**Union City News Letter**

Larry J. Walden, Jr., Editor

James Glover, Writer; Miss Alva Nelle Taylor, Miss Jane Bratton, Kim Stivers, Robert Summerrall, A/C H. G. Arnold, S. M. Sparks, Lynelle Rabun, Associates

Dear Fly Paper Pals:

Thanks for the good suggestion as to pictures of the Field and personnel here at Embry-Riddle. We're enclosing two or three pictures for you to see and hope you enjoy these, the first of several we hope to send. However, even these pictures are not like the real McCoy.

One place we are all becoming familiar with is Union City, This big little town, near which the Riddle-McKay Company of Tennessee is located, is the county seat of one of the richest farming sections in the state; having a very stable population of 7,255, according to the last census.

**Live Stock Center**

While traveling over the hills and plains of the nearby countryside, we see vast fields of corn and various other grain crops, with cattle grazing in the nearby pastures. The care given this fertile soil by the farmers enables this city to be one of the largest livestock shipping centers in the South. About 1,300 of the city's population are found working daily in the manufacturing of shoes and garments, canning fruits and vegetables, and preparing meats for market.

**Sportsman's Paradise**

Located within a short drive is the Mississippi River, and also the famous Reelfoot Lake, which was formed in the year 1812 by an earthquake. Reelfoot Lake is a Sportsman's paradise, giving access to some of the finest hunting and fishing that can be found anywhere. A local hotel was named in commemoration of a man who was outstanding in the exploration of our country, David Crockett. Here also can be found one of the first monuments which were erected to an unknown soldier. This particular one is in memory of an unknown Confederate.

Major James, Our Commanding Officer at Union City

Major Wisdom James, 31, a native of Fort Worth, Texas, and a

**U. S. Army Officials Inspect New Engine Overhaul Division**

MIAMI—Concurrent with the completion of the new Aircraft Engine Overhaul Division of our School was the inspection made this week by officers of the U. S. Army Air Force. Shown in this picture, left to right, are A. W. Throgmorton, Director of the Technical School, Major General Walter R. Weaver, K. C. Smith, Chief of the Engines Department at the Tech Division, Boss John Paul Riddle, Brig. General Ralph H. Woeten, General Junius Jones and Colonel McConnell.

The Overhaul Division, located near the Tech Building, will be under the direction of our old friend Joe Horton, who "babied" the project from the beginning. He is justifiably proud of the great care and foresight which was used in planning and building this Division.

**This Is No Check!**

Laugh of the week is on RAY LIPE, "Master of Monetary Matters," and all his little chums in the Payroll Department, Main Office! Under Ray's new system of turning out the pay checks on a super-duper Addressograph, you will note that the checks are in two attached parts... one part being the check, and the other half being the stub which contains information for the accounting department. Well, these new fangled checks looked pretty... in fact, so pretty that at least 18 different banks and stores "cached" the stubs... with much confusion resulting on all sides. Anyhow, the upshot the whole deal is that the stub is now emblazoned with the big words THIS IS NOT A CHECK!

**Dinner at Eight**

A whole broiled chicken will be served to those attending the School Victory Vacation Party at the Deauville this Saturday. Don't forget, there's swimming, dinner and dancing... but PLEASE be on time for dinner! It helps everybody!
FROM "WING TALK"
(Collier's The National Weekly, July 18)

The drinking party was going at a happy pace when the young man with ten hours' dual instruction suggestion that they go out to the airport, "borrow" his friend's airplane and serenade a young lady of their affections, who lived in the next town. His companion eagerly volunteered. The two took off around four-thirty in the morning and actually located the house. They circled low and made a lot of noise. The young lady slept through it but her alert kid brother head the engine cutting out— and then the crash. After daylight the wreckage was found, about a block away from the object of their attentions, the unlicensed pilot dead and the passenger seriously injured.

In another part of the country, a mature commercial pilot with more than 1,000 hours logged, took a drink before lunch and six more after. He thought he'd make a flight and invited a friend. He stayed near the airport and gave an exhibition of low flying, zooms, stalls and dives. At the end of 15 minutes of this, the plane climbed sharply and started a right turn. It stalled, fell off to the right, crashed and burned. The passenger was thrown clear and was seriously injured but the pilot was killed instantly.

These are summaries of two official reports in the files of the Safety Bureau of the C.A.B. Flying while drunk is as hard to prove as driving while drunk, and the inspectors of the Safety Bureau are as careful to get the facts before they make their reports as a cop is with an alleged drunken driver.

There are other cases where intoxication was believed to be a major contributing factor but proof is another thing. An experienced airmen-inspector is pretty sure of his conclusions if he sees a pilot jazzing a house and taking tops off trees, but to prove that the pilot has a buzz on at the time is another thing. If the offending pilot survives these exhilarating flights, he suffers the loss of his license permanently or for a long period. Aware that we need pilots and planes, the hard-boiled inspectors also are aware that aviation doesn't need or miss anyone who would pilot a plane while artificially stimulated.

NOW THAT YOU'VE GONE TO BASIC

I miss the drone of your old P.T. As it circled high above me, your lazy rote, that left you free To wave ... and my world grew lovely.

I miss those evenings—all our own, With their fun and foolish chatter; They're empty now. I've never known One friendship could so matter.

I miss your calls—at the close of day, With your laughter running thru them, The things you do . . . the things you say . . .

The way you say and do them! I miss your voice—your carefree smile.

And I'm wondering if you know . . . Day in— and out—and all the while, 'Tis you I'm missing so! —Molly Malone

New D. P. A. at Union City

Latest addition to the Union City household is Karl T. Wilson, new Division Purchasing Agent. Mr. Wilson hails from Alabama, but has recently lived in Orlando and Atlanta. He attended Georgia Tech and since 1932 was associated with various divisions of General Motors Corp. Mr. Wilson is being ably assisted by Miss Constance Young, formerly of the Main Office in Miami.

Remember Buddy Brown? (Officially known as Bour Brown.) Well, Buddy completed his course in Aircraft at the Tech School some time ago and was one of those who serviced Jimmy Doddlite's ship at (censored) Field, as we told you in the Fly Paper. Now we hear that he is in Orangeburg, S. C., where he is in charge of supplies, has his own private office and event boasts of a personal secretary.

PROGRAM

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

“HAWAIIAN BUCKEROO”
Monday, August 3rd—Riddle Field
Tuesday, August 4th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, August 5th—Carlstrom Field
Thursday, August 6th—Miami Technical Division

“TUNDRA”
Thursday, August 6th—Riddle Field
Friday, August 7th—Dorr Field
Monday, August 10th—Miami Technical Division

For exact time and place, see your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents
listening out...

course six

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE
CLEWISTON, FLORIDA
U. S. A.
INTRODUCTION

"But why, why an introduction?" someone said in a pained voice. I could make the shattering reply of "Why Not?" but I might as well just admit that a page has to be filled in somehow and as no one ever reads introductions anyway, they gave the job to me.

Long Pause.

I have been staring at this piece of paper for the last half hour and still can't think of anything to say! Obviously, I can't put in any limericks and jokes (by the way, have you heard that one about a certain young fellow from Memphis? Not now, some other time). No, this department should be filled with kind tributes and that sort of thing.

But venerable scribes before me have described with glowing words the kindness and generosity of our American hosts far better than I could hope to do. And I wonder if it is advisable to repeat these paens of praise course after course. Didn't Shakespeare say "Methinks he doth protest too much!" We don't want to overdo it to the point of incredulity. Let us just accept the fact that we cannot express our thanks, and hope that America will understand.

That is just about all I can say, except perhaps to warn you that the next pages consist of Course 6's Listening Out. If the flesh is weak, my advice is to skip it, but should you happen to be one of these intrepid literary adventurers draw a deep breath and rush onwards into the unknown. I bid you "God speed" and remember, "it's a poor thing, but our own."
It all began on a cold winter's night in England just before Christmas. Laden with kit-bags and packs, we entrained for an embarkation point. I remember standing on the dock looking at a magnificent luxury liner, on duty as a troop transport. In front of it was a miserable little tug thing, which, I thought, would pull our ship out of port... We crossed the Atlantic on the tug... the coast line of Canada was just about the nicest thing I ever saw.

After three weeks of snow and fatigues we set off again; this time for Sunny Florida.

It was vastly disappointing.

Palms in fact and fiction differ considerably. But we were soon sufficiently deluged in work to keep us more than adequately occupied.

The days rolled by until, with a terrifying swiftness, we found ourselves doing a circuit with an empty front cockpit. I remember that I sang loudly all the way round to keep up my morale, but as I couldn’t hear my own voice it wasn’t much help. A hundred years rolled by until we were back on terra firma. We had soloed!

The weeks passed. From Monday to Friday we looped, spun, rolled, twirled, made forced landings, ground looped and learned the mysteries of lift, gunsighting and so. On Saturday morning we furiously cleaned barracks rooms and then departed for Miami, Palm Beach, Fort Myers and other places near and far. Many and marvelous were the tales told of these week ends as we tottered back late Sunday night, thankful for another week’s rest.

So Primary rolled by. We did some night flying (one of us did circuits round the control tower), some rather cozy formation and somehow we got through our Final Primary checks. We had five days' leave.

All over America we wandered — New York, Alabama, Daytona, Atlanta, all saw our happy, smiling faces. Maybe they weren’t quite so happy when returned, but I’m sure everyone had a good time, and enough is enough.

When we reached Basic we thought at long last that we were pretty hot pilots. Weren’t we flying low wing monoplanes with a myriad of gadgets in the cockpit to push and pull? Didn’t we fly 'cross country far away? We all walked around muttering deliriously TUMPSS. We also had our first chance of seeing how the other fellows flew; and, with a navigator in the back to look after the business of getting lost, we went from Riddle Field to Fort Myers via the Bok Tower. And so our Basic course came to an end, leaving us feeling very proud of the fact that we didn’t have any accidents at all — by day or night — though some did land with the undercarriage up!!!

The only snag in the course was that it was spent mainly on No. 3 field with the mosquitoes.

A few more days passed and once again the Flight meandered abroad to fulfill its heart’s desire. And once again we returned worn out but cheerful.

And so we found ourselves on Advanced and for three days we walked about wondering if it could be true. Had we reached this peak of perfection? Apparently we had for within a very short time everyone was trying to be the one to get the undercarriage up earliest. Finally this came to an end, after all, you can’t do any better than take off by opening up the throttle and lifting up the gear (Embry-Riddle Control — wheels) all in one motion.

We flew 'cross country without maps — five-ship formation that we thought rather good — and let the ships slow-roll themselves while we sat in the cockpit swatting armament notes. That, of course, was the snag — the impending wings' exam took all the joy out of life.

But now it is almost all over. Yes, here we are with our wings at last. And, to you, and all, we say,

Thank You.
No. 6 Course Alphabet

A is for ALDERWOOD, drifty on fuel
When he ran out of gas he was luckily dual.

B is for BEEVERS—I don’t want to whine—
But why must he shoot a perpetual line?
It may be for BICKELL, a beautiful brute,
With blond wavy hair and as “—— as a newt.”
It could stand for BLACK, who’s a nice guy, I guess,
Although he is partly the cause of the Mess.
And then there is BROOKE, a minute little man;
He looks about twelve, but is slightly more than.
And finally BUTLER—will tenderly boast
A gluteus mascimus larger than most.

C stands for CLARK with his gingerish hair
At the piano his music will banish dull care.
Or CLARK known as Gerry (initials G. A.)
And I can’t think of anything further to say.
Or CLARK, just called Johnny, who’s never dismayed,
Though all he should have, has, I fear, been mislayed.
The last one is CLOE, this CLARKE has an “e,”
Incredibly brainy and bends at the knee.

D is for DOWLIN with “slow rolling” walk,
Undying good humor and “slow rolling” talk.

E is for EDWARDS, a Welshman quite small
His nickname is hardly surprising at all.
Also for EVERILL, famed in his day
For doing a peel-off, at least, so they say.

F is that streak of untidiness, FARROW,
He is tall, half undressed and impossibly narrow.
Or for FEE, who I fear, has quite ruined my rhyme
By shaving it off before publishing time.
Or there’s FINLAY, called Duggie by them as that knows
(No relation of Bookkeeper, who “never owes”).
And finally FRANKLIN, a sad looking sight
Who’s known far and wide for his flying by night.

J is for JOHNSON, who seems half asleep
But I hear that still waters will always run deep.

M stands for MALTBY with accent that curls
Through the radio unit in vertical curls.
And MARTIN, who warbles with untiring zest
And imitates trumpet without being pressed.
Or MILES—he’s apparently opera soused
And will give you selections from Carmen or Faust.
And "Faily Grade" MURPHY, who answers to Spud,
On Basic his Instrument Flying was dud.

P is for PAGE, very smooth, debonair,
A perfect example of what not to wear.

R is for REES and his homeland is Wales,
He is one of these small, dark and dashing young males.
Or for ROWLAND, our lord, all under him mastered,
But I fear some would say he's a bit of a—tyrant.

S is for SARRA with saturnine scowl
That seems to find everything perfectly foul.
Or for SHARP—when I see him I think I can hear
A far distant murmer of "What's all this "ere?"
It could be for SHINGLETON "never be late,"
Who rings the bell early and then makes us wait.
Or SKIDMORE, whose shoulders so tenderly bear
Section 2, though more often they get in his hair.
And then there is SLAPE, who once happened to sin;
He lost all his power at the Clewiston Inn.
Lastly STOKES-ROBERTS, who left Lakeland's shores
And came over here to do "Jankers" and chores.

T is for THALLON renowned far and wide,
He's just at his best when he's stretching a glide.
And for THOMAS, who begs you to think none the wus,
Though he slipped down a course and became one of us.
After him TIMMS, who once was a WOP
Is at his happiest when talking shop.
Finally TUFNELL with accent refined,
He thinks nickname Randy is rather unkind.

U is for Vaughan, known as Ronnie to most,
He has his own army, of which he can boast.

W for WATKINS, one more Yank to enlist,
He feels that the Ground School work wouldn't be missed.
For WEBSTER, a weakness for redheads began
A Miami pilgrimage whene're he can.
And WOODFORD or "granfer," the eldest of all
Who binds on parade when he's out at first call.

Y is for YOUNG, who's the last on the list
A walking reminder of "Lost in a Mist."

Editor's Note:—
X marks the spot where this poet lay dead
And Red Flight was placed upon trial:—
"Justifiable Homicide" the jury said
And the Flight left the court with a smile.

And then there was Sarra, who
logged Fifty Hours Night Flying
Time before the C. O. ordered him
to get a haircut!

We Didn't Dood It, Daddy!

Control Tower—Not a Pylon!
Ask Us!
This is "Primary" (Dual)

And This is Advanced (Ah, Solo at Last!)

FINALE...

"Parting is such sweet sorrow." That seems to be very true. I think we are all looking forward to shooting an impressive line to our doting friends and relations and wandering down to the nearest pub, ostentatiously flicking imaginary flecks of dust from our left breast. Yes, it will be pretty sweet.

And as far as the sorrow—many of us will be pretty sorry to leave here, although maybe we don’t think so now. But we have had many good times and have made many good friends—we are bound to miss them.

However, it is no good rambling on like this—we must away. Let’s not have one of those drawnout farewells ... This is Course 6 (to quote one of our members)

Listening—out—out!
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

July 27th, still this yere

Dere Bud:

I got lots to tell you this week, and most of it is what you call "momentous events." The first thing is that we got another daddy here at Carlstrom, and when I say "he is a proud papa" I mean jest that. He is Corporal Gene Busby, who is stationed at our post Dispensary, and now he's got a 8-pound, 3-ounce boy—the first Army boy baby we've had here since the field opened last yere. If you check up on all the other babies born to Army families attached to Carlstrom, you will find that they are all girls.

Proud Papa

Bud, I'm tellin' you Gene is jest bustin' with pride; in fact, his usual 34-inch chest is now up to 40 inches, and he is handin' out cigars like they was circulars fer a fire sale. His wife presented him with this here bundle fer Busby last Friday morning at 7:00 A.M., and Captain "Doc" Nethery done the deliverin'.

It's a Boy!

Says the Corporal, "Boy, I was standin' there with jest a curtain between me and what was goin' on, when I heard Doc say, 'It's a boy!' Then I heard a loud 'Waaah!' and I heard my wife say, 'Oooh, that's my baby!' and I felt so good I jest started to cry. Honest, I couldn't help it.' They are goin' to name the little feller James Robert, and Gene says they will call him Piggy. Ring fer short. That jest goes to show you what this mechanical world is doin' to people.

Cupid Scoops

Now I got some scoops fer you, chum. One of the most outstandin' things that has ever happened to the Ground School jest happened last week. Fer a long time we have been worried about Joe Woodward in regard to stayin' single while the rest of us was en-joyin' the beauties of married life. Well, Joe's girl-friend—Edith Doenges—who was here fer the last two weeks visitin' him, has jest left fer Baltimore. an engaged woman!

Joe Dood It!

Yessir, Joe has finally went and done it, and the weddin' will take place up in Baltimore after Joe finishes with his next class. It seems that he's goin' to have a more weddin' prospects if he gets married up there, although what he's gonna need more than presents is Paul Dixon's short course in "Ways and Means of a Happy Marriage."

More Romance

The next scoop, Bud, is the news of Grant Baker's engagement to Loretta Scarborough. This romance, strictly fer little people, has been flourishin' fer some time, and the ceremony will be around the 15th or 16th of August. Loretta is a cute trick who used to work in S. E. Harrison's office down in Hangar 2, and is jest the right size fer Grant. She is also party.

Cupid Sandusky

Now, as fer Baker, he has been livin' fer Dr. and Mrs. Sandusky's, and you know what that means. All the guys that live there get married sooner or later, mostly sooner. First it was me, then Paul Dixon, then Bents Durrance, and how 's it goin' fer Baker. It must be somethin' about the air up on that second floor. Well, here's a picture of Grant 'n' Loretta so you can see fer yourself.

R. A. F. Gratitude

Chum, do you know there's gratitude in this world after all? There was a purty good example of it over in Saratosa last week when the R. A. F. threw a shindig fer the gang here at Carlstrom.

The King's flyers, represented by Wing Commander Hogan, Squadron Leader Hepple, Flag Lieutenant Taggart, and Pilot Officers Eggins and Gilder, entertained Major Freeman, Captain Hart, Lieutenants Klopfenstein, McCormick, Brown, Peovich, Jack Hunt and Sid Pfluger.

They had a summptuous (what does that mean?) dinner at the Manhattan, and went swimming afterwards at the Lido. It was all jest to show the Army bunch that the R. A. F. appreciated what had been done fer the U/K cadets.

Bowlin'? Banglin'!

Bud, our Grind School bowlin' team got beat again last Wednesday night by the Florida Power and Light team. I can't bring myself to tell you what the final score was; after all, we got some pride. I will jest say that we all had an off night, and that we will proba-bly win the next one. Highest individual game scores were Paul DeBor—131, me—130, Roy Sterling—129. Ain't that awful, though?

Near Fatality

Now I want to tell you about a harrowin' experience I had this past week. Bud, have you ever rid in a Link Trainer? If you ain't, don't. All that business about it behavin' jest like a airplane is the bunk. Sergeant Karl Rosemann got me into one of them things the other day and we nearly had a fatality.

It don't fly nuthin' like a real airplane; the rudder goes one way and the ailerons go the opposite. He closed that lid down over me and then started talkin' to me over the radio, and I do believe he turned a storm loose on me. That there thing started to rollin' and turnin' around, pitchin' up and down like a boat until I didn't know whether to air sick and spin or pitch. And, worst thing of all, they wasn't no safety belt in the blamed thing. I'd get the needle centered and the dang'd ball-bank would be off. I'd get the ball in the middle and my airspeed would drop off. And there's where the near-fatality almost happened.

Altitude—4 Feet

I got so engrossed thinkin' I was drivin' an airplane through a foggy night that when the noise stopped, I thought the engine had quit, and I threw open the hatch and started to ball out. Reachin' fer the ripcord, I pulled all the buttons off my shirt before I saw I was only four feet off the ground and inside a building. And all this jest because Karl had shut off the electricity that was running the trainer.

And when I seen the path of my "flight" on a piece of paper—well, as I said before, I got some pride, and it'll be a cold day in August before I get into one of them things again.

Rabbits 'nd Rabbits

Well, Bud, I got to close now, and I hope to be seein' you this week. Me and the missus are comin' over to Miami fer a week, so I will expect you to show us around, since you ain't got nuthin' else to do. We will most likely come over in the company bus, and I intend to count rabbits along the road on the way over. Red Hayes was tellin' somebody he counted 167 the last trip he made, but Valerie Eckart tops him with 279. I'll see how many I can count so's I can get in this here screwy contest.

So long, lieutenant sailor,

JACK

Now Student O'Toole disregarded the light. And when he took off he turned to the right. He pulled the nose high and looked out below—Now where in the devil did this student go?

This is the tale of a foolish man, Who never would fly as he should So instead of being in an airplane He's now in a crate of wood!
TECH TALK
by Peter Ordway

Disertation on Chickens
I am delighted people with preconceived ideas. In the first place, they're smart in their beliefs, and in the second, nothing will change those ideas. The misguided men who for years has preached to all and sundry that because the Japs were carried on their mothers' backs as children they were pitiful pilots—no balance you know—still believes it, But something that hits closer to home is "The Chicken Farm Building." Ripley did us a woeful deed that Sunday in the far past when he drew the vivid details of "the luxury hotel that is now a chicken farm," because he implanted the idea in people's consciousness, and they've never forgotten. Yes, that's us; that's the Tech School.

In a way, we're like a family with a hanged horse thief in the remote background. Technically we're not happy about Uncle Joe, but at least he added a little color to the family tree. There has never been an officememo on the subject to my knowledge, but chickens don't play a large part in our conversation here at the Tech School.

And This Is the Truth
Now, I'd like to say right here and now, that regardless of the barnyard background, and propaganda to the contrary, the Embry-Riddle Technical School now houses nothing but students, engines, welding torches and equipment of that like. Search as you will, you will find no trace of a layer, Purina or incubators, and this condition has existed for a long time—how long I'm not going to say. Nevertheless, just the other day I was explaining directions to somebody, yet there wasn't the slightest flicker of recognition on his face. In desperation and due to the twelve o'clock curfew, I said, "You know the old farm on 36th St." Intelligence immediately gleamed in his eyes. That's the sort of thing Mr. Ripley has made up to put up with.

Under the Shadow of the Hen
In the early days, we had neighbors in the building with us. I suppose to be truthful, since we came later, we were with them. They were: a boat builder, a flour mill, a storage, an inventor, a novelty manufacturer, an awning company, a W. P. A. depot (you see by "long ago" we meant that the New Deal was already in operation) and several gals were extremely mysterious in their activities. Nevertheless, there was a definite family feeling—they, too, were living under the shadow of the hen. Many of that original Tech School gang are still bawling about the vast confines but we've all changed. The shame is no longer there and we can bound about now without running into the flour mill. Your editor, Mr. Belland, the micrograph department, a monstrosity of a wooden table, Mr. Riddle, Mrs. Ogden, the Accounting Department, George Wheeler, and I relaxed in each other's ribs in what is now Ben Turner's office. We were a little band who stuck together because surrounding us from the inventor to the WPA boys were people who didn't think that aviation, and Embry-Riddle in particular, had much of a future.

We've all read and heard about the early days of Carlstrom, Clewiston, and Dorr, but don't forget that if it hadn't been for the "chicken farm" they probably would never have been born. And to you who have never seen the Tech School come down and take a look. It'll make you realize you're part of a pretty big organization, and as to Mr. Ripley's propaganda—don't forget—you can believe it or not.

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

OVER HAUL
Continued from Page 1
vision . . . engines for overhaul are "received" at one end of the building . . . pass through a production line procedure . . . and a few hours later pop out of the other end of the building, completely overhauled and ready for service, including, even, the required "run in" in the engine test house. "Sudden Service" is the motto of the Division, and we're looking forward to treating things from this Department.

TECH PERSONALITIES
by (Martha Gene Mims)

Quickies
The Kitty Foyle's are pouring in their yeas and nays on the uniform question. Everyone is anxiously awaiting the final count of the votes. Tilly Capp, Mr. Varney's secretary, has come and gone. Have you heard the news? Toby Bourbon, that attractive secretary of Mr. Habi's, is getting married Sunday. The wedding was held with only a few couples but we all admit that Helene Hirsch and her sailor really earned their ten dollars. Too bad, Mr. Syd Burrows, you really deserved more than a "cake" for the booby prize.

One more of the eligible girls off the list. Mr. Jim McShane has left the Aircraft Department and has been succeeded by Mr. Estler. Grace Boone is now on vacation. Hope the gas and tire rationing won't keep her from having a grand time. Lillian Farmer, one of the Switchboard operators, has gone to work for the War Department. Of course, we are glad to welcome Alice Miller, but we'll miss Lillian. Mr. Reid, in the Cafeteria, has resigned and Mr. Dodge has taken his place. Another Elevator girl has been added, this time it is blond Mary Hamon. P.S.: She is "attached." Mr. Gazitun, Latin American student, has been married. Congratulations from all!

At the Deauville
Last Saturday night a special treat was given to those dining at the MacFadden-Deauville. Do you know that you lucky people received a $2.50 steak dinner for only $1.50 per couple? I hear next week it will be broiled chicken. I'll see you there.

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

THEY'VE GOT 'IM DOWN!

MIAMI—Harvey Johnson is the poor victim, tractor-splinted, tourniqueted, bandaged and bound by the members of the First Aid Crew at the Tech School and Mail Office. Seriously, however, the classes are progressing splendidly due to the efforts of Red Cross Instructor Dorothy Tuck Corrow, extreme left. Next from left to right, are Priscella Bacon, Rosamond Jordan, Arnon Kue, Mary Grace Bacon, Mrs. Helen Bacon, Dorothy Gadd and Capt. William Williams.

FIsh
The lost diamond is back on its owner's hand and Jennie Mickel is again a happy girl. News from the War Department came to Murray Wilkes that he will leave Friday, July 31st, for Camp Blanding. Mr. Willard O'Brien and wife are expecting a visit from that longlegged bird. Mr. Truman Gile not only has a new secretary, Marie Johnston, but also his very own runner, who is known Howell. Lila Purchase is Mr. Ben Turner's new secretary. Pat McNamara is now working in the Engineer Overhaul Department. Mr. Willis Rivas, Latin American student, wants to marry a North American girl because he says they are far more "interesting and amusing." We thank you for the compliment, Sir. Minnie Virden is all stary eyed again. The Marines were back in town for a short stay.

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

Kitty Foyle's Vote Against Uniforms
The Kitty Foyle's cast their official ballots on Tuesday and the question of uniforms for the office workers was cast to the four winds. With a vote—and every gal got hers in—of 48 to 24 the much discussed question ended amicably, tho' some of the adherents were just a little disappointed.

Next meeting, Friday, Aug. 7—same time, same place.
MATERIEL CONTROL NEWS

by Eddie Baumgarten

For a change the news from Materiel Control this week isn't all connected with who has come and who has gone and such because this week the department and the stores of the Miami area got together and spent a day. Yeap, we broke down and for a couple of hours completely forgot S. I. R.'s, and Purchase Requests and Uarco tickets and had a good time under the soothing influence of good eats and sunlight and a nice breeze that made Matheson Hammock a really lovely place.

Piquing

A goodly crowd was there, including B. H. Buxton and his lovely wife, Janet Perry, Harry Kocher, and his wife and daughter, Eddie Baumgarten and Mrs. Baumgarten from the Materiel Control Office, Lew Pollack and Mrs. Pollack and Ernie Goodson for the Warehouse, Little Jack Little and TWO girls, Warren Howell, Bill Davies and his date (cute little trick) and Joe Simpson and Mrs. Simpson from the Main Floor Stockroom. There was Andy Andrews and Mrs. Andrews from the Instrument Stockroom, and Charlie Shepherd from the Sheet Metal Stockroom. Municipal was represented by Fred Bull and Kenny Zutter and His wife. And the night lifers were out in force with the addition of the Inventory crew, Nick Nicholson, Frank James and Ed Hickman, who hunted all over the park for us and never did find out where we were until after we had gone home. A goodly crowd if I do say so myself.

Dog Days

Lew Pollack was the entertainment chairman and the games he thought up were doozies. He had women chasing each other with paper clubs, (my wife won that one), and running fifty yard dashes, (she won that one too), and the men ran a fifty yard dash, which incidentally, was about forty yards too far, and a tug of war. And let me say here and now, you may be able to push Mr. Buxton around but don't ever try to pull him from one end of a rope to another, Frankly, I think he was caught in one of those chuck holes and we couldn't get him out so our side lost.

And of course the inevitable accident with Perry slugging Baumgarten right in the middle of his new glasses. Oh, my.

Curfew

All in all it was a nice quiet afternoon with everybody having a good time and plenty to eat and everything and if you want some excitement ask Fred Bull about the Army stopping him from mooring his sailboat in Coconut Grove about nine o'clock that same evening.

FIRST INTER-AMERICAN ROMANCE

Miami, gateway to the Americas, provided the scene for an international marriage when Luis Rafael Gazitua, Latin-American cadet studying at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, was married to Miss Mercedes Gusi Ruiz, who was born in Madrid, Spain, but has spent most of her life in Havana. Cuba. Gazitua, of Santiago, Chile, is the first Latin-American cadet to be married. He was graduated Monday upon completion of the aviation service mechanic course sponsored under an inter-American good will program.

The cadet's romance began at the Casa de los Mariachis in January when he met Miss Ruiz, who was studying voice in Miami. Although they were planning to get married some time in the future, it was a $10 rhumba contest prize that spurred them to elope to Fort Lauderdale Tuesday. They won the money at a dance celebrating the cadets' graduation Monday night. The next day they were married in Fort Lauderdale.

The couple will stay in Miami until September, to permit the young cadet to complete a postgraduate course as instrument technician. Although they will be glad to get back to Santiago, they admit they are going to miss American food—especially three-decker club sandwiches. However, they are looking forward to the native empanadas, a rich pastry filled with onions, meat and spices, which they both love.

Back in Santiago, young Ruiz heads a chemical distributing agency.

According to the terms of his scholarship, he will continue to live in the school dormitory until completion of his course.

Mrs. Gazitua is visiting Mrs. C. S. Drake in Oisus.

—WELL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

DOG-DAYS AT DEAUVILLE

The Vacation Victory Party at Deauville last week-end reached a new high with a swellegant steak dinner, the surprise appearance of Boss Riddle, a jitter-bug contest and a brilliant moon!

Helene Hirch and her sailor boy-friend, Larry Hall, out jitter-bagged the other contestants and ran away with Mr. Riddle's $10 prize. Mrs. Bill King, from Riddle Field, Mrs. Major Field, from the Tech School, and acting manageress Miss Lenan, of the Deauville, acted as judges.

Scotch as Rumor

Right now we want to scotch a rumour ... Syd Burroes never danced for Arthur Murray, however, they were close personal friends both here and in New York. Syd and his Missus were there at a table with the Feilds, Capt. and Mrs. D. L. Stetson, Lt. Bob Walker and Elaine Chalk—we think.

At a table of twenty or more were Mr. and Mrs. Nate Reese, who were celebrating their wedding anniversary, the T. S. Nelsons, H. H. Emericks, L. M. Hutsons and the Floyd Cullers, all down from Arcadia for the week end. Also members of this gay gathering were the Joe Hortons, the Roberts and Ye Editor Belland.

Short-Snorter

Bill King got Boss Riddle to endorse his Short-Snorter and from then on the latter was de-luged with Short-Snorter bills. Bob Habig was initiated into this ancient order and found himself “in” but “out” five bucks.

A brilliant moon kept the younger set dancing on the Clipper Deck so the poor M. C. practically blew a fuse in the P. A. system, not to mention his lunges. We happened in to join a rollicking Paul Jones.

Visitors

We had some interesting visitors, whose unusual insignia on their uniforms caused some interrogation—they were three gentlemen from Norway, S. Pedersen, Tor Wigdel and Owe Hansen, of the Sub Chaser school.

John Lynn and Robert Landes, Lou Place and Chas. Bing came down from Clewiston—no, did the above mentioned Bill Kings. Others who spent the week end were Miss C. Rash, M. L. Wilkes, Miss C. Minges, E. and H. Hirch, M. L. Kessler, L. Sugmaster, R. F. Schulz, R. L. Campbell, E. Ben­ dowsky, E. M. Christmas, Miss L. P. Stallcup, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tanner, Miss J. Brun, Miss F. Brown, H. Helfenbein, and O. S. Van Schalk.
All will be interested to know that Mr. Bobbi is back after a few days illness. When asked about their trip to Tampa, Jimmy Davis and Allen King triumphantly replied, "Well, we returned with 12 cylinders and 40 cents and may heaven keep us till payday!" Did you get an extra tire with that Zephyr? Robert Scott and Allen King are now enjoying good ole home-cooking up north with the folks. Ain't it wonderful to be a plutoniumous friends.

"Shorty" Celebrates

In the Maintenance Department our "youngest" Lt. John Polan has just passed another milestone by celebrating his birthday last Tuesday. He had a cake just plumb full of candles and all kinds of birthday presents from his numerous friends. Many happy returns, "Shorty."

Welcome on the Mat

Another week and more additions to our family! Without a doubt, you've all met Mrs. Rosie Spence—if not she is the fair girl now in the Headquarters office. Then there is Miss Frances E. Poover—she is on the night shift of the Time Department, so we don't get to see her very often. Nevertheless, welcome to our fold Saturday we were pleased to see Mrs. Billie Touchtone back in the Canteen. However, upon inquiry we learned that this most efficient young lady is being transferred to Carlstrom Field—their good luck!

Bad Ross has the complete admiration (and possibly a lot of friendly envy) of all Dorr—all on account of that marvelous sun tan!

Cool Cadet

Everybody happy?? Well, undoubtedly! Most anyone would be glad to receive permission to shed ties and to open up the collars—and that's what our officers and cadets have!

Miss Mozelle Cross, Local Purchasing Agent, paid us a short visit Monday. We saw her in the Canteen, which place she said was the coolest she had found. Perhaps we shouldn't tell her—the Carlstrom gang may mob her.

There is one little thing which puzzles us greatly—Why Lt. "Glen" Charpie is so very reluctant to say anything when "the Fly Paper" is the Conversational Topic?

Well, Sir, I don't just know, but it began happening right after we let all the Cadets go to that Rodeo at Arcadia!!"

—Cut Courtesy "Intercontinental."
UNION CITY NEWS LETTER  
Continued from Page 1

veteran of nine and one-half years in the United States Air Force, is the 
Commanding Officer here at Embry-Riddle Field. He came here as 
Captain from a basic flying school at Augusta, Georgia. He won his 
wings and a commission as second lieutenant at Kelly Field. Major and 
Mrs. Cullom are now residing in Union City. They have one child, Char- 
lotte Gay, three and one-half months old.

At this writing, Major James is expected to return soon from Max-
well Field where he is attending a meeting of Army Air Force Officers. 
Prior to this trip, he flew to Fort Worth for a meeting of Air Force 
Supervisors. While there, he visited with his parents.

Shifts and Changes

Mr. Harry Stubblefield, formerly connected with the Post Supply, has 
accepted a new position in defense work somewhere in Mississippi. We 
are happy to announce that Mr. Robert Cullom, a local fellow, has taken 
over the position here. Mr. W. T. Richards is working in the hangar as 
Maintenance Stock Clerk. And one more thing, Mr. Haynes has turned 
over his picture taking for field passes to the Post Supply.

From the Maintenance Department comes the following: Mr. William 
S. McCaleb and his wife are now making their home in Union City, after 
being transferred from Clewiston. He is to be Maintenance Hangar 
Inspector.

Earl White arrived safely after driving one of those rotary grass 
mowers all the way from Arcadia, Florida.

Mr. Ervin Kussrow, Superintendent of Maintenance, and his office 
help will soon be moving into their new office. Miss Katherine McCay, 
better known as the “Personality Girl” of the Field, will be one of the 
outstanding fixtures of this new office.

Flight Chief, J. B. Sellers and his family are now occupying their 
new home, which is located near the Field. His nearest neighbor being 
T. G. “Porky” Perdew. Oh, poor J. B.!

Around the Operations Tower

Down at Operations, we ran upon Ken Silverson, who told us that Mr. 
Caldwell had been added as Flight Dispatcher. The Operations Tower 
is nearly completed and Boots Frantz and Ken expect to move into their 
new offices in the next few days. Mrs. Owens has transferred from the 
Administration Building to the Tower to serve as Operations Clerk and 
Secretary to Mr. Frantz.

George Jones has been promoted to Flight Commander in charge of 
Flight Two.

Two new red wind socks have been installed on the field and the 
Cadet Ready Rooms are now insulated. The entire building area of the 
Post is being sodded and we hope to see a pretty lawn soon.

Mr. Frantz has recently returned from a trip to East Tennessee and 
Virginia in Flywheel’s Culver in search of flight instructors. The trip 
was very nice in every way with one exception. Boots tells of being 
forced back after running into a storm forty minutes out of Knoxville.

Healthy Cadets

Lieutenants Timreck and Murphy seem to be quite surprised because 
of the lack of cadets needing medical attention. We attribute this fact 
not only to the good care they are receiving, but also to the fine meals 
prepared by Mr. Baker and Chef Taylor.

Cadet Chatter

Another eventful week is behind us. First of all, a bow to the Union 
City Junior Chamber of Commerce in gratitude for the grand time by 
all at the dance. Needless to say, this was largely due to the presence 
of these so-cute sweet young things, who did a bang-up job of demon-
strating Southern hospitality to the crude unbelievers in our midst who 
had hails from the North. They’re not so slow, tho—these cadets. Any num-
ber of them already have dates for the next dance this Saturday ... 
we wonder what happened to all those scruples about the 
girl back home.

Doodles Solo

The past week saw the doodoes making solo flights every day; not to 
mention those making their final flights en route to becoming navigators 
and bombardiers. The stories are taller than ever, too ... worse than 
that, some of ’em are true. F’instance, A/C Beitzel’s instructor told him 
he had time for a slow roll or two between bounces on his landings! Give 
A/C Archer credit for the first groundloop ... when asked if he turned 
all the way around, he said “No, only about 175 degrees!”

Quite a bit of competition of late in the softball games held during 
athletics period. They come complete with sound effects reminiscent of 
the Brooklyn Dodgers, Yankees and Bosox rolled into one.

Speaking of feuds ... we’re congratulating ourselves on the fact 
that none of the spin-eyary farmers of the neighborhood have primed 
the old blunderbuss and tried a little wing-shooting. On the contrary, 
farmer’s wives are complaining that this new-fangled buzzing around 
so absorbs their men that the plow is forsaken for the rubberneck. May 
we recommend that under those circumstances the local tillers of the 
soil see Messrs. Palmer and Matheson, our athletic instructors, about 
some neck exercises.

And This is the New Administration Building

Here may be found the offices of Riddle-McKay Company and the 
Army. We wish to acknowledge the addition of Miss Maureen McCord 
and Mr. Thomas Teague to the Accounting Department and Miss Mary 
Virginia Woods, acting secretary to Mr. Roscoe Brinton, and Mrs. S. M. 
Sparks. Also Misses Louise Bruce and Janette Peebles, and Mrs. Edith 
George are efficiently operating the Field’s switchboard.

Paging a Ghost Writer

We’re a bit confused as to whether this is a flying school or a theme 
writing English class ... what with Instructor Elmer North handing 
out generous assignments for essays on such pertinent topics as being 
at the flight line on time, filling out Form 1 and IA correctly, and “Why 
I Should Hand In An Essay On Time” ... is there a ghost-writer in the 
crowd?

A last stab—we wonder how that lame foot of A/C Thomas Ulysses 
(l)Brink happened to heal just in time for the dance last week—for 
a coincidence, it was certainly well-timed!

Needless Expense

A GREAT DISCOVERY has been made by the General Manager of 
the Company, Mr. Brinton! The expense of the Avoid Verbal Orders 
pads is being considered as a needless one. Mr. Brinton made the dis-
covery when he, jokingly, told Lieut. Timreck, Post Surgeon, in his usual 
“way,” to use the toe of his shoe in placing the vertical axis of an ice 
water barrel parallel with a plane on the surface of the earth. The Story 
of the Week is: “HE DOOD IT!”

Corn-On-the-Cob Champion

In reporting the week’s news, we wouldn’t think of closing without 
saying a few words more about some people like Charlie Sullivan. All 
the Tennessee horses (and mules) look up to Charlie now since we had 
corn-on-the-cob at lunch a few days ago. They, too, would like to have 
twelve ears of corn for lunch. Don’t blame ’em for being envious.

And talking about corn, Fred Lack, flight instructor, asked somebody 
how many gallons of corn they raise to an acre ‘round here. Wouldn’t 
you like to know? Now Connie Young makes news again with a new 
haircut or should I say hair-do? Anyway, it’s shorter than it was.

It was reported that Lynelle (“Nellies”) Ruben was giving an imi-
tation of an India Rubber Man the other day over one of the auxiliary 
fields. It was his first student’s solo. Evidently it is quite nerve racking 
on the instructor, as well as the student ... suppose it compares to 
mother and father, of course the Doc never loses a father. By now he 
should be somewhat accustomed to soloing students, as he has three that 
have made the grade.

That’s all ’til next time. Bye!

P. S.—Photos by Linton Godown ... thanks, fella!
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
by Bill Linkrourn

Ring Dem Bells

Charlie Stahler has done it! Yes Sir, he just received word from Washington that he passed all his rating exams for Commercial Ground School Instructor. Our little organization is now complete to handle Commercial Ground school students, which will relieve the pressure being put on Wilbur at Municipal. Charlie deserves a round of applause, as he did it the hard way—by himself. To date his batting average has been close to 1000 on Private Students. You just can’t sneeze that off, can you?

News Flash!

Charlotte Kayser finally met and subdued the Inspector, that is, she convinced Hank Faller that she wasn’t so bad as far as her flying is concerned. Charlotte has really been patient these last few weeks waiting for good weather and the ever-busy Inspectors. She did a nice job and we’re proud of her.

Ed Tierney and S. P. Durrance both got their water ratings at the same time which made the day quite full of achievements.

Gadgets Galore

Our noble manager has gone berserk. If you have a strange ringing in your ears, its nothing but one of Ed Thompson’s many bells buzzing. They’re all over the place. Each of us has a special ring of his own. Charlie Stahler answers all of them as he figures it might be an invitation for dinner—taking no chances, eh kid? The other day, one of the boys took so long to answer the bell, and when he finally arrived, said very weakly, “Did you ring, sir?” We promptly answered, “No, we were tolling, son, thought you were dead.”

Student Topics

Nancy Graham is finding her Seaplane training very interesting. She is pretty far advanced now and ought to finish up in a few days. It’s always a pleasure to work with someone with her enthusiasm. Municipal does a great job of training them for Private Pilot’s licenses, and we hope that when we return to Municipal that our little Seaplane Base phase of their flying will have been a profitable one.

Kitten Connor no longer relies solely on the wind sock, but reassures herself by asking Buddy or Al about the wind. These Florida breezes are very unreliable and what’s more shift at the drop of a hat. Jim Roberts has soloed and now feels that all the dark moments of pre-solo flying were well worth the effort. Congrats! Percy Brown also took the Cub aloft alone tother day and since has ironed out his landings. Its very funny but the difficult stage of landing trouble is quickly cleared up shortly after that solo hop—self-preservation, we imagine.

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor
Paul Prior, Kenny Berry, Nell Purdon, Ted Taylor, Roger Franklin
Ralph Thying, Kenneth Miller,
Dudley Amoss, Associate Editors

When this appears in print, Red flight will have completed its Wings exams and all its flying, and will be all ready to start its leave—those precious few days of rest (?) before wings presentation, and then the long trek HOME (they hope). Blue Flight will be winding up on B. T.’s and ready for its leave before starting “the last roundup.” Yellow Flight, jubilant at the completion of Primary, will get its first taste of a real vacation (real meaning 6 or 7 days). And Green Flight, well, those poor guys will stay right here at the field flying double schedules, and doing a lot of Link—but cheer up, fellows, there’s no ground school, and in another seven weeks .. oh boy!

Along with the Cadets, the Flight Instructors on all flights (except Green) will be getting a short vacation, so next week, we’ll present the “results” of the leave.

Tennis Tournament

The Cadets’ tennis tournament, which has been in progress the past few weeks, is nearing completion, and the complete results will be available for the next issue. Champions from the various flights are to be pitted against each other to determine the Field Champions.

All Civilian Tennis Players

Entries are now being received for the singles and doubles Civilian tournament. This contest is open to any employee in any department here at Riddle Field, and entries should be handed to the Riddle Field Fly Paper Editor as soon as possible. Drawings and schedules will be announced at an early date.

After these tournaments are completed, the winners will meet the Cadet winners in an exhibition match. It is hoped that a large number of civilians will take part in this tournament.

The Infirmary

We presented Dr. Gowin as Man of the Week several issues ago, and this week, we’re presenting his ‘Department,’” the Infirmary.

The Infirmary is a very busy place from 6:00 to 8:00 A. M. and during those same hours in the P. M., as it is then that sick calls take place. During those hours, Dr. Gowin and his aids treat colds, ears, blisters, impetigo, and a hundred other things.

Located behind the ground school, the Infirmary is small, yet quite adequate to handle the “business” here at the Field. Within the building is a waiting room, treatment room, drug room, and a small laboratory. In addition, the Infirmary can bed eight patients in the ward. Dr. Gowin’s office is also located in this building. We caught the following scene as we wandered through there the other day:

Relaxing in the Infirmary

Assisting Dr. Gowin in his work, and real “pals” to all the boys are attendants Kenny Berry (also Fly Paper associate editor) and Jeff Faircloth. These two gentlemen have been very faithful and efficient in the performance of their duties, and many, many times have more than done their part to “keep ’em flying” at Riddle Field. So Ken and Jeff, take a bow:}

Kenny
Cadet Chatter

While studying for wings, with a heavy flying schedule, and other things that befall a Red Flight, Course VI came through to win their second Sports Day Championship. Being justly proud of this achievement, the following cartoon was handed to us by our Red Flight Associate Editor, Roger Franklin:

-clip-

Squadron Leader Burdick always manages to win a 50¢ bet on every Sports Day from some one or another, but usually the same one.

We have discovered that Harry Ingram, of Green Flight, who wrote "Fungus Freddie" last week, is not only a poet, but also a good cartoonist. Therefore, we are adding him as an Associate Editor, and are expecting some cartoons from him in the future.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. W. D. Grant, wife of Cadet Grant of Yellow Flight, last week. Mrs. Grant, whose husband is a "Yank in the R. A. F.," is visiting here from their home in Boston, Massachusetts.

Blowouts (tires) caused the cancellation of a part of the variety show scheduled for last Thursday night. However, a part of the performers, from Fort Lauderdale, did get here and presented a very entertaining program, including some accordion music and a magician act. The feature of the evening, however, was the appearance of W/C Ramping and F/L Nickerson, who very appropriately did their bit of entertaining.

Who are the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of Blue Flight who moled a Mr. and Mrs. Hunt in Miami the other week-end?

Dickie Kerr, the very excellent piano player from Green Flight, was very much in demand for the variety show last Thursday. It took three “posses,” all sent by W/C Ramping, to bring him back alive.

Kerr, along with Ernie Pendrous, trumpeter, Pete Edwards, drummer, Harry Ingram, bass player, and Bryan Partridge, guitarist, all from Green Flight, are awaiting the arrival of some music, so that they can get “cracking” as Riddle Field’s first Dance Band. If there are any other musicians in the camp desiring to participate in this organization, contact Mr. Pendrous.

We received the following poem from a young lady in Arcadina, who also does some quote “scribbling” for the Arcadian. We thank her for this offering, and invite any others she’d like to send.

Reminiscing

Dear R. A. F.:

A tale we’ve heard, we called a “dud”

No “Yank” could hope surpass,
Of the guy whose coat lay in the mud

To let his lady pass . . . .

But here’s a thing we’d like to say
That isn’t half so dross,
The modern British lad today
. . . Just totes his gal across!!

MOLLY MALONE

Man of the Week

School days, school days, ah yes
— to the Ground School we go for
Our Man this week, and we come back with — Cliff E. Bjornson, Ground School Director.

Cliff was born on March 23, 1914, in Elk-Mound, Wisconsin. He attended high school at Menomonie, Wisconsin, and Stout Institute at the same place. After graduation Cliff did various odd jobs until 1937 when he came to Florida. He taught shop work in the Dunedin Public Schools that year, and the next year he went to Melbourne, Florida, in a similar position. It was at Melbourne, also, that he became ground instructor for several C. P. T. programs. Cliff joined the Embry-Riddle family in August, 1941, when he came to Riddle Field, and has been here since then as Chief Ground School Director for this Field.

Bjornson was married in 1939 to Miss Marjorie Steele. They have no children. Cliff is a blond fellow with blue eyes — weighs 155 — is 5'11" in height. He drives a green Mercury, and when we started to say Ford, he said a Mercury was close enough to nothing, not to mention a Ford. (All in fun, all you Ford dealers — no offense meant.) Fishing and hunting are his favorite pastimes, and he can occasionally be seen on the tennis court.

Cliff is a very conscientious person, and has a strict ground school schedule which is adhered to by his teaching personnel. As a result, the Ground School has proven very efficient as evidenced by the returns. More power to you, Mr. Bjornson, and congratulations on the fine work you are doing.

— the more bonds you buy —
— the more planes we’ll fly —

Woman’s Club Entertains Coral Gables Gang

The Coral Gables Woman’s Club deserves a vote of thanks for its delightful entertainment of Tech School “cads” stationed at Coral Gables. Last Saturday they invited 50 — and 50 turned up — for swimming and a buffet supper at the Venetian Pools and it was such a successful evening that another party has been arranged.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Kathryn H. Roser, president of the club, to a dance this Saturday night at the University of Miami Work Shop, 2900 Ponce de Leon Boulevard, from 8:30 to Midnight. For those who do not dance there will be bridge and games and we know all will have a “mighty fine time.”
WHERE DO THEY GO?

In answer to the many inquiries as to where our students go after completing their various courses at the Tech School ... Ex-Private John Keelin, of the Sales Department, has compiled a list that will be of extreme interest.

Instruments and Radio

Niles G. Moron, of Instruments, has gone to the Control Tower at Municipal, and Noah Fleischer and Charles Wakerman are now in Civil Service at Columbus, Miss.

Ervin Friedlander, who was in Radio, has passed his Civil Service exam. and has obtained a Second Class Telegraph Operator's license.

Engines

After completing their Engine course, W. Barrie and Jim Bothwell are now working for the Company in Engine Overhaul. Mrs. Say Oberg and Miss Nellie Diamond are also employed by the Company after their course in Aircraft Engine Overhaul.

Sheet Metal and Welding

The Sheet Metal School, W. C. Tatsum has gone to the Riddle-McKay Aero College in Clewiston. J. S. Hamm was graduated from Welding to Chief Instructor in Welding at the Orange County Defense Training School and, from there, to State Co-coordinator of Defense Training.

Aircraft Mechanics

Their Aircraft Mechanics stint completed, Roy Sikes, Gordon Holt and Pitts Ingram are all working for Embry-Riddle.

Thanks, Ex-Private Keelin, let's hear more about the students and their achievements next week.

NOTE TO LARRY

Dear Larry,

Replying to your letter, please be advised that we would be GLAD to put the Union City "Gang" on our mailing list. Just send us the names and addresses and they'll get the paper each week.

Incidentally, the pictures were swell! We've been hearing many nice things about our Major James and the rest of the boys up there. Still hope to get up there before leaving for the service. Meanwhile, many thanks to you and your staff for doing a swell job of news gathering.

Sincerely,

BUD

P. S. What's in all these stories we are hearing of Malcolm Byrnes' activities up your way?

HERE'S THE ANSWER TO THE X-WORD PUZZLE

More fun and stuff! Here, kids, is the authentic answer to the one and only original Embry-Riddle Cross Word Puzzle, and we must say that it stirred up plenty of interest and excitement among the members of our gang. First reply received on this contest came by Special Delivery from Advanced Instructor CHARLES C. BENSON, Riddle Field, Clewiston ... Charlie was plenty confident, but missed the most obvious thing for a flight instructor ... No. 24 "Down" ... Second reply came from LILLIAN FARMER, Main Office PBX operator. She, too, missed just one word! Tough, Lil. But who DID win the first prize?? Well, it was the third entry received ... that from MRS. NATE "JERRY" REECE, Jr., of the Carlstrom Field Reeses! To Jerry, then, congratulations ... to you we are sending the first prize of $3.00 ... cash money! Entries are still being received ... second and third prize winners will be announced about next week.