UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Larry L. Walden, Jr., Editor


Even though the picture was good, Bud, we are sorry to know you are leaving and yet are glad to know you are taking an active part in the defense of this great Nation of ours. We appreciated the fine send-offs you gave us here at Embry-Riddle Field and the nice letters we received from you from time to time. Let us say, "Luck to you, Bud!" We'll do our best, along with the other guys and gals, to keep the FLY PAPER 'the best of its kind.'

Visitors

A number of prominent visitors were seen 'round here last week including Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Wheeler and William Weed from Miami. Also, Mr. Ed Every, the D.P.C. representative from Nashville, has made another of his welcome visits.

The offices in the Administration building took on a new appearance almost overnight after the carpenters installed new railings, with double swinging doors, around each department of the general offices.

We are sorry to report the transfer of Lt. Don Hamblin, Personnel and Military Intelligence Officer, to an Advanced Training School at Stuttgart, Arkansas. Lt. Hamblin who has been with us from the beginning of our school, has deserved many merits for helping in a splendid and efficient manner to set up the organization. We hope he will enjoy his new post of duty and be as successful there as he has been here.

New Post Adjutant

Captain Edwin Hoyt from Camden, (Continued on Page 6)

---WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42---

BIG HAND DEPARTMENT

It has come to our attention that Catherine Dick, in the Mimeograph Department, has received permission to publicly thank the Cadets who have worked for her from time to time. They have been life savers to Mrs. Dick in collating and stapling and in helping assemble the very thick manuals and study guides. She says she considers them "true soldiers and gentlemen."

KEEPING UP WITH BRAZILIAN WAR DEVELOPMENTS

Since Brazil declared war against Germany and Italy, Uruguay is on the verge of taking similar action, Embry-Riddle students from those two South American countries follow developments by shortwave radio and the newspapers during their off-moments from classes in the fifth floor dormitory. Seated in front, left to right, are Carlos Montenegro, Arturo Bachelet and Clodomiro Molina, all of Rio de Janeiro; back row standing, left to right, Odvaldo Dutra, Pedro Barres, of Rio de Janeiro; Adriana Ponte of Sao Paulo; Jose Andrade of Rio de Janeiro; Eugenio Muller of Porto Alegro; Vinicius Vargas of Porto Alegro, a cousin of President Getulio Vargas of Brazil; Guillermo Silveira of Montevideo, Uruguay.

GORDON MOUGEY, NEW DORR EXECUTIVE, LONG A MEMBER OF EMBRY-RIDDLE FAMILY

Gordon Mougey, the new General Manager and Director of Flying at Dorr Field, is new only to this particular post, as he has long been a member of the Embry-Riddle family. Back in 1928 he took his first flight training with the Embry-Riddle Company, in Cincinnati, and after an interval has been connected with both the Miami landplane base and Carlstrom until this recent appointment.

Born in Cincinnati just 32 years ago, he was educated in Asheville and Indianapolis, and shortly thereafter was bitten by the flying bug. Up to the fall of 1940 he flew at air shows, stuntting and sky-writing throughout the middle west and for some time was Chief Instructor at the Queen City Flying School in Cincinnati.

He returned to the Embry-Riddle fold in November of 1940, and for three months was Flight Instructor at the Miami Landplane Base, after which time he was transferred to Carlstrom. Just last week found him at Dorr, where he replaced Tom Gates, Army Air Force bound.

A hard worker, with natural executive ability, Gordon will do his part to "Keep 'Em Flying." He is the ideal choice for this position of grave responsibility and Dorr Field is more than content with the selection.

Gordon is exceptionally popular among his associates, both personnel and students, having an engaging personality and a keen sense of humor. He stands six feet tall and

(Continued on Page 3)
Ah, Sleep, Beautiful Sleep

This, children, is the Saga of one Harry Giuria, a Latin-American who loved his Siestas.

Harry is a conscientious lad who realizes the beauties of his lot at Embry-Riddle's Tech School, but like Ferdinand, who couldn't help smelling the flowers, Harry just can't help it if he sleeps. He sleeps at every opportunity; he thinks it's a wonderful pastime.

Now, Harry is from Uruguay, and he managed to book passage on a Pan American clipper home. This was a hard task, and it took Harry much time, and all of it to succeed, to be in getting a seat.

Eric Sundstrom, realizing Harry's little weakness, arranged for him to spend the night before he was to catch the plane (which left in the wee hours) in a downtown hotel, along with Carlos Noriega, who was also leaving. Then Eric was to wake him up.

Came the night before... and celebrations were in order and farewell parties stretched into the night. Harry was persuaded to return to the Tech School for slumber, foiling Eric's little scheme. Harry was agreeable, since slumber, anywhere, was all he asked.

So, Harry's little friends on the fifth floor were faced with the problem of waking the slumbering South American at the hideous hour of five o'clock. Harry couldn't suggest anything. He was sound asleep anyway.

They had no alarm clock. They were stymied.

"Ah," said one, "I have it. We'll borrow Mr. Sundstrom's alarm clock. One of us will set it for five, and then we will all wake Harry, or at least carry him to the plane."

So they borrowed Mr. Sundstrom's alarm clock, and Mr. Sundstrom came into his room, discovered it was missing, and went and took it back. However, Harry and his friends did not realize this, since they were... you guessed it—asleep.

At five o'clock, the responsible Eric arose, and sallied forth to the downtown hotel, where he picked up Noriega. At six o'clock a Latin-American woke up, and looked around him. Sacre Dios, it was six o'clock. With loud shouts he aroused the others and together they hauled Harry harbor-ward. When they arrived, the plane was just taxying off. In it was Carlos Noriega and all of Harry's clothes.

Harry opened an eye and looked concerned. "My clothes," he mumbled. Then a beautiful smile spread over his face.

"What is it, Harry?" asked the others.

"Ah," said Harry, peacefully, closing his eyes, "Everything is all right, my friends. Do not worry. I still have my pajamas."

And as far as we know, ladies and gentlemen, Harry is on the fifth floor, slumbering still.
Cadet Chatter

And speaking of Mr. L., this is his last week as a mystery writer. We’re going to disclose him next week, with a picture, in addition to a swell short, short story which he has done. This Cadet Chatter section is interspersed with his work this week, including the hits of verse.

Yellow Flight discovered last week that they can do loops long before they begin aerobatics—ground ones.

On their last leave, Allen Smith and Johnny Sutton, of Blue Flight, went to New York. While there they, of course, had to get some “line shooting” in, the proof of which is in this photograph:

“Keep ‘em Eating” Lela, and we hope you get your man.

Flash!
The new Paint Shop has now been completely finished, and Al Garrone and his aids have moved in. Al has done another of his paintings, this a fine likeness of F.D.R., pictured thusly:

PHYSICAL INSTRUCTION SCHEDULE

Don Budge, director of athletics, announced today his nearly completed schedule for physical instruction at Dorr, Carlstrom, and Riddle Fields and the Miami Technical division.

Here she blows:

Clewiston:
Wednesday, from 2:30, for 2 or 3 hours.

Dorr:
Thursday, 9:15—10:30, and 3:45—4:45.

Carlstrom:
Friday, 9:55—11:00, and 4:15—5:15.

Tech School:
Monday, full afternoon.
Tuesday, undecided.
Soccer, handball, and other sport instruction and playing will be included, besides tennis.

OOOOOPS, A SLIP

All right, make a liar out of us for $216 (a month)! It seems that in last week’s paper we published a letter from Jack Hamm, who said that thanks to Emby-Riddle’s expert training he had landed a job at $240 a month, and since then had had promotions galore.

We had Jack starting off at $24 instead of $240. Twere a typographical error, gang, and we’re sorry. Some difference, too!
two’ to high-powered shotguns. Mr. Beegle, with the aid of his daring wife, is making a tour of Army and Navy Fields giving exhibitions.

Among other duties, such as seeing to the general yard and building maintenance, of which the last item has been the making of master keys for the personnel’s use, Mr. Haynes has been added to our Fly Paper Staff as Photographer. We hope to send many snapshots in the future of various items of interest at the Field, caught by the candid eye and shutter of our picture man.

Among those on our sick list this week have been Charlie Sullivan, who has been suffering from an infected foot, and Melvin Carlton, who is on the mend after a tonsilectomy. Hope you boys have a rapid recovery for we surely miss you.

The Line boys have started to school. Classes are running from 11:00 to 11:45 a.m. and from 2:25 to 3:10 p.m. five days a week. They are shooting for a high score on their examinations which they should be ready to take by January 1st or shortly afterward.

Cadet Chatter

Most of the young local color assembled last Saturday night at a dance sponsored by the Rainbow Girls of Union City. The attendance was larger than at earlier dances, since the members of 43-B got their first glimpse of the town. Everyone danced their collective and individual feet off and seemed to enjoy doing it.

This has been a very busy week with

Cross-Country Flights and final exams taking up most of the time.

Cross-country hops are bound to bring about stories reminiscent of “wrong-way Corrigan.” In that category, we’d like to present A/C Steve Chamer, who received an emphatic lecture on the use of the compass from his Instructor, Lt. Stanley Kominic. Better keep those bearings well oiled from now on, Steve!

Talking about keeping your eyes open, take a lesson from A/C J. J. “O’Toole” Ahearn, who dozed peacefully while Mr. Haynes lectured on fire prevention and control. A Carbon Dioxide extinguisher effectively aroused the placid J. J. when it released for an instant. A splendid idea for those who find it difficult to get up these dark mornings.

Bonds

Departments that pay 90 to 100 percent in the purchase of Bonds by our Payroll Deduction Plan are: Barracks and Yard Maintenance, Flight Dispatchers, Flight Instructors, Ground School Instructors, Guards, Line Maintenance, Post Supply, Parachute Department.

We’d like to know about the Bond statistics at other Embry-Riddle outposts.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Embry-Riddle-ites:

Almost three months ago I came for the first time to Embry-Riddle, and I knew that day I was going to like it here. For everyone was so friendly and helpful to me, a stranger. Now my summer vacation is ending Saturday, and in another week I will be entering nurse’s training. But before I go I want to express my thanks to you all for everything you have done to help me.

It has been such a pleasure to know and work with the employees of Embry-Riddle.
And I hope maybe I will see some of you students again at your bases. Yes, and it has also been nice to know and smile at all you fellows who inhabit the fifth floor. The best of luck to you all.

Thanks a million, Mrs. Burton, for the lovely farewell luncheon—it was enjoyed by us all. I know that your library will continue to grow with you in charge.

I have enjoyed my two weeks on the seventh floor in Jo Skinner's place, for it has given me a chance really to learn what a wonderful "gal" Elaine Devory is.

At times I really hate to think of leaving Embry-Riddle, but I know I've planned too long to be a nurse to give up now. So maybe I'll be seeing you in Jacksonville sometime.

GENE MIMS

—WELL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

TECH GIRLS ANSWER ALMA MATERS’ CALL by Colleen Breslin

The advent of September and the opening of college will be the cue for much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Bereaved bosses at the Tech School and Main Office will bid farewell to the lovely lasses who kept their offices so efficient and so pleasant for them this past summer. To these poor gentlemen, and to the many masculine Embry-Riddleites to whom this bevy of beauties brought so much cheer (I know, I didn't run a date bureau for nothing!), we offer our heartfelt sympathies.

With the departure of Betty Hall, Mr. Habig will have lost his second beauteous secretary this summer. Betty is planning to enter as a Freshman at the Florida State College for Women.

Accompanying Betty will be Patsy McQuirt, runner extraordinary. Upon Patsy's leavetaking, a gloom will descend upon our Miami landplane base for Patsy is one of our most popular gals—eh, Mr. Gilmore?

When the harried cry for "Runners!" is raised, new faces will be seen, for Jeanette Michelle and Martha Gene Mims are also bidding adieu to Embry-Riddle. Jeanette, a comparative newcomer to the Company, returns to polish off her high school term at Edison.

Martha Gene is entering St. Vincent's Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla., where she will prepare to lend her hand in answering the urgent need for nurses during this crisis. Civilians and soldiers alike will miss the flash of skirts and sunny smiles that signify that Jeanette and Gene are on the job.

Betty Ann Westerdaal will relinquish her title as Charlie Ebbet's super-secretary to resume her lofty position as underclassman at the University of Miami. Betty Ann, incidentally, has quite a reputation as a crack-shot with a target pistol. 'Nuff said!

Well, I guess that's about all. Oh yes, I'm leaving, too. Back to Barry College to burrow among my books and emerge with a legitimate claim to the title of "Miss Information."

From all of us who are leaving Embry-Riddle, to you who remain to carry on the vital work being done here, comes a hearty "Thanks, gang. Thanks for—well—just for being so darned swell!"

TECH TALK

by Jo Axtelle

Helene Hirsch, Emma Louise McNamara
Estelle Woodward

"Heart Attacks"

We hear that our cute little freckle-face telephone operator has finally decided to give up the Marines and enlist in the Army for Life. Congratulations, Sergeant, we hope you'll be very happy.

From the time spent together, we expect to hear Lohengrin's Wedding March swing out any day for our current "couple of the month"—Sgt. Levoy and Virginia Hunter.

Our pretty new Margaret Pierson is also on the verge of the altar, but her taste runs to the Navy. It isn't official yet, boys, so you still have a chance.

Master Malmsten

Mr. Malmsten finally brought the master of the house, age three months, to the School for inspection, and we can vouch for the fact that he lives up to everything we have heard about him.

Dot Schooley, of the Registrar's Office, spent last week-end in Key West. It doesn't have an effect on the following, but Dot is leaving us this week for another position.

It seems you have to be an elevator operator to have Mr. Norsen of the Sheet Metal Department, write songs about you. If I could have one of these adorable songs written about me, I would gladly leave my desk for an elevator.

Departures and Arrivals

We'll miss Colleen Breslin's ever-delightful "Information" when she leaves for a two-week vacation in New York—then it's back to Barry College. Same goes for Martha Gene Mims, who will leave soon to enter Nurses Training in Jacksonville. A third goodbye to Jean Hughes of Mr. Wheeler's office; cute and efficient Gene Bryan will take over.

Mr. Raymond Stewart and Mr. William Lehmen, graduates of Embry-Riddle, are now instructing in the Aircraft Department. Mr. William Passman, formerly of Engines, has now been transferred to Aircraft.

Miss Louis Nelson is Mr. Hillstead's new secretary. She considers herself a Miamian, having come here from Texas seven years ago. Oh, these Texas girls.

Cute Brunette

One of our enlisted personnel asked about the cute brunette in the library. We quickly called the library to see if we had an assistant librarian. There is not an assistant librarian, so, who else could the cute brunette be other than Mrs. Burton herself. And right now, folks, I think we should say "hat's off" to Mrs. Burton whose by-line has always graced "Tech Talk." In case you have wondered (as we have) how she did such a wonderful job, just try writing it and you'll wonder more!

I'M ASKiNG YOu . . . Didn't Dotty Wells look ravishing at the Deauville Saturday night, and who was the Naval Officer she had in tow Sunday afternoon—Who was Colleen's escort at the dance and his last name wasn't Shanahan—Aren't all the girls agog over Lt. Walker and Lt. Miller—Isn't the new station wagon driver, Jean Duncan, attractive?—Didn't Captain Stetson carry that haircut a bit too far?—Don't the Overhaul Cadettes look "chick" in their new blue, and I do mean blue, uniforms?—Isn't it nice to have June McGill back?—Isn't it a shame Jean Small is leaving us for the Big City?—Is Eric Sundstrom really as glibulous as the girls in the Registrar's office say he is?—Why doesn't the Army make up its mind, do they or don't they want John Keelan?

CAPTAIN DE PAOLA ADDRESSES TECH STUDENTS

MIAMI—See above is Captain Peter De Paola, former automobile racing champion, principal speaker at a morale meeting of the Air Force Technical Command, stationed at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, Capt. De Paola stressed the importance of the part our students will play in keeping the planes flying. Capt. J. W. Ehr, former Broadway star, and Capt. Michael Cleary, pianist, led in singing popular aviation songs.
OVERHAUL CADETTES BLOSSOM FORTH IN BLUE UNIFORMS!

LANDBASE LAMENTS

by Clara Lee Cook

FLASH: Be it known that we are now the proud associates of the only (it says here) Rod an' Reel Club for Emby-Riddle Instructors. We have everything from two cane poles to a “yawtch,” (well rowboat anyhow).

We also have, as is appropriate for such a gang as ours, a corps of mascots, (thru the courtesy of the CPT boys) ranging from thoroughbred canines to the haf dog an’ haf wolf variety down to the haf wolf (1) an’ haf wits. We were going to have a dog show, but Jimmy Gilmore got a hair cut, Van Jr. shaved his beard, and an Indian beat us to Landis’ mustache. The uselessness of it all!! Back to the dogs tho, there is General Hugo, who strangely resembles those advertisements one sees over Bar-B-Q stands—“12 inches on toasted bun for only 10c;” and Capt. J. B. (who hails from North Carolina with his Master Edwin Faires) and Pvt. Downwind. There’s one thing I can’t figure out about J. B.; every time I see him he strangely resembles a sea-going mammal; wet from head to foot. Do you think he has found our shrimp trap out in the middle of the canal??????

While breezing thru the hangar one day I chanced to hear loud lamentations over the fact that when Apollo chased a nymph she turned into a tree, but the ones they chase now turn into a night club or restaurant. Wurra, wurra.

Latest communiques from this end are that the CPT Cross-Country boys are still cross-countrying and the Elementaries are now accepting the rule of no cross wind landings, John Wood being the brilliant example. The Secondaries, having reached that reckless stage, are beginning to smooth out their Snap Rolls, Spins, Loops and Lazy Eights.

H’lo There

We’re very happy to have Mrs. Evelyn Quillian, formerly of Miami University CPT Ground School Division, with us in the Administration Office. Greater humor and keener wit hath no woman, saith I, an’ we hope she makes her self right at home, cause I can see right now she was cut out for “one of the gang.” At present she sits dumbfounded by stacks of never-ending log books, but as soon as she recovers from the shock, we will have her say a few words.

FLASH: Today I saw a Glider Pilot. He talks, walks, chews gum, and acts just like a humin’ being, but I wonder.

I just learned what the long and short of it is, and YOU can too, by just dropping in and seeing Dave Narrow in his new droop suit for a drape shape . . . Knee length shorts no more or less. No admission is charged allho the hat may be passed, who knows maybe his wife has cut his allowance.

We’re going to miss Jack Hart who Uncle Sam is transferring from our Accounting Dept. to his, The engraved invitation requested his presence on or before Sept. 1st, in New York City. Here’s hoping you stagger Uncle Sam’s account with goodly credits and debit Adolph’s, Benito’s and Hirohito’s account with piercing debits, and don’t forget to add “Please Remit” on those bombs.

BULLETIN: Mr. “G” was unofficially acknowledged today as the only man in Florida who actually understands the ump­time stacks of Government forms pertaining to C.P.T. Superman, no doubt. An’ then there’s Capt. Burgin who goes like a steam engine all day, much to the sorrow of our one and only water cooler.

NEW GUARDS AT TECH

It is quite obvious to all at the Main Office, Tech School and Coliseum that there has been a change of guards. We now have the McAllister Volunteers of Florida (Inc.) maintaining vigilance over the grounds and portals of this vast defense area.

Captain Will H. Gordon is the “boss” of our new guards, whose organization was formed in May, 1940, its object being to train men for guard duty in case of emergency. L. Lihby, commonly known as “The Major,” is in command of the Vol­unteers.

You’ve all been wondering what has happened to the “old guard”—we have been assured that all who wish to remain have been offered positions in the organization. Of the 30 odd men some few of them have gone elsewhere, some have joined the Mc­Allister Volunteers and some have been transferred in the organization. In any event, we hope that most of our old friends will remain with us and that their new work and new associations will be as pleasant as in the past.
Anybody wishing a part in this production better contact the editor before they're all spoken for.

Visitors and New Employees
Joe Horton, Superintendent of all R.A.F. maintenance, was here on business Friday. Mr. Horton is an oldtimer from Carlstrom Field.

Sunday, G. Willis Tyson, General Manager at Riddle Field, flew in with Harry Lehman, Director of Flying at the R.A.F. field. Mr. Lehman, we hear, is going to stay a few weeks.

Mr. O'Neal, Company Auditor, has been up on business.

Welcome, Richard Smith—a new addition to Post Supply.

Mr. Tom A. (One 'r') Morison, our new Superintendent.

Charlie (It's your face) Ebbets, Company Photographer, spent one day last week at Dorr. Also Donald Budge spent several days with us, during which time the tennis courts were the center of interest.

More Personnel Prattle
From the Sgt. Major's office: Why is Lt. Folan's signature so hard to get?
Bon Voyage to Marjorie Pierce, who departs today to visit friends? up around New York and (Boston)?

Bars, cigars, and blue smoke around this office this past week.

We welcome S/S Kenneth A. Brunner as Assistant Sgt. Major. Brunner was A/C and decided he liked Dorr so well he asked to be stationed here. The Auxiliary Field should take notice of this: we make our boys feel so at home they don't want to leave.

New Army Personnel: Former civilian physical training directors James A. Kitchens and John C. Hamilton and now S/Sigs. in the Air Corps on duty at this station.

FOUND. ONE FLY PAPER
One of the missing "Fly Papers" has been found! Capt. W. A. Hart, of Carlstrom, sent us the July 22nd issue post haste and so wins $3.00.

In the next mail, lo and behold, Mrs. Nate Reece, Sr., sent us the same number, but unfortunately a second prize was not offered. Thank you just the same, Mrs. Reece—can't you dig up Vol. 1, No. 1? Remember, $3.00 is forthcoming to the first person to send it in.

** FOUND. ONE FLY PAPER **

Dorr Doings
by Jack Whinall

Improvements
A wire fence enclosing the hangar area has just been completed, and there are now parking lots at the ends of the East and West hangars. Work is progressing rapidly on the Link building.

Personnel Prattle
The Cadet Dance Friday night was a huge success. The lights went out just as the Dance broke up . . . No, not sabotage, but what a break for the Cadets! What was Freddie Lewis doing with my flashlight?

A certain brunette begged me to be sure that no one got hold of that light but, "I'm sorry, Brunette."

If we ever produce a play we can pick our characters right from our own Field.

Such as:
Lyman Jones as Capt. Katzenjammer.
Sgt. Emigh as Little Abner.
Peaches Prevette as Invisible Scarlett.
Sgt. Sharpe as Red.
Gerald Taylor as Superman.
Megan as Ma.
Sgt. Blackwell as Dagwood.
Mr. Norman as Hamlet.
Miss Estelle as Dixie Dugan.
Mr. Nicodemus as Hairless Joe.
Mr. Spence as Apollo.
Margaret Lightfoot as Helen of Troy.
Frances Parker as Cleopatra.
Yours Truly as Cupid Woo Woo.

DORR DOINGS (Continued from Page 1)
carries about 180 pounds, which he claims to be a little in excess of necessity, and has wavy black hair and brown eyes. In questioning his fellow workers we were bombarded with "great fellow," "grand guy," "very good looking and a swell person," "wish I worked for him" and so on and so forth.

By the way, not as an afterthought, but as a warning—Gordon IS married.
Wing Commander K. J. Rampling, who has been Commanding Officer at No. 5 B.F. T.S. since Riddle Field was opened, was sent to Maxwell Field at Montgomery, Ala., last week. He will be the R.A.F. representative there.

Commander Rampling was very popular here, because of his able leadership and ability to handle men, and his departure is regretted by his many friends. Everyone, though, joins in wishing him great success in his future.

Wing Commander K. J. Rampling

Announcement of this change was made by Air Commodore Carnegie, who, with Wing Commanders Hogan and Priest, of the R.A.F. Delegation in Washington, inspected this Field last Thursday.

The new Commanding Officer for No. 5 B.F.T.S., is Squadron Leader R. O. Prickett. Mr. Prickett has already assumed his duties as C.O., and we hope to present him as our Man of the Week in the next issue.

Don Budge Popular

Don Budge's trip to this Field last Wednesday afternoon was very satisfactory to the gang here. And, the best news is that he will be here every Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 to give instructions to those desiring to learn tennis or to improve their game.

Don spoke to about a hundred of the fellows in the afternoon, explaining and demonstrating some of the proper strokes, services, etc. He then played against several of the boys. He defeated Ian Weir of Yellow Flight, 6-0, and Howard Thomas of Red Flight, Cadet Singles Champion, 6-3. Thomas, however, did some nice playing and was complimented by Budge. Budge and Weir then played Lionel Wheble of Red Flight and A. G. Henriques of Yellow Flight, winning 6-0. The first class then got underway, with about 20 of the boys taking advantage of having the world's champion tennis professional as their instructor.

Later in the evening, Don played once again so that the balance of the camp could see him in action. He defeated Jack Woodley, Green Flight runner-up in singles, 6-2, and then with Jack Hopkins, beat Doubles Champions, Temple and LeMessurier, Green Flight, 6-3.

Mrs. Budge accompanied her husband to Riddle Field, and we sincerely hope they both enjoyed their trip here, and we are looking forward to seeing them each Wednesday afternoon.

A Story and a Picture

The story—

Now it came to pass that there was a colony of hens nigh to the Field of Riddle. And behold, they bore new sons whom they did wean and thoroughly instruct in the ways of life. And the number of the sons were many. And it came to pass that on a certain day the mother hens did take out their sons and did teach them to fly. And this they continued doing many days hence. And the mother hens did constantly warn their sons, saying “Thou shalt not leave thy mother’s side except thou shalt fall verily to the ground, and there shall be much weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

But one son did preach amongst his fellows saying, “I am bound by my mother as with chains, for behold, now she curse me, now she bindest me.” Notwithstanding, there was no dissension among them, for they said, “He is a young fellow; let us not heed him.”

And it came to pass that on a certain day when the hens did teach their sons to fly, that the foolish son did err in so much as he did leave his mother wing, whereupon he did fall to the ground at no small speed. And when his mother found that he had gone astray, she was vexed, not a little, and hastened to find him. And when she saw him, sore troubled and repentent, she was moved and did constrain him saying, “Thy sins are forgiven; keep thou to the straight and level path, lest thou fall by the way.”

The picture—

We have received two poems from a civilian mystery man, who claims he is not Mr. L. We regret that we will not be able to print the longer one, but here's the other one.

Snake Tracks

He winds in, he winds out,
He leaves an awful doubt,
Whether he that made the track,
Was going on or coming back.

More Wedding Bells—A secret marriage of one month has finally leaked out. It has been "officially" announced that Mr. Walter Blake, Link Instructor, and Miss June Fix of Madison, Wis., were married in Clewiston on July 31, 1942. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Taylor (Jimmy is a Primary Instructor) announce the birth of a eight-pound boy at the Meyers Memorial Hospital in Buffalo, N. Y., on August 21, 1942. Both mother and baby are doing fine, and Jimmy is passing out cigars. Congratulations.
A Successful Day

Kitten Connor and Johnny Carruthers gave Inspector Hank Faller a good ride on their Private Pilot’s flight test Friday last. Congratulations to both of them. We are going to lose Kitten to our Miami landplane base, where she will continue on with heavier ship time and her Commercial license.

Johnny is going to remain here for a spell and possibly take his Commercial on the Cub at the base. He really likes this Seaplane flying. Sunday he brought over a car-load of young beauties and gave each one a hop around, thus initiating his Private Pilot’s license. No flies on Carruthers boys! As you can well imagine, the best looking one was for Johnny. Also, last Friday, Peggy Morton, Henry Scholz and Nancy Batson received their water ratings.

Add One Flight Instructor

Nancy Batson, of the Birmingham Batsons, now has joined us here as a Flight Instructor. We won’t describe Nancy for you as no doubt you have seen her pictures in the paper of late. The papers have given all the details of Nancy’s rise to fame, in fact, as she says, “They know more about me than I do myself.” On the right side of the ledger, however, is the fact that Nancy is a fine Instructor and we are pleased to have her join us. She already is busy with her students and operating a full schedule.

Charlie Stabler called up from Washing-

ton Sunday and is due back Tuesday. His mother has improved greatly, which we are all pleased to hear. It has been rather lonely around here the past week without our cheerful Charlie. Andy Danzal, one of Charlie’s students, took his written exam for a Private yesterday and the results will be in next week. Andy says he really knocked it for a loop—missed only one—the Rhumba line still has him stopped.

Our new crab boat, recently christened “The Lightning,” is a honey. It has a 65 horse power Gray Marine Engine that really drives it along at a fair clip. The boat itself is just the ticket for hurried departures in an emergency. She is always ready, and is capable of towing quite a load if need be. Buddy Shelton and Al McKesson have been made first mates and are in charge if the boat is needed. Both are properly identified with Coast Guard cards as required by the new existing law.

Are You Back-Gammon?

Andy (the shark) Denzel is our champion Backgammon player. He’ll take anybody on in the house. He and Billy (Muddy) Waters have a game every morning. Billy says that Andy is just plain lucky—calls him the “double dog.” As a matter of true fact, it took all of us a week to figure out how the men should be lined up on the board. We ain’t educated in these new fangled games, by gum!

GRACEY—Brenneman

Carlstrom’s most exciting event of last week was the marriage of one of our Ground School Instructors, Bill Gracey was the one who took the step and the party of the second part was the charming Miss Eileen Brenneman, who hails from Pitts-

burgh. W. Va.; Dorothy Hottle has de-
serted Sammy for a trek to Baltimore. Jack Hunt and Sid Pflug are chasing their teeth because Dorothy and Norm are taking off for a shopping tour in Miami and Jack Hobler is blase about Carolyn going to her mother’s (two blocks away—for the family laundry).

Emma Marie Vance

All of Carlstrom was saddened at the un-
timely death of young Emma Marie Vance. Only sixteen years old, she was very well known to all the personnel of the Field, having featured in most of Carlstrom’s dedica-
tion and opening ceremonies last year. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bate Vance.

IN MEMORIAM

EMMA MARIE VANCE

With deepest sympathy to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bate Vance from

CARLSTROM FIELD

ANONYMOUS WINS THE WAR

Dear “Bud”:

Here is a quick belief that the War will be over in 1942. Taking it anyway one thinks, either by numerology or by chance, herein you’ll find a true and simple fact of “Believe It Or Not.” And, since it is quite interesting to all here on the West Coast, I thought the “Fly Paper” readers would enjoy arguing about it.

Anonymous

Here is it:

Church- Roosevelt

Roosevelt

Mussolini

Silent

Hitler

 Stalin

Born

1873

1882

1919

1918

1983

Came to

Power

1940

1933

1924

1933

1822

Years in

Power

2

9

18

9

20

Age

69

60

63

53

59

3844

3844

3844

3844

3844

3844

3844

3844

3844

3844

Last War ended

1918

Since last War

24

This Year

1942

3844

This is the 2nd War so 3884 divided by 2 is 1942—proving that this war will end in 1942.
Kitties Enjoy Gala Supper, Swim-Party

The Kitty Foyles met on Tuesday night for their first party since the organization of the club. If that evening of fun was indicative of those to come we have something really to anticipate.

First of all the beautiful Venetian Pools made a perfect setting—balmy afternoon, cool twilight and moonlit evening was nature's contribution—delicious salad, scrumptious sandwiches and feather-weight cake, from Bessie Jones' kitchen—and 28 "Kitties" all chattering at once.

Varied Costumes

They started coming in at about six o'clock, in all descriptions of costumes, some in bathing suits, some with suits under their dresses, slacks and some in full-office regalia. Most of them took advantage of the pools and some potential Olympic swimmers were noted, also a few paddlers braved the shallow water—we are not mentioning names.

Supper was served picnic style at about 7:30, the huge pile of sandwiches went down like an express elevator and the salad started to disappear with alarming speed. That only one of the tremendous cakes vanished was no doubt due to some watching their calories.

Business of the Day

Tired from vigorous swimming, sat with supper and happy in these hours of relaxation the group finally assembled for the business of the day. The Constitution was read and approved unanimously and discussions for the next party got under way. A committee was appointed to decide just what form of entertainment would please the majority when the club meets again on Tuesday, September 22nd.

Among Those Present

Among those who were able to attend were Pat McNamara, vice president, June McGill, treasurer, Gene Bryan, secretary, Wain Fletcher, publicity, Elaine Devery, Mary Jo Benner, Catherine Dick, Lucille Valliere, Pauline Baker, Dottie Wells, Mary Frances Hamon, Katherine Daniel, Cara Lee Cook, Laurice Anderson, Edna Callihan, Ruth Fisher, Madge Kessler, Margaret Missio and several others.

TO ALL FLIGHT STUDENTS

We dedicate this lovely little poem written by Kathern Parnell, Editor of THE STENGEL PILOT, a contemporary paper published at Gainesville:

Ask any pilot what he hates;
He always says doing eights
Around pylons, highway eights,
Pylon eights, and lazy eights.

Regardless of the kind you do,
This rule always holds true:
To do any eights just right
Start at the proper height.

Don't forget that up-wind turn;
Take it easy, you'll soon learn.
When doing eights, remember this:
Without faith you'll always miss.

It's Not Quite That Easy

No, we can't pull any rabbits out of hats for you. We don't promise to give you the world with a fence around it either. But what we can give you is Government-accredited training that puts you on the beam toward real, lasting success in Aviation.

Whether you choose to build 'em, fly 'em or keep 'em flying, Embry-Riddle, with its wide range of 41 courses, is the logical place to take-off on a career with unlimited opportunities—now and in the years ahead. Get all the facts—let us help you chart your course—get started now.

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