CATCHING UP, -- AGAIN!

Dear Kids, every once in a while Ye Editor finds himself in the embarrassing position of having a notebook full of notes, a drawer full of notes and a head full of notes - all Fly Paper material which has not been used either thru lack of space or forgetfulness! Well, we're in that position now, so we came to the office a couple of hours early and we're going to "clean house", there's something from everywhere, Carlstrom Field, Dorr Field, Riddle Field, Municipal Base, Tech School, Main Office and the Seaplane Base, - so hold your hats, lads and lassies, here we go -- --

And speaking of the Seaplane Base, the first thing we had better get off our chest is the fact that GEORGE HAFNTER got his private pilots license there a couple of weeks ago, and C. K. Rexrude and Ad Thompson have been giving us H--- for not mentioning it ever since. Well, as we said before, it was just an unforgiveable oversight, -- mucho congrats to George, and also more congrats for getting his CAA instrument instructor's rating thru the Tech School this week! George gives credit to his instructors, Sebie Smith and Roger Carley.
IT'S A CRIME

Dear Kids, we have just returned from a tour of our Flight Bases, and have found a subject on which we'd like to Editorialize a bit, - it's the "date" situation! At the Class 42-B graduation dinner-dance at Carlstrom Field Friday evening we counted 13 extremely nice young men sitting at one table, without dates! All this despite the fact that all the neighboring towns had been scoured for eligible young lady partners! And this is a situation which will become worse as we get in more students at the various Flight bases, - Riddle Field at Clewiston has just been opened. There will be several hundred British Cadets there. And at Dorr Field Arcadia, several hundred more American Cadets will soon be assigned for primary flight training. These in addition to the British Cadets already at Carlstrom Field.

To the Ladies, - these young men have been selected for flight training because they were outstanding, better than average in health, mentality, education and personality. Probably nowhere in the world is there such an intense concentration of "eligible" young bachelors, - who are so starved for intelligent young ladies with whom to dance and talk.

WHAT WE PROPOSE, - to assure that there will be no more lonely weekends for these young men, is a DATE BUREAU. Therefore, in the form of a resolution, we herewith invite all young ladies in the Arcadia, Clewiston and Miami area, between the ages of 18 and 22, who would like to date these British and American cadets, to send your name, address, telephone number and picture to the Editor, Embry-Riddle Fly Paper, Miami, Fla.
Gad, what a mess of notes, but we might as well start at the top, among new employees is U. J. "Uncle Joe" Hiss, business manager for the University of Miami who took a year's leave of absence to coordinate all the Embry-Riddle Mess Halls and Canteens... he's "papa" to Dick Hiss, accountant in the Main Office - and it was Dick's suggestion that we call him "Uncle Joe"... BOBBY AHERN who recently joined the flight instructor staff at Municipal has over 300 hours in 1 and 2-3 ships, and the important thing about him is that he's one of the few unmarried flight instructors at Municipal...catch on, girls?...

Riding the BICARB CIRCUIT two weeks ago was Van Burgin and Buddie Caruthers, who spoke before the Greater Miami Airport Association under the billing of "Youngest Flight Instructor in the United States"... well, anyway, he's the youngest member of our bicarb circuit... and story to stop all stories about our luncheon club speakers was pulled at the Miami Beach Lion's Club meeting when member Lion McMurray, of the Standard Oil McMurrays, introduced speaker C. K. REXRODE, and presented him with a complete box of bicarbonate of soda... probably, says "Mac" the first Civic Club in history to appropriately take care of one of its luncheon speakers....

UP AT RIDDLE FIELD, Peck Whitlock told us about C. W. McSheehan promising the carpenters a little prize if they finished a certain job ahead of schedule... which the men did, and then found that the specified prize was unavailable in Clewiston... for full details, ask the Clewiston construction gang... SOCIETY NOTE, Big party thrown by EMMIT VARNEY at his home recently included Dick Allen, Vultee representative, D. E. Thompson, of Burma Road fame and now with Intercontinental and the following other lads from the Intercontinental Aircraft company, Al Crispin, Bob Kritzmiere, Superintendent, Ken C. Walkey, Works Manager, Walter Lincoln, New York Sales Manager, and Trent Lackey, Personnel Manager... was a nice party!...

PROUD MAN is old pal SID PFLEUGER, chief of Carlsstrom ground instruction, who just received over $20,000. worth of navigation instruments from the British government to be used teaching the RAF lads how to do it... that deserves a separate story and will get it... another Proud Pal is LOUIE HAMM who got his Aircraft ground instructor's ticket, and is now assist-
FLETCHER is engaged and scheduled to be married the first of the year, which means many broken hearts around the Tech building... also, that ARTHUR MOKRAY, former Fleisher Studio artist is now working almost next door to us with the Barker Todd Boat people, and Miss Carolina Fritz is going to ask him to do some cartoons for us... We See by the Papers, SAMUEL KNOX FLEINING, old flight grad at Municipal has joined the U. S. Army Air Corps...

Hey, you kids, are you still with us, this is only five pages we've written, and we have lots more to go, so stick around... Left out Last Week was the note directed to all future classes of Cadets at Carlsstrom, Dorr and Riddle Fields, expressing the hope that each incoming class would appoint a class correspondent to the Fly Paper to keep our readers posted on the activities of their class mates... we mean that!... LUCILLE 'Tillie' FOX, the gal in charge of the payroll at the main Office, doesn't like the paper now being used in the FLY PAPER... explanations, due to shortage of paper this is the only stuff we can get... we kind of like it, "Tillie" and if you say anything more against it we'll tell all our readers that you don't like to be called "Freckles", so there! ... and we just heard that CATHERINE NINGES, "Bruz" Carpenter's secretary, is one of our best readers, well swell! ... Incidentally Catherine is being transferred to the Purchasing Dept. at Clowiston. Miss Button will replace her as Bruz' secretary.

'TWAS LIKE OLD HOME WEEK at Municipal Base a couple weeks ago when we went out there with Tony Garnette from the Miami Herald to take pictures of the Tech Gang dismantling the Sikorsky "Duck"... first old timer we saw was "BUTCH" BAIN, ex-maintenance man at Municipal, now a co-pilot with National Air Lines... "Butch" comes in quite often to visit old friends, and looks right swell-elegant in his new uniform... other old timers were CHENAULT ELMORE, back from a summer of deep sea diving and now working in the stock room and LYONELLE RABUN, back from a turn with the National Guard and resuming his old job as Chief of Line Crew... seemed like old times to have these boys back with us... and speaking of old timers, H. O. BATES, III, formerly in the stock room at Municipal, is now with the Florida State Road Patrol, covering a portion of Tamiami Trail just west of Miami...

But to get back to the "Sikorsky Duck", this is one of the ships origin-
ally belonging to the Miami Aero Corporation and used in charter work to the West Indies...and the same ship that Boss Riddle was flying back from Bimini one day with a full load of passengers when one motor quit! ... 'course the Boss flew it in, on one motor!...anyhoo, the Tech School got this ship, and they are going to use it for student instruction, first tearing it apart and then building it up,---and the tearing apart was done at Municipal by JIM MoSHANE and his Aircraft Class and SEBIE SMITH and his Instrument Class...many of the lads we knew were there, working like a bunch of bees, Bob Green, Ernie Cuise, Judson Tanner, Herbie Mix, Bour Brown, Sam Goldstein, Hallo Pierze, Louie Jarimillo, Jack Price, O. K. Joy (and why did O. K. Joy hang the wishbone over the office door at Municipal??), Chas. Colley, Instructor Stark, Jim Girton, John Ordway (now of the Blanding Ordways), Brug Carpenter, Warren Button, Pat Hampton, Miss "Tommie" Bailey, Herb Skinner, Forest Frazier, Don Uhle, Lewis Johnson, Jack Quigley, Harry Villemagne and Art Westervelt, to mention a few of the lads and lassies...wotta crow of good guys! ...

Just heard that JIMMIE KEEPS has taken his physical for the U. S. Navy Air Corps...the other day we had lunch at the Airport Chateau with GORDON and ROXIE WALTERS, BOB LAPE and BUDDIE CARRUTHERS...Gordon, you know, is running the Seminole Airport...Bob has been instructing for him...we got a memo from our old friend and ex-engineering mechanic "PATHE" telling us that he liked the Fly Paper, and also has a complete file...more people keep turning up with complete files, and we thought we were the only ones! ... BILL COLLINS is leaving the Tech School to report for Line Maintenance duty at Carlstrom Field on Monday...Billy tells us that our correspondents should be called "Flies"...
PETER'S PROGRESS, a young man going places so fast 'round the School that we can't keep up with him is Mr. PETER ORDIWAY...first just a student pilot, then Advertising Manager, then Sales Manager, then Registrar and now, we understand, Dean of Admissions...Grace Roome has become Cashier handling Tech student money and G. C. GISH becomes Student Registrar...P. S. to Lee HARRELL, are you the same Harrell who took ground school from LEE MALMSTEN at Ocala?...he just asked us and we don't know...BLIND FLYING at the Tech School, Instrument students FOREST FRAZIER and JIM GIRTON running a check on a Sperry Directional Gyro and Artificial Horizon...that's fascinating work...

Well, that cleans up our notes, thank gosh! ...so here goes for that stack of letters, first is from FRANK DEREGBIBUS, who asks to have his Mom and girl friend put on the Fly Paper mailing list, that's been done, Frank, then he contributes this paragraph:-

"When RAY MORDER starts to fidget, his students know that they are about to be soloed. Ray builds up his courage to step out among the snakes and takes along the starter handle for protection. It is rumored that Ray is busy training a land turtle (Gopher, to you) to protect him from the rattlers. But he hasn't yet trained the body-guard to control his activities to his own room in the Arcadia House. Thus far, the slow one has invaded the sanctums of Dale Delaney, Frank Deregibus and Karry Woodward."

A letter from NELSON MILLER going more about the good hunting and fishing out Spokane, Washington, way...wish we were there with you, Nelson...a memo from F. GARDNER, at Carlstrom, saying that he would try to give us the names and address of new employees each week so we can put them on the Fly Paper mailing list...and a swell note from PAUL C. HORVATH from Sultan, Ontario, telling us that he will soon point his Stinson southward and rejoin us for the winter season...from flight grad JACK OTT, U. S. Naval Reserve Aviation Base, Atlanta, Ga., a four page letter telling us that he is doing well, and missing all the gang with the School...Yeah, Jack, and we miss you, too, don't we girls! ...

Time out, again, we just toured the Tech School with the Boss, and he
doesn't seem a bit put out about us losing money on the Party account of the rain cutting our crowd down to just 300 people...this being Thursday, Sept. 25, he told us that all the "Rebels" had moved over from Carlstrom Field to Riddle Field at Clewiston, and had their first meal there, today...also, and this is off the record, but believe us, he has plenty more big plans for this little old organization...we can't tell, but we predict here again, watch!

Back to the letters again, one referred to us by Lieut. Burgin, from a Miss Teddy Stumm, "The Brass Button Girl", 99 White Avenue, West Hartford, Conn.--Teddy collects "wing pins" from various aviation schools and manufacturing companies...thanks Van for sending her an Embry-Riddle pin ...and suggests that some of our gang might have extra ones to exchange for the "extras" in her collection...okay, boys, write the gal and see what you all can do! ... (Dot Schooley and Guard Bill Williams at the Tech School going nuts trying to work our "Apple" problem in last week's Fly Paper...we had to tell them the answer!)

"There goes Ray Norton, showing off in that Link Trainer again!"

from Flying and Popular Aviation

Feb. 1941

Two more letters to go, then we're going to fold our tent, bowl with the Miami gang tonight and check out for Clewiston and Arcadia where we'll say goodbye to Class 42-B at their Graduation party Friday evening...first letter is from Tech graduate BILL DANIEL, now line maintenance man at the Lakeland School of Aeronautics, which letter we present herewith,
followed by a grand new poem from MARY CONLEY TAMPOSI, Flight Instructor NICK TAMPOSI'S wife, written at Carlstrom Field and dedicated to A Royal Air Force Cadet, and that winds up all the notes we have, so carry on Bill and Mary,---

* * *

Lakeland, Florida
September 20, 1941

Dear Editor:

Your letter asking me to fill space in the "Fly Paper" with goings-on here in Lakeland is much appreciated. Though I can't vouch for the authenticity of your informants remarks about my ability to do this, I will say that it is a pleasure to do so, for contributing to the paper of my "Alma Mater" is indeed a privilege. So let's start with the roll-call. Present members of this body include Webb Bright, Tommy Winikus, Carl Sedlmayr, David Hard, Mel Clanton, Fredricks, Ed Sanders, (who arrives this afternoon), and Bill Daniel.

Right here I want to point out an advantage of this paper. Thru it Dave and I learned that we spent the week-end at the McFadden two weeks ago. We have been wondering where we were. Thanks. And this brings to mind why this clique had to shun the dance being held to-night. Yesterday Mel, Carl, and Dave left for North Carolina to see the Davidson-Rollins game. That's a lot of driving for football, but you know football fans.

Bright teamed up with two boys and transferred to the new field at Avon Park. He tells us, during a recent visit, that they have everything under control. Winikus and Fredricks are scheduled to follow as soon as that port gets under full steam. As for the rest of us we won't make any trouble if they will just leave us here in Lakeland, because to our way of thinking it is made-to-order. That car of Carl's, the Classy Cad, is the source of considerable devilment. But Lakeland is gradually adjusting itself to it. The local girls are at any rate.

We all went to work immediately on maintenance. This work has been under the direction and guidance of the hangar-chief and his assistants, and we have come a long way in a short time, because the work is varied and each day presents new problems and their solutions. The men in charge are in every sense co-workers, for they are every ready to help. The boners we have pulled would fill an album, but never once have any one of us been treated other than as gentlemen. If all aviation consist of men like this, then it's tops with us.

This is beautiful lake country and there's lots that goes on evenings
that would be worthy of print, and some that AIN'T, but that can be covered later. Also the jook-joint clan, and Hard's cooking. He and Carl live together. Dave cooks and Carl washes the dishes. If you are asked over for supper you take your own silver. Dave is trying to make a gentlemen out of Carl and Carl is trying to make a roudy out of Dave. They are both making progress and the result will be most interesting. Mel lives at home, and Tommy is fast becoming a night owl. Fredricks is ever ready to argue about something abstract, and Dave seizes this opportunity and they go at it.

It's a sin if someone doesn't compile sayings of these British boys. My most recent side splitter happened just this morning when some Tommy walked up to the counter and ordered one of those "Devilish Food sandwiches, or something".

Of particular importance to some of your students is the news that training at Army Airports will be recognized by the CAA as apprentice period for a certificate. This was made known by a member of that organization who addressed us last Thursday on the CAA examinations. Along this same line is the recent decision of the Army that all men doing work in hangars and on Army planes must have an Army rating. This is obtained by quarterly examinations and six months work as a helper. The period spent at the Tech School will be recognized by the Army as part of this six months. We take our exam in November.

Thank you Bud for furnishing me this opportunity to become an "information bureau".

Sincerely, Bill Daniel

***

HERITAGE
(To an R.A.F. Cadet)

I

One war ago your birth made you a part
Of all that is forever England;
Begot and born you were, there in the heart
Of London Town, that shining silver strand,
The River Thames, became a thing as dear
To you as did, "the cold gray Oxford spires".
And those born with you knew not yet the fear

- 11 -
Of gases, bombs, and all consuming fires,
For those that bore you failed you at your birth;
They could not hear the war god’s muffled mirth.

II
You were a child who grew up with the crumbs
Of war; the shattered things, the thousands dead,
The poverty, the hate, —— no silenced drums
Could change, or fill the empty years ahead
With peace or trust, and yet you did believe
The war was fought to save Democracy;
You suffered those who lived and dared to grieve,
But heard them not, for youth is blind to see
The failure of a war their sires call, "WON"
Until the shot which shouts, "It's just begun!"

III
And so, because of this, in some near dawn
A plane will climb above this precious Isle,
Divide the blue, as if by magnet drawn,
And fly toward the EAST, each long grim mile,
Another step toward the heritage
Of every Englishman, —— that promise made,
"Of blood, and sweat, and tears", the history page
With words as brave as these can never fade
From mind of man, —— so England shall be free
To live again, in peace and dignity.

— Mary Conley Tamposi
9-18-41

* * *

ALUMNI CLUB NEWS
Bud Belland, Secretary

Sure, studes, we noticed it too!
Arthur L. Prandle’s letter was missing from the column last week, we said here it is, and then it wasn’t there at all! Anyhow, it got forced out because of lack of space, but definitely will be here this week.

Before we get into Art’s letter, we’d like to mention a couple of the old
gang who dropped in on us last week. First was HOWARD WADE, Seaplane Base graduate and former flight instructor, who has spent the summer instructing at the Congressional Airport in Washington, D. C. Howard came in to visit and tell us he plans to take the check-out at Arcadia and try for an instructor's job at Clewiston. Next old timer to come in was AL SHULTZ, almost one of the original members of the family. Al is now working for the government on the ground servicemen's training program. His last assignment was in Portland, Me., and he came back to Miami to visit his family and friends and wait for his next assignment. We were mighty glad to see these lads, and their many friends in the School will be glad to get this news about them.

Okay, and now for that letter—

D Squadron,
Gunter Field,
Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Ed.,

Greetings from the fifty Carlstrom trained RAF cadets who are now at Gunter Field, Montgomery, Ala., for their basic course and who spend much of their time wishing they were back at Arcadia.

Will you be sure to keep us plentifully supplied with Fly Papers every week? We all read last week's, which you sent to Roy Medland, and most of us would like a copy, as there is reference to some of us in the letterpress and we are included in several of the pictures. How about sending me a supply — and will you let me have a regular parcel of copies each week, as all the boys are asking for them.

We have been here three weeks at the time of writing and our flying proceeds according to schedule. Most of us are just at the 20 hour check period and have started on stages, having spent the first three weeks in mastering the vagaries of the BT13 and juggling with such mysteries as flaps and two-position propellers. Soon we shall be on to night flying, formation flying and then our cross country flights, which, unfortunately, will not include Arcadia within their itineraries.

We were well represented in the first flock of solo birds, a number of ex-Carlstromites, including Charlie Leoming, Rae Smart, Albert Noyes, Fred Shorney, Bill Harrison and myself, going aloft alone on the first permissible day, with between three and four hours dual instruction.

Bill Harrison, Rae Smart and Vernon Lewis are among the lieutenants appointed here, Fred Hendy and I are supply sergeants and colour guards.
and others with jobs on hand include Aubrey Strickland, Jack Stonier, Bob Eggins and Jack Barnes.

With all good wishes to Boss Riddle and all friends at Carlstrom, especially the 42B boys, whom we hope to see ere long,

Yours journalistically,
Arthur L. Prandle, Aviation Cadet.

* * *

(Carlstrom Field News continued from page 27)

schooler Suave Sid Pfluger and the many instructors and students marching out to the PTs should really tell the world about the training here. The feelings of the British Cadets for the Riddle School was clearly shown by the ovation given the "Boss" (sometimes known as Mr. Riddle), when his picture flashed on the screen.

BRIGHT SPOT OF THE WEEK was the graduation dance held in the new open patio Friday night. The food was good, the music was good, the dancing was good, the mosquitoes were bad. However that "something extra" was added to the evening by the presentation of a "concert" that's a plain "show" to us "blokes". Produced by Derek L. Shelton and starring Eric Hall and J. A. Sykes the cast, including Cadets P. E. Ticknor, A. G. McGibbon, E. K. Martin, Stannard, Collins and Nobby Clark, presented what might be called an "advanced" type of comedy.

Cadet Hall most eagerly related the story of a Cadet's life at Carlstrom in the poem, "Get Eager Boys, Get Eager." I say ol' Boy, was that really an expression of eagerness?

Probably most enjoyed by the Cadets present was Cadet Sykes story of learning to fly. "That 'orrible thing that climbs into the front cockpit, he says, 'is an instructor, a man certainly not of letters and not neat at all, with language becoming rather harsh at times - I'd answer him back, I would, if I 'ad a "tube". And that isn't all, he elongated on the subject until the audience must have had the impression that an instructor is quite an unfriendly person. Come now, Mr. Sykes, are we really as bad as that? I'll admit that we have, at times, lost our patience to the extent of saying, "gracious Mr. Fishbiscuit, please get that nose down."

We did enjoy your show immensely Class 42-B, we enjoyed flying with you and we value your friendship, to you all we say Good-bye, Good luck and "happy landings."
The Tech Team snapped back with a bang Thursday evening, and took three straight games from a tough opposition, while the Pilots Team did right well, saving one game from an opposition team that was "hot". We won't talk too much about it yet, but it looks like these two teams should walk away with about $75. in prize money from this league, and all the lads are planning a super "Victory" dinner celebration, with enough saved out to buy name shirts for the Pilots and Tech teams. But more of this as the league nears the end.

This 'n' that, ... "BABE" HAMM was back in the gallery after several weeks sickness, she will leave soon for a 3 weeks vacation with her family in St. Paul, Minn., ... Romance in the making, Tech Schooler Charles GOLLEY is pretty attentive to a certain ALBERTA FRANCIS, and TOM MOXLEY is casting all his votes for GLORIA BROWN... Dr. DON SMITH, flight student JEAN SMITH's pappy, was among visitors, as were CHARLEY TUCKER and SHERDON WELLS, as well as our old standbys Mable Pyott, Betty McShane and June Tinsley. P. S. Jimmie Kees has taken his physical for the Naval Air Corps.

**SCORES**

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**ABOUT THE MIAMI TENNIS TEAM,** word comes that the Miami Team will definitely go to Carlstrom Field in the near future to play that long anticipated match with the Arcadia lads.
DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
por P. A. de la Rosa

Desde hace varias semanas estamos enviando esta publicación a nuestros amigos del "Sur de la Frontera" y nos sería grato saber si está llegando a sus manos debidamente. Una tarjeta postal o carta les sería altamente agradecida. Sirvanse enviar su comunicación al Sr. P.A. de la Rosa, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N.W. 27th., Ave., Miami, Florida, EE. UU. de América.

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La escuela de aviación Embry-Riddle, en su deseo de mantener la instrucción marchando paso con el progreso de la industria, ha estado preparando material para la enseñanza visual, que es el método más moderno y eficaz. Se ha calculado que una buena fotografía ahorra diez mil palabras y es un hecho probado de que la vista recoge impresiones más rápidamente que el oído. Las películas cinematográficas que se utilizarán, son la última palabra en sujetos de aviación y acaban de ser puestas al mercado. Una de las mayores compañías de la industria del celulóide en cooperación con el museo nacional de Washington, la Smithsonian Institution, que tiene el museo de aviación más completo del mundo entero, acaba de editar una película de aviación que cubre los puntos más importantes del desarrollo del arte del vuelo, desde el vuelo de los saurios de alas membranosas del principio de la prehistoria hasta los enormes navíos volantes del presente siglo. Otras de las películas parlantes de aviación, han sido editadas recientemente por una compañía norteamericana que se dedica exclusivamente a las películas de ciencias para instrucción en escuelas.

Este método de instrucción visual acorta grandemente las explicaciones del instructor y es mucho menos tedioso que el procedimiento antiguo de explicaciones detalladas, pues de un solo golpe de vista es posible asimilar el contenido de varias páginas impresas. Por ejemplo, en la explicación de la teoría del vuelo, el movimiento de la corriente de aire, impregnada de humo, alrededor de un plano aéreo, da una idea clara y rápida del sujeto presentado. Las fotografías hablan un idioma universal y por lo tanto estas películas serán muy ventajosas para el estudio de las materias de aviación por estudiantes de la América del Sur.
TRAVELING WITH THE EDITOR
By "Bud" Belland

Sad, sad event in Ye Editor's life was the graduation of British Cadet Class 42-B! ... We drove up Friday with Publicity Man WARREN SMITH, and wished we hadn't! ... Saying "Goodbye" is particularly distasteful to Ye Editor, and particularly so because there were so many super swell gents among the boys and so many of them had become our intimate friends. However, as the chappies themselves said, "We hate to leave Carlstrom and all our friends here, but after all, the quicker we leave here, the quicker we can finish our training and get back to 'the job' over home!" Which is a pretty good example of the British lads as a whole, and they refused to say "goodbye", - it was "Cherrio, we'll see you again!" It's our one big hope that we may someday take advantage of the many invitations we have to visit the boys at their homes in England, "after it's over."

Friday evening there was a grand dinner-dance and "concert" by and for the graduating class. (This is well covered by Lee Harrell in the Carlstrom Field News.) What Lee didn't tell was the names of the lovely girls there as guests of the cadets, and now that 42-B is gone, we'll pass on these names for reference to the incoming classes - from Sarasota were Kay Kanell, Hellan Hereford, Olive Thomas, Marianne Higgins, Marian Matherly, Carmen Mozelle, Virginia Brooks, Natalie Sullivan, Maribell Meriweather, Mrs. Grace Howard and Margaret Thorpe; from Ft. Myers, Eleanor Halgrim, Joyce Turner and Mr. and Mrs. Paul K. Weatherly. Plenty of good looking Arcadia girls present, too, but if the boys haven't already met them, they don't deserve to be introduced here!

Purposefully, we have not said too much about the 42-B lads leaving for fear we might become too sentimental about the whole thing, however, with all sincerity, we have enjoyed knowing the boys, to them we wish all best luck in the world! And to all the lads, too, we say "Many thanks" for the wonderful farewell present given us from Class 42-B by Cadet Captain "Saint" Peter E. Tickner, it will be one of our most cherished possessions and a constant reminder of all the "lads"!!

- 17 -
Speaking of the Cadet Captain, Class 42-C now becomes "Upper Class", and will soon have its own Cadet Captain and other Cadet Officers. We already have a pretty good idea whom these chaps will be, but will leave it to be announced officially by the Class 42-C correspondents, J. A. Sykes and Eric "Pancho" Hall who will take over the job of covering their class activities for the Fly Paper. - Carry on, Lads, "Get Eager!"

Late Saturday morning, Warren Smith and Ye Editor drove on down to Riddle Field at Clewiston for a short visit with the "Rebels" and found them flying off an auxiliary field due to construction work on the main field. And had a wonderful piece of luck, talking to old friend flight instructor TOMMIE TEATE, as he sat in his ship about to take off, we asked him and his student to turn around for a picture... and then the student said, "Are you Mr. Balland, - I'm Mr. Cassidy." Well, doggone, he was the main reason we stopped in at Clewiston, to see G. J. Cassidy and ask him to continue writing for the Fly Paper. A swell lad, we'd say, and he will continue to write for us, giving out more of that copy that sounds more like P. G. Wodehouse than Wodehouse himself. Very good stuff, and we're looking forward to it!

At the main field, we met HOWARD SCHOOLEY, no relation to Dot in the Main Office, who is Steward at the Mess Hall, and who will act as our circulation manager around Riddle Field, also, in our hasty visit, we talked GEORGE MAY into being our Instructor correspondent, George used to own his own newspaper, you know, and he ought to be a cracking good man for the job...

Time's a wasting, and we're already way past our deadline, but we do want to take just a minute to say to all the "gang" at Riddle Field who were pulled from the completed luxury of Carlstrom Field and plunked down into the middle of a new field under construction, "Keep your chins up!" Construction is being rushed to completion as quickly as possible, and Riddle Field will soon be as fine a lay-out as is Carlstrom! Meanwhile, it should be fun to watch the transformation from the hurly-burly of a madhouse construction camp into one of the finest flying fields in the
world, you can be a part of this achievement thru your cooperation, and while it's happening, everything possible will be done for your amusement and comfort. Carry on!

* * *

TECH SCHOOL AND MAIN OFFICE

Here it is 11:00 o'clock Monday morning and none of our Tech School or Main Office correspondents have "crashed thru", what to do?...Oh, well, here goes, anyway,

BEST STORY is one we can't print, it seems as tho one of our young bachelors is all primed to announce his engagement to a young lady we all know right well, and is just waiting to have a momenstus conference with "Pappy"...for not mentioning any names at this time, he promises us a complete story in the near future...

Maybe this should be under Municipal News, but among recent visitors there were old friends ROCCO FAMILIGETTI and BOB CRIMES...both lads, former flight students, have joined the U.S. Army Air Corps...leaving us in the near future for the Army, is DENNIS C. COCHRAN, a carpenter in the Building Maintenance department...

NEW STUDENTS at the Tech School include Julius Volk, Coral Gables, Glen Martin Foster, Lexington, Ky., Robert E. Pierson, Charles M. Storck and James B. Williams, Lake Worth, all taking Sheet Metal; Harold M. Bowers taking Aircraft Engines; J. T. Coyle taking Airline Maintenance; Leo E. Swanson, John W. Palmer, John Hurley, Jr. and Thomas F. Crawford, taking Instrument Technician courses; Erhardt E. Pedersen, West Palm Beach and Norman Pulliam, taking Welding; and Walter Moss from West Palm Beach, taking Aircraft Drafting and Design. Welcome in, studes, is there a good newspaperman among you?? If so, see Ye Editor!

* * *

AND A NOTE FROM GUARD BILL WILLIAMS, "Our friend Jim McShane sprang this one on us last night. He said that the one about the apples in last weeks Fly Paper was a push over, nothing to it, but we should try to figure this one out. 'If a man walked south 5 miles from camp, turned
East and walked 5 miles, at which point he shot a bear, then walked 5 miles back to camp, what color was the bear? Well, he has the whole School nuts trying to figure this one out, so please put it in the Fly Paper and see what the readers can do with it."

"* * *"

Just visiting us in the office was ROBERT H. POWELL, of the Astna Life Insurance Company...Lieut. Burgin recently got Bob his first airplane flight with Jack Wantz, and now Bob is all hepped up about learning to fly...

"* * *"

While we were typing the first page of this section, secretary KATHERINE BRUCE went out and did some 'interviewing' with the following results,-

From H. E. Richter: C. C. Carpenter, one of our former students now employed by the Glenn L. Martin Co., Baltimore has informed us by letter that he is doing fine and has just received his first raise in pay, an increase of 3.10 per hour. He has two men working under him and only needs 24,998 more and he will be top-man.

The students in Aircraft sheet metal dept. are experiencing something new in the way of projects. We are checking the students on the new sheet metal and riveting courses as set up and revised by B. E. Brierton of Pan American engineering Dept. and approved by Lee R. Malmston, Director of Embry-Riddle technical division and which are proving to be a great help in furthering their knowledge in aircraft construction. We also have a very attractive sheet metal sign for our dept. for which we wish to thank the students who had a part in assembling it.

McShane: Professor McShane tells us that he had four graduates in the Line maintenance course who left for Arcadia Saturday afternoon. (Radford, Collins, Weaver, and Keith) All four students passed with excellent grades.
MENTIONING MUNICIPAL
By Jack Hobler

Whew! What a Party! Maybe it isn't journalistic cricket to make headlines of last week's big event, but we're just bursting with a lot of so-called Post Mortems on the affair. To begin with, we heartily agree with Ye Ed's glowing summary and remarks that even such inclement weather couldn't deter us from making it the success it was. Still we have a little private beef of our own against the meteorological set-up, for we had planned a bit of a surprise treat to the aquatic-minded. Had the sun shone in its usual Florida glory, Earl Clark - the National AAU fancy diving champion - was going to give us an exhibition in the pool. That it would have been worth seeing we can readily guarantee you, but -- what's past is past, and since we personally had such a wonderful time, we can't kick too much. It was the first such festival for a lot of the folks there, and one of them - Phil Stiles - made the following remark that we think may be as much truth as jest: If more people were acquainted with our Parties, Embry-Riddle would have a quantity of applicant-students and employees comparable to Inauguration Day crowds. There's a bit of thought in that, mostly along this line. There is no better way to meet so many of the "gang" and really find out what a swell bunch makes up this organization, from our beloved boss right down to the lowliest line boy or office runner. The light, bantering conversation includes plenty of shop talk, but it's of a highly interesting and colorful nature, reflecting the pleasant conditions under which we work rather than the usual flat, dryness that characterizes shop talk in other lines of business. After all, aviation is a business - becoming a grim business with a definitely serious purpose - but never in our personal experience have we seen the whole-hearted co-operation, the unstinting pitching-in to do the job at hand, that we find so eminently displayed by Embry-Riddle's entire personnel. Under the pressure of the growing demands on our business, we work hard and steadily, but we play just as hard, and what's so important, we enjoy both equally. There is no metamorphosis of character; each man's make-up is essentially the same in the festive setting of the Party as it is in a plane teaching a student, in a Ground School classroom, in the shop overhaul-
ing an engine, or in an office wading through the intricate maze of correspondence, invoices, and records. We can't affect a transition because we live our work; it's our whole being. Besides the monetary income, we also derive enjoyment and education from it. The Party is just an occasion when we can all get together to recount our daily experiences to the rest of the gang, amid the pleasant, sociable atmosphere of playtime, dinner, and dancing. It's a sort of family celebration, or reunion and we're always glad to welcome new members. Attaching all this importance to our gala social affairs seems to impress on us a little responsibility, doesn't it? Well, it does, although we may not be actually conscious of it, for we always try to make each Party better than the one before.

* * *

Well, enough of the philosophical stuff. Our Operations Chief, Charlie Barnhardt, has just returned from his vacation to entrain for Detroit, where he will pick up a new Stinson Voyager and fly it back to Municipal. That's a nice trip, Charlie, and we certainly wish we were going with you.

* * *

Chenault Elmore had a little excitement around here the other night when Van Burgin phoned that the cabin Fairchild was to be made ready for immediate flight to West Palm Beach on the mercy errand of speeding some blood up there for a transfusion. The ship was being used for night flying instruction at the time, and Chenault was all in a dither trying to call the Tower to radio the plane to land at once. His wails of, "How'm I going to get that ship down?" were interrupted by Charlie Barnhardt's call that the flight to W.P.B. was just cancelled.

* * *

We're all glad to see Roger Carley back at Municipal again after spending most of the summer at the Seaplane Base. We also welcome Hal Ball to our list of instructors.

* * *

What a shock we got Friday afternoon when we reported for work! Our beloved stockroom - that cozy little cubicle filled with aircraft materials, parts, and tools, and fragrant with fumes of dope and thinner - was undergoing a change of face. Both Les Bowman's desk and ours were piled high with catalogues, instruments, ailerons, control cables, sun glasses, and heaven knows what not. Carpenters were busy...
enlarging the pilots' lockers and parachute racks, putting in new tiers of shelves, and building a new rack for parts and supplies. Now if Ed China will only see fit to install a couple of blonde secretaries, we'll have us a real office.

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We spent a very interesting and educational afternoon at the home of Frank van Marlen, the genial gent who repacks all our parachutes. Van has just built himself a drying loft and packing tables, and with pardonable pride gave us a pretty thorough demonstration of his equipment and its use in the art of keeping the silk canopies in condition. Incidentally, Van is perfectly willing, and almost anxious, to have anyone interested drop in and watch him at work; he extends the invitation to the entire company to come down at any time and see for themselves how a chute is packed, inspected and cared for. Just let us know when you want to go, and we'll arrange for you to spend an afternoon that will be well worth your while.

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Party Post Mortems: --- Vern (C3) Wunnenberg trying to fit his old-fashioned two-step to Louis Hatch's hot rhumbas. --- Mrs. Shuptrine finally learning the secret of Earl's "devotion" to Cub #6. --- Van Burgin expressing the animated desire to learn the conga. --- Ed Hurley promising our date he'd put aside his coveralls for a gingham apron and bake her an angel-food cake. --- The Jack Wantzes eagerly anticipating their first house guest, Roy Kunkel. --- Talking over old times at Arcadia with Lt. George Ola, U.S.A.C. --- Yard Bird George Eckart regaling the gang with tales of Carlstrom Field, where he's instructing now. --- Bob Marshall coming to the party twice, and evidently enjoying it both times. --- Lynelle Rabun displaying jitterbug qualities we never knew were in him. --- Les Bowman and Charlie Bestoo, suave and handsome with their charming wives, the first time we've ever seen either of these gentlemen in anything but coveralls. (These Parties certainly are enlightening.) --- Self-professed "Woman Hater" Warren Keller finally succumbing to the attraction of feminine beauty and companionship. --- Running into Bob Towscon, Athletic Director of Carlstrom Field, at the pool in the afternoon, and then looking for him, unsuccessfully, all evening for a confab. --- Mrs. Riddle gently chiding
us about our correspondence with Jack Hunt's daughter, the lovely Clara Louise. --- The Boss's slow smile and quietly sincere "Having a good time? Everything all right? Enjoying yourself?" -- a calm in the storm of whirling gaiety and fun-making.

* * *

Well, so long until next week. We didn't mean to get so profound and sentimental at the beginning of this column, but the subject is one that never fails to impress us, as well as everyone else, and we couldn't resist the urge to elaborate a little on it.

PRELUDE TO DEPARTURE

By G. J. Cassidy, RAF Cadet

I am writing this under great difficulties. One eye and one fist manipulates a bridge hand upon which I have recklessly called "three no trumps", the remaining eye and fist sorts out my socks, neckties and natty suitings preparatory to packing for Clewiston.

I detest packing. My usual practice is to stride to the wardrobe, grab my loose clothing and thrust it all into my suitcase. When I unpack I am enabled almost invariably to compliment myself on my taste, while reflecting that it would perhaps have been better to have brought shoes that paired.

My attention, however, is diverted from the packing and the bridge game by a sudden sound of anguish that comes floating up on the night air. It agitates me so much that I finesse a trick I had won already from dummy. When I see my partner glaring at me I realize that it can only be the Clewiston Dance Band in the first throes of rehearsal. That is why, (I reflect) I haven't heard the bullfrogs this evening.

The bridge game continues. A very jazzy sock slips the blockade and drops into my kitbag by mistake, as I call a happy "five clubs". My partner winces noticeably at the sock, and still more at the call. (My corsairing methods of cardplaying take the wind out of his sails, he says.)

The door opens and Brian Keady, Irish and erratic, comes in. "What do you think of this cartoon?" he asks. "Oh marvellous," I say, trumping my own trick. Keady is the staff artist for WALLPAPER, the Unit's weekly newspaper, and he is frightfully keen and a tireless worker. I am just frightfully keen. "I say", he says, "How is this week's Wallpaper
THE "REBELS"
Moving from Carlstrom to Clewiston!

by Brian Keady
coming along?" "Oh marvelous," I reply, "We only want another half-dozen cartoons." "O.K." he says, "I'll bring 'em back in another half-hour or so." "Funny ones," I call after him as he goes out.

My partner fixes me with a baleful stare. "Do you realize that we are two thousand points down?" I didn't realize. "How much is that?" I ask. "Five cents" he says, and then calls "six diamonds" on an information bid of "two spades" that I throw out.

The door opens. In comes a worried individual. He carries a camera in one hand and a long list of names in the other. The bridge game stops again. "Anyone interested in a camera?" asks the newcomer with forced cheerfulness, "I'm raffling it. Only 25¢ a time." We nod significantly at one another. "Aha", we say, "the shutter's broken." He protests vehemently, and shows us a snap he took over the weekend. We look it over and our eyes brighten. "Isn't she lovely?" We understand why he has to raffle his camera. A weekend makes terrible depredations on one's pocketbook.

The room quietens down again. Bidding at normal altitudes succeeds a somewhat tempestuous period during which I lose another three cents. Then the door instead of my opponents, slams again.

This marks a graceful and practised entrance by one of the pillars of theatrical wisdom in which this place abounds. "Would you be interested" he commences, "in a little project I am about to inaugurate?" My partner hides behind a Tampa Straight smokescreen. "And that is?" I ask cautiously. "A pantomime at Christmas?" he answers. "Six no trumps," call my opponents taking advantage of my preoccupation. "I sell a very good program," I reply guardedly. The impresario gushes his gladness and makes a magnificent exit. The bridge game continues far into the night.

* * *

Life is looking up at Clewiston.

CARLSTROM FIELD RAI NEWS

By Arthur Lee Harrell

BRITISH CADET CLASS 42-E moves outward, and "basically" upward, from Carlstrom Field this week leaving behind the memory of happy times and the creation of many new friendships. "D" and "E" flights also leave behind them a most enviable record. Flying nearly 3,000 hours, mostly in weather not exactly conducive to safe flying and with practically a negligible physical damage to equipment, the two flights graduated 74% of their original trainees.

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Despite their difficulty in mastering the more advanced flying maneuvers, such as the S turn, the future RAF'ers showed their instructors an eagerness and such a determination to become "hot pilots" that the instructor staff became imbued with a patience and tenacity seldom found in "yankee" pilots.

Certainly no little credit should go to the Flight Commanders, Gordon Mougey and Roscoe Brinton, and their assistants George Cochrane and Boots Frantz. Inaugurating the "shift to Parker", "carrier" landings and their "play it safe" but "Keep 'em Flying" instead of too much "meeting" time, these flight leaders created an "esprit de Corps" that will certainly prove of value to future flights.

LAUGH OF THE WEEK was given by those two inimical imitators of any and everything that goes on at Carlstrom, Cadets Wellspring and Jock Prain. During one of the Red and White flag hours, the two lads climbed aboard one of the idle PTs and, for the benefit of bystanders, gave a graphic exhibition of the proper method of instructing in the art of acrobatics.

With "instructor" Wellspring in the front cockpit and Stupid Student Prain in the rear, they proceeded through a series of maneuvers. The movements of the control surfaces and of the heads of the pilots was realistic enough to make you believe that the ship wasn't still on the ground.

However it seems that the "instructor" had some difficulty getting student Prain to "get that right wing up," or that "nose Down", and to hold correct R.P.M. and even used strong language, (something that is, of course, never used by real life instructors). The student became disgusted. Crawling out on the wing he conked the instructor and "bailed" out. My, my, such impatience!

SORRY WE HAD TO MISS the Miami party. From what we hear we really missed something.

THE MARCH OF TIME pictures taken at Carlstrom and at Sarasota were shown at the local theatre Saturday morning, the local Gables and Grabbles being shown to very good advantage. The long arms of Slim North directing a student to "return to Carlstrom", the explanations of ground

(Continued on Page 14)
THE SOLUTION OF A CELESTIAL TRIANGLE MAY BE GREEK TO YOU, .... BUT IT'S SIMPLE BY STREAMLINED MODERN NAVIGATION METHODS. KNOWING HOW OPENS UP MANY RICH OPPORTUNITIES IN TODAY'S AVIATION.... ASK ABOUT EMBRY-RIDDLE NAVIGATION COURSES—ENROLL FOR THE NEXT CLASS.