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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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RIDDLE TECH GRADUATES SERVICED
'PLANES FOR DOOLITTLE'S RAID!

Best news that's crossed this editorial desk for months was contained in a letter received the other day from one of our Technical Division graduates ... a swell young fellow whom many of you throughout the organization know well, but whose name must remain unknown for the present because it might be considered "military information." But one thing we can tell ... this fellow, together with six or seven fellow graduates from our School, was among the service crew that conditioned the bombers Brig. General Jimmie Doolittle used on his famous aerial raid against Japan!

Can't Tell Where or When

Obviously, we can't tell who these chaps were, or where they serviced the planes ... or when ... but these former classmates of yours in the School certainly deserve every ounce of our pride ... someday, we'll tell their names, together with the name of many others who are, too, "unsung heroes."

Because we ARE so proud of these fellows, we'll quote as much as possible from the letter:

"This letter may come as a surprise to you, but nevertheless, here 'tis.

"We former students of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation have a lot to be thankful for. I do think that it was an honor to be able to attend such a fine School.

"We have here at (Censored) Field a great chance to go places, and if things go as they have been, we will all have the best of jobs that aviation can offer. We have to our pride, joy and credit the little job that Brig-General Doolittle did; we had the servicing of all the (censored) planes that left this country for the raiding of the Japs.

"To make my story short, I will say that if I hadn't attended your School I wouldn't have had all these opportunities to do so much for my country. And I think all of us here feel the same.

"I don't have any more news for now, but will write again soon. Meanwhile, give my regards to all 'The Gang' ... and "Keep 'em Flying!"
**EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It”**

Published Weekly by the EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION Miami, Florida

**RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE**
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

**RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE**
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

**RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE**
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

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**TOURS BASES**

Continued from Page 1

most deserted in appearance and yet there was an air of extensive, vital activity. We saw only two Cadets and very few officers; every one was flying. Yet there was purpose and resolve written everywhere.

“Ask Me No Questions—”

I met G. Willis Tyson, and received my first rebuff, when, in a conversational pause, I inquired politely (I thought), “And how many Cadets are being trained here now?” G. Willis raised an eyebrow, and Belland said, “Three, but we’re expecting a fourth tomorrow.” I guess my Axis contacts will have to be disappointed this time!

In the Ad. building a blond, blue-eyed Britisher was walking slowly with a band on his arm marked with the letters SAD. This had me stumped for some time. I thought possibly the poor boy had recently lost a close relative and was publicizing his sorrow, until I found courage to ask G. Willis (in high and trembling), who explained that, of course, it was Senior Airman of the Day.

Off again, having dropped the radio operator, who swore he had cut across a Navy beam the day before and had seen the crash truck ordered for an approaching civilian plane... Fahlinger and Pfliiger? They say no! Sugar cane lining the road; 27 miles without a sign of a curve; Andy sings “My Wild Irish Rose.” The Cadet loosens up a little. He’s from Carlstrom, “the best Field of them all,” and is highly suspicious of Dorr and Belland. Belland wakes up long enough to mutter something about a rib roast, then lapses again into unconsciousness.

**Bouncing Baby**

Dorr, the baby Field; the one everyone is proudest of. Construction going on, and landscaping. Four square miles of field. Symbol of growth is Dorr, which mushroomed up almost overnight. Cadets, employees, officers, civilian personnel alike bursting with pride, always talking of “when the Field is completed.” Built on the foundations of the world war field, Dorr has memories, too, and a precedent to live up to.

Even our Carlstrom Cadet grudgingly admitted that, although there was no comparison NOW, “Dorr might be pretty nice when it’s finished.”

**High Sassiety at Carlstrom**

The back road from Dorr to Carlstrom, and we have arrived plenty of goings-on here, cadets, officers, and workmen swarming everywhere. New hangars under construction. Captain Len Povey “put-putting” about on his motor scooter, looking like a young version of Winston Churchill, complete with cigar, and swinging his feet.

I managed to introduce to so many people I have spots before my eyes.

“Visual Education.... Enter on Business Only... Make it Brief!” was the sign outside Ray Fahlinger’s office, but Ye Editor makes himself at home, anyway, and no one seems inclined to toss us out. Outside Old Sol is baking down, and sun-helmets and palm trees make the Field seem very tropical. Fahlinger explains his cartooning technique, and I’m introduced to more people... Syd Pfliiger, Howard Wade, Jack Hunt... and others. Tommy Taylor wanders in, Fly Paper correspondent and erstwhile globe-trotter, whose expert flying is now devoted solely to E-R.

**SEEN IN THE CADETTEEN**

At the Cadetteen, Ray Fahlinger spends hours trying to use up all the free games he’s won on the pin-ball machine... The joke box and ping-pong table are surrounded by cadets... Jack Hobler rushes up, full of Field chatter. It is rumored he teaches his classes on the theory that he can lick any one of his students... or all of ’em together, for that matter! It seems to work, because the cadets like him, and we become the center of a real bull session. I feel as though I know all of Carlstrom personnel like brothers.

Ribs! Tal-y-ho-o-o!

I never did find out who gave that rib roast which Belland finally managed to track down... but “Squire” Tom Gates was there and he purred when we praised Dorr Field. And I spotted one familiar face out of the milling crowd... that of Jimmy Parrott.

The next morning we spent at Dorr again, with “Freddie” Lewis supplying the Editor with her own brand of blackmail snapshot of the “family” there, and Lt. Pinkerton supplying him with official pictures and a goodly amount of local gossip.

**The Road Back**

Passengers on the trip back, which was made by bus, included two Cadets on leave, and Bill Jacobs and Sgt. Henley, RAF, whom we picked up at Clewiston. One of the Cadets sang bass to Andy’s tenor, which made things lively, to say the least. Ye Ed. really “passed out,” taking a whole sent to himself until we reached Clewiston, and sleeping through the duets, rain, and bumps. Must have been those ribs. Sgt. Henley kept the bus fortified with peanuts, but attempted a little speculation in offering to sell a “cock!” for 15 cents when we were 40 miles from civilization in all directions. All in all, the trip back was uneventful, save that at stated intervals, Ye Editor had to leap out of the car to greet all the people he knew, and that, just before we reached Miami, light from the setting sun formed a huge “V” for victory, for our benefit.

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**PROGRAM**

The Riddle “Family Theatre”

**Feature Picture**

“FATHER STEPS OUT”

Monday, June 15th—Riddle Field
Tuesday, June 16th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, June 17th—Carlstrom Field
Thursday, June 18th—Miami Technical Division

**Feature Picture**

“CAPTAIN FURY”

Thursday, June 18th—Riddle Field
Friday, June 19th—Dorr Field
Monday, June 22nd—Miami Technical Division

For exact time and place, see your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents
We came to America in meat refrigerator... The meat hooks came in useful for suspending our hammocks... But it needs an old hand to derive the faintest degree of pleasure or comfort therefrom... Have you ever tried sleeping in hammocks? If not, don't... They are statically and dynamically unstable, and possess alarming stalling characteristics, and are apt to snap-roll you out onto the floor, just as you, poor sucker, imagine you have got them properly trimmed for the night.

The North Atlantic in midwinter is a snotty customer. In spite of much food on board, there was little digested. As in one way or another, the trip could be described as rather rough.

Then one day, the waves subsided, the clouds thinned, and a pale blue streak showed up on the horizon. Out of the haze it came, nearer and nearer, until the New World lay before us, bathed in hot winter sunshine... We steamed into harbour, heard our first American train whistle and marvelled at the "Un-Blackout."

Dusk fell.

This was our first sight of the New World, the land of which we had heard so much, the country where things happened at high speed, and things were bigger than anywhere else... The place where you could land with a dime in your pocket, and ten years later sail back on the Queen Mary rolling in fortune.

Tired but excited, we staggered off the ship under masses of kit, and bid fond farewell to our deck steward who described himself of unfortunate lineage and not possessed of any messianic qualities. He was father and mother to us throughout the voyage.

There followed a series of train journeys and we were split up into various groups... We "choo-chooed" our way south by degrees. One day about two o'clock in the afternoon that incredible skyline loomed up before us... and we saw for the first time the symphony in steel and glass called "New York City." We didn't see much of it that time. Just as we'd scrambled to the windows the train rumbled into the tunnel under Park Avenue.

For a day and a night and another day we traveled. We saw Washington, and the Whitedomed Hill where a country's dreams were born.

We ate prodigiously, and the weather grew hotter and hotter. The line grew more and more local, until it finally came to rest in the middle of the Everglades at the place called Clewiston. The camp in those days consisted of two things: mud and buildings, the latter poking their way up like little white mushrooms, slightly bewildered at the indescribable mess.

We were marched for the first time through a sea of sand, slime, and derelict automobiles to the hangar, which then stood all alone in the middle of a field. How changed it is now!
We became initiated in the solid silhouette of Mr. Hunziker, and the vast smile of Mr. Brink, who managed to remain spotless and immaculate, however, much dirt was in circulation around the Ready Room.

Then came the great day when we were sat inside a Stearman for the first time. We wiggled the stick, gingerly for fear it would bite. We became more bold and pulled a knob or two, expecting an explosion. Nothing happened.

Very soon we had learned what different things were for, and were set for the first flight.

Fifteen minutes was all it lasted, and we came down exhausted. That first turn at two hundred feet seemed to us the height of all that is daring and skillful.

We wore our caps inside out. We were marched wherever we went. And Messrs. Walker and Feeney used to come round to see we weren't in the canteen, when we should have been out on the flight line. The canteen was and is an endless source of attraction. There we could get all the things we couldn't get at home. We soon developed spots, and made the acquaintance of Dr. Gowin, his hospital, the abundant supply of Life magazines (which could be read during ground school) and his cold injections (which quite often worked).

There came a few wet days during which we were thoroughly initiated in traffic patterns, and their complex workings. Forms One were a bit of a bind. Ump-teen columns to fill in, most confusing! The procedure usually adopted was to hold the thing in the slip-stream so that it blew out of control, then realizing the mistake, to move out and rest it on the aileron which promptly collapsed.

By that time the carbon had got wound round your neck, and the instructor had to be called to the rescue. Later in the day you'd get a theme to write for the error you made after all.

The day came when, after a series of shocking bumps and circuits, the instructor climbed out and left us to it . . . There we were, alone in a ship for the first time! That was fun . . . No one up there in front spoiling the view, and no binding being poured down the speaking tube . . . Round we went. Then came the tricky part. The last glide . . . Down, down . . . hold her off a bit . . . not too much . . . Almost . . . That's

*Straight and Almost Level*
We've all been on a Cross-Country. Oh, yes! The Odds and Sods

got it, I... BUMP (BLAST IT) swoosh... (Throttle, hang it)... BUMP... BOUNCE... BUMP... BOUNCE BUMP bounce bump... bump... "Ahhh."

"Yippee... I've made it."

Thus we all soloed, and became at once in our own estimation, expert flyers. We had a little dogfight, and were caught... We were pained. We then settled down to hard flying... So Primary jogged its way along. We were "D Flight" for absolutely ages, but "never a dull moment in the jolly old ready room." Whenever it rained we'd have a jam session with Commander Brink, at which many strange and interesting theories of flight would be advanced.

We were sorry to lose Harry Kidd and Stan Goulder, at quite an early stage. Harry is now a Navigator, and Stan has been all over the place having the time of his life... We hear he finally ended up in "intelligence." He was such a nice boy.

It rained again; cute little showers lasting three days with raindrops the size of lemons. That is how No. Five course came to Juke Field. DEFINITION Juke Field is that portion of the earth's surface of infinitesimal size and absolutely no magnitude, existing solely in the Flight Commander's imagination at a theoretical point in space West of, and parallel to, the Morehaven-Clewiston Road.

Its surface, if it had one, is totally covered with sand or PT-17s. (Particularly the latter when you are trying to land!) See inset. It is fringed with mud and flight instructor's cars. Both of which are comfortable to sit in.

It has given its name to the "Juke Joint" situated in the Southeast corner. It is also the place where No. Five course learned to land in the real sense of the word. Here we spent many happy flying hours, started on acrobatics, and got hopelessly wound up with the Basic Traffic pattern. We passed our ninety
hour check, and then took our unfortunate instructors up on a “check ride.” Most of them are still alive. The remainder have taken a rest cure on Basic.

We flew formation . . . Oh, yes, indeed we did. First in threes, then in fives, then twenty-seven, in a mighty straggle all round the flying area (Gunner’s Folly). The first “V” had lots of fun sailing along on their own. The second one got in their slipstreams and turned over. I don’t know where the third “V” got to . . . Anyway, everyone enjoyed it.

Lastly, there were eighteen people detailed to ferry planes back from the Juke to Riddle Field . . . Somehow everyone seemed to take off together, and land more or less at the same time . . . They held “V” very well.

In spite of an occasional “Blood Purge,” most of us managed to get through Primary. After that we set forth on leave . . . ten days and what days . . . Palm Beach, Miami, New Orleans . . . Some managed to get as far as New York . . . Sunday night a series of living wrecks stumbled into camp, utterly dissipated and worn out. Consequently, utterly happy.

Basic was fun . . . Lots of fun. Ask Bugs Trobridge. They were heavier, faster, easier ships to handle, once we had learned the appalling array of gadgets, T.M. P.F.F.S., etc. The first time we used the radio we got stage fright, and burbled something about “Riddle tower, taking off on a local dual flight, gear down, lock, etc.” Then found we’d been on “Intercom.”

Then sent us up in pairs . . . Two in a plane . . . But what did the neighbors say? My, there was a row! Melvin Old was quite carried away . . . Jacksy Feeny, Alan Bell, Wheeze Ratcliffe, Duggie Houghton, Arthur Ball, Raphe Kerry, Bugs Trobridge, formed a “Quiet Week-end Club” after spoiling the Colonel’s fishing.

The rest of the flight applied for life membership by getting up to all sorts of low tricks at a rather penetrating stronghold. But all that could be heard was Commander Brink weeping softly into his large silk handkerchief, murmuring, “Friend, go up higher.”

“It’s a tale they tell in the south country,
Behind drawn shades and with bated breath,
The old folk tell of it only in whispers,
And to the children the tale brings dread
Of how the B. T. came.”

We didn’t seem to be “B” Flight very long except to the aforementioned gentry of the “Home Sweet Home Club.” Pete Mills outdid the lot by trying a snap roll at zero feet . . . Ambitious fellow, Pete.

Jimmy Walker, by the way, had got awfully tired of marching us around and turned us over to “Big Hearted” (Baggage Room) Arthur, who bounces around like a captive balloon, simply bristling with little note-books into which goes a detailed record of the meal times of Messrs. Bell, Leslie, Tudor, etc.

Benny Brookes became “Chief Knocker Upper.” His melodious voice “Take your seats for the first service of breakfast” became our alarm clock.
At last those silver monoplanes at which we had gaped in distant awe became a reality, and we found ourselves on AT's. The ones where the wheels really wind up.

The pool became very popular about this time. So much so that Edgar Moore and Pete Mills just couldn’t wait, and took a little dip all on their own. Pete had to be cut out of his bathing suit.

When we came, that lovely blue pool was just a mess of sand, a few battered palm trees, some unhappy looking tarpaulin and a few motionless Negro workers, or statues, whichever they were.

One day a lorry arrived containing a lawn. “The lawn has arrived, sir. Shall we lay it before or after tea?” When we next looked there was the pool, blue and clear, palm trees drooping into its cool waters, surrounded by lush grass, sidewalks, and gayly coloured umbrellas.

Here we were to spend many an inconsequent hour, splashing, sunning, icecreamming, and snoozing over “Notes for Pupil Pilots, AP 1723.” Yes, the camp is nearly finished, and so are we. We have learned how to do snap rolls, Immelmans

“I’m already out! (That shook yer) and go to Fort Myers under the hood. We have learned all sorts of things that make an engine go. We have pulled the bowels out of a Browning Off Gun and managed to get them back. We know what a “Rear seat retainer keeper housing” is, and how to make smoke issue from a “Generator, smoke MK II.” Dr. Nimbus has taught us why Florida is wet. We have learned “Blues in the Night,” and we all know “Chattanooga Choo-choo.” In fact our training is at an end. We have learned many things, not the least of which is Southern Hospitality. We’ve certainly had a time, and America, we thank you for it.

—D. L.
PLACES

For six days we sweated, studied and flew under the broiling Florida sun. On Saturday morning we'd sweat even more under the bind of the bull. But when midday came (usually) we would be free to go where we would.

About sixty miles due East, as the BT flies, there lies a tropical Island Paradise. On the map it's marked Palm Beach. To us, it was a place of opulent hospitality where, for a day at least, we could live like civilized beings amid beautiful surroundings.

Saturday night there would be a party at the fabulous Everglades Club. There we would dance out under the stars, 'neath fifty-foot palms softly lit, while the moon cascaded over Lake Worth in showers of molten gold.

There was “Werts,” up on Ocean Boulevard.

There was the “Patio” with its sliding roof, its soft music, and strange drinks. There was the silver walled “Taboo.” We remember balmy evenings spent with exotic escorts.

We would have many an invitation to spend the night at any one of the gorgeous homes. There was the house with the stained glass windows, and the Wurlitzer in the hall. There was the house copied from a Lama Monastery with a golden ceiling, 'neath which we munched a belated breakfast one Sunday morning, and felt rather sacrilegious.

How delicious it was to “come to” on that one morning of the week. Instead of the raucous bellowings of the enlightened assailing our ears before our sleeping soul had fully returned to its tortured body, we would awaken to the soft swishing of a whitecoated manservant folding our clothes, and easing back the shades. He would draw our bath, and inform us that breakfast was within the hour.

Downstairs our hostess would be waiting in a great panelled room with a wall of glass through which could be seen the Green Atlantic rollers, breaking but a few feet away.

After breakfast, came a morning at the Bath and Tennis Club. A Spanish palace set down by the sea, well upholstered in beautiful women, vast lunches, blue pools, and ultra exclusive sand.

In this aura of luxury we would brown our bodies and rest our minds (sometimes), until the time came when we'd have to start back to camp utterly weary, thoroughly bilious, overfed and all that goes to make one contented with life.
Just down the road ninety miles (First right, second left) is Miami. Gosh, what a place! It has to be seen to be believed.

We’ve seen it, so, “seeing we believe.” But those of you at home to whom we relate our strange tale will never give us credence, so we back it up with photographs, and personal experiences of all the flight.

Miami is about the biggest, brightest, gayest, play city in the world. It is now RAF headquarters, who may be seen desporing themselves in any of its countless clubs, from the “Five Star” to the Posh “Five O’Clock.”

At night it was (until the blackout) a white fairy-land. Its towers gleamed like pillars of ivory, a thousand lights danced in its bays and waterfronts. Nothing ever closed. Everything was fresh and new. Everything and everyone was young and carefree.

Out on the beach are a dozen spacious, magnificent clubs. We know them all. There are great houses, and limitless hospitality, like Palm Beach. For those who preferred to be on their own, there existed a benign spirit in a place called the Colony Hotel. In his earthly form he is known as Syd Burrows.

We were to witness the sad day when Syd was turned out of his Hotel to meet the needs of total war. (Stop me if you’ve heard that one before). So Syd, with his heart of gold, was no longer our host and godfather. Someone pointed out that if there were more like Syd, there would be no total war. Which remark was, of course, defeatist, and is hastily suppressed.

Syd pointed out that he is heartily tired of being "decorated" by previous “Listening Out.” This one, then, contents itself with a tremendous “Thank you, Syd. Thank you for the endless effort and trouble you lavished on us to make our visit a happy one. You succeeded.”

We remember terrific nights in Miami. Evenings at “Winnies Riptide,” that cute little club. High jinks at the “Drum” and the squishy music at the “Clover Club.”

There were Embry-Riddle parties at the “Deauville,” orgies at the “Bali,” and lots of room to dance at the spacious “Jimmies.” There was a high brow floor show at the “Quarterdeck” and low jokes at the “Paddock”; free drinks at the “Five O’Clock.”

Boy, what week-ends we used to have!

On Christmas Day we bathed in the sea, which was 78° F. Palm Beach threw a tremendous party at the Bath and Tennis for us. What a turkey, what a party, and my, how full our address books got that day. So did we, and it lasted us for weeks.

The first thing that strikes you about Americans is that they have a lot.

The second thing is that they want to break it all in half and share it with you.

Before you have been able to blurt out your name you find yourself plonked on a stool, plied with drinks and conviviality. Then, before you have a moment to think, you are back at his house, the centre of attention, everyone really glad to see you, and the best that he has is offered you.
That is hospitality.

It's terrific. We love it.

That's the way we found ourselves treated over here, and as the Honorable Bertie Fotheringay Ffoulkes Wynfyvvers was heard to remark, "The natives are friendly and put up a demm fine show!"

Which is his stuffy British way of saying, "Thanks folks. You sure were swell."

This wouldn't be complete without New York.

As we got ten day leave after Primary about twenty of us trekked up to New York.

A place where size has ceased to matter. A place of lights, movements and vertical lines. Down Fifth Avenue walk the best dressed, prettiest girls in the world. Down its blue canyons roar a million shining automobiles. Its theatres and cinemas fling skysigns flamboyant into the night. Its teeming crowds never cease to throng the streets and colour its restless sidewalks.

Mighty bridges hang on steel cables hundreds of feet above, fine as a spider's web. Tugboats hoot gloomily at the bulky masses of Manhattan. It is a place where life, and love and colour, and speed, and steel and concrete reach up and grasp at the stars. For each knows it is great and must have recognition. That is New York!

Those of us who stayed there will never forget it. It's a place that gets in under your skin, and cries to you "Come back." One day we will go back!

Yes, and one day we will come to Florida again, and see the friends we have made, and the great hearted people who made their homes our homes on this side of the water.
PEOPLE

We are a mixed lot... We take pride in being "The scrappiest bunch of fellows that ever came through the camp"... "Apple with a rotten core,"... Cream that curdled" and so on.

But let's see what we really are... There was Jimmy (Corp.) Walker, who gave us up in disgust. The weight is now borne by ample Arthur Hollis (Maestro). There is the luscious "Ball" who loves Pahokee, pipe-puffing, Palmolive skinned John King Meggat, and the immovable Mr. Wyborn (refugee from Gunter).

There is the bellowing binding Benny Brookes, and the silken voiced Tom Chesterfield (no relation to Camels).

Among the smaller but noisier elements we have the irrepressible Bill Heaton with his fifteen kilowatt voice, to whom our stomachs tender their respectful complaints; the very, very definite little Bugs Trobridge, and the great Father of Time "Daddy" Abbot.

There was the decorative Archie Appleton, and Bette Davis Kerry, who dates the Wing C.O. every Tuesday and Thursday in Lent. We nearly forgot Brother Rigg (our oldest inhabitant), who either came over in the Mayflower or was a Seminole offshoot. He used his umbrella with great success.

Among those of medium wing span we have the "Cultural Twins," Ray Chinnery and Peter Cowell and Simoniz headed Flossie Redman, whose famous "Opus," "Variations Upon a Nightride" caused a sensation in the Tower.

There is Gordon (Gin) Gough who resisted for forty-eight hours... Oh Yes.

There were too many Thomas's in the Flight so Gwilym went down a flight which completely befuddled the Timekeeping Department. Another Welshman, Islwyn Thomas, "I was coming in on my baseleg and I got cramp... Is it?... Yees.... and blond Thomas (F.F.I.) who wants a halo as well as wings.
Dick Rogers has a New York address at the “Rehearsal Club.” What’s she rehearsing for . . . Dick?

Wheeze (Buzz Off, I’m tired) Ratcliffe, our little ray of sunshine, cheerful, smiling, whistles kindly under water (Boy Scouts’ Handbook). Cecil Beaton Ormon our flight photographer. (See Florida first).

Nick, Jr., who doesn’t like P.T. and Johnny Beard, the only man who fills his Army issue panties.

Then we have “Juke Joint” Sammy, with those big Disneyan eyes, who won the Marathon sleeping contest (adv.), and the well behaved Ted Mercer, Tub-thumping Tomlin, and Ron Widdecombe, the Fair.

Slightly larger, and of greater wing loading, we have John Bradley, the only man who can give a twenty second yell (before crash if possible), and Harry Leeks, our male Varga Girl. (By kind permission of the Army School at Lakeland).

Hugh Tudor, the Formation expert is reputed to be modelling for “Barbasol.”

Now we come to the four motored giants . . . Quietest among these is dreamy, romantic eyed Duggie Houghton who “Likes New York in June. How about Ruth?”

Jackie Feeney who is such a good boy now; Alan Storey, who is perpetually “written up” in Form One A and is modelling for “Aspirin.”

Spud Murphy, our Ersatz Irishman, and Wild Taffe Evans, ersatz Welshman. Dreamy Dizzie Browne (Eton, Oxford, and Selfridges Bargain Basement). That’s all of that size.

We still have Two-step Harry Forest, bless him, and blue eyed (Virginia) Luke. Gibe Fauntleroy Gil-

Peter, Flossie, Ray and Arturo Getting Browned “On or Off”

bert (author of Sullivan) and Edgar Moore, the Gay Divorce. “Hello, Edgar . . . How’s Swan?” Alan Bell, “with his shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to ground school” (“As you like it,” Act III Scene 2). He always marches to and from Mess Hall in a smart and airmanlike manner, in accordance with AMO’s and K.R.’s para 788 subsec. B page 1100.

“Friday night is Arthur’s night
And now we come to the tragic bit
There is no means of stopping it”

Langorous, lengthy Desmond (Strabismus) Leslie . . . lover of wild Bird (icks).

These are some of No. 5 Course . . . a varied lot!

“Hello Riddle Control . . . This is Red Flight calling . . . May we take off for ENGLAND . . . for ENGLAND . . . ? Over.”

“Yes you may take off for ENGLAND . . . and GOOD LUCK to you all.

—LISTENING OUT.”

WINGS EXAM TOMORROW! ‘GIBE’
Au Revoir, America
We'll Be Seeing You!

TO OUR INSTRUCTORS

For the time you spent
The trouble you took
The good advice you poured on heedless ears
For the effort you spared
For the patience you showed
Endless patience when you must have wanted to scream
For sticking your neck out
For getting us out of trouble
For standing up for us when the boot was due
For sweating in the heat of the day
For shivering on the flare path, each freezing night
For the many hours you gave to make us each a pilot

OUR THANKS

Your work was not in vain
Britain has fifty silver wings
AN EDITORIAL
IT WASN'T TOLD TO ME
by Lt. Donald L. Stetson

"It Wasn't Told to Me, I Only Heard"...remember that popular
song of not so many years ago? It's a perfect example of how RUM-
OR is being used to undermine civilian morale and AID THE
ENEMY! We in the United States MUST learn that loose talk and
rumors are as much enemy weapons as shot and shell...we MUST
learn to SPIKE THESE ENEMY GUNS!!

A recent occurrence illustrates just how serious loose talk can be-
come, just how much it can aid the enemy: A civilian plane, expe-
riencing engine trouble, made a forced landing in the water just
off the Florida coast. A Coast Guard cutter was dispatched to the
scene and rescued the plane's occupants. That was the true story...
as simple and harmless as that!

Yet in the course of one day I heard a dozen accounts of the af-
fair, all based on RUMOR, with each account becoming more vivid
as the talker unconsciously helped the enemy by adding his or
her impression to the story; the ultimate in this rumor assumed the
proportions of a major naval battle, involving not only the civilian
plane, but two submarines, three Coast Guard cutters, several army
bombers, etc., etc...yet it was all a lie based on a "simple" ru-
mor!

Admittedly, being human, we enjoy playing detective or newspa-
perman and being the first to pass around "inside dope" on some
astounding occurrence. In peace-
time, we call it gossip, but right now it has another name: SUB-
VERSIVE PROPAGANDA!! The next time someone gives you the
inside story that he heard "from a
friend" who got it "direct from
headquarters," remember: If you
listen to it...if you repeat it
... YOU are acting as an enemy
agent! YOU are a Fifth Columnist!

Let us take a lesson from the
British who have been at war for
some time, and who have learned the hard way how to handle ru-
nors:

An Englishman's answer to a
rumor is, "Who told you?" And
after this squelch, he completely
ignores both the rumor and the
person telling it...it's as simple
as that!

For yourself, for your country
and for OUR Victory Drive...re-
member this U. S. Army Air
Forces motto: "Zip Your Lip."

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS
Jack Hobler, Editor

Prodigal Son Returns—Married!

With a smile of dazzling brilli-
ance he alighted from his train
amid the flash of camera lights, and
was instantly swarmed over by re-
porters. Unanimous was their ques-
tion: "Care to make a state-
ment, Mr. Cuthbertson?" A little
hush settled over the assembled
crowd as he started to speak—

"Well, it's like this; a lot of my
buddies were doing it, and when I
seen how well they was gettin'
along, I just decided to do it my-
self. Now I'm one of the bhoys!"

And with these immortal words,
friends, we have almost the whole
story in a nutshell of how Ralph
Cuthbertson took unto himself a
helpmate for the duration of his
existence upon this earth. On May
27th, the slim, irresistible Flight
Commander tied the knot with Gay-
nelle Madeline Wilson, of Colum-
bia, S. C., in that city. Tired of
eating in restaurants, lonesome for
the uplifting companionship of a
good woman, and jealous of his
married buddies' apparent happi-
ness, Ralph decided to enter the
blissful—and economical—state
of matrimony. We were just a bit dis-
appointed that his bride did not
return with him, but she could not
get an immediate release from her
job, so she will come to Arcadia
about Wednesday of this week.
However, our disappointment was
small, indeed, compared to the
Kushed feelings of the local dam-
sels. We blame them not, for the
man is possessed of a charm and
color irresistibly attractive to the
ladies. Weather permitting, a rib
roast will be held in honor of the
newlyweds some time this week; the
date and place will be made
known later.

Banquet—Roman Style

We'd like to present a little story
here in form of a parable. Any re-
semblance to persons living or dead
is purely intentional.

In the town of Arcadia, on the
banks of the Peace River, there
dwelt a doctor and his wife and
family. And this family consisted
of two sons and two daughters.

Now it came to pass that the elder
daughter had just returned from
a long sojourn in one of the north-
ern cities, and the parents felt
called upon to celebrate her return
with a testimonial banquet. Accord-
ingly, they made preparations for
a great feast.

The doctor girded himself with
rod and reel, and set forth in a
boat to catch a goodly number of
fish, which—when cooked as only
his wife could cook them—would
contribute a tasty dish indeed. So
he labored long and hard to lure
the finny denizens from their wat-
ery lair. And his labors were
blessed for he caught a goodly num-
ber of fish, one of which was of
such magnificent proportions that
it would make a feast of itself.

An Old Arcadia Custom

As was the custom in that town,
when a landlady had lodgers she
invited them also to her banquets,
and the doctor's wife—having se-
veral lodgers—asked them to join
them for a banquet in honor of
the elder daughter.

Please turn over leaf
This article was written by Cadet Chely, class 42-J, and we think it of sufficient importance to have it written up where everyone can have the benefit of Cadet Che-ly's efforts.

"The Importance of the Wind Tee"

The wind TEE is the most import-ant device through which the pilot used for the control of all traffic entering and leaving the field and all traffic must conform to the pattern prescribed by the TEE set-ting.

Anyone who enters or leaves traffic in a control pattern is a menace, not only does he put himself and a valuable airplane, with which he is entrusted, in danger but most of all he endangers the very lives of others.

In order to avoid serious acci-dents a pilot must be alert at all times and especially so when flying in traffic. He should never be satisfied with just ONE look at the TEE setting. After checking the TEE he should also note the flow of traffic to be doubly sure of the proper setting and pattern. One moment of carelessness might result in a disaster and a lifetime of regret. A pilot makes but one mistake.

On a field such as Carlstrom the importance of the TEE cannot be stressed enough, with so many airplanes landing and taking off careless pilot landing downwind and flying directly against traffic can easily cause a catastrophe. This is very easy to visualize. The purpose of the TEE is to keep in-cidents such as this from happen-ing. The pilot who flies must obey traffic laws and signals to insure his safety and the safety of others, so must the pilot. The driver who crosses the white line directly into the path of an approaching car is in a bad predicament, but not nearly as bad as the wild eyed pilot who disrupts traffic and endangers many lives by landing in the face of a host of incoming planes. There is no ex-cuse for such a thing happening and it only shows gross negligence on the part of the so-called pilot. There is only one conclusion. The pilot who sleeps and flies directly contrary to the traffic pattern has found a short cut to getting his wings. The sad part is that he may give wings to someone else who doesn't want that kind.

Speaking of Mr. Bing, he and his running mate, Lou Place, another Advanced Instructor, were treated to the pictures one evening last week. By whom—Leila Brannan, Canteen Manager, and Gene-tieve "Katrinia" Summers, Canteen Waitress. Well, well, what have we here?

Of interest to "we-un's" here at Clewiston, was an article in the Ft. Myers News-Press, June 4th edition. The article told about a Public Health Service bill recently passed by Congress, and the good news was that the Clewiston area was among those which will have mosquito and dog fly (polite name for horse fly) control programs in 1943. Jackie "Alta" Brannan, of Arcadia, is a new waitress in the Canteen. Glad to have you with us, Jackie, and we note that Kenny Berry is personally seeing to it that the Canteen is well taught.

Bud Belland and friend, Miss Jean Small, stopped in to see us for a few minutes last Thursday morning.

New men at the Link Building, are Carl Ziler, Link Instructor, and Paul Flannigan, Link Maintenance Man. Ziler is a former Lieutenant in the U. S. Air Corps, and Flannigan is a former Lieutenant in the U. S. Signal Corps. Incidental-ly, work on the new Link Build-ing has really started.

Special Announcement

Durdan, Production Company, Moore Haven, Florida, announce the THOMAS WILLIAM anniversaries model, released June 2, 1942. James W. Durdan, Designer and Chief Engineer, Mildred Durdan, Production Manager. Dr. Mitchell (of Miami), Technical Assistant.

Special features include: Short wheel base; 18-inch, 8 pound, 6 ounce frame; two hung power; free squealing: streamlined body; V-type motor; suction feed; water cooled exhaust; changeable seat covers.

Present model will be constantly improved and refined, but annual models are not anticipated.

To Assistant General Manager Jimmie Durdan and Wife, congratulations.

Papa "Gunner" Brink was all smiles, too, last week. Yes, not to be outdone by Jimmie Durdan, "Gunner" announced that his, too, was a boy! He made his announce-ment in a very novel way. He'd come up to you with a cigar box, then open it and offer you one. Then, on the lid of the box was the following information: IT'S A BOY. WEIGHT—9 lbs., 13 ounces; Born June 5, 1942 at 8:51 A.M.; NAME—Michael Ridgeway Brink; EVERYONE DOING FINE. MORE CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU, MR. AND MRS. BRINK.

Red Flight to Leave

Within a few days after this is printed, Red Flight will have completed its training, received its wings, and be on its way to the next destination. Time passes swiftly, and the proof of this can easily be attached to this Flight. It seems that it was just a week or so ago that this Flight straggled into Camp to start their Primary training. How- ever, it has been several months, and now the Course is completed. We want to take this opportunity...
and privilege to wish you members of Red Flight the best of luck in your future. It has been a real pleasure to have you with us, and we hope that we shall have the opportunity of being with you again sometime in the future. Happy landing, fellows!

Cadet Chatter

Say, this Yellow Flight is really a challenging outfit. Last week they issued a soccer challenge, and this week, Johnny Day of that Flight, through his manager, challenges anyone to a ping-pong encounter. All right, who'll be first?

And speaking of ping-pong, we want everyone, Cadets and civilians alike, to sharpen up their game, for we'll have a special announcement concerning ping-pong in about two weeks.

Eric Miles, Blue Flight, has been confined to the Infirmary the past week.

Every Saturday morning one or more of the Flights brush up on their marching ability on the Athletic Field. One of those Saturday morning, we happened down there as Green Flight was drilling. Having our camera (rather Sgt. Henley's) we took a couple of shots of the drill. Here they are—

Desmond "Strabismus" Leslie of Red Flight, has been working hard on Course V's "Listening Out." Knowing of Desmond's work, and having seen the rough copy, we can assure you of a very pleasant surprise when this issue is published.

Seven members of Yellow Flight certainly have excellent good luck charms. What is it fellows, a shamrock or a rabbit's foot?

We wonder who it was that "shook the boys right" by yelling over the radio the other morning. "Ello Riddle Control. Ahm ova Morrevehaven. Can ya gimme the tee settin please?"

Thanks, Jimmy

Helping us with news quips about Red Flight, has been Jimmy Walker. To you, Jimmy, thanks a lot. While it may have seemed a small effort on your part, your assistance was greatly appreciated.

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

by Bill Linkroom

Help Wanted

If you think the life of a ground school instructor is easy these days, just come down and take a gander at Charlie Stahler some time during the day. At the rate his students are piling up, we'll have to turn our Flight Instructor's office over to him to make more room. The enrollment is terrific.

Charlie sent up his biggest batch of students Monday last for their Private written exams. He's more anxious than the students about the outcome, but we think his anxiety needless, as we know he has what it takes. With the great "Willbur" holding down Municipal in his own inimitable style we cannot help but take pride in our "Cheerful Charlie," who, with one or two students a few months ago, has now a full day's schedule to handle. Keep 'em learnin', Charlie!

Base's Full

Last Sunday the Base handled 35 flights. With our three planes working overtime, Ad and truly flew from early morning till sundown. As Willie Whitehead put it, "Them engines sho' never cooled off today." Exactly, Willie, we were buzzin', cuzzin!

CPT—TO BE (?)

Reports from our superiors indicate everything possible is being incorporated to institute a Civilian Pilot Training Program for us here at the Base this summer. We are hoping, and then some, that it will come through as we feel confident that Seaplane training in part is a vital aid to making a good pilot. Send 'em to us for the Seaplane training and we will do our best to add our little momento to their flying career. We guarantee a pleasant stay to all who come—and a profitable experience.

Mrs. Connor

Mrs. Connor is flying regularly every day. She is progressing rapidly and it won't be long before she soloes. As Ad so aptly put it, "She grasps the situation immediately!" Encouraging words to a beginner.

Gas, Tire Shortage, Rain Couldn't Stop Deauville Party!

Pictured is a part of the crowd that attended the School dance and supper party at the Magoffen-Deauville Saturday night, representing a cross-section of military and civilian life, Army, Navy, Air Corps, Royal Air Force, Latin-American students, instructors, personnel. Over 250 people attended, despite gas and tire shortages and rainy weather. Many came by bus or taxi. Others doubled up in their cars. The smiles above attest to the success of the affair.

Among those registered at the hotel and remaining overnight were: D. F. Triplett, Jacksonville office of the C.A.A.; Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Jones, H. A. Jones, W. Jackson, C. Lynne, and A.C Hal Gluckman, from Arcadia; Mr. and Mrs. F. Pennock, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Lightholder, E. E. Carpenter, Miss Evelyn Hare, Sgt. J. H. Henley, U.K Tony Hawley and U.K Robin Jones, from Clewiston; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Liversedge, T. Harris, F. C. Hawes, M. L. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Claxton, Mr. and Mrs. R. Rose, LeRoy Hamilton, R. F. Schultz, L. Hall, Dr. and Mrs. J. Carlson, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lindsey, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Dick, C. de Medeiros, A. Sasco, F. M. Perez, Vida Martins, P. Geoghegan, H. Gurin, Ricardo Calander and Carlos Noriego, of Miami.

CARL WALDEN PHOTO.

"JOIN UP"

DELLZELL SAMMON, formerly in the Main Office at Carlstrom Field, is now with the Texas School of Aviation, Hicks Field, Ft. Worth, Texas.

"GET ORGANIZED"

know how and why a plane flies." It's a credit to the country to have men of caliber who spend their spare time to such advantage. Most of the officers are taking a solo course and hope to complete same prior to being sent to—Shangri-La!
DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN

DEAR RUD:

Here I am back on the job, all sun-tanned and refreshed after a week of vacationing; I’m sorry that I didn’t get anything to you last week but believe the girls of Dorr Field did a swell job of standing by.

What Big Mosquitoes!

Did you know we have the “field mosquito” back in operation again? Yes, sir! Our cub is all shining and pretty; matter of fact, it looked so good the other day, before we were masked tape so he could be the first to take it for a “hop.”

Speaking of flying, this new group of Cadets are surely going to work on the Flight Instructors’ nerves; just another day Robert Watts dashed into his friends room—his neck gushing blood from ear to ear—he shouted, “Hey! Have you a steeple pencil??” No, it was serious—the razor slipped!

Disappoints Dorr Dames!

Yes, indeed, it has happened. The girls of Dorr Field are surely going to be disappointed; he has gone and done it. Oh! What am I talking about? Well, this week-end Lt. Phillip goes on leave to meet his little Ball & Chain; he is meeting the bride-to-be at Americus, Georgia. According to the Lt. “folks” she is a very attractive and charming young lady. Best wishes to Lt. & Mrs. Phillip.

It seems as though Dorr Field trains ‘em and they leave; dag-blast it. We are losing some of our

‘The Pause that Refreshes’

Dorr Canteen Special

Week of June 14th

FRUIT SALAD SUNDAY

15c

JOIN UP

U. S. Army to Entertain Inter-American Cadets

Of special interest to Latin-American cadets in the Technical Division is the announcement made Tuesday evening that the Miami Beach Army cadets will act as their special hosts Friday evening at the Soldiers’ Recreation Pier on the Beach. The program of entertainment will start in the early evening.

DORR /FIELD, ARCADIA—Excuse us while we blow our own horn, but here is proof in black and white that everything, almost, stops when the Fly Paper arrives at the Bones. Above Betty Ballinger, Capt. C. Bentley’s secretary, and Cadet “Gertie” folk share a copy.

DORR DOINGS by AV Cadet Grayson B. Stulnecker

So This is Dorr!

It was cold and wet, as only Alabama can be in January. But the boys were eager. Oh, but they were eager! They were cadets! And everyone knows what a swell time cadets have, buzzing around in the clouds and having a good time in general. Then they saw the tents—surrounded by mud. Ahhh, the sunny South. Oh well, it was only for a few days, then they’d fly.

It was hot, as only Alabama can be in May. And those tents had no screens. Did we say tents? You darn right we did! Tents!! Those same tents, still waiting to fly, and getting definitely uneager in the waiting. But cadets are cadets, and they carried on bravely. (With five open posts a week to help out!)

Then the word was out! They weren’t going to be traded for some cadets, still waiting to fly, and getting definitely uneager in the waiting. But cadets are cadets, and they carried on bravely. (With five open posts a week to help out!)

The program of entertainment will start in the early evening. Free transportation will be furnished to the Latin-American cadets from the Tench School at 6 P. M. Sponsors of the affair are Mrs. Julio Sanchez and Jack Ferber, of the Pan-American League.

“RISE AND SHINE”

Navy Confusing say: A girl is as strong as her weakest wink—Naval Air Station Skyliner, Miami.
How to Win Enemies and Alienate People (not original)

According to Reports

There was a dance at the Macfadden-Deauville last Saturday night. Lt. Stetson said he had a good time but had to leave early. The Paul Bakers, Raymond Farmers and Bill Blameleys said they had a wonderful time but it ended too soon. Betty Harrington had a stunning new sophisticated hair-do and more admirers than anyone else, but Betty could cope with them successfully. Jennie Mickel enjoyed most being with her friends in the Accounting Department.

The Philip de la Rosas entertained an out-of-town guest as well as several of the Latin American students. As usual, Lucille Valliere was besieged by swarms of swains. Madge Kessler and Virginia Williams both looked starry-eyed as they told what a grand time they had. From the Mona Lisa, otherwise known as June McGill, there is nothing to be said other than her smile is as enigmatic and Sphinx-like as ever.

We Got the Mascot

The Army students have adopted as mascot that spirited canine that has been roaming around the School grounds, posing as a dog. The Clinic has taken great pains to make the dog, so called, hygienically acceptable to polite society. When a Humane Society Officer called for the animal, which would have relieved the suffering to our eyes, the feminine members of the Clinic did battle to the death to keep the pet. Now the question is to name him and already suggestions have been received for "Major," "Sergeant," "Corporal," and "M.P."—the latter because he growls at nite if anyone tries to use the fence as exit or entrance. From other sources the name "Droopy" has been suggested.

Mary's Got a Date!

Mary Mitchell is going on a weeks leave to see her brother who is in an officer's training school in Virginia. Mary has not seen him since his return from Iceland and is as thrilled at the reunion as if he were a beau.

Editor Bud Belland was introducing around the school a very pretty, young blond graduate from the University of Miami. She was the Editor of the current issue of the University's Year Book and indubitably the two would have much in common from the literary standpoint. Isn't that the truth, Bud? We hope to see more of Miss Jean Small and her work.

Beauty and the Blisters!

Betty's Better

Betty McShane visited in the building last week looking trim, young and extremely well after her appendectomy. She will be back at the Clinic on the 15th and Mary Lorena Steuber, the gorgeous menace to mice and men, will be leaving for the Army. Lorena, the photogenic, made the Miami papers twice last week. About her picture with Col. Givens she said, "Fine! Now if the Army students see that the Colonel thinks I'm good enough to give him a final tetanus toxoid injection maybe they'll stop telling me I'm too rough with them."

Monday morning found the corridor packed with new students and Tom Davies, (Dept. of Admissions) fully equal to the situation leading them off in well-ordered groups for this and that course to which they were assigned. There is a man whose office hours appear

Luckiest Man in Town

SCHOOL OPENS TAMP A OFFICE

GWYNNIE RICHARDS, Embry-Riddle sales representative in the Tampa-St. Petersburg district, visited the Main Office in Miami on Monday, bringing with him the good news that the School has opened a permanent branch office in the DeSoto Hotel in Tampa, for the convenience of the many young men and women in that area interested in aviation.

Proving that "It's a Small World" among the many new students recently enrolled by Gwynne we found NINN U. BOND, son of Kentucky Senator Bond, and an old friend from the days we worked on the St. Petersburg Times. When last seen, Ninn was the proverbial "knee-high to a grass-hopper" and we're looking forward to meeting him again and discussing "old times." Incidentally, another former friend from St. Pete, who is now enrolled in our Technical Division is BOB HARRIS, kid brother to Tommie Harris, now Editor of the St. Petersburg Times and formerly our Boss on that paper.
**AMERICA'S aircraft plants are turning out ships for the defense of the Democracies. But it takes fifteen men to service, repair, and keep each ship in operation. Trained men are needed as never before to KEEP 'EM FLYING.' Unless we have these skilled specialists American Air Defense, the planes, and pilots will be helpless. Train now for the one industry our nation needs as never before to halt the enemy's invasion of America.**

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**MENTIONING MUNICIPAL**

**by Betty Hair Lightholder**

**Farewell**

Dear Gang:

Saying good-bye is always hard, and particularly so when it is to such a swell group as we have here at Municipal... However, I'm not really saying goodbye, but rather, am transferring to another unit of our School, and while I may not see you so often, I'll still be a member of "Our Family."

Effective on the 20th, I'll be hanging around Riddle Field up Clewiston way... after all, I AM married, yuh know. Meanwhile, "Mentioning Municipal" will carry on, as usual, under the capable guidance of Jinnie Gilmore and Johnnie (Foo) Fouche, who are old-timers around the Base and will do full justice to all the "Municipalities." Carry on, fellers.

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**No Printable News**

As for the news end of this week's column—it's been a hectic week! As all of you know, (Censored), which means that (censored), and therefore, (Censored) in the (Censored). Also, it has raised a lot the place were the dualPETition... and will do full justice to all the "Municipalities." Carry on, fellers.

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**Letter of the Week**

Biggest piece of printable news this week is in the form of a letter from our old friend and ex-Municipal correspondent BILL JASTER. Good old Bill—it's a swell letter, and we're printing it here-with, knowing that a good many of you will enjoy hearing from him. Why don't YOU write to him?

June 3, 1942

Dear Betty—and Mr. G.—and Lieutenant—and Fouche—and all my other friends still at the field:

I feel like a perfect heel (no wire-cracks) for not keeping in touch with all of you but hope I'm forgiven now. I have been reading the FLY-PAPER pretty regularly, however, and believe that Betty is doing a good job.

The **PICTURE OF THE WEEK** in this section of the country is one showing the graduation of the British Flying class at Clewiston. It is shown in all the newspapers and in all the bank windows. Of course, I tell everybody who will listen to me that that's my old outfit and they all stare at me with awe... Good for Charlie Ebbets!

After graduation at training school at Rock Island Arsenal in Illinois, I was sent to Columbus Ordnance Depot where I am at this writing. As soon as one of the new war-aid depots is finished I'll be transferred to it... Don't have any idea where or when that will be.

Have read nothing about Mr. G. or Lt.- they still around?—or are they flying bombers to Britain by this time? How is your flying coming, Mr. G.? Understand that you and Mickey are about to hit the "high-road." Betty, congratulations—or should I say best of luck?—He's a swell guy, but then, so are you. Also understand that John's arm is now OK.

Shame on you, John.

Have been trying to get in the glider pilot training program and also in the Marines, but so far have been thwarted by my ears. I never hear what I'm supposed to hear—but sure do take in everything I'm not supposed to hear.

Don't get excited, Lt... I'm not asking for my job back yet, as it seems that the War Dept. isn't going to let me go until this thing is over. However, some day...

As you probably know, my girl lives in this town and consequently I am having a hard time staying single (again, no wire-cracks), but so far have not relented. My flying has taken a sad turn for the worse as working six days a week doesn't give me time to do two turns around any field. It's just like old times, however, as the Navy and Army planes taking off from Port Columbus pass right over my building about 400 feet up, giving the same effect as the Embry-Riddle hangar.

Hope I get to see all of you before long—drop me a line.

Best regards, your friend.

BIL.

1329 Forty-Second Ave.

Columbus, Ohio.

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