Dorr Doings
by Jack Whitnall

A farewell supper-dance was held Thursday evening at the Dorr Field Mess Hall honoring Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Gates, who left us August 13th. (According to all reports Mr. Nicodemus (Steward) and his crew did themselves proud in the preparation of the dinner.) Guests were officers and civilians, together with their wives, who have been long-time associates of Mr. Gates at Dorr and Carlstrom Fields.

Hocker Presents

On Wednesday afternoon, Dorr Field Department Heads held an impromptu surprise meeting in the lounge room of the Canteen—for the purpose of presenting a small gift to Mr. Gates. It was a surprise, too; Mr. Gates' first question was, "Gentlemen, what's the complaint?" Mr. Hocker made the presentation.

A word about "Doug" Hocker: we learned that he was born July 23rd (but we don't know the year) at Westfield, Massachusetts; height 5'9½; weight 164; (Continued on Page 8)

BUDGE TEACHES TENNIS AT TECH SCHOOL

RIDDLE, DORR AND CARLSTROM BASES INSPECTED, APPROVED BY NEWCOMER

by Wain R. Fletcher

The Ass't, Ed made her first tour of the bases last week and all but drove Ye Managing Ed crazy with her confusion over which base was which and who was who at what field. However, light finally dawned, and the whole set-up is now clear, we hope.

Rabbits and Passengers

Seven o'clock on a lovely morning we took off from the School in the Company bus, the two editors, four sleepy cadets and the wide awake driver Bob Causey. There were no incidents outside of the multitude of rabbits, both the quick and the dead on and off the road, and we arrived on schedule at Clewiston.

Our stop at Riddle Field was short, but long enough for this Ass't Ed to be deeply impressed with the whiteness, the neatness and the symmetry of the layout. The entire Field was buzzing with activity and the air was noisy with B.T's and P.T's taking off and landing on the flight line. The new link building was gleaming in the sun.

Grown Up Now

On to Dorr, where the "baby" field proved that infancy is a thing of the past. Landscaping showing that infinite pains had been taken to beautify this spot only recently a relic of World War 1, and the usual efficient carrying on of efficient business. Tom Gates greeted us cordially, but we didn't even have time to express our regrets over his departure to take up duty in the Air Corps as Bob rushed us off to complete the first half of our circle.

Over Break-neck Road to Carlstrom an addition to our party was very unhappy in the back seat—Mr. Hathaway, the gentleman of insurance on business for the company, bounced about and eyed the front seat avidly when he untangled himself upon (Continued on Page 7)

REWARD!!!

LOST: Two issues of the FLY PAPER, Vol. 1, No. 1, October 21, 1940; and Vol. 2, No. 14, July 22, 1941.
REWARD: $3.00 each. Return to the Fly Paper Office Tech School, Miami. (Sentimental value only.)
MIA MI LANDPLANE NOTES

by Cara Lee "Cookie" Cook

What ho! A column in thirty minutes! Well, clear the decks, 'cause here goes.

Our C.P.T. boys are now sporting new uniforms—even down to the brass buttons! And a neat looking bunch they are too, by gory!

C. P. T.

Both C.P.T. courses are purring along like B25s and in another three or four weeks reluctant farewells will be the order of the day. More power to you boys.

Food is the topic of conversation now since the new canteen has been opened. This establishment is doing a bang up business by serving wonderful meals at a nominal cost. We're longingly waiting for the soda bar to hang out the "open for business" sign so we can all get fat and lazy by drowning our sorrows in sodas.

We see many new faces appearing around the field nowadays and upon closer examination find some to be part of our instructor personnel, i.e., Frank Page, Bill Rich, Leland McDaniels and none other than LAWRENCE DE MARCO, of spaghetti dinner fame.

Tribute

Which brings to mind the wonderful vision of that last dinner to commemorate the opening of our new canteen. A gold leaf for Mr. De Marco, please!

A lot of faces were missed at the last Deaville party, but those that upheld the standard and kept the banner high were good old Baseball Schindlers, C. A. Davis, Johnny Lynne, Bob Landis, Tom Moxley and their respective women.

Open Invitation

Here's an open invitation to our students, instructors and all those who haven't attended our Saturday night celebrations to put on the glad rags, round up the dates and join "our gang" at the Deaville next Saturday night.

And here's a cheery hullo to our old friends, Pappy Norton and Bill McDougall, who visited us last week. Also congratulations to Dave Burch, who just returned from Ohio with his lovely wife.

We miss Nancy Batson, one of our "cemin-nixers," who is now seaborning with those swellegene people at the Seaplane Base.

Light Fantastic

The real excitement on the program at the land base was the well executed, much to the horror of Capt Burgin and Mr. "G," light fantastic which student John Wood did while attempting to land in one of our Wacos. Squally weather being the rhyme and reason.

That's the total sum of it.

DEAUVILLE CALLING

The Deaville in the Deaville Room will again be the scene of the Victory Vacation Party this week-end. The usual procedure—swimming from one, dinner at eight and dancing to curfew.

But—the menu will be very different this time and we're not going to tell you what it is going to be. We'll worry you a bit though, and tell you that it's not a buffet supper, it won't be steak nor will it be chicken.

Come and see!
**TECH TALK**

by Virgil Kittrell

Anyone afraid of being bored stop here, but if you feel up to continuing, please remember—Any similarity to persons or places is purely coincidental.

"Mother" Murphy, having deserted us for the army, reports that he has lost some of the weight Embry-Riddle cooking put on him. Incidentally his wife is with us now in Overhaul and we understand she could easily walk off with the title "Neatest Wearer of Slacks."

**Heart Breaker**

Eric Sundstrom's father is visiting from the Isle of Pines. Each of twenty-seven girls has been introduced to him as Eric's favorite girl friend. Could be a trifle confusing—maybe?

Jo Skinner is on vacation and Martha Gene Mims is substituting for her.

Among those who have left us are Johnny Long, Raymond Farmer and, again, Desmond McRory.

Bill Burton has returned home from the hospital, but is still in bed (with mustache) taking orders from his doctor. We all wish him the best and hope to see him back among us soon.

**Society**

The "Katty" Foyles will meet and eat at Venetian Pools on the twenty-fifth. Lots of fun and food planned.

**Lonely Hearts**

Lonely hearts were made lonelier, when dashing Dave Beaty, local fourth floor Beau Brummel and Embry-Riddle's Number One Don Juan, finally succumbed to the age-old institution of marriage. Last Saturday at Warren, Pennsylvania, Miss Mary Jamieson became Mrs. Dave Beaty II. Our best to you and yours, Dave, she's a lovely bride.

**Ramblings at Random**

The jungle that has become a beehive of Engine Test, Engine Change, Engine Overhaul and Aircraft — The gorgeous green lawn that was not long ago a parking lot.

The feminine pulsekrude of Embry-Riddle that bids well for the slogan "under this roof labor the most beautiful girls in the world"—Mr. Ireland, cool, calm and efficient as ever, taking over for Jim Blakeley—Our old friends at the Coliseum, Lojinger, Shultz, Heaton and Smith that we seldom see.

K. C. Smith talking, and at the same time writing backwards, making us goggle-eyed—Everyone missing Bud Belland's friendliness—Kelly Newsome's Sir Lance-lot way with the women—It is Ensgn Robert Townsends to you now.

Our ever punctual director, Mr. Throgmorton and Mr. Blakeley dashing like mad to catch a plane—Estelle Woodward does not sleep on collar buttons—those dimples are natural—eaves dropping from a certain room on fourth floor between five-thirty and six-thirty five nights a week.

Lloyd Barker a veritable fountain of information is surely the most versatile of all instructors—Shanahan versus Breslin—still cooking—The pendulum on the Grandfather Clock turning green with envy at the Budge, vs. Campbell Gillespie tennis match—Johnny Riddle an expert on all kinds of figures—Our students being smart as a bee sting while drilling.

The Instrument and Radio Depts. on pins and needles until their new students arrive — Joy Mason again gracing the first floor — Dorothy Burton, Jeannette Throgmorton and Helen Kittrell entertaining each other Saturday evening in the absence of their respective husbands—one was ill, one was away and one (can you guess which) was in bed asleep.

Helene Hirsch back from vacationing in New York looking lovely as ever—Work stopping on fourth floor momentarily as irresistible Patsy McGuirt walks through—Does the sun rise in the West or is that really the moon I see as I dash for that seven o'clock class???

**Out-Winching Winchell**

What boy in our midst left the job of making an appointment for his complete physical exam up to his girl friend and after waiting in the reception room for two hours, was admitted, only to discover the doctor was an obstetrician?

**Memorandum**

Don't wait until midnight to start writing this column, like I did!!!!

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**TECH SCHOOL'S BOOSTER GIVES MORE AMMUNITION**

In the Fly Paper mailbox yesterday morning was a note from Thelma Norton, of the payroll department. And she enclosed another note. We think they're both worthy of being printed.

"Enclosed please note bond request. If there were a few more people like this, it would bring up the Dade County quota. I thought it was quite original—Thelma Norton."

Enclosed was:

"Dear Mr. Lipe: Please increase my bond deductions from $10 per pay period to $18.75. I think the boys are going to need a little extra ammunition—Mary Mitchell."

Nice going, Mary!
Moving forward, gaining progress—these synonyms seem to apply to Riddle Field. Actually, there does always seem to be some progress at the Field—even if it’s the flying program that has been improved, or the communication system, or a new addition in the building program, etc. But whatever it might be, Riddle Field is progressing, and doing it rapidly.

One of the latest indications of progress has been the completion of the new Link Building.

In olden days, the links occupied a very small building, near the ground school, where all the links were located in one large room. The Chief Operator’s and Dispatcher’s offices, maintenance equipment, chart cabinet, etc., were stuck in the corners of this one large room.

But now, the new Link Building has changed this picture completely. Built around the old structure, the new building has separate rooms for each link, offices for the Chief Instructor and Dispatcher, work shop, and equipment room for the maintenance men, fluorescent lighting, and best of all—air conditioning.

Proudest of all about the new headquarters is Joe Obermeyer, Chief Instructor. During the construction of the building, Joe hovered about like a hen watching its chicks, and now that it is completed, he is very pleased, and delights in showing someone through the place.

Other members of the Link Department who will have the privilege of working in this grand new building are Dispatcher Lynwood Blount, Maintenance men Russell Domer and Paul Flannigan, and Instructors Bill Read, Emmett Duggert, “Hinks” Lyndon, John Raynor, Walter Blake, Carl Ziler, Doug Day, “Dud” Leftwich, Carl D’Auria, Roger Weeks and Jack Hopkins.

**Cadet Chatter**

Mr. L, the mystery man from Green Flight (who we are going to “uncover” for you within the next few weeks), sent us the following poem:

**To Adolph Hitler**

Ruthless in arrogance, proud that to your call
Enlisted slaves must run—Hear Freedom say:
“God’s mills grind slow, but grind exceeding small,
Inevitable, dogging all your way,
Nemesis follows: Pride precedes the Fall,
And when the bubble’s burst and Judgment Day
Looms heavy O’er you, what’s your answer then,
Desperate before the avenging wrath of men?”

**Talented Pat**

Our search for a correspondent from Yellow Flight has ended. Mr. Pat Smythe is the newshawk for that Flight. We mentioned him last week, if you’ll recall, as having quite a reputation as a piano player. Well since that time, we’ve had the opportunity of hearing Pat play, and he’s really good.

If you want to hear for yourself, be at the Macfadden-Deauville tomorrow night, for we’re bringing Pat down to entertain during the dance intermission or on the floor show.

Every Saturday morning the officers here at No. 5 R.F.T.S. conduct what the boys call the B.S. parade. This parade takes quite a bit of time and preparation, so the following picture was snapped, as some of Blue Flight’s lads were getting ready for their B.S. parade:
Thomas Wins Tennis Singles
Le Mesurier and Temple Win Doubles

Finally, after a two-week’s delay, the Cadets tennis championships have been decided.

In the singles finals, Howard Thomas, Red Flight, beat Jack Woolley, Green Flight, and in the doubles finals, Clive Le Mesurier and Roland Temple of Green Flight, paired, to defeat Thomas and Lionel Wheble of Red Flight.

But brother, there was quite a battle before this match was settled. The two got together last Wednesday and started to play three best out of five sets to determine the winner. Woolley crashed through the first two sets 6-3 and 6-2, but Thomas came back to capture the next two, 6-4 and 6-12. By this time, darkness caused the final set to be postponed, so by agreement, it was decided to play for two-best-of-three sets the next day to decide the champion.

Thomas grabbed the first set of the play-off 6-4 and then scored a 6-1 triumph to gain the victory. Both boys played some good tennis, and there was excellent sportsmanship throughout the match. Thomas, incidentally, was the Junior singles champion for Essex County, England, in 1937.

Civilian Tennis Drawings

The drawings for the Civilian tennis tournament have been made, and are as follows:

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These matches may be run off at the convenience of the players under the following rules:

1. United States Lawn Tennis Assn. rules will prevail.
2. Winners will be determined on a best-two-out-of-three set basis, with contestants judging their own matches.
3. Any disputes will be settled by Howard Thomas, Cadet Champion.
4. Winners will meet the Cadet Champs at a later date.

PLAY BALL!

The latest in nicknames is the one belonging to Advanced Instructor Bing. It is now, “Conductor” Bing.

There was a very excellent article, together with a few pictures, on the Link Department here at Riddle Field, in last Sunday’s Mami Daily News.

Mr. Segers, who is also a very excellent photographer, has been employed by the Company in the Timekeeping Department. Mr. Segers informs us that plans are under way to organize a Photography Club for those who are interested. Further details will be available a little later.

(Please Turn Over Leaf)

As book of the week, we recommend “Cowboy of the Air,” by James Wilson of Green Flight. It contains a thrilling account of his adventures in the land of the wild cow, with the Stearman dive bomber as his only weapon, and of forced landings in strange places. The author has a respect, even a certain affection, for his quarry, and the epitaph with which he ends is quite touching:

_The cow requires, to keep alive_  
_A T.A.S. of seventy five_  
_I shed a tear when one has died,_  
_But none the less, I love cow, fried._

Red Flight members have been getting some practice in on the new Skeet Field, under the able tutelage of Sergeant Pullin. We understand that some of the fellows are “hot shots” at this sport.

Syd Ainsley, Section Leader in Blue Flight, celebrated his birthday anniversary Saturday night in Clewiston. He, with many of his Flight with him, seemed to have a very enjoyable evening.

Gray’s “Beggar’s Opera” is to be produced shortly, with Michael Haslam, Green Flight, playing, very appropriately, Macheeth. The scene is halfway between a canteen and an inn; enter Macheeth, who sings:

“How happy could I be with either, were t’other dear carmer away.”

Swim Postponed

Due to the temporary closing of the Swimming Pool, the Swimming Meet scheduled for August 29th has been moved up one week to September 5th.

The pictures, which are shown at this Field on Monday and Thursday evenings, are now starting at 7:30 instead of 8:30.

Get ready for the first appearance of Riddle Field’s dance band. It won’t be long now.

Personal Prattle

The other marriage we spoke of last week, but did not have the details about, was that between Bill Jacobs of the Radio Department and Miss Bettye Curry of Miami. They were married in Miami on August 7. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs.
When the last Red Flight left, they kept a staff of four ladies, most of whom work in the Canteen, busy sewing wings, sergeant stripes, etc., on their coats. Harry Ingram, of Green Flight, caught them in the midst of their work in this picture.

Left to right: Jackie Brannon, Hazel Vega, Stella Laird and Gloria Cochrane.

While about two weeks late, we are still privileged to say that it is a pleasure to have Sherwood Hall, the office boy, back with us again. Sherwood was absent several weeks due to a badly cut leg, but it is OK now.

Several mechanics from Dorr Field, in Arcadia, are here learning something about AT and BT engines.

Bob Ahern, Basis Instructor, has been made representative for his fellow Basic Instructors in the Instructor’s Club. We wish the Instructors Club would appoint a “Scribe” to keep the Fly Paper informed as to the Club’s activities.

Man of the Week

Dean of all employees at Riddle Field, and one of the oldest from a service point of view, in the entire Embry-Riddle Company, is our Man of the Week—Bob Johnston.

Robert Mohan Johnston was born in Waterloo, Iowa, on March 7, 1904. He attended and graduated from St. Mary’s College in St. Mary, Kansas.

After that time, Bob worked with the Goodrich Steamship Lines, Fort Lauderdale Daily News, and at the Northport Point Yacht Club in Michigan.

It was in 1936 that Bob started his aviation career, when he learned to fly and was then employed at the Miami Aero Corporation.

In September, 1938, he began working for the Embry-Riddle Company at their Municipal Base in Miami. He was transferred to Riddle Field in August, 1941, as a Primary Instructor, and since that time has been made Primary Flight Commander.

Mr. Johnston is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weighs 155 lbs., has brown eyes and black hair.

He is unmarried. His hobbies are sailing and photography, and he is a member of the “Quiet Birdman” and “Northport Point Yacht Club.”

Bob is known for his ability to handle men, and the relationship between him and the Instructors in his Flight is very fine. He is also a very fine flyer and demands the highest respect from his students.

Congratulations on your long record with the Company, Mr. Johnston, and many more years of continued success with E.R.

Dat Bird, De Link

This is the “official” dedication poem for the new Link Building. It came via the U. S. Army Link School at Moody Field, Valdosta, Ga.: For two tree mont my Brudder Pierre Take course on Link to fly de hair She’s hairplane of new special make
On first solo your nerves he’s shake You take h’erm off with nose to sky Dat Gosh darn ting to lor she’s tie Wit Needle, Ball and Hairspeed Dial You fly like hell for two tree mile. Wit system Pierre call One Two Tree Date Link she’s fly like Hay, Bee, Cee Go right, go left, it all de same Dat Needle she’s like bear to tame
But Pierre he’s tell me once on leave Hees Boss call Joe gets plenty peev When Hairspeed, Heights above grounds Don’t stay put, go hup and down.

Dat Link she’s sunny bird to see Got wings and tail so Pierre tell me I haxk him why he’s not fly home “Dat Link she’s nail to floor of stone." I visit once at Riddle place Dose Link line up like for de race But when d’ew give wol’s call de gun Dey’s back to where she’s started from.

Pierre comes home for heaster heggs Starts talkin’ beens and cones and legs Dat’s radio noise on Link he’s ride Ducked under hood Pierre mus’ hide Wit jone on ear and eye on board Hear noise from hell and voice from Lord.

Pierre say eyes get cross on day He’s turn to left, goudder way.

Pierre, he’s change’, his modder tiak Since he’s been ridin’ in de Link Hees appetite on weekend trips She’s shrink on down de leettle bits But two more weeks, Pierre pass by No more in Link he’s got to fly He’s fly dat Link from t’ Gosh darn table.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DISPUTING

Dear Editor:

We, the Sheet Metal Ball Club, wish to dispute an article published in last week’s Fly Paper. We are considered the only “undefeated” ball club in the School.

We have never heard of the “Challengers” and will only be too glad to tangle with them or any other ball club.

Only last week, after over a month’s inactivity, we trounced the permanent party men, of this School, by a score of eight to one (8 to 1). So—“how about more competition” is our cry from now on.

—Sheet Metal Ball Club.

(Pub. Mgr.)

APPRECIATION LETTER

Dear Sir:

This is almost a Horatio Alger story, to me at least, but I know that to you it is quite commonplace as you have seen it happen to a number of people.

I talked to you in January about taking up a course—any course, to help me find a job. I wasn’t too particular because I was in a bad financial spot.

Well, you helped me by suggesting several different courses, Sheet Metal, Instruments, Hydraulics and Welding. All of them would have been tops, or any one of them.

Then finances really hit a low and I had to get a job fast—so while in Welding I talked to Mr. Barr and he suggested that I should concentrate my efforts on Welding. That would prepare me for a paying job much quicker than the eight months course that I had originally figured on.

After about a month with Mr. Barr he placed me in a job paying $24.00 per month. Well, since then I have had one promotion after another and there are more in sight.

At present I am Supervisor of Teacher Training for the State of Florida, with my office here in Tallahassee. Also, I am in charge of buying all material and supplies for Aircraft Welding.

I don’t feel that I have had any breaks that others haven’t had, but I do say that when the breaks did come I was prepared to take advantage of them—thanks to Embry-Riddle.

And one thing more—and this comes from the heart—l will always recommend Embry-Riddle to anyone who desires the best in training for the Aircraft industry. So you have a permanent booster for your school and I consider it a privilege to have had the opportunity to become one more of your successful students.

Drop me a line when you can. For now I will say good luck and hope to see you soon.

As ever,

—Jack Hamm
TOUR OF BASES
(Continued from Page 1)
our arrival at the Field. The four sleepy cadets awoke and went their weary way, wondering whether that three day leave was worth it.

Vituals
There was some argument as to the part-taking of vitals—Bob swore he smelled turkey in the Mess Hall. Mr. Hathaway was gullible, but we 'uns were unbelieving and marched straight to the Canteen. (Paid advertisement.)

That business of filling the void attended to, we decided to look over this amazing place called Carlstrom. Amazing is not the word—it is beyond our poor powers of description. We of the Fly Paper staff should show no partiality, but we were somehow more impressed by the finish, the completeness and the beauty of this Field. Perhaps it was because we could spend more time there, but then again, it might have been our genial and witty host, one Jack Holber.

Holber and Fahringer
We commandeered Jack between classes and as he escorted us about the conversation was pithy and peppered with Holberesques. We peeked in on Ray Fahringer and seeing that he was busy we nevertheless invaded the Visual Education Department. Poor Ray was nursing a very bad ear—he doesn’t go swimming—but he lent his good ear to the compliments extended to the artistic talents of his small son.

Necks stiff and eyes rolling from looking and looking at the wonders of this training center we returned canteenwards for a coke. On our way we saw Sid Pfuger and Perry Sebrin playing a hot and vigorous game of tennis. Attracting their attention was impossible until Jack let out a stentorian whoop—and we bet they are still wondering to what gals they had waved their rackets.

Mr. Hathaway Moves Up
All too short a time to spend at this fascinating place, but we were at the mercy of Bob and his bus. Mr. Hathaway, managed to get in the second seat and back we headed towards Dorr.

Capt. Boyd and Jack Pinkerton offered the hospitality of their office for our short visit, which was long enough to wheedle some much needed pictures.

Futuristic
The last lap of our trek took us back to Riddle, where the Stars and Stripes blow in the breeze above the flag of the R.A.F. For an interminable time we were parked in front of the Post Supply—while Bob loaded and unloaded mysterious bundles and boxes—and admired a lonely little sign on a barren spit of sand—“Please keep off the Grass.”

Mr. Hathaway was waiting for us at the Ad. Building, where he had retrieved his lost hat. This time he out-smarted us and got in the front seat and we Eds were relegated to the second, but we were cooler and could stretch out for the last lap home.

Food for Thought
Thanks to the expert driving of Bob Causey our trip back to the Tech School was without break-down or blowout and we arrived on schedule, tired, but glad that we had at last been able to make this tour of the three flying schools, Riddle, Dorr and Carlstrom, each a magnificent setting for the business of training the pilots of tomorrow.

WHERE DO THEY GO?
Some of our Arc Welding graduates from the Tech School are doing extremely well, judging by their letters to former instructors.

John Voglione writes that he is more than satisfied with his earnings at the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company, in Baltimore. Walter Meyers and Hoke Stencel are at the Miami Shipbuilding, and Jack Truglio, at Merrill Stevens, Miami, feel the same way about their salaries.

Aeronautical Drafting and Design graduates also inform us that their first pay checks are very pleasing. Stanley Hess and Lester Preiss are wearing large smiles as a result of their work at Intercontinent and the same is true of Charles Kiker, who is in the engineering department at Bell Aircraft.

Elgin Field
Charles H. Rogers, Elgin Field Sub-Depot, Elgin Fla.; Leon Colson, Elgin Field; W. T. Murphy, Elgin Field; Percy Hubbard, Elgin Field; David McCready, Elgin Field.

Piper Aircraft
Leonard Tanner, Piper Aircraft; A. B. Smith, Piper Aircraft; Martin Folk, Piper Aircraft; F. P. Gillis, Piper Aircraft.

Don’t be afraid to look around
Might be some ships have left the ground.

Make your flying hours count
Practice; don’t just make them mount.
TOM GATES JOINS ARMY AIR CORPS

Replaced by Mougey
and Hocker

Embry-Riddle in general and Dorr Field in particular lost a true friend and benefactor when Tom Gates, manager of Dorr, left for the Army Air Corps Saturday. Gordon Mougey will take his place, assisted by Doug Hocker.

Tom, famous for quiet executive efficiency, was one of the earliest members of the family to arrive at Arcadia. He came to Carlstrom in January of 1941 and was transferred to Dorr as soon as the field was completed.

His was a job of coordination, in addition to administrative and directive duties. In charge of all department heads, ground school, flight line, Tom kept the official machinery running smoothly. He was reliable and capable, and Dorr will miss him sorely.

Sandy-haired and ruddy-faced, Tom was quiet and unassuming. He will be missed personally as well as officially. Before leaving, he requested that the Fly Paper print a letter containing his farewells to the Company:

August 13, 1942

Dear Bud:

Please permit me to take the FLY PAPER as a medium to express a few thoughts in leaving the Embry-Riddle Company.

Since joining the Company and reporting to Arcadia, when Carlstrom Field was hardly beyond the blue print stage, it has been a pleasure and wonder beyond comprehension to live through the growth and development of the three most beautiful flying schools in the World—Carlstrom, Clewiston and Dorr.

Since January 1941 I have seen the personnel grow from the small group who haunted Frank Wheeler's construction shack at Carlstrom to a veritable army. In my past I have never worked with a group who from the beginning to the present date have carried the spirit of congeniality, efficiency and love for a Company to such a high degree as the personnel of this organization.

In my small part of the growth of this organization, I have never had the feeling that I was working for any individual or having any individual working for me; it has been, throughout, a spirit of devotion to an organization—this is due entirely to John Paul Riddle who, having these high ideals of service to his country, has been the inspiration for each employee to give his best.

Also I take this medium to say Thank You to all of Dorr Field in making it what it is and the sincere wish and belief that it will continue to grow in beauty and efficiency to become the pride of R.A.I.; to the Army Air Corps personnel my full appreciation for their fine work and cooperation.

To R.A.I., adios.  THOMAS L. GATES

Taking over his duties will be Gordon Mougey, who is also director of flying. Doug Hocker, formerly chief of the ground school, will be assistant general manager. Gordon is also an "old" hand, having been with the Company since the first of January, 1941.

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

Dorr Field General Manager

Dorr Field and Carlstrom Field had a charming visitor last week: according to his story, however, it was no visit—but all work. Come again soon Mr. Hathaway.

Scooter and Skeeter

We hear definitely that a motor scooter is on its way to Dorr Field for Mr. Hocker—we're going to sub-lease the mule to "Skeeter" Jones with a gunny sack to pick up and deliver Post correspondence.

More Prattle

From what Lt. Cheety and Sergeant Williams say, the fishing was "pretty good" on the other side of Dorr. How big did you say they were? Now that the word has gotten around Sergeant Sharpe and Emmigh are taking trips too. These Army men not only catch rats masquerading as Japs but get the big ones too.

We care do miss Vance Tonkins around here but were happy to see him back in the groove with a smile and a song. "Tonk" always said that "all that glitter is not gold" and proved the old adage when he showed us his new china clippers.

Now, Son

Ask Sergeant Sharp what his new nickname is and I'm sure he will reply with anything but "son."

The Form Room is really getting the finishing touches these days. Now they are boasting of their new shades, highly polished floor and picket fence. Wonder when they are going to start their Victory-garden behind that fence. Thanks to Mr. Callers great improvements are being made in the Maintenance Dept. everyday.
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

We are a little bit short of news this week, but we'll try to do our best with the material at hand. Most of the stuff is along romantic lines. For example we cite the marriage of Grant Baker and Loretta Scarborough last Saturday night in Sarasota. The announcement of their engagement was made in this column a few weeks ago, and we've been waiting with bated breath for the happy event to take place. Now that it's happened, we wish both of them the best of everything.

The Fatal Step

Also contemplating the fatal step are Mary Frances Beverley and Staff Sergeant Vernon Burroughs. This has been a romance of remarkable intensity, and it suffered quite a set-back when the force in Mary Frances' office (including M.F. herself) was moved down to the Operations Tower, which placed the little lady the entire width of the Post from her beloved.

Their ceremonial union will take place in Tampa on September 5th, and they will be married by the Rev. Branscomb. This is one time when the girl in question will definitely decide between the Army and the Navy, and we're glad to see the Army get the nod in this case. Lots of luck to the both of them; may they be happy ever after.

Cupid At It Again

We chalk up another one for the romantic atmosphere and irresistible girls of Arcadia in announcing the engagement of Flight Instructor Bob Campbell and pretty Elizabeth Conner. Bob, although not strictly a native Arcadian, isn't exactly an out-of-towner either, having lived within a hundred miles of the place all his life. And when we say that Elizabeth is a native girl we mean a little more than just that she lives here.

It is our frank opinion that she would fit in very well with Sterling Hayden or Jon Hall in one of those South Sea Island pictures. A seemingly coincidental circumstance affects this affair, more or less, in that Elizabeth lives in the same house as Mary Frances Beverley. Tie up this with the fact that Paul Dixon, Grant Baker, and ourselves used to take meals in the same house, and you might be led to believe that Dan Cupid does visit the scene of his former crimes. Well, Congratulations to them both—Bob and Elizabeth.

Adios, "Low Power"

This week we bid farewell to one of the old pioneers of Carlstrom Field—a man who has been here ever since the place was opened up in March of last year. He leaves us to take a professorship of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Alabama, and his leaving will be deeply felt by a lot of us. He is Leroy P. Sterling, affectionately as Low Power to his intimates—and he taught Engines in Ground School.

With an experience of some 17 years in the mechanical field, Roy is well fitted to take over his new job. We wish him all the luck in the world and sincerely say that we will miss him and his ways more than we can adequately describe here. To fill Roy's shoes we got John W. Shores from Glendale, Calif. Johnny has a tough job in taking over Roy's class in the middle of its course, but according to his recommendations, he should be equal to the task.

Golden Leaves

Carlstrom was honored by a visit from one of its previous C. O.'s in the person of Major Moultrie P. Freeman. Major Freeman left us some months ago as First Lieutenant for Spence Field, where he was to be a director of flying. He dropped in about a month or so ago while leading a cross-country flight in the neighborhood, sporting a captain's bars on his shoulders. Now he breezed in here last week in an AT-6C with a pair of glittering gold leaves. Nice going, huh; we like to see you going up like that.

Birnbaum's Breeches!!

The chief topic of the office girls' conversation the early part of last week was the pair of trunks worn at Sarasota by A/C Birnbaum. Loosely woven like the cloth usually destined to be dish rags, and colored with huge white flowers on a blue background, they provoked so much comment that the cadet was forced to admit that he got a set of dishes with the trunks. Anyhow, he says they're cool and comfortable. What more could he want?

Another New Mrs.

In foretelling future events we'll go back to our romantic side and announce that by the time this appears in your various waste-baskets, Bill Gracey will have taken unto himself a wife. The bride-to-be, now Miss Eileen Bremnerman, will arrive here Tuesday.

Day of this week from Pittsburg, and the couple will be married Wednesday night in St. Paul's rectory, here at Arcadia. This will be the culminating of a four-year romance—something quite different from the whirlwind affairs that have so far characterized the matrimonial tendencies of this flying personnel. Well, we of the Ground School extend our sincere best wishes to the new Mr. and Mrs. and hope the Mrs. will find out little town and its gang to her liking.

It's no small job for a girl to come into an entirely strange place, faced with the task of acclimating herself and making new friends. But, the whole keynote of this R.A.F. gang seems to be making strangers comfortable, so Eileen may not find things too difficult.

Youngest Artist

The Junior League of the town's social set gave Ray Fahringer, Jr., a wienie roast on his ninth birthday. Ray, Jr., is the youngest member of the Fly Paper art staff, and deserves mention of his private life as befits such an important personage.

AVIATOR

by G. J. R., U/K Cadet

Upon the plateaus of immeasurable space
He soars like leucos in fiery air,
And on the blazing visor of his face
Light scrawls its name, so by some lunar star
He climbs the stairs to Virgo, Aquarius,
The Water-Bearer and the Scorpion
Are in his spreading orbit luminous,
His stellar chart, the burning lexicon.
There, in the pale blue Indies of the sky,
He warms his hands at the immortal flame,
Mounting the spirals of infinity.
Hereafter, he will never be the same,
Star-laureled he will wear, as he wears now,
The alphabet of space against his brow.
UNION CITY NEWS LETTER
Larry I. Walderen, Jr., Editor

Captain Holmes L. Payne, Post Adjutant, our friend of a few weeks, has been transferred to Fort Eustis, Virginia, to resume his service with the Coastal Artillery. Our editor met Captain Payne in Albany, Georgia, while attending a Ground School meeting at Turner Field. The Captain is truly an officer of merit as well as a man. We all extend our best wishes and good luck to our friend and his wife at their new post of duty.

Wedding Bells

The Bells Tolled this past week. Lieut. Gene Kleiderer is no longer on the loose, for he has taken unto himself a wife, Miss Mary Tom Armstrong, of Alabama. They are at present residing at Aycock's Tourist Camp near Union City. Our wish for them is for a long and happy life together.

The Maintenance Department has recently added an instrument technician. Mr. Sherman Gaines from our Tech School in Miami. We also lost our friendly and jovial friend, Porky Pardue to the Navy. We have hopes that his work with the Navy will be as satisfactory as it was here.

Down at the Flight Line this week, James Long was transferred to Assistant in the training of our flight instructors.

Circus Ad

We snooped around Post Supply long enough to get a hint on the up-and-coming young circus act planned for the future entertainment of the Field—referring to George Lobdell's trained dogs. At the last count, he had four or was it five? Anyway, his efficient trainer, Miss Alva Nelle Taylor, seems to be very elated over the prospects of the business. And speaking of Miss Taylor, why does she want a pair of field glasses? It couldn't be because the new Cadet's barracks are a fur piece from Post Supply, or could it? They have a good pair at the tower. You might strike up a loan.

Robert Cullom informed us that he has moved into his recently-purchased new home. We knew you would do it, Bob, 'cause you said you would.

Additions

Some more new additions to our team need reporting, guys and gals; Miss Virginia Taylor, who has recently joined us from Washington where she worked in the War Department, is working here as Assistant Clerk Stenographer for the Army; Miss Virginia Kincaid, as Junior Clerk Stenographer for the Army; Miss Virginia Roper, a new recruit to the Canteen. Virginia, Yeah man!

We were glad to have as guests at the Field the past week, Colonel W. F. DeWitt, Air Surgeon for the Southeast, who was accompanied by First Lieutenant Richards. Another guest on a return visit was Major Ray J. Stecker, Assistant Air Corps Supervisor for the Southeast.

First Lieutenant Walter W. Crawford is the new Assistant Medical Officer at the Field. Lieut. Crawford came to us from the Greenville Army Flying School in Greenville, Mississippi. His home is in Tyler-town, Miss. We think he's tops!

In the next issue we shall publish the percentage of each Department that is buying Defense Bonds through our Payroll Deduction Plan.

Cadet Chatter

Bright and a little too early last Sunday morning, Cadets J. Cochran, T. Braswell and J. Carter set out for the famed Reelfoot lake for some fancy Tennessee fishing. Results of the trip—one fish, three sunburns, and many variations on the old theme of "the one that got away." And then there is the tale of the two Cadets who, for weekend transportation, bought one of Ford's oldest attempts, and then had to use the bus despite it all. It seems that a tube doesn't last very long if there isn't enough rubber, or even canvas, on the tire to keep the tube within. What are you going to do with the antique, boys? Why not put it on the flight line for a solo ship, or just donate it to the Smithsonian Institute,—and of course, there is still a metal shortage!

At last we are able to state that the flying is improving. The favorite gag of the week along this line was found on A/C T. Braswell's solo slip. Under remarks on the characteristics of his ship, he stated: "Ship number so-and-so has a decided tendency to land crosse-tee." But please don't feel that he is the only offender. Much to the wrath and indignation of our instructors and all concerned, we had no less than five cross-tee landings in one day, which is a record up in these parts. The sheepish wrong-doers practically form a daisy chain tramping around the tee. Yea verily, the sod is well worn in that spot, and the stars are ever increasing. The latest news flash on this cross tee business concerns co-associte editor A/C Frank Conrad who will, upon rising on the morrow, do a forced March of 20 laps, with chute, around the oft offended tee. Boys, harken to our warnings, let's not practice this old naval maneuver when Mr. Britton and his ever present Station Wagon are parked out on the field. Even airmen with his experience appreciate conventional landings. So next time, let's put out for him.

Well, with the advent of the 40-hour checks and final exams in Ground School we're busier than MPs on Marine payday! From isolars to lazy eights in one fell and sweep, how we manage these obstacles will be found in the next installment. In way of closing, before this brief bit of news becomes a "pressing" matter, we might add A/C D. J. Rauch's comment of yesterday after a dual ride with Flight Commander L. P. Smith. Cadet Rauch said, mopping his favorite brow, "that man certainly gives one confidence in his safety belt!!"

SYMPHONY IN SILVER

RIDDLE FIELD—Shining Advanced Trainers in a formation flight over Riddle Field, against a background of Florida clouds.
We were startled at the cleanliness and comfort of our new home. Then, too, we were overcome by our first mess. Could it be possible—eggs cooked well done and still hot! The following meals have been just as good. Looks like we are going to put on a few extra pounds.

One thing of particular note is the Ground School and its importance to us in our flying. They are very closely related but we find they both stick to their own phase of instruction, never answering one another’s questions. In so many words, we learn how to fly on the Line—while at the Ground School, how the airplane flies, how to go from one place to another, principles of engine operation, and when not to fly on the account of weather.

We have about hit our stride and have settled down to the routine of things. The excitement of our first flight is over and we now have a lot of “hangar flying.” There is quite a bit of excitement among us as we approach our first open post. Eagerly looking forward to meeting the local “damsels” at the dance to be given for us at the local armory by the towns people. Thanks for everything till next week. Keep ’em flying and 30.—Collins.

67th Ready Room Chit Chat

Cadet A. P. “Timber” Cullen, while flying the other day, looked amazed when the instructor pulled a forced landing with the plane headed into the wind and just enough altitude to make the field ahead. (Incidentally, it was covered with trees.) Cadet Cullen nervously yelled “What should I do now?” The instructor nonchalantly said, “Oh, nothing. Just head straight for the field and yell, ‘Timber’!”—Fern.

LISTENING IN AT THE VICTORY VACATION PARTY

Back at the Deauville after missing one Saturday night and everybody was happy. Our thanks to Chef Henry Monkeboe for putting on a buffet supper that tasted as good as it was attractively arranged. Late in the afternoon storm clouds hovered about and we are told that many decided to forego the dance, but still there was a good crowd. Not too many to have the floor crowded, but enough to have a lot of fun.

The Irving Schindlers are never failing in attendance, but where were Jimmy Gilmore and Pat McQuill? We missed them, but were glad to see Patty Jones and Johnny Lynne. The C. W. Tusneys and Bob Shannah “and crew” were also in evidence.

Anne Elrod should be voted the best dresser and also could have snatched a prize for best dancer with her date. Gene Bryan came in with her younger brother, Nathan, and Jinnie Mickel and Harry Rinehart were there. There was Bob Landis, the Bayard Barnes, R. W. Adams, Pts. Thomas Davidson, Walter Riley and Allan Fowler.

One particular table, however, was outstanding. Two of the prettiest girls we’ve ever seen and two cadets from Riddle Field. They were Betty Allen and Jacqueline Ward and Cadets Derrick Button and David Roberts. Both of the latter are newcomers to Clewiston and were on their first visit to Miami Beach. Greatly impressed with their initial glimpse of this semi-tropical city they are coming down again next week end, when Hoppy Hopkins will take them in tow and show them about a bit.

“MONKEY WENCHES”

Cutest “name” we’ve heard around the School for a long time concerns all those lovely little gals employed in Joe Horton’s new Engine Overhaul Division at Miami. Girls, being girls, decided an official title was pretty vital to business and stuff, and so dubbed themselves the “Overhaul Cadets”...

Well, that was all right, but inappropriate in someone’s estimation. Fact is, that person was so incurred that he, she or it, burst out with an entirely new name for the gals... “Monkey Wrenches!”
"Kitties" Swim Tues.

A swimming party and a picnic supper at the beautiful Venetian Pools is next Tuesday's bright spot for the Kitty Foyses. Sandwiched somewhere between swimming and supper, or supper and swimming, the glamour girls of the Tech School and Main Office will be corralled for a business meeting.

Thanks to the cooperation of the Cafeteria, Mrs. Simpson will send over basket after basket of delectable eats, which will be served picnic style by the side of the pool, under the palms and tropical sky.

Pat McNamara, vice-president of the club, will preside in the place of President Jo Skinner, who is away on a leave of absence. Also among the missing will be June McGill, whose duties as treasurer are temporarily being taken over by Colleen Breslin. (Speaking of Colleen, she is sitting at the Information Desk with open hands, waiting for the August dues of the active members.)

With the proper spirit of the times, Mr. Ellington, of the Venetian Pools, has given the Kitty Foyses a special price for the swimming privileges. If you come in your own bathing suit you pay the large sum of FIFTEEN CENTS, but should you wish to have a locker and towels there will be an additional charge of FIVE CENTS if you share said locker with two other girls.

By the way, inactive members are also invited to attend, when the price of their admission will be twenty-five cents plus the entrance fee.

200 Watch Budge
Take Exhibitions

Don Budge, athletic director, made his official bow to Company employees Friday when he played a smashing exhibition match with the well-known Cam Gillespie, now with the Officer Candidates Training School on the Beach, on the Tech School courts before 200 tennis devotees.

Don and Campbell both really covered the courts, and we were treated to some of the finest hall-slinging in the country. The final scores were 6-1, 5-7, 6-0, with Gillespie winning the second set in a hard-fought battle.

Clinics Started

Monday marked the first of a series of tennis clinics, with Don giving free instruction to all employees and students interested. (Excuse us, while we gasp a minute. It's a little too much for us to think of the professional champion of the world in our own back yard teaching us, and for free.)

Wednesday, the clinic was repeated at Carlstrom, and from there Budge will proceed to Dorr, Riddle, and back to Miami again. Then the entire circle will be repeated. This is a real opportunity, but we don't have to tell you that.

Sketches and drawings of the Jap "Zero" fighter show that the plane was actually copied from the German Focke-Wulf 190, a 380 M.P.H. fighter—a one-seated job, with long wing, very high rudder, construction light.

Tripping the light fantastic recently at a Victory Vacation Party is the current big man of the hour at Tech School, Eric Sundstrom, who holds down the staggering titles of Acting Coordinator of Inter-American Training Program and Supervisor of Dormitories. The party of the second part is Miss Ruth LaRue.

This will be the first time the girls of the Main Office personnel will be together on a PARTY.

You Gotta Have Bait, Mister!

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