"ANANAMUS"

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

POSTCARD from Dick Livingston, 28th School Squadron Flight D, U.S. Air Corp, Jefferson Baracks, Mo., who sends regards to all.

Tech Graduate Bob Martin is now with Douglas Aircraft. His address is 2725 East Second St., Long Beach, Calif.

DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN

Ed Morey, Editor
A/C J. W. Warren and L. M. Foster, Associate Editors

CONTRAST

by a Cadet

A couple of years ago we drove along the highways and by-ways of Florida; among other places, we rode past Dorr Field. Having heard a kindly veteran tell of training received there we stopped for a few minutes—image our disillusioned expressions to see shallow pools of stagnant water surrounded by water-grass and then further enclosed by palmetto, both large and small.

A Pretty Sorry Picture

Dismal! Well, rather! To add to this discouraging aspect, there was a lot of asphalt and concrete indicating buildings, drives and runways of the past—undoubtedly they received there we stopped for a few minutes—image our disillusioned expressions to see shallow pools of stagnant water surrounded by water-grass and then further enclosed by palmetto, both large and small.

A Poorly Picture

Dismal! Well, rather! To add to this discouraging aspect, there was a lot of asphalt and concrete indicating buildings, drives and runways of the past—undoubtedly they

NOTE...BEWARE!

The below pictured men are wanted for:

Murder; Arson, Sabotage, Empinage and Fuselage; Embezzlement;
Licking the red of baby's candy; and Senator Flusterating!
If apprehended, notify the Sheriffs of DeSota or Hardee Counties, the Department of Justice or shoot with water pistol on sight.

"Slag" Williams

"Smiley" Spence

Sounds kind of bad for our Dorr Field boys, doesn't it, kids . . . but don't worry too much. We just got a flash from the F.B.I. and learned that this all happened at the Hardee County Cucumber Festival . . . where everything goes and no questions asked!

CAROCTON OF THE WEEK

Cartoon honors this week go to Sunday's MIAMI HERALD, the picture showing OUR planes bombing Japan, and carrying the caption, "4,000 mile pleasure trip!"

Another neat piece of satire in the same paper showed "Musso" in his padded cell, with "Adolph" speaking to him very confidentially as follows, "Ja! Obviously YOU'RE crazy. We BOTH can't be Napoleon."

QUESTION OF THE WEEK

What's a "galloping breakfast"?

We hear that Mrs. Sid Plufer and Mrs. Clev Thompson gave a galloping breakfast for the benefit of the R.A.I. Red Cross sewing room. That kind of threw us for a while, but we presume that all the 35 Carlstrom and Dorr wives present went out to the Rodeo grounds and had breakfast astride some of the famous Arcadia horses. Sounds like fun!

caused by those three Sundees I consumed just before turning in last nite? No, for mother mentions it in the letter just received—she is worried that I am in such a horrible place—Boy! Just wait till she hears how the place really is NOW.

Determination Worked a Miracle!

First a fine job of leveling has been completed together with well planned drainage ditches, many connecting concrete walks laid or being poured; buildings for the performance of the duties of training, an Administration building for the officers in charge of training and for the R.A.I. personnel who are working faithfully to make this training possible; buildings for general housing and for recreation; tennis courts and a pool in the making, too, for further fun. All these built to last, to be a part of our future World and not just history for our children and theirs; buildings to withstand the chill breezes off the northern snowdrifts during a 'severe' season and yet to remain cool and sunny during the long Florida summer.

Then, too, there is the recent addition of many palms—greatly appreciated by all—even the lad who was frightened to discover the 20 foot palm just inside his window one morn when he "knew" there hadn't been one there before.

We can't delve so very far into the R.A.I. personnel of the Post. Space is short—time is short—we are here for such a limited period that when we begin to get an idea of the who and where of the many civilians (who hail from all sections of the Good Old U.S.A.—natives of Florida, California, New England, the Mid-West, Arkansas, Montana,—just name your choice), we'll resign our duties, but it's swell to be here! We're proud of Dorr Field—and determined to make Dorr Field proud of us!

Notes on the Dorr Dance

Thanks to Capt. Bentley, Lieut. Pinkert and Mr. Gates—the girls of Dorr Field finally gave that dance they have been promising the Cadets ever since the Canteen opened. Last Thursday night, the Canteen was well broken in by the dancing feet of Cadets and girls. There were well over 50 girls and we won't mention the number of boys, but there were enough to go around!

Thanks to the girls from Carlstrom for their fine cooperation.

Ask Betty B. about a certain "rescue squadron" that wasn't performing well Thursday night. Cadet E. E. Woodward might be

Please turn over!
able to add to this too.

If you saw any smoke coming up from the dance floor, that was "Peaches" Prevette dancing by. If you were close to the ladies in the building area, talked with several of the Cadets, stood by for Rest and in general had a full picture of the many little as well as large incidents which go into the molding of new Air Corps Cadets—and expressed appreciation of the fine group of young men in training here.

Mrs. Clapp and daughter motored over from St. Petersburg to spend the evening with Captain Clapp.

"Inside the Dorm"
By A/C J. W. Warren
Ready on the Firing Line:
Cadet Simeson getting ready for his final check and polishing up his maneuvers.
J. G. Painter all smiles, because he was first to finish in our class.
All Cadets reading their mail while awaiting their turn to fly and the mixed looks on their faces.
The many neat rows of planes that are lined up—all in their own places. The noise of the planes as they take off.
The careful tuxing of the Cadets as they ruberneck all over the place.
The "Meas" as they follow the planes from the flying line, carefully hold the wings.
Cadet Rothenberg "Up in the Sadle" after a check ride; plenty funny, huh, Rothenburg?
I Wonder Why
Sam Mitchell always holds the orders of the day as he does?
Art Riden likes to eat at the P.O. so often?
All of the boys suddenly started dating Arcadia girls?
We didn’t meet all these good-looking Arcadia girls sooner?
We quit going to Sarasota all at once?
Bob Harris is called "Goos"?
The wind is always so strong on the day when you take a check ride?
Cadet Puckett likes Kentucky so much?
All the Cadets kiss the villain and cheer the hero in our own theatre?
Theme Songs
State Dept.—"Song of India" F.B.I.—"Dancing With My Shadow"
Turn to Dorr Field, Page 8, Col. 1
"It's Nice to Be Nice"

Gene McCutchen, formerly Main Office runner and stock room clerk, is now in the Aircraft Armor School at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado.

DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
Philip A. de la Rosa, Editor

De la Embajada del Ecuador
Damos las gracias por este med­io al Sr. Colón Eloy Alfaro Em­bajador del Ecuador en Washing­ton, por la buena y pronta aten­ción del asunto personal del Sr. Octavio Icama Valverde, que se ha resuelto favorablemente para to­dos.

Aprovechamos la oportunidad para expresar nuestros deseos de que la mejora de su señora esposa sea pronto completa Oct­avo.

Vive el Rod & Rebel Club
Ayer domingo día 19 de Abril se celebró una fiesta en el Mathe­son Key donde asistieron la ma­yoría de los cadetes intermeni­canos. Fueron todos en omnibus hasta la Hibrichus Island y de allí embarcación en botones y camotes yache hasta el cayo, donde se celebró un "picnic." Hubo mucha alegría, mucha risa y enriqueció se estableció una franca camaradería entre todos los asistentes que confra­ternizaron con los cadetes. Hubo justas y juegos, los latinoameri­canos ganaron por arrastrar el tiro de la cuerda y el carton de cigar­illos como premio. Deseesos hacemos mencion especial a la caída al agua de Capote y Cia, quienes pi­saron el barco que no estaba allí y cayeron en el agua que sí estaba allí con el consiguiente remojón completamente vestidos; luego los apuros del navegador genoves al­mirante Bono quién a pesar de remar fuerte no salía de describir circulos y las parejas que fueron a recoger cocos entre los cecos­teros de dos años que todavía no les darán por mucho tiempo; hubo otros que salieron con su pareja con su pareja hacia la playa y perdieron el rumbo muy convenientemente muchos que fueron con el deseo de pescar y pescaron un cuadrúmano. La excursión tuvo un éxito maravilloso y nos ha to­rado el alto honor de agradecer todo a los miembros del Rod & Rebel Club, Inc. a la Pan American League y al Sr. Juan Pablo Riddle quien puso a nuestro disposición el servicio de omnius. Muchas gracias amigos y hasta pronto.

"Salvage Waste for Victory"—

ECUADORAINS FIND "HOME FOLKS"

On April 14, Latin-American stu­dents Pedro Flores, Fernando Na­ranjo and Octavio Icama V. of Ecu­ador, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nitola, Mrs. B. Betancourt and Mrs. J. Kaiser, of Miami, at the birthday party of their sis­ter, Dolores Betancourt, all of whom are Ecuadorians. Also at­tending were Mr. and Mrs. Clifton and Miss Jeanne Backius.

The evening was filled with a most interesting exchange of expe­riences and news from their home country and elimaxed by dances and Ecuadorian songs to the ac­companiment of the guitar. It was a most enjoyable occasion especially to the students to whom it was a short trip "back home."

"Waste Not, Want Not!"

Welcome back into the fold: J. M. Evans, who returns to the School as Superintendent of the Tech building.

"We Can Weld Anything But A Broken Heart"

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper "Stick To It"
April 23, 1942
April 23, 1942

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
By Janet Mayhew

Flying in Florida

Many people who come down to Miami to get in their seaplane time will be glad to know that the Embry-Riddle base has been completely renovated from the former "Chic Sale" arrangement and planes are available at all times without interference from CPTT students as was the case last year.

You are allowed to fly 25 miles away from the base, but you are not permitted to land except within a small area immediately adjacent to the seaplane base. This news will be especially welcome to those land flyers who have been restricted to a three mile limit unless they possessed a two-way radio and the proper license to operate same.

Time to Retire!

In a lighter vein we pass along the news that the "man with the gun" Percy Whinery managed to get a flat tire the other day on the causeway and just barely managed to glide into the parking area at the base. There he found to his delight that his spare was flatter than his bank roll with the result that we were treated to the wholesome sight of Percy doing early morning exercises with a tire pump. Let that be a lesson to you people who have always disregarded your tires until the present emergency.

Quick, Henry, The Flit!

We also pass along a new wrinkle on how to kill flies in a sporting way. Those of you who consider the seaplane base your second home are well aware of the way the flies love to come in and keep Ad Thompson company (there is no outward reason for this so we won't leave ourselves open for a libel suit). Anyhoo, you take a rubber band (providing the priorites board will let you have one) and attach it to a paper clip. Having done this you have a crude thing resembling a sling shot and used much in the same way, the object being to snap the head off the fly with the end of the rubber band.

For those who are interested the Stinson seaplane now sports its Civil Air Patrol decal, and very nice too!

—Be Alive When You Arrive—

CONGRATULATIONS to R.A.I. Instructor CLYDE WADE, who married Miss Fay Moses at Fort Myers Easter Sunday. They are honeymooning in Johnson City, Tenn., Clyde's old home town.

“A MAN’S LIFE IN HIS HANDS!”

CARLSTROM FIELD—Careful does it Check. Double-check. Triple-check. Paying strict attention to the business "in hand" is Eldon Ray Farwell, chute rigger at Carlstrom Field, for he, and his colleagues at our other fields, know full well that hundreds of our students and instructors depend on them for that extra margin of safety that is packed into these "life savers of the air." Ray is well known to many in the Embry-Riddle School, having been graduated from the Aircraft Maintenance course at the Tech School in Miami and was a Crew Chief at Carlstrom before earning his rigger's ticket under John Fraulet's tutelage. Above, he is approaching the final stages in packing a 'chute. In the foreground is the "pilot" 'chute. Between Ray's hands is the "dike" canopy which will be placed on top of the strands in the pack in the background. In the right foreground are the weighted socks which are used to hold the canopy in place while it is being folded. A painstaking job, on which there can be no mistakes, a good rigger can pack a 'chute in from 25 to 30 minutes. Laugh of laughs around the 'chute left is the current saying, "It don't mean a thing if you don't pull that thing!" . . . meaning, of course, the rip cord.

CARLSTROM FIELD, R.A.I. NEWS
Jack Hobler, Editor

Short Subjects

There hasn't been much in the line of news that has come to our notice this week, and perhaps there is a reason. We wouldn't know. Anyhow, what we have seen and heard is herewith presented.

First off, we have a new addition to our Ground School staff in BILL GRACEY, who comes to us from Wilkinsburg, Pa. Bill is teaching Theory of Flight in place of Brents Dunnacee—the latter having left to continue his flying in Tampa. A young veteran of several years similar work, plus several more years practical experience, Bill is especially well-fitted for his job here and so far has made quite a hit with his students. In further proof of his capabilities, we have found that Bill has patented an artificial horizon of his own design and building. We are indeed very glad to have such a guy in our Brain Factory, and extend this formal welcome in the name of all the G.S. gang with deep sincerity.

Don't Use Water!

We witnessed the ultimate in horseplay when Paul Dixon gave Mark Bull a muclilage shampoo. These two birds were playing and tussling around the other day when Dixon got the inspiration. We've often heard of people gluing their hair to make it stay down, but this is the first actual demonstration we've ever seen.

Speaking of glue, where did Joe Woodward get the nickname "Glue Pot"? Perhaps Sid Pfluger can explain.

Sid was seen Sunday morning putting door-stop cushions on his office door so it wouldn't slam so hard, and also oiling the squeaking hinges. There is some talk going around of a party held at the Ft. Myers country club the previous night, attended by the cosmopolitan Sid and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hunt, and the Carl Dunns. Suspicious connections!

What's this we hear about Mary Frances Beverly and Sergeant Vernon Barrows?! It would seem that a girl working in an Army office would at least get used to the sight of a uniform. Such doesn't seem the case here, however, as the doughty Sergeant's car is regularly seen at M.P.'s front steps every evening. Maybe it's the cooler climate of north Georgia.

This past week saw Carlstrom visited by several of our Miami friends. We were honored to have with us George Wheeler, Emmett Varney, Bob Hillstead, Ed China, and the more frequent visitor, Bill O'Neill. Glad to see you gentlemen anytime. you should drop over more often.

From the looks of the festivities shaping up for next week, we'll have a lot more to write about next issue.

Oh, yes. Here's a letter we just received, together with "Impressions" of the night switchboard operator:

Carlstromfield, 2:00 A.M.
Mr. Jack Hobler, Editor,
Carlstromfield, R.A.I. News:

Dear Mr. Hobler,

I know that you do not know me from Adam's house cat, and I, as yet, have not had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, but like all the other members of this family, I read your column and enjoy it.

I appreciate the fact that the Personnel of Carlstrom Field is made up mostly of the male sex, but being a member of the opposite tribe, and as you well can appreciate, always wanting to stick in my two cents' worth, I had the Brain Storm that maybe from time to time I could give you the low-down on some of the activities in the world of the little women who are trying to do something big for R.A.I. You know that we cannot wear goggles because we have another job to do that is vital to flying from a Settin' Hen's point of view, so I would appreciate your dropping me a line if you can use any contrivs from up front and center.

Please forgive my Idle Chatter, I don't know yet what prompted it.

Sincerely,

Night P.B.X.

IDLE CHATTER

I hope someone will forgive this girl who works the Owl shift on the Switchboard if they hear her muttering to herself. The Idle Chatter you hear is just sort of a prayer to the skies to be mighty careful with those boys up there and help them
to see the right thing to do while the stars are as a ceiling. If they could sit inside here where I am until six o'clock in the morning and hear the sound of those planes the way I can, they, too, would most likely form a habit of singing a prayer to the Night Wind and the Bright Light out at the Tree.

I wonder if the hearts up there in the sky are beating double time with thrill of doing a splendid job. Even I feel like I am doing something in here, waiting to connect them with someone or someplace. I want to listen to their troubles when they feel downhearted and rejoice right with them when they have had a good flight. But, there is still another side to the Owl shift and I want to tell you about it:

It is my duty to know where everyone should be on the Field, yet I haven't the vaguest idea what the inside of a Hangar looks like. My Directory tells me of a swimming pool, and that the Operations tower has a Big Siren. It's not that I am slipping, exactly, but I don't think I came in on the ground floor. Well, maybe some kind hearted soul will take me out to see this grand place I work, and put an end to all this Idle Chatter. With the weather the way it is tonight, I know they will fly all night, and I will be listening to the hum of the Birds. Good luck, boys.

Mentioning Municipal

By Betty Hair

Rain Sets Thirty Year Record!

Finally managing to get our heads above water (and I'm not just kidding!) we tried to make up for lost time here at Municipal and at last report were doing very nicely. Had several calls from a certain boat company when the rains came, but decided not to use boats. Used Seaplanes instead.

The “Boss-Man” and Syd Burrowes took a little jaunt to Clewiston in the Sunion Voyager, to visit Riddle-McKay and give all the boys a big hello.

Welcome to the new C.A.A. Instructor Refresher students and they are, namely, George W. Holmested, John Martin Shepherd, Thomas Walter Reeeses, John Herbert Muller, Nathaniel Ruland and more on the way. These fellows will receive from 50 to 60 hours of flight training to prepare them for their instructor ratings.

Several cross-country flights were made this week by Carlson Baumgardner and James Bussey, who are preparing for their Commercial licenses and flight instructor ratings. These two boys are working hard and deserve a lot of credit. Good luck fellows, keep up the good work.

Lt. C. D. Fator's new system in operations is working out swell and the instructors, dispatchers, registrars and line boys are very proud of Lt. Fator and the grand job he is doing.

The Maintenance crew has really had a tough job this past week trying to work on the ships. The power was off for about two days and made working very difficult, but they are all back on the job now working twice as hard to keep things going.

More New Students


Fred “Genial” Howe, who is taking a Commercial Course, starting from scratch, soloed April 13th.

Little known facts about well-known people—Harry Abrin was a line mechanic for six months while he was learning to fly. Harry is rushing through with his instrument course, and plans to be a ferry pilot in Canada after completion of his training with Embry-Riddle.

Jerry Cook is the newest addition to the flight instructor staff. As we mentioned in the last edition, he received his flight instructor rating about two weeks ago, on the Advanced Training Type B Class B Course.

Maston Greene O’Neal, Warren Reid and Joseph Day passed their commercial and flight instructor rating flight test and that only leaves Jimmy Gilmore and Tom Mosley, who are slated to take their flight tests Monday, April 20th, thus completing the Advanced Training Type B Class B course.

Things and Stuff

Leon Wilder is the proud papa of a little girl ... Frank Morgan is the new dispatcher to take Eugene “Bub” Williams place in the dispatchers tower ... Fred Bull celebrating his 24th birthday April 20th ... the worried looks on the faces of the Elementary C.P.T. boys when they were told they would have to make a parachute jump before they could pass from Stage C to Stage D of their training.

Some Snaps

Our roving cameraman came up with some good shots this week, so we’ll give you three of them.

The first is a demonstration by “Vaughn’s Army” (special detachment to the E.A.F. at No. 5 B.P.T. S. from Yellow Flight) on how NOT to march:

Riddle Field News Letter

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Bill Jacobs, Junior Draughon, Paul Price, Mickey Lightbolder, Tony Owen, Kenny Berry, Neiva Purdon, Ray Denton, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin and Ralph Thyn are Associate Editors.

Commander Vaughn, at extreme left, front row (left to right), Bill Dutton and Bob Black, middle row, Dick Thorpe and Reg Farrow, last row, John Young and George Sharp.

Next, we see Harold Colishaw, Ground School Navigation Instructor, caught in a very surprised pose while teaching one of his classes:

Our last shot shows how three Cadets spend some of their leisure time (Voice, “What leisure time?”) at the swimming pool.

An anniversary dinner at the Clewiston Inn, celebrating the founding of the Manchester University Air Squadron at Manchester, England, on April 15, 1941. Those attending were:


A number of Cadets were in Miami for the week-end, and appreciated their temporary quarters at the Metropole Hotel.

Steve Nolan, Red Flight, has assured us that the old, familiar, “gear down, pressure up, landing ok” is well worth remembering.

Promotions

Congratulations are in order for the following persons for their promotions:

Charles “Dubby” Owens, who is the new Physical Training Instructor, succeeding Bob Towson, who has entered the armed forces.

W. White, a new Link Instructor.

W. Read, new Link Instructor. S. W. Reeder, E. Richardson and F. Veltri, who were transferred from Link Department to Flight Department (Primary).

Jack Hopkins, who has been promoted from Link Dispatcher to Link Instructor.

Lynnwood Blount, the new Link Dispatcher.

Personal Prattle

C. W. Bing, Advance Instructor, is proving he’s a man to all doubters, by growing a mustache—cute LITTLE thing, too.

Didn’t we notice Margaret Von Mach and Stan Reeder “making eyes” at each other in the Mess Hall the other noon.

“Skyscraper” Leftwich, Link Instructor, was amazed at how well his house key fit a certain lock at a certain place last Thursday night—right, Joe Obermeyer?

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bud More (Bud is a Link Instructor) who announce the birth of a baby girl, Wendy Jean Moore, at the Victoria Hospital in Miami on Monday, April 6, 1942.

In the Canteen

Observed from the Canteen at Riddle Field last Sunday afternoon: Mr. and Mrs. Tyson and son enjoying the sun ... A great number of Cadets enjoying the swimming pool.
April 23, 1942

EMORY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It"

Page 7

and tennis courts (Advanced class largely, too, we wonder why) . . . Kenny Berry playing tennis for the first time . . . Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Thomas enjoying a swim . . . Mrs. Jimmy Taylor watching her hubby playing tennis . . . Jack Hopkins winning his dinner by beating Cadets Eytoun-Jones and Edwards in ping pong . . . Cadet Ted Mercer listening to the June Organ in the lounge . . . A group of Advanced Cadets coming in from a fishing expedition at the canal bordering the field . . . Jonnie Draughton, looking very cute in shorts, playing tennis . . . Mesers. Tyson, Smith Hunziker and King enjoying a “dope” with Gervis Hathcock serving them up . . . Primary Flight Instructor Speers giving a very fine exhibition of diving at the pool . . . Instructor Speers, incidentally, was a member of the troupe that performed at the Acquacade at the International Exposition in San Francisco a year or so ago . . . Edna Cox still doing a wonderful job in making the “dagwood” specials so now popular at the Canteen . . . Harvey Pool doing a reverse swim dive at the pool.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Patterson of Miami were visitors at the Field Sunday afternoon. Mr. Patterson is associated with Eastern Airlines.

Concluding, let us say that everyone seemed to be having a fine time at the Field Sunday afternoon, and the management is to be commended for their generous gesture in allowing employees the use of the tennis courts and the swimming pool.

—Waste Not, Want Not!—

MAN OF THE WEEK

JOE OBERMEYER is our Man of the Week for this issue, Joe being the Department Head for Link Instrument Training.

John Joseph OBERMEYER was born on October 7, 1918, in Cincinnati, Ohio. He attended elementary school there, and also the Aviation High School, where he attended both day and night classes. It was at this high school that he had Mr. Truman Gile and Mr. K. C. Smith, both of whom are now with the Embry-Riddle organization, for instructors. Joe became associated with the Queen City Flying Service, Inc. at Lunken Airport in Cincinnati in 1935 and continued this association until 1941. While working for this company, he received specialized training at the Link Aviation Devices, at Binghamton, New York, and at the Sprirger Aircraft Radio Co., in Indianapolis, Indiana.

He became connected with Embry-Riddle in February, 1941, coming to Carlstrom Field. While at Carlstrom, he organized the Aircraft Maintenance Department, became Hangar Inspector and then Maintenance Hangar Chief. He also conducted ground school classes on Maintenance and Inspection regulations. In November, 1941, he was transferred to Clewiston, where he organized and is Department Head of the Link Instrument Training Department. Joe holds a private pilot’s license, A and E Mechanic’s Certificate, Radiotelephone Operator license, and is a qualified Link Instructor.

Physically, our Man of the Week is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, weighs 110 lbs. . . . likes everything brown . . . hobbies, private flying and whip cracking . . . Favorite food: Swiss steak as served in the Mess Hall . . . drives a gray Ford coupe . . . has a reputation of being very efficient and thorough . . . often referred to as Head of the Missing Links . . . is single and a good prospect for a lovely blonde or brunette . . . a card from a lovely blonde or brunette will bring immediate response . . . Ouch, Joe, we’ll quit—now.

Below is our official photograph of Mr. Obermeyer:

YE EDITOR GOES TO A PARTY, AND LEARNS LOTS OF THINGS!

Last Saturday evening we attended the Officers and Civilians Dance at the Deauville . . . and learned plenty that we can use at our own School Dance there this Saturday evening . . . and don’t you forget that dance . . . it’ll be THIS Saturday, April 25, 9 p.m., Macfadden Deauville, with dancing OUTSIDE on the Clipper Deck and a free supper between midnight and one.

Among other feature entertainment planned for the intermission period, about 11:00, we are going to have some community singing of swell old songs, like “Pack Up Your Troubles,” etc.; an exhibition of bagpipes by R.A.F. Cadet “Jack” Birrell, Riddle Field; and the first public appearance of the Embry-Riddle School orchestra under the direction of Eddie Baumgarten.

It’ll be the best party of all, so DON’T MISS IT! Tickets, as usual, a dollar a man with ladies admitted free. They can be bought from your Department head or at the Deauville Saturday evening.

SOLDIER STUFF
by “The Boys”

Me Too!
Hi, Privates! Well, the man bit the dog! I warned you—all about this Miami sun and then became one myself! The results of the flight were based on just how frightened a passenger became. With most private planes now grounded the situation has become acute. However, fortunately I have accidentally come upon a solution. If you want to get scared half out of your wits, just go for an auto ride with Worcester—that is all. I guarantee results, if you are lucky enough not to lose your speech entirely.

Help Wanted
In order to get better “coverage” of the activities of “us boys,” you all will be asked this week to hand in “notes” to Sgt. Wood who will, in turn, pass them on this writer for the “writin’ up” part. Come on, gang—the Fly Paper is YOUR paper, too, so let’s get your name in it and then send a copy home so the folks can see what WE are doing for national defense. Let’s cooperate!

Well, Privates, that’s it for now. In closing, for those of you who asked for but “unavoidably missed” the services on the roof Sunday morning—make an effort to attend next week. Take it from one who knows. Somehow there is something wholesome and clean about services held in the open with the warm friendly morning sun lending a hand.

IT’S A GIRL!
With so many free cigars being passed out at the various bases, we have just about got “smoker’s cough” . . . this time it was a girl, 7½ pounds, born last Thursday to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bennett, of the Purchasing Department, in Miami. Congratulations, Norm!
A certain group of mechanics received a startling surprise this week when Sgt. Sharp showed them a little sligt of hand by putting a 30 degree guage where a 10 degree guage should be. Better luck next time, Fellers!

"A Wow"

By recent announcement, the engagement of Miss Betty Clement of the Time Department, and Mr. Paul Dixon, Carlstrom Instructor. They will be middle-aileing sometime the first of May.

"Congrats"

Loran E. LaBrake made the break on Sunday the 12th, the bride being the former Miss Mary King of Sarasota.

Speaking of marriages—it is understood that a certain Ground School instructor from Dorr Field was to tie the knot in Sebring Saturday the 18th. Here's hoping you're a boy scout, Dick.

Haven't been able to corner Pvt. Little of the Dorr Field Infirmary but at least we can take this means of offering our congratulations.

This may be cutting off our beam, but we feel it our humble duty to inform one and all of another recent "Orange Blossom" occasion—Jack Hobler and Carolyn Hendry (an attractive blonde). Good luck to you all—and may all of your troubles be little ones.

Production

It seems that our Ground School is using a "race track" system in turning out booklets. "Eddie" House showed Paul Mueller who was boss at the speedway—because he could lick his thumb faster. Sam Clawson was on the finish line with his little staple machine. Stick to it, "Youse Guys," we can't let the Ground School slow down a bit.

"Be Alive When You Arrive"

"THE CRACKER BOX"

By and For the Gama Boys

The Georgia boys turned out to be socialities after their game of chance was black-listed. Now they spend their odd moments playing bridge.

The fellows on the fifth floor now sleep with their windows wide open every night. They claim they do this so that the low-flying planes can pass easily through the dormitory. The other night, J. D. Meadows had to open his window in a hurry. Now he opens them before he goes to bed.

Due to the unexpected, our fine-fledged friend and so-called "Pride of Georgia" had to pack his violin and take his departure from our beloved school. We shall miss him very much.

Two of the fellows (Tarzan Hall and Blitz Meadows by name) came in with a fine story the other day. They whipped a 90-year-old gentleman and said that they could have done it if he had been a hundred!

The boys on the fifth floor were greatly disturbed by the announcement that the Indians were coming as reported by "Ridge Runner" the other night. As he approached the Fort at 4 a.m. all hands were on deck.

Our most talented student of languages, Mr. Carl Carlson, has learned two more Spanish words: "Vaca Gorda." Really the boys are interested in learning the Spanish language.

Mr. Dooderacker Smith has resumed his studies after an illness of several days. We welcome him back.

Something we'd like to know: What causes that everlasting smile on Sam Kelly's face? Could it be because he is the editor of the Cracker Box?

Now we take the advice of the great Elmo who said, "If you can't swim, don't ride my boat." We get off.

A. H. "Jack" BURR, Municipal Base Flight graduate, was recently promoted to first lieutenant with the Army Air Force. Jack is stationed in the Canal Zone.

"Welders Wanted." The cry goes out from Aircraft factories all over the country—and with a few weeks' training at the Government-accredited Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, YOU can qualify. Short craft courses in welding, riveting, metal work. Advanced career curricula. Special Spanish and Portuguese classes. Day or evening sessions arranged. Now is the time to enroll!

Embry-Riddle
SCHOOL OF AVIATION
3240 N. W. 27th AVENUE MIAMI, FLORIDA
PHONE 3-0711

See 562 P. L. & R.