DORR DOINGS
by A/C Gray Stalmaker

Hey, hey, the column actually got a letter. Not fan mail exactly, but at least it was from a girl. Now how do we get to Miami?

Stuff
At the request of many readers (both of them), we found out how Thielhorn lost the end of that finger. Contrary to popular belief that he wore the finger down to a stub beating on soda fountain bars for milk shakes (yeah, we heard it the other way too), we learned that he lost it as an apprentice horsemeat grinder in a dog food factory. Which all goes to prove that Vic has really gone to the dogs.

J. A. Vick asked us to state that he has made only two ground loops, that third one being made by the other Vick. Bragging? Seems the Carlstrom boys made a sad mistake of trying to play Dorr in softball. We hereby challenge the present bunch to a game and promise a worse beating than their friends received. And boy, that was bad.

Lloyd has learned that it doesn’t
(Please turn to page 3—col. 4)

The Glorious Fourth!
The party Saturday night at the MacFadden-Deauville will be a special, gala Fourth of July celebration. The “Fly Paper” had intended to personally sponsor the donation of a sparkler to every person attending, but what with war and stuff there ain’t no sparklers. But we guarantee you a grand time anyway. Come and celebrate Independence Day with us!

Saturday being a full holiday, you can come early and take advantage of swimming, ping-pong, and so forth, too, before the dinner and dance. Prices are the same: $1.50 a couple for dinner and dancing, $1.00 a couple after 9 p.m.

CARLSTROM’S FIRST CADET WOUNDED AT CORAL SEA

In a Father’s Day cablegram to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Justice Beeson of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Lt. Frank H. Beeson, who received his flight training at Carlstrom, reported that his arm which was wounded in the battle of Coral Sea last month was now “completely restored.”

Red-headed Frank was the first American cadet to report for training at Carlstrom, when the Field was established in ’41, and received a lot of publicity. His family has known for many months that he was overseas, but had no more definite information.

FLY PAPER SERENADED
BY TECHNICAL STUDENTS

Is there something about Sheet Metal that makes you wanna sing? Apparently there is, because at the present writing, the Tech fourth floor boys are giving out with “Old Black Joe” in 12 part harmony!
**RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER**

**Jack Hopkins, Editor**

Paul Prior, Kenny Berry, Sylva Purdon, Ted Taylor, Roger Franklin, Ralph Thygns, Kenneth Milner, Dudley Amoss, Associate Editors

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**RIDDLE FIELD**

**FLY PAPER**

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by

EMBRY-RIDDLE

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**RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE**

Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

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**RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE**

Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

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**EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION**

Miami, Fla.

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**RIDDLE-McKAY AERO INSTITUTE**

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**RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE**

Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

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J o i n N PAUL RIDDLE, President

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F. C. "Bud" Belland, Editor

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Larry Walden, U. S. Army Primary School, Union City, Tenn.

Ray Pairtringer—Jack Hobler, Jack Hart—Sam Lightholder, Staff Artists

Charles C. Ebbets, Staff Photographer

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**Personal Prattle**

Roscoe Brinton, Basie Flight Instructor, is enjoying his wife's vacation almost as much as she is.

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**PRO R A M**

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

**"ACROSS THE BORDER"**

Monday, July 6th—Riddle Field

Tuesday, July 7th—Dorr Field

Wednesday, July 8th—Carlstrom Field

Thursday, July 9th—Miami Technical Division

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**"RAIN"**

Thursday, July 9th—Riddle Field

Friday, July 10th—Dorr Field

Monday, July 13th—Miami Technical Division

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**Distinguished Visitors**

Group Captains Carnegie and Continued on Next Page

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**Confrontus say if man would fly**

And earn an airman rating

Should keep his mind up in the sky

And not in dissipating...
Airie from the R.A.F. Delegation in Washington, D. C., were distinguished visitors at the Field a few days last week. Group Captain Carnegie is the Director of training of all the British Flight Training Schools in the United States.

Captain Carnegie was present at the Colour Hoisting parade last Friday morning, and remarked that it was the “snappiest” parade he had seen at any of the British Flight Training Schools.

— WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42 —

CADET CHATTER

Someone asked us to ask you to ask, oh well, anyway, we’re supposed to ask Johnny Cutton of Yellow Flight what makes the whistle blow in Miami.

And speaking of Yellow Flight, two of that lot have gone into the study of the latest styles. After a careful survey in Miami the past week-end, they found what they describe as the latest R.A.F. fashions, and very kindly exhibit them for us in the following pictures. We won’t mention any names, but we think you might recognize them:

Why is it that certain members of Blue Flight are interested in a Mr. and Mrs. Jane Smith of Ft. Meyers?

A new, low rate on cablegrams to England has been announced. Complete information may be obtained at the A. D.’s room.

Green Flight seems to be “in the groove” at the Field now, and while a little late—welcome, fellows!

And incidentally, our reporter for Green Flight is Dudley Amoss, a Yanke in the R.A.F., who is quite an experienced journalist.

Catherine Minges, R.A.F. stenographer, has asked Squadron Leader Burdick for an expense account after several telegrams had to be sent last week to recover a wrist watch mailed for repairs.

Then there was the Cadet from Red flight, who evidently didn’t know the difference between a buck private and a Lieutenant in the American Army. The scene—

Three sorry looking Cadets weakly eying a jeep which bounds along on all fours. One enterprising Cadet hopefully thumbs the driver (a buck private, so the Private thinks). Says our subject, “How far ya goin, bud?” pause, “Oh my gosh, I beg your pardon SIR, I didn’t notice those bars!” (Profuse saluting which we are told is not too smart.)

However, the Lieutenant had a good laugh, and invited the three to jump in and they had the unique experience of hitching in an American Army jeep.

Alec Muttock of Blue Flight recommends a dip in the sea at 2:00 A. M. almost any morning to cure anything that ails you.

Word was received this week that Robert A. Watkins had been lost in a recent ship sinking off the Atlantic Coast. Watkins is a brother to Bill Watkins of Red Flight and Woody Watkins of Blue Flight, and we want to express our sympathies to the boys and their family in this tragedy.

G. Ross, Red Flight, Harry Ingram and Ronald Waterkyn, Green Flight, were confined to the infirmary this past week.

Several week-ends ago, Flight Instructor Bob Walker and several of his former students got together in Miami for a fishing trip. And brother, they really pulled in the fish—340 pounds of it, including two sailfish. You don’t have to take their word for it either, for they have produced a picture that is definite proof.

Below we see them and their catch:

Left to right—L. A. Baker, J. W. Twelftree, Sgt. Frank Pegg, all of Blue Flight; Instructor Bob Walker and two other boys from Miami who made the trip.

Man of the Week

Mr. K. J. Walters, Steward in Charge of the Mess Hall, is doing honors as Man of the Week for this issue.

Mr. Walters was born on November 23, 1892, in Baltimore, Maryland. He attended high school at Sunbury, Pa., and attended the University of Pennsylvania. After graduation, Walters became a member of the United States armed forces then engaged in World War No. 1. After the armistice, he was associated with the Air Corps at Mitchell Field, after which he was manager of the United States Shipping Board, Philadelphia District.

At this time, Mr. Walters became connected with various hotels and restaurants, having charge of the buying and preparation of the foods. He has had invaluable experience in some of the larger hotels in the country and Embry Riddle was indeed fortunate to secure his services on December 10, 1941. He was stationed here at Riddle Field then, and has since established a strong organization in his department.

In 1923 he married Miss Susan Jenkins of Washington, D. C. They have no children.

Physically, our Man of the Week is 5’10” tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is extremely interested in his work, and with food prices now very high and a shortage in certain lines of foods, he has done an excellent job in serving the type meals available at the mess hall, and at a very reasonable price, too.

Here is a picture of our Man of the Week:

LATINOS-AMERICANOS

(Continued from page 1)
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Dere Bud:

Shucks, 'Twarn't Nothin' I wanna thank you fer that weddin' present you finally sent me and congratulate you on survivin' so many soap cupons so's you could get it. Honest, it was gettin' to be shameful to have all them oranges goin' to waste jest 'cause I was too lazy to squeeze the juice outa them. With your new jucer, however, there will be plenty of juice flowin' outa our kitchen. Thanks again.

I also wanna congratulate you on gettin' your commission in the Navy. At last you are somethin' I can be proud of, and I can't wait to see how you look in a uniform. You better have them make the waistline a little slim, as after the Navy gets through with you, you won't have that little potbellied no more. It's gonna feel funny, callin' you "Lieutenant," but we can get used to anything if we get enough time. But who's gonna take care of the FLY PAPER after you leave? You know, if your successor is too intelligent, I won't be able to write any more of these here letters. Besides, may he be don't have your sense of humor; then where'll I be?

High Jinks

Speakin' of leavin', the Carlstrom Adonis—Bob Boyle—is gone up to Union City to instruct at the new school up there. Bob, y'know, is the handsomest man workin' fer Embry-Riddle, and there is more broken hearts in Arcadia now that he is leavin' than you could fix with a "Loverlorn Advice" column.

Howsoever, let me make a little predickshun here: he will have a very able successor in Harry Newnam, one of our Grind School boys. Paul Dixon flew his sister Anne over from Tampa the other day fer a weekend here. We put her up at my place 'cause I got a extry room (the same one you slept in, but we aired it out good since). When she got here Friday evenin' we wasn't home, so Paul took her to his place where she stayed with his wife, Betty. We seen Paul later wanderin' around town with a toothbrush in his pocket, lookin' for a place to spend the night. We took him in and Anne came over the next day. Now, here's what I'm gettin' around to. We threwed a wienie roast in our backyard in the little gal's honor, and invited the De Boris, the DIXons, Bill Gracey, Joe Woodward and Harry Newnam.

Life of the Party

Well, it wasn't long before Harry assumed full responsibility fer Anne, and I mean he done a good job. We all went over the Pilot's Club afterwards fer refreshments and some dancin' and Harry showed us what a real cosmopolite (aint that word a humberger?) he is. Y'know, Anne is a professional dancer anyhow, but Harry taught her a couple steps she never heard of or seen either. On top of that, he done a slight of hand trick with a handkerchief to demonstrate a joke that was a honey. I'll show it to you some time.

Sunday we all went to Dixons fer dinner. It was a good one, except that Betty forgot to change the tea leaf she'd been usin' last week, and the ice tea wasn't as strong as it coulda been. Then we spent the afternoon at the swimmin' pool where Paul De Bor was still shiverin' from the cold bath his wife made him take when he got home Saturday night. It seems like he had to teach a Sunday school class and she wanted him to be in top form when he did.

Visitors

Well, that about winds up the weekend, so I'll tell you what's happened earlier in the week. Our former C. O. Lieut.-Colonel Donavan dropped in fer a few days with a Major A. C. Parkman. I guess Col. Donavan had been braggin' about what a swell place this is, and the major wanted to see it. Well, everybody was glad to see them, and we hope they come to see us soon again.

By the way, Bud, we get some changes in the administration here that you might like to know about. Nate Reece is now assistant to Len Povey, and his old job of bein' assistant to Jack Hunt is now bein' filled by Mr. Bob Bullock. Bob is a native Arcadian and has a good reputation for gettin' done right, so it looks like we got the right guy. Nate sure needed an assistant, as overwork was gettin' him down—even to ridin' bicycles backwards.

I also heard that Howard Wade is now in the Navy at Corpus Christi, Texas, where he is instructin'. We're sorry to see Howard go, as he was purty well liked by everybody around here, so if you ever run across him while you're in the Navy, tell him we're thinkin' of him. Our old pals, Lloyd Lampman and Lee Hipson were in town over the weekend, shakin' hands with everybody. They ran into Captain Ola and Lieutenant Clonts down at the pool, but the Army boys couldn't get them to go swimmin'.

-EAGER BEAVER CHATTER-

by Dragwire

News of 42-K at Carlstrom

Ah yes! here it is time for 20 hour checks. Worry, worry! If it's not one thing it's something worse, but let me tell you in brief, the story of our coming to Carlstrom.

Story of 42-K

'Twas the day after pay day and there were some eleventeen of us men all packed, catalogued, numbered and marched to a sidin' at Gunter Field. There we mounted our trusty "wreck of the old 44" (top speed 40 m. p. h. down hill, this is) and after much puffing and groaning started on our way to sunny Florida.

Believe me, you never saw a funkier sight than a trainload of cadets taking over a town and stripping it of all catables, leaving more money behind than the town ever saw before, and all in seven or eight minutes. Not one town but several between Arcadia and Montgomery. The engineer never gave us a crack at a town of more than 9,000 people, so we were pretty hungry when we hit Arcadia. There was quite a bit of money changing hands very rapidly on the train too. But what was funniest was to see two grown men trying to sleep in a lower berth with the foot piling up under the small of the back. Anyway we arrived in Arcadia, intact and also in the rain. Sunny Florida, no rain in two months, but let 42-K come in and it rains. We never miss a chance to get wet.

Continued on Next Page
Brace, Mister
Then when we were so graciously received at the Field here by our upperclassmen, Graciously means, "Get that brass off your collar, Mister," "Brace," "Wipe that smile off, Mister."—Oh, for the life of an underclassman, didn't last long though.

You know we used to think we worked hard at Maxwell, but brother, what we didn't know! Most of us stay tired here. Don't get me wrong, naturally, with a bunch of cadets there is bound to be some fun, but at a primary school there is also plenty of work. Reveille, breakfast, flying lunch, classes, athletics, supper, study and taps. You can sleep fairly in the morning as long as it's not later than 6 A.M.

Ssh-b
After a couple of weeks the solos started and now twenty hour checks—and all along the way is the thing we dread but all can't avoid—"washout." We all extend a hand to the boys who have gone by the "propwash" so far and know they will be the best bombardiers and navigators that ever flew.

The first of our group in the news for last week is D. R. "Groundloop" Downs who never again will use left rudder to compensate for torque and A. O. "S. D." Celine who knows what to do with a broom. Then there's G. Beyer with his fan mail from Arcadia; Buddy Kilgore trying to meet Joyce T.; Elrod and Guebbs first to pass 20 hour checks, and a lot of the boys on three-day passes?

To end up for this week we want to give our best wishes to each and everyone of Class 42-J for their continued success in Basic. A first class bunch of "hot pilots."

Till next week.

Ed. Note: Following is the column written for last week by Dragwire. It arrived too late, and missed our deadline, so we include it, a little late, now.

With the inauguration of a column for Class 42-K should come the story of how this class arrived at Dorr and Carlstrom Fields, or of the trials and tribulations of an experimental class. But due to lack of time this week the latter will be rather soft and eventually will grow to be "big noise."

Solos
The week started off with many solos. Among the first to solo were Larry Coy, Buddy Elrod, Grady Bishop, Bud Grubbs and a few others whose names cannot be recalled at present; the honor of first to solo will have to be split because no one knows definitely who was the first. There are so many solos that all cannot be mentioned.

Tough. But O-oh So Gentle!
Speaking for the majority we are all pleased to be at such a beautiful school as R.A.I. and hope to finish here. Having talked to cadets from many other fields, though we are gradually realizing that this is probably the toughest school in the country, so we know that if we finish here we will have very little trouble with Basic and Advanced. Our Instructors are a patient lot. The ground school crew is a lot of fun, believe me. It seems odd to learn so much in such a pleasant way. "Crankshaft" Hobler is the ring leader but think along with him are "Longeron" De Bore, "Cumulo Nimbus" Moser, "Comic Projection" Woodward and others whom I have not had the pleasure of meeting yet.

We also have our bugsaboos too, Monday night inspection. No matter how much one scrubs and dusts and sweeps, the inspecting officer can always find something we forgot. It's not amusing either, the tour line Saturday night and Sunday may look impressive but is no fun when the boys could be in Sarasota (now there's a place) or in Arcadia. Then there's the messes, a wornout bird dog who answers to "Ground Loop," but you should hear it howl during retreat.

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
by Bill Linkroom

Oh! The Little Breezes
In case you are looking for the Seaplane base gang, we are down in the hurricane cellar reading "Gone With The Wind." Last Thursday, much to our dismay and horror, three of our Cubs were badly mistreated by a freak twister. In fact, they were literally sprayed all over our new lawn. At this writing, Ad Thompson and one of our heads from Tech are out searching for new equipment around Palm Beach way and from all reports, we will have some new ships in a few days.

New Faces
Charlie Stahler has five new arrivals in ground school: Josephine Paris, Wilma Moore, Kay Weic and Connie and Denise Caravasious. These girls all expect to take up flying and continue through their Private Pilot's rating. Connie and Kay are flying now, but the other girls want to get their ground school cleaned up first. Quite a hurry for you to handle alone, Charles!

Adios Amigos
Several of our friends and students having completed their time with us have bid us a fond farewell. Captains Hilliard and Carr have been transferred from Miami to parts undisclosed. We are sorry to have them go as they were always very punctual and apt students. Mr. J. E. Russell, the kind donor of our present sailboat, left for New York and back to work.

CHILEAN CADETS EXPRESS THANKS
Destiny tragically stole the existence of a young man without peer as friend, son or comrade—ARCHIBALD EVANS.

We received with his sudden death a hard shock that left a veil of gloom in our souls. Far away from our home country, we eleven Chileans weren't alone in our mourning. We had beside us many people that kindly did their best in order to make easier the hard test we were passing through.

Among all the people we had the sincere and valuable help of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation that at every moment gave us assistance and offered as posthumous homage to our late comrade, beautiful flowers that with their perfume symbolized the true friendship that the United States of America feels toward the Latin-American Countries.

So we want to thank heartily Embry-Riddle School, its president and personnel for everything they did to help us and the sincere demonstration of sympathy we received at our friend Archibald Evan's tragic end.

The Chilean Inter-American Cadets

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE FLY—

Mr. Russell was one of Ad's students and having with us for awhile was very pleasant. Best of luck to all of you.

Remark of the Week
One of our students on viewing the results of last week's storm remarked to yours truly, "Bill, I thought you said that if you just let a Cub fly itself, it would do a better job than I could!" Grrrr! One, two, three, four . . .

Willie Whitehead was in the maintenance shop when the storm hit, but not for long. As he put it, "When the roof started to lift up, it was time for me sho' to make time out of there." Willie has seen lots of famous Florida blows, but never one as peculiar as that one.

Pinch-Hitter
Our trusty Stinson Reliant has stepped in nicely during the little lull in our flying and again is actively participating in the Civil Air Patrol. She has been completely overhauled and had a new radio installed. Its good to see her active again. You just can't keep us down. We always have an answer for any situation.
**Dorr Field News Bull-Etin**

**Ed Morey, Editor**

We were paid a surprise visit this past week by an old friend of the family, Colonel Donovan, once C. O. of Carlstrom Field. The Colonel, accompanied by friend Major Parkham, flew down here from Washington, D. C.

**New Faces**

Every week we try to bring you the who's who in the latest developments. This week we bring you three handsome lieutenants from Maxwell Field, Lt. C. F. Warden, Lt. G. P. Charpie and Lt. M. B. McDade, who will take up duties here as assistant air corps supercisors.

**Hooray for Our Team**

Well, the showdown finally came. Yes indeed, ever since the cadets in this here upper class have arrived, the boys of Carlstrom field (upper class) have been a-braggin how good they were. In recent softball games, a new light came on when Dorr field's A squadron deposed the "Sgt." York piled up a box score of 25-12 against Carlstrom. The B squadron (Dorr Field), coached from behind the plate by (Cobbtown) Hensly, tramped home plate into the dirt 16 times while Carlstrom's boys touched it only five times.

**Pep Meeting Turns Out to be Gala**

After all the ear bending and debating of the pro's and con's in regards to canteen problems were dispersed, the girls were delighted to hear that a surprise party was being held afterward. Mrs. Lottie Hampton, who was guest of honor, was overwhelmed when lusty voices were raised singing "happy birthday, dear Lottie."

The party was quite eventful with music, dancing, singing and orations, including the traditional birthday cake with candles (which Lottie with one hefty blow, downed, making her wish come true). The evening concluded with refreshments.

Could it be the popular young Miss Marjorie Roberts, who has recently left Dorr Field for Texas, is probably the cause of so many long faces hanging on the cadets?

We were pleasantly surprised by a short visit payed to us by Miss Lynn Fox of Miami, who is Mr. U. J. His' assistant.

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**Dorr Doings—**

*(Continued from page 1)*

We have our own Lil' Abner here at Dorr, and he's one ground loop up on the one in the funny. Incidentally, if the other one could see our boy in calesthenics, he'd go back to Dogpatch and hide.

**Winning Streak**

Yes sir! The "Dorr Knobs" sure are going strong. They boast the best softball team on the peninsula. This team is composed of Lt. Pinkerton, Capt. Boyd, Capt. Bentely, Lt. Phillip, Lt. Polan and several others. Their latest victory was that over Dorr Eagles, 24-11. Come on, gang, how's about some competition.

**More Stuff**

If you're wondering why Bailey is such a man's man, look at that picture of his wife. And he joined the army! Skip and wife will be Young-sting next month. Jaques Snyder, who dodged the Gestapo and police all the way from France to Portugal, found, to the tune of 25 tours, that our local guards are a bit too tough to get by. Hey, Himmer, want a few lessons? We're sincerely sorry to see some of the fellows going back to Maxwell, they've been swell friends.

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** Mentioning Municipal **

by James Gilmore and "Panther" Fouché

We see by the FLY PAPER that we're supposed to write a column. Well, we're honored enough, but also a little worried, as to date not having had any dual time on this sort of thing. You see, Bud, this is the same as if you were to point out a P-40 on the line, ready to go, and say "fly it." We'd try to fly it, but in either case anything could happen. Then again—don't know what to write or how to say it. Of course we might say—

**Free Cokes**

Well, kids, yesterday Hal Ball took and passed the Instrument Flight Test, and as is the custom set us up to cokes. Immediately after Hal was given the O. K. nod by Mr. Hutchins, Harry Whipple took off and did a repeat act. Both of these fellows are very happy as anyone would be. And, Bud, we could say that William McGrath passed the Flight Test for Private License. Everybody knows how busy Captain Burgle and Mr. Gibbons are these days, so can't say much about them except that if you see a blurred figure dashing by, it's likely to be either the Captain or Mr. G.

**Hugo, Baffles, and Tulula**

Now, Bud, you begin to see what we mean, don't you? We could say something about Hugo, Baffles or Tulula. But why — as everybody knows about Hugo, Baffles and Tulula. In case you haven't heard about Hugo, Baffles and Tulula, they belong to Helen Cavis and Mary Brooks. Hugo is getting longer and longer, so by now you can tell what kind of a dog he is. As soon as his bark gets a little stronger, he will be a tough assistant to Ted Hanter, the Guard. Bud, you'd better wear your identification card when you come out, or Hugo won't let you in. Since we have gone this far, we might as well tell you about Tulula. Tulula is Hugo's sister. Tulula is just as shy and timid as her brother is bold. And Baffles, well, he is the cocker who belongs to Mary, and he is just a bewildered bystander.

**Model Airplane**

By the way, Bud, we know you have heard of how Dinky Eastman won a national contest with the model airplane she built. Think of it, Bud—a little model with retractable landing gear, controll-
TECH TALK
by Dorothy Burton

(Is that woman back again?)

At the Eleventh Hour! Florence McNam, Tech Talk’s guest writer for the week, received a telegram from the U. S. Engineers Office of the War Dept. requesting her immediate presence. Altho her superiors were exceedingly sorry to lose her they accepted the resignation in good part. Florence’s popularity with the entire personnel was unquestioned and to all whom she could not see to say goodbye personally she wished it to be said through this means.

What Latin American student may pine and grow thin and pale at this news? Florence promises to be with you all again at the Deauville “doings.”

Eleventh Hour

At the Eleventh Hour! trying to pinch-hit for a guest writer (Bud, you warned me this would happen!) and deliver a column in three hours which invariably takes sight to write and four to rewrite if you’re not a professional or just naturally glib or if the excavator by the window is going like mad and which it is.

(Interruption number one—two knowledge seekers want data on brake diagrams. Jim Blakeley, Director of Military Training and notorious tease, would happen to be in the Library just at that moment and heckle for all he is worth. The day was saved by the appearance of A. W. Throemorton, who majestically appeared in the doorway to engage Mr. Blakeley in lofty matters.)

Sad News

The other sad news of the week was the resignation of Cecilia Hill Hanozek, Registrar’s Office. Cecilia likewise succumbed to the lure of the government service and has gone to Civil Service. The government service is a good place to work, but, oh! how they are going to miss the glamour of Embry-Riddle.

Thumbtack Sketches

So Mr. Varney has been extra, ultra, colossal, super, jumbo busy getting handsome new girls so we won’t mourn too long for departed friends and now we have:

Mary P. McGuirt, whom you all know as “Patsy,” who is responsible for getting you to the office in the morning via the elevator. Her pet aversion is too many bells ringing in her ears at once, so if you want to keep in her good graces perhaps mental telepathy is the answer. Patsy is a graduate of Edison High, has lived in Miami all her life, is well travelled, and likes to sew.

New Runner

Elizabeth V. Hall, or Betty, is the fleet-footed new runner whose red sandals twinkle all over the building. She is likewise a Miamian and Edison High girl. Loves swimming, horses and her Spitz dog, but hates “wolves.” Lila Texas Nicholson, three guesses where she was born, is holding forth in the Department of Admissions. As Betty Jo Keller might say, “Lila is not married but attached and unafraid.” Her hobby is reading. Another “not married but attached and unafraid” is Gene Bryan, who graduated from Florida State College for Women in 1941 and has been teaching in Naples, Florida, where life is busy and the hustle and bustle of the 1290 population reminds one of 42nd and B’way on New Year’s Eve. Gene is grateful for the peace and quiet of little Miami where she can cultivate her fondness for making scrap-books and her aversion for lettuce. Her residence in the building is “Auditing.”

Surnamed Mary Jo

In a metropolis where sun tans are not news, Mary Jo Milligan, secretary to Lee Malmsten, is making it news by having so beautiful a tan. She has lived here for two years and spends all her leisure in bicycling, swimming, playing ping pong and running from our famous scorpions and land crabs. Mary Jo was schooled in Ohio and has until recently been a teacher in a private school in Coconut Grove.

Water Colorist

Thelma Norton, Payroll Dept., is married and her hobby is orchids. She specializes in water colors and plans to hold an exhibition in the Library sometime in the future. Her years have been spent in Florida with education taking place in Fort Lauderdale. She was formerly employed by the Dodge Motor Co. and has a pet Shepherd dog.

New Radio Instructor

In Radio Dept. the new instructor of the intermediate class is Walter Hunter, with two degrees in physics and working on his Doctorate. Mr. Hunter is from Enid, Oklahoma and was formerly an instructor at the Spartan School. He has been engaged at the University of Oklahoma in research on electron tubes.

Briefs

John Keelin, Admissions, leaves for the Army on July 13th. Daphne Banks, Purchasing, nursing poison ivy. Virginia Hunter now with Registrar. LIEUTENANT BUD RELLAND OF THE U. S. NAVY, Virgil Kitrell and Howard Beazell attending U. of Miami nites. Paul Baker’s new addition to the family, “TAB,” a Scottie formerly owned by Betty Harrington. Stag party given by Major Field and Captain Stetson. Gertrude Bohres, bride of five months, getting books to read nites now that her husband has gone into the Service. Dr. and Helen Drabek vacationed in Chicago where the handsome Dr. took State Board. He will enter the Service on July 1st, and the School will have to form a club for Service widows if this keeps on.

able pitch propeller, and movable controls; all these are maneuvered from the cockpit. She even stitched the fabric on the wings.

Wheels Or Floats

We’ve all been expecting a visit from the Sinson at the Seaplane base when we notice the lake outside the hangar door each rainy afternoon. The Coast Guard lens a Gruman Utility Amphibian here in the middle of one of our lesser showers, and it was hard to tell whether they landed on the wheels or floats.

Dave Burgh was conspicuous by his absence Friday. There was, also much concern as to the whereabouts of one of our Swacos. The mystery was cleared up when we found that most of Dave’s students were there for solo flights Friday and they (students, Waco, and Dave) spent the day at Seminole.

Wonderful Time

Capt. Burghin called a “pilots’ meeting” at the Seven Seas Friday evening and Municipal instructors were there en teto. The whole affair was a great success and everyone had a wonderful time (including “Jungle Jim” Pollard, whether he knows it or not). We never realized Capt. Burghin was such an understanding person until Friday.

Kitten’s Muddy Nose

Most of us know that “Lady Halitosis,” of Zack Mosely fame cracked up Sunday—but what some of us don’t know is that one of the cross country “Stooges” took the Gray Kitten out and pushed her nose in the mud. We won’t mention any names but there were only four people in the plane and Tinsley won’t tell, neither will Davis and Schendler so we’re still wondering.

Understand the Seminole Gang is planning a big party with the 25 cents they’re taking from our students and instructors. Remember Jesse James and Robin Hood?

Hi, Cookie

At last the worst has come and Mrs. Betty Hair Lightholder has left, and even though Cora Lee “Cookie” Cook is doing a swell job, there is one person that really regrets Betty’s leaving for more reasons than one; but just bear with us and we’ll try and keep you posted on the whys and wherefores around the Municipal base.

Well, you can see that all this would be written in the standard run of the mill manner and we wouldn’t want to write anything like that, so don’t know what we will do. Have to go now and take our vitamin pills.
At the Deauville . . . .

Moonlight and Breezes
On account of moonlight and soft breezes, the terrace was the most popular place for dancing Saturday night at the weekly Victory Vacation party. Over 150 persons attended, and reports are favorable: not too many people, not too few; not too hot, not too cold; not too sedate, not too hilarious.

Highlight
Highlight of the evening was the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Carpenter, with their very international party, consisting of Group Captains D. V. Carnegie and Airie, of the British Air Commission in Washington, and several Latin-American cadets. R. A. Payne, F. D. Pearson, M. Hodson, H. Roberts, R. Griffin, M. S. Ainsley, R. W. Beveridge, E. R. Parry, C. Campbell, C. Nixon, R. C. R. Lean, R. D. Truscott, E. E. Carpenter, Mrs. Roy Hopkins and Jack Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Tente.

From Miami, but spending the night at the hotel, were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lind, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Brierston, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Thomas, L. Getter, E. M. Abrams, Mrs. M. Eubanks, Miss L. Sugmaster, Marty C. Warren, Betty Harrington, Lucille Valliere, Dorothy Schooley, Florence McMann, Madge Kessler, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kight, C. Noriega, P. Lewis, A. Sasco, A. Montero, Mr. G. Bourne, R. F. Schutz, T. Harris, Ruth Meyer, E. Machado, C. Medeiros.

WELL RULE THE BLUE IN '42

LETTER OF THE WEEK

Bud Belland, Editor
Fly Paper
Dear Sir:
Statistics prove that four out of five people read poetry. Also three out of five like it. Two out of five inhale it and one of the lunch understand it.
As a bit of constructive criticism I believe snacks of the stuff here and there would help—once I happened to edit a school paper. I offer the following tripes having made the rounds of all the bases and being mightily impressed.

UNDER AN AT'S WING

Under the wing of a sleek A. T. They sat and they softly sighed. But they didn't know as they looked aloft
That a hero they knew had died.

They didn't know that the silver ship
That sat 'tween the twinkling stars

HAD BEEN THE PERCH FOR MANY A TRIP

Of a man who sailed toward Mars.

When training was over away he flew
To help play a hand of right.
When parleys failed, the tempest grew.
No mind—'twas might against might.

To battle he went; the foe he stopped
Downed one—then four—now seven!
The eighth he missed—they thought he had dropped.
How wrong! He had flown to heaven!

Ventured by EKAG of the infantry crew.
ED GARVY.

See, 502 P. L. & R.

At the Deauville . . . .

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