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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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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 desolating 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 "strept" 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 Farm er, has taken the place of the new operator, Rollin H. Savage, we had 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 Bezel 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

DON'T LOOK NOW . . . IT'S DORR FIELD

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, or, that is, we mean "the Mrs." You see, it 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 Clem ents, Paul Debor, Bob Watts, Mark Ball, Wayne Martin, Louise Davis, Anetta Hollingsworth, Bill Gracey and Mayme Fielder. Following the wedding, a "bang-up" 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. Engineers, amid a shower of rice, lima beans, peas and cracked corn, while Carolyn honeymooned with a broum 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

Tickets $1.00 drag or stag
Ladies Admitted Free
TECH TALK
Cont. from page 1
Jennie Michel, Accounting Department, appeared with a new summer coiffure (shorter and cooler) 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) Gile convulsed spectators with his inavertent 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 scrapping 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 is so fascinated by the contents she goes around telling about Archimedes, the law of buoyancy and other scientific matters foreign to her nature.

VISITORS

REFRESHMENTS
Our new Canteen under the supervision of Peggy Masserdote, 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 fina invitación a la Srita. Gabriela Alarcon Morali, quien está muy interesada en recibir instrucción de aviación en este plantel y a quien hemos quedado altamente agradecidos por sus amables frases. Nos agrada ver que está recibiendo nuestra publica el lauro merecido trasladando su gentil felicitación al editor Ar "Bud" Belland, quien le dé las gracias mas sinceras por sus buenas dezas.

TECH GUARD TAKES
BOND BUYING HONORS
"All talk and no action," is what someone said about our campaign to promote the buying of Defense Bonds among the Embry-Riddle employees. That is what they thought! While we can’t take any credit for it, at least we can be darned proud to be the first to announce that one of our Tech School guards, J. F. Peterson, by name, has topped everyone else in the School by buying $2,000.00 worth of Bonds... all at once!

Receiving payment of a mortgage owed to him this week, Mr. Peterson lost no time in “investing in Democracy.” And that’s not all... each month he invests 50 percent of his salary in... MORE BONDS! All of which sets a wonderful example for the rest of us. Can anybody equal this story?

— “Zip Your Lips!” —

"STUFF"
STUFF is that certain indefinable, indescribable “something”, background, character and intestinal fortitude, which makes men out of boys... and heroes out of men. As close as we can hit it, we’d say that “stuff” is the “American Tradition.”

Top award for the best display of "stuff" among the members of Embry-Riddle “Family" this week goes to JOHNIE CARRUTHERS, Buddy's 17 year old brother, who has resumed his flight training at our Municipal Base in order that he can "Carry on where Buddy left off."
DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN

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

ACCOUNT FROM ACCOUNTING

Dear Mom:

"The time has come, the walrus said—"

"Yes, 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 Ordinary," 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 quots'. 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 Aubeger, who had their ears lowered. Aubeger 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. Jinney looks like she "grown up" with that new hair style and spike heels.

Saw Elizabeth of the Payroll Department with Lieutenant. Foots again. Getting pretty regular. Bowen's kids must have been pretty good this week, no news. Competition for the lowered. A couple of our boys are running neck and neck, so 'g'bye now.

"ANANAMUS"

"Mom'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

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 palmettos, 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 should have been a cinch to build. Foundations were found to be stagnant water; surrounding areas, a delight in the swamp. The rest's most likely a nightmare.

NOTICE... BEWARE!

The below pictured men are wanted for:

Murder; Arson, Sabotage, Emptagination and Fuselage; Embezlement; 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

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!

"Smiley" Spence

QUESTION OF THE WEEK

What's a "galloping breakfast"?

We hear that Mrs. Sid Pfugger and Mrs. Cleve Thompson gave an 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 Aracdia horses. Sounds like fun!

CARTOON OF THE WEEK

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

Another near 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."

caused by those three Sundays I consumed just before turning in last night? 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 airy 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 belive 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 'signing out' from here, 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. Pinkertten 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 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 overleaf
able to add to this too.

If you saw any smoke coming up from the dance floor, that was "Peaches" Prevette dancing by. Did you see the thin lines going to the right of K. Sandusky. Are they rationing dance steps now? Five to a Cadet?

Aside to the girls who held out for rank only—There was plenty in evidence. They were giving the girls a break too. Cadet Esch was practically the life of the dance. He never could make up his mind which girl was nicest.

Whom Are We "Quoting"?

"Quote" Cadet Fliss is the hottest night flyer on the Post—Not only in a plane. Lieut. Hark was sure in heaven—"So many girls."

The Cadets expressed amazement at seeing so many nice looking Arcadia girls, while they were wasting their time in Sarasota. The girls were equally charmed by Class "H".

Our new addition to the Accounting Department is O.K. in and out of the office. Even cumbering. Ask him or T/Sgt. what that means.

Mr. Mougey's secretary, Carolyn Holder, is strictly out of circulation, boy!!

Did you girls know Lieut. Erdman could cook—Don't rush, girls! Leona Foster—who said still water runs deep sure was right.

Lieut. Pinkerton was well taken care of by a certain blonde heartbreaker from Carlstrom—"Unquote."

Charlie Link really proved himself on that that' dance floor—he's really, truly O.K. girls.

And while on the subject, it is reported that the little blonde in red and white candy-stripe's wore out a brand-spanking new pair of sandals! Careful! Freddie!

Visitors

Capt. Clapp (Public Relations Department, Washington) piloted by Lieut. Bancutt, also of the Washington area, escorted Miss Katherine Brush and Mr. Nieman to Dorr Field last week; they landed on the Field in time to have lunch in the Mess Hall, after which they toured the Field in the company of Capt. Boyd, Mr. Gates, Capt. Bentley and Lieut. Pinkerton.

The express purpose of this trip was that Miss Brush and Mr. Nieman might observe Cadet life—these observations to be used by Miss Brush for articles and in a novel, by Mr. Nieman for radio scripts with the Air Corps for background.

The party spent the night in Arcadia and then returned to the Post for a complete tour of the building area, talked with several of the Cadets, stood by for Retreat and in general had a full picture of the many little as well as large incidents which go into the molding of the Air Corps Cadet—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 Dorr"

By A/C J. W. Warren

Ready on the Firing Line:
Cadet Simeson getting ready for his final check and polishing up for 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 watching of the Cadets as they rubberneck all over the place.

The "Meese" 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, Rothenberg?

I Wonder Why

Sam Mitchell always holds the orders of the day as he does?

Art Risden 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 "Goon"?

The wind is always so strong on the day when you take a check ride?

Cadet Puckett likes Kentucky so much?

All the Cadets hiss the villain and cheer the hero in our own theatre?

Theme Songs

State Dept.—"Song of India"
F.E.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, 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 Icana Valverde, que se ha resuelto favorablemente para todos. Aprovechamos la oportunidad para expresar nuestros deseos de que la mejoría de su señora esposa sea pronto completa Octavio.

Vive el Rod & Reel Club

Ayer domingo día 19 de Abril se celebró una fiesta en el Matheson Key donde asistieron la mayoría de los cadetes interamericanos. Fueron todos en omnibus hasta la H.biasur Island y de allí embarcación en botones y camodos yatcha hasta el cayo, donde se celebró un "picinc." Hubo mucha alegría, mucha risa y enseguida 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. Deseamos hacer mención 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 avivaron del rangelog genoves al mirante Bono quien a pesar de remar fuerte no sabía de describir circulos y las parejas que fueron a recoger cocos entre los cocoteros de dos años que todavía no se paran 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 tocado el alto honor de agradecer todo a los miembros del Rod & Reel Club, Inc. a la Pan American League y al Sr. Juan Pablo Riddle quien puso a nuestra disposición el servicio de omnius. Muchas gracias amigos y hasta pronto.

"Salvage Waste for Victory"—

ECUADORANs FIND "HOME FOLKS"

On April 14, Latin-American students Pedro Flores, Fernando Naranjo and Octavio Icana V. of Ecuador, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nible, Mrs. Betty Bertrand and Mrs. J. Kaiser of Miami, at the birthday party of their sister, Dolores Bertrand, 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 climaxed 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"
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

By Janet Maybery

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 all the time without interference from CPTP 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 flint 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). Anyhow, you take a rubber band (providing the priorities board will let you have one) and attach to it 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 won a Crew Chief at Carlstrom before earning his Rigger's ticket under John Fradle'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 "silk" canopy which will be placed on top of the shroud lines in the pack in the background. In the right foreground are the weighted sacks 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 loft 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. Anyway, 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 Dunravey—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 wellcome in the name of all the G.S. gang with deep sincerity.

Don't Use Water!

We witnessed the ultimate in horseplay when Paul Dxon 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 "Gum 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 olling 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 Dumas. 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 the cooler climate of north Arcadia.

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. Editor,

I know that you do not know me from Adam's housecat, 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 lowdown 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 contrits 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 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 some-
thing 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 tow-
er 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'll 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
rain came, but decided not to use
boats. Used Seaplanes instead.
The “Boss-Man” and Syd Bur-
rowes took a little jaunt to Clewis-
ton in the Sunön Voyager, to visit
Riddle-McKay and give all
the boys a big hello.

Welcome to the new C.A.A. In-
structor Refresher students and
they are, namely, George W. Hol-
mested, John Martin Shepherd,
Thomas Walter Reeves, John Her-
bert 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 Carlton Baum-
gardner and James Bussey, who
are preparing for their Commer-
cial licenses and flight instructor
ratings. These two boys are working
hard and deserve a lot of cred-
it. 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, regis-
ters and line boys are very proud
of Lt. Fator and the grand job he
is doing.

The Maintenance crew has really
taken 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

W. H. McGrath, H. H. Cleveland,
Roger Weeks, Joel Bates, H. L.
Trafford, who hails from Mara-
calbo, Venezuela, S. A., Walter
Sheehan, who is also taking an A
& E course at the Technical Divi-
sion.

Fred “Genial” Howe, who is
taking a Commercial Course, start-
ing from scratch, solaced April 13th.

LlIttle 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 instru-
ment course, and plans to be a
ferry pilot in Canada after com-
pletion of his training with Emb-
ry-Riddle.

Jerry Cook is the newest addi-
tion to the flight instructor staff.
As we mentioned in the last edi-
tion, he received his flight instruc-
tor 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
Moxley, who are slated to take
their flight tests Monday, April
20th, thus completing the Advanc-
ed 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 Eu-
genie “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 train-
ing.

COMMANDER VAUGHAN, 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 Instruc-
tor, caught in a very surprised pose
while teaching one of his classes:

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Bill Jacobs, Jessie Draughon, Paul Price, Mickey Lightboulder, Tobby Owen, Kenny Berry, Noel Purdon, Ray Denton, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin and Ralph Thynne, Associate Editors.

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 detach-
ment to the B.A.F. at No. 5 B.F.T.
S. from Yellow Flight) on how
NOT to march:

COMMANDER VAUGHAN, 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.

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

(Left to right) Cadets Skidmore, Skape
and Beavers, Yellow Flight.

Cadet Chatter

On Wednesday evening, April 15,
14 members of Blue Flight, held an
anniversary dinner at the Clewis-
ton Inn, celebrating the founding
of the Manchester University Air
Squadron at Manchester, England,
on April 15, 1941. Those attending
were:

Arthur Hollis, “Dizzy” Browne,
“Flossy” Redman, Ray Chinery,
Peter Cowell, Johnny Beard, Den-
nis Luke, Freddie Thomas, Taffy
Evans, Harry Tudor, “Bugs” Tro-
bridge, “Daddy” Abbott, Alan Stor-
y, and “Gibe” Gilbert.

A number of Cadets were in Mi-
ami for the weekend, and appreci-
ated their temporary quarters at
the Metropole Hotel.

Steve Nolan, Red Flight, has as-
ured 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 pro-
motions:

Charles “Tubby” Owens, who is
the new Physical Training Instruc-
tor, succeeding Bob Towson, who
has entered the armed forces.

W. White, a new Link Instruc-
tor.

W. Read, new Link Instructor.
S. W. Redder, R. Richardson and
F. Veitri, who were transferred
from Link Department to Flight
Department (Primary).

Jack Hopkins, who has been pro-
moted 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 doub-
 ters, 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 In-
structor, was amazed at how well
his house key fits a certain lock at
a certain place last Thursday night
—right, Joe Omermeyer?

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs.
Bud More (Bud is a Link Instruc-
tor) who announce the birth of a
baby boy, William More, at the
Victoria Hospital in Miami on Mon-
day, April 6, 1942.

In the Canteen

Observed from the Canteen at
Riddle Field last Sunday afternoon:
Mr. and Mrs. Tyson and son enjoy-
ing the sun . . . A great number of
Cadets enjoying the swimming pool

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EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It!”
April 23, 1942
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 Eyton-Jones and Edwards in ping pong . . . Cadet Ted Mercer listening to the Juice 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 . . . Messrs. Tyson, Smith Hunziker and King enjoying a “dope” with Gervis Hathcock serving them up . . .

Primary Flight Instructor, Spears giving a very fine exhibition of diving at the pool . . . Instructor Spears, incidentally, was a member of the troupe that performed at the Acquacade at the International Exposition in San Francisco a year or so age . . . Edna Cox still doing a wonderful job in making the “dagwood” specials now so 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 Division, at Hingham, New York, and at the Spring- er 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 Clewsion, 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, Radio Operator license, and is a qualified Link Instructor.

Physically, our Man of the Week is 5 ft. 4 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:

Distinguished visitors at the field Monday afternoon were John Paul Riddle and Syd Burrows. Mr. Riddle inspected the Field, while Syd renewed acquaintances with his many friends here.

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 “Jock” 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 incidentally 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!
Dorr Field

Continued from page 4

Flight Line Chatter

Brooke Harper, Stage Commander, has just returned to the field from a well deserved vacation which included a visit to Baltimore and Washington, D. C. Sure glad to have you back with that grand smile, Mr. Harper.

If any of you-all happened to see a strange object "floating" about in the air last week, said object seeming familiar but which still couldn't have been a Stearman—it must have been none other than O'Neil Norris who had just passed his final R.A.L. and Army checks. He began student instruction on April 2nd with Class 42-I. To quote Mr. Norris, "I'm so happy that I feel like I'm walking on air!"

Tattle Tales

Mr. Cullers, "Skipper" for short, slipped off and went fishing for a few hours one sunny day; from the size of that catch the moon sure was right.

Work in the hangar came to a standstill Monday morning when Frank Buck strode in. Oh! Oh! our mistake! Just "Chief" Davis and his new sun helmet.

We wonder why Jack Pooser spent his day off in Tampa this week? Could he be thinking of matrimony? It's in the air!

A certain group of mechanics received a startling surprise this week when Sgt. Sharp showed them a little slight 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.

"He Alive When You Arrive"

"THE CRACKER BOX"

By and For the Cracker 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 finest-feathered 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 caduate, was recently promoted to first lieutenant with the Army Air Force. Jack is stationed in the Canal Zone.

Emby Riddle

School of Aviation

3240 N. W. 27th Avenue

Miami, Florida

PHONE 3-0711

Miss Caroline Hendry

Arcadia, Fla.

See 562 P. L. & R.