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 “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 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 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

Turn to Tech Talk—
Page 2, Col. 2

DON’T LOOK NOW . . . IT’S DORR FIELD

DORR FIELD—Nobody appreciates how difficult it is these days to get pictures out of an Army controlled field, a little item which we repeat as a sort of apology for not having more pictures from Carlstrom and Dorr Fields. However, we must have been living right recently, for we present herewith not one, but THREE pictures of construction recently completed at Dorr. Taken about two weeks ago, before the landscaping had been “installed”, the top picture shows General Manager Tom Gates’ Administration Building; center, Dr. Nachigall’s Hospital; and, bottom, Mess Steward Nicola-dinos’ Mess Hall. As soon as the landscaping has been completed, Charlie Ebbets promised to get us more pictures, to show a change a few palms and some grass make. These pictures, by the way, are through courtesy of Nate Reece, Jr., and the Arcadian.

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, 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 Clements, 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. Engines, 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!

—“Keep ‘Em Flying”—

NEXT SCHOOL PARTY
MIDNIGHT SUPPER DANCE
at the
MACFADDEEN 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
RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, President

F. C. "Bud" Belland, Editor

RAF AT MIAMI BEACH
by Syd Burrows

Due to the "devy" conditions of the fields at Clewiston last week-end, the result of the hardest rain recorded in Florida during the past 30 years, many of the Cadets were able to get away from the grind for a two-day leave, arriving at our temporary headquarters at the Metropole Hotel Friday afternoon wearing big smiles of pleasure at the "extra" vacation.

With everything arranged for their arrival, it didn't take them long to wash up and start on their merry way. From all reports, they spent a most enjoyable week-end and many of them will be back, despite "transportation" difficulties.

"Our" Friend at Palm Beach

I hear from the Cadets that they have a most charming hostess up Palm Beach way...a Mrs. Elisha Hubbard who, for the past several months, has been entertaining 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 Saunders.

TECH TALK
Cont. from page 1

Jennie Mikel, Accounting Department, appeared with a new summer coiffure (shorter and cooter) 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) Globe convulsed spectators with his inadvertent 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, and she generously promises sailing trips when the job is done.

Jim McShane, too entertaining a gentleman to be satisfied with text-weeks written by others, appears on being 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 Messerdotte, 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 Steward, 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 -. una Srita. Gabriela Alarcón Morali, quien esta muy interesada en recibir instruccion de aviacion en este plantel y a quien hemos quedado altamente agradecidos por sus amables frases. Nos agradaria ver si esta recibiendo nuestra publica elon personal los trabajos de su gentil felicitacion al editor Ar "Bud" Belland, quien le da las gracias mas sinceras por sus buenas deseos.

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 it 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 Lip!"

"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...."

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

441 Wargrave Rd.,
Newton Le Willows.
Lancs., 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 feel grateful to 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 three copies.

We are passing the papers on to the various members of the family as we feel they will enjoy as much as we did the vigorous, pulsating account of your local activities in which no doubt our boy takes a delight in sharing.

We are looking forward to receiving the next "Fly Paper" so wishing your publication every success, and with many thanks from

Yours sincerely and gratefully,
Mrs. A. E. Ball

—"R.O. for Tokyo"—

ACCOUNT FROM ACCOUNTING

Dear Mom:

"The time has come, the walrus said—

Yep, 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. Hawes looks good in action, and that's not just quotin'. 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 ears 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. Jinney looks like she "grewed up" with that new hair style and spike heels.

Saw Elizabeth of the Payroll Department with Lieut. Fouts 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 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 had been trim and neat. Now, those foundations were sadly tottering—

in some cases chunks were missing; the asphalt designed by many cracks and crevices through which grass and weeds now thrust themselves to provide a measurer existence for some staggeringly thin cow-brute: Could this possibly be the place where the friendly veteran claimed to have received a part of his military training? Poor fellow, he must have been a bit the worse for experiences suffered in that other "War to End All Wars." We drove on.

Is It All a Dream?

Now, I am once more at Dorr Field, 'Tis desperately hard to convince myself that this is the same tract of Florida land; am I dreaming or was the Dorr Field of my memory really only a nightmare 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 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 outside 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 "signing out" but it's swell to be here! We're proud of Dorr Field,—and determined to make Dorr Field proud of us!

NOTICE . . . BEWARE!

The below pictured men are wanted for:

MURDER; ARSON, SABOTAGE, EMPIEAGE 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!

"Slug" 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!

CARTOON 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 Pfuger and Mrs. Cleve Thompson gave us 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!

Notes on the Dorr Dance

Thanks to Capt. Bentley, Lieut. Pinkerton 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 on Tuesday 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 notice the girls in the line at 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. Carlstrom 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. C. E. Bruck 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 "C-

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

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

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

Lieutenant Pinkerton was well taken care of by a certain blonde heart-breaker from Carlstrom — "Unquote."

Charlie Link really proved himself on that thar' 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-stripes wore out a brand-spanking new pair of sandals! Careful! Freddie!

Visitors

Capt. Clapp (Public Relations Department, Washington) piloted by Lient. Shancutt, 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 Lient. Pinkerton.

The express purpose of this trip was that Miss Brush and Mr. Nieman might observe Cadet life—their 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 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 rubberneck all over the place.

The "Mees" 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 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 "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 5, Col. 1

"It's Nice to Be Nice"

Gene Mccutch, formerly Main Office runner and stock room clerk, is now in the Aircraft Armament 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. Colon Eloy Alfaro Embajador del Ecuador en Washington, por la buena y pronta atencion del asunto personal del Sr. Octavio Icaza Valverde, que se ha resuelto favorablemente para todos. Aprovechamos la oportunidad para expresar nuestros deseos de que la mejoria de su senora esposa sea pronto completa Octavio.

Viva el Rod & Reel Club

Ayer domingo dia 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 Hielbrica Island y de allí embarcaron en bonitos y comedos yates hasta el cayo donde se celebró un "picnic." 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. Desearos hacernos mencion especial a la caja al agua de Capote y Cla, quienes pisanaron el barco que no estaba allí y cayeron en el agua que si estaba allí con el consiguiente remojón completamente vestidos; luego los apuros del navegante genoves almirante Bono quien a pesar de remar fuerte no salía de describir circulos y las parejas que fueron a recoger cocos entre los cocoteros de dos años que todavía no danaron 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 cuadrangular. La excursion tuvo un exito maravilloso y nos ha tocado el alto honor de agradecer a todos 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 omnibus. 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 Ienza V. of Ecuador, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nibola, Mrs. M. 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 enlivened 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 Mayherry

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 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 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). 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 Elden Roy 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 savors 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 Fredat'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 "skirt" canopy which will be placed on top of the drogue 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 looks 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. 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 Brent Durance—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 wel-

come 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 mucilage 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 Pflugor 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 Vern Burrows?! 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 doughy Sergeant's car is regularly seen at M.F.'s front steps every evening. Maybe he needs an air cooler 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 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 act 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 Tower.

I wonder if the hearts up there in the sky are beating double time with thrill of doing a splendifer 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 the 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 can find it 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 right, 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 rains came, but decided not to use boats. Used Seaplanes instead.

The “Boss-Man” and Syd Burrows took a little jaunt to Cleveland on the Stinson 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 Reeves, 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 Carlton Baumbgardner and James Bussey, who are preparing for their Commercial license 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 ship. 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 instructor 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.

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

**Riddle Field News Letter**

*Jack Hopkins, Editor*

Bill Jacobs, Joeie draughon, Paul Prier, Mickey Lightbinder, Toby Owen, Kenny Berry, Noyd Purdon, Ray Denton, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin and Ralph Thyme, 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 detachment to the E.A.F. at No. 5 B.P.T. S. from Yellow Flight) on how NOT to march:

**Commander Vaughn, at extreme left, front row (left to right), Bill Dutton and Bob Block, middle row, Dick Thorpe and Reg Farow, 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:

**Letter From Riddle Field**

*Jack Hopkins, Editor*

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

**Left to right** Cadets Skinmore, Skope and Beavers, Yellow Flight.

**Cadet Chatter**

On Wednesday evening, April 15, 14 members of Blue Flight, held 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 “Tubby” 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. Reefer, R. 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, Margaret Owen, 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.
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 Ca­
dets Eyton-Jones and Edwards in
ping pong . . . Cadet Ted Mercer
listening to theuke Organ in the
lounge . . . A group of Advanced
Cadets coming in from a fishing ex­
pedition 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
Aquadoodle at the International Ex­
position in San Francisco a year or
so ago . . . Edna Cox still doing a
wonderful job in making the "dagwood"
specials now so popular at the Can­
teener . . . Harvey Pool doing a reverse
swan dive at the pool.
Mr. and Mrs. James K. Patterson
of Miami were visitors at the
Field Sunday afternoon. Mr. Pat­
terson is associated with Eastern
Airlines.

Concluding, let us say that every­
one seemed to having a fine time
at the Field Sunday afternoon, and
the management is to be com­
mented on 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 be­
ing the Department Head for Link
Instrument Training.

John Joseph OBERMEYER was
born on October 7, 1918, in Cincin­
nati, 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 Cincin­
nati in 1935 and continued this
association until 1941. While work­
ing for this company, he received
specialized training at the Link
Aviation School, at Binghamton,
New York, and at the Spring­
er Aircraft Radio Co., in Indianap­
olis, Indiana.

He became connected with Em­

bry-Riddle in February, 1941, com­
ing to Carlstrom Field. While at
Carlstrom, he organized the Aircr­
ft Maintenance Department, be­
came Hangar Inspector and then
Maintenance Hangar Chief. He also
conducted ground school classes on
Maintenance and Inspection regu­
lations. 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, Radio 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 bruno­
ette . . . a card from a lovely
blonde or brunette will bring im­
mediate 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. Rid­
dle 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
well 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 di­
rection 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
colored reals. The . . .
the pilot to
"Sunbursts". The re­sults of the flight were based on
just how frightened a passenger
became. With most private planes
now grounded the situation has be­
come 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 loose 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 "written" 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 co­
operate!

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 Mi­
ami. 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 strolled 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 slight aight 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-alising 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 Carolina 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 Cawja Boys

The Georgia boys turned out to be socialites 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-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 graduate, was recently promoted to first lieutenant with the Army Air Force. Jack is stationed in the Canal Zone.

See 562 P. L. & R.

"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!

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Arcadia, Florida.