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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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All old readers of the Fly Paper, and friends of The Editor, will breathe a sigh of relief to know that we finally got a new car, - not that we didn't like the super paint job that Jake Lacina, Jim McShane and the rest of the Aircraft Department lads in Miami gave us - nor did we object to the fact that nothing on the car worked but the horn - nor were we embarrassed when a moth flew out of the motor - what really got us was driving into the Main Office the other day, as fast as the old bus'd go, - and looking out the window, we saw one of these little yellow butterflies passing us!

That, friends, was the last straw. - Tuesday we went out and bought a new car; went down to the Ace Letter Service to make sure that the Fly Paper had been properly "put to bed", - and headed out N. W. 7th Avenue, thinking to save a few miles on the grind to Clewiston and Arcadia. However, for the benefit of others driving between our bases, please be advised that the road between Route 26 and Ft. Lauderdale is under construction, necessitating a rough and rugged detour thru the back country. The best route seems to be Road #26 through Hialeah.
EDITORIAL

RECREATION

"What," someone asked us recently, "is the idea of all these swimming pools, tennis courts, dinner-dances and parties? What are you running, a flying school or a country club?"

Ah, - that was a question well put, - the answer is that we are running a complete flying school, - and the recreational program is a definite part of our curriculum, - it being as important to maintain good student-employee health and morale as it is to have good tools, airplanes and other mechanical equipment. After all, in the aviation game it's a 50-50 proposition, - man is no better than material - material is no better than man - each must be perfect, - and failure of either one might result in the destruction of both.

And that is why we try to maintain a balanced recreational program at our bases, - aviation work is a specialist's job, - overhauling a motor, adjusting delicate instruments, teaching or being taught how to fly, packing parachutes, inspecting and servicing equipment, - every single job important, - vital to someone's safety! A human life is in your hands and a tired mind in a tired body cannot give that very last ounce of reliability and dependability that we must have in every branch of aviation.

When you are working, - work like

----- - and when the day's done, let down, relax, go for a swim, knock a golf ball around, play some tennis or cards, dance, meet new people, - it'll rest your mind, give you a new perspective on life, - and when the next day comes around, you'll be keen, alert and more able to "Keep 'em Flying" - Safely!
Arriving in Clewiston at 7:15, we headed for the Inn, and up to Bob Johnston's room, which he shares with Jimmie Cousins. Bob has been promoted to Flight Commander of Flight 2, and looked like he's been working mighty hard on it. "It's not," said Bob, "flying double schedules that gets us,- we all like the flying end of it,- but walking all over this big field certainly whips one down." A Coke, cigarette and some conversation during which Bob sent best wishes to all the gang in Miami, and then down stairs just in time to meet Jack Crummer and his lovely wife, George May and Jimmie Cousins, joining them for dinner.

Aside from the fact that these fellers, too, were "tired" (they all flew double schedules on Tuesday) the dinner table conversation was pretty keen...adding to our information, which we knew but hadn't realized, Riddle Field at Clewiston is four times as big as Carlstrom Field in Arcadia,- two miles square, with the building area in the exact middle of the field... when the project is completed, the big field will be divided into four smaller fields each 1 mile square, enabling incoming planes to land, taxi to the hangar, change students and take off from the opposite 1 mile square field, thus completely eliminating traffic hazards and unnecessary taxiing...wotta field,- whatta plan,- they say it is one of the biggest fields in the world!...laugh of the evening came in the form of a telegram to Jack from Peter and Mary Brooks,- something about a mess of fried shrimp,- or something!

The housing situation in Clewiston came in for much discussion,—about a dozen of the instructors are living at the already crowded Clewiston Inn, which maintains a year-round rate of $2.50 for room with bath, but the majority of the gang have already rented up the few available houses or are "rooming" with the local citizens at rates ranging from $15. to $50. per month. There appear to be adequate accommodations in private rooms for the single employees,- but married men with families are pretty much on the spot. A smart builder would have no difficulty in selling or leasing in advance a group of smart, low cost houses,- and in view of
our field at Clewiston and the expansion planned by the U. S. Sugar Corp. there would probably be a steady future market justifying an investment in such houses...

Taking our "constitutional" after dinner, about a 300 foot walk to the Seminole Drug Store, we met Dr. Don Robbins, Frank Frugoli, Dick Granere, Johnnie Cockrill and Harry Lehman heading for home and bed,— at 8:30; inside, having milkshakes, were instructors J. H. Touchton (who, we hear, is so unhappy about having mail sent 'postage due'), Frank Deregibus and Tom Carpenter... Tom, we learned, took his Commercial Refreshers course at Cleveland last winter with JIMMIE WYNNE, the Chief Control Tower operator at Miami Municipal... and had many nice things to say about Jimmie....! Across from our table were Homer Taylor, Tech School Grad, and Darrel Curtis, Maintenance Crewmen, and Ray Morders, still trying to figure out who put that turtle in his room at the Arcadia House... and who was it, during the course of the evening, that told us of "Gillie's" love for snakes,— and how they were planning to give him one for Xmas??

Admitting that we had no place to stay,— Frank Deregibus took over, remembered an empty bed, and off we went to see Bob Hosford, finding him already in bed and asleep... Epic awakening... Deregibus to Hosford, "Hey, Bob!"... shaking him brutally... "Wake up! You know Bud Belland?"... Hosford, without opening his eyes, "Yeah. He's a famous author."... Short pause while Ye Editor expands,— and then, from Hosford, "Clarence Buddington Kelland."... which properly deflated our ego again,— but there was a bed, and we got it, together with a good night's sleep, but not until Bob Hosford had showed us pictures of his beautiful wife and two grand children,— with justifiable pride!

In our usual ignorant manner,— up at 5:05 a.m., out to the Field, tripping over piles of building material and guy wires, eating a hasty breakfast in the Mess Hall with Dick, Harry, Frank, Bob and John,— and scooting for the flight line just in time to see the "weather ship" take off into a beautiful Florida sunrise. In the temporary Pilot's Ready Room it seemed pretty much like an old time reunion,— many of the old gang there,— and everyone, it seemed, had a story they wanted printed here,— prize of them all concerns T. N. T. (Dynamite Taylor and the story he gave out to the Tampa newspaper reporter when he landed there on our famous "Hurricane Flight"... was he pulling the inquiring reporter's leg,— or did T. N. T. really believe that he could see the hurricane coming???

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About this time the Weather Ship came in, reporting a light ground fog to the north and east, and up went the White Flag, designating Dual Flight only... it was an inspiring sight to see the instructors and students pair off, hoist their 'chutes over shoulders and begin the long trek to their ships... we joined up with Tommie Teate and C. J. Cassidy and stood by while they "fired up", adjusted the hood for Cassidy's first crack at "blind Flying" and made a beautiful take-off, then walked back to the operations hut with Sid Burt, another of Tommie's students, and talked to Vic Watson, who wants Ed China to get them a piano for the Clewiston Group orchestra, Bern Sims, Peter Clayton and many more of the British Cadets. Discussing mileage in the new car, we learned that gasoline sells for 50¢ a gallon in England,— and the tax is 20¢ per gallon. Also, strict rationing is in effect,— when the chaps left home, it was six gallons a month for a 10 horsepower car,— which is equivalent to 25 H.P. in America and is similar to the American Bantam or Austins... and we should kick about the gas stations closing at 7:00 p.m.: Eventually the White Flag came down, and all the lads left us for their Solo flights.

Most excitement on the line Wednesday morning was the first Cadet to solo a Basic Trainer,— an honor going to George C. Griffin,— congrats to George, and also to his instructor, "Woody" Edmonson who followed right up by soloing his other three students on Basic,— H. O. Williams, A. Bradshaw and V. C. Bolan,— nice going!... In the Operations Hut we met Oliver "Ollie" Lynch, Basic Dispatcher on Flight #1... and another gent much in evidence was Paul Stout, Flight #2 Dispatcher... who was running around with his flight records and a big alarm clock... "Hey, Paul,— was that alarm clock to keep time or to keep you all awake?" Senior Dispatcher, in charge of Flight #3, is Art Brown, whom we didn't meet but hope to on our next trip.

WALKING DOWN THE FLIGHT LINE,— met Bob Thompson and our old friend from the CPT programs at Miami Municipal, DONALD DAY, up for an instructor check-out... they all seem to come back to the School,— and we're glad of it... running a 50 hour inspection on BT-111 were Earl Boatwright and Hubert Radford who showed us the "chemical spark plugs" used to draw any trace of moisture out of the motor... or so they told us... and doing a
25 hour inspection on BT-260 were Bob Ohlinger, Bill Collins and Frank Close...Tech School grads Bob Saxon and Norwood Latimer walking down the line...and we learned that Joe and "Tiny" Frank Concannon had just bought a new Luscomb and were going to keep it at the field to build up their flight time... assigned to the 50 hour check crew on PTs are Frank Concannon, Bob Reese, Homer Taylor and Jim Groves...the 25 hour check crew includes Ed Peters, Frank Pennock and Orrie Songer, a new man just in from Tampa...

We found Ray Hill making one of those "cussid" Wind Tees... ask any pilot... up to this time they've been using a PT parked into the wind...probably the only $11,000 wind tee in existence... Ray is a native of Moore Haven, now a member of the Line Crew, he is scheduled to be transferred to Maintenance in the near future... and LAUGHS on the whole trip was the beautiful big sign, set in the middle of nowhere, - "POSITIVELY NO SMOKING WITHIN 50 FEET OF HANGAR!" ... Okay, we bite - what hangar? ... But the steel IS on its way and should be in Clewiston this week.

L. M. Hutson, Superintendent of Maintenance, introduced us to Russell Donor, who will write Maintenance News for the Fly Paper, assisted by Frank Concannon and Ed Peters, - with typing by Katherine Minges... and then showed us the two new Swamp Buggies... not things of any particular beauty but mighty serviceable locking wagons for trips into the swamps... there is NO truth to the rumor that they will be used for duck hunting this fall,- but there is much evidence to substantiate the story that Captain Len Povey and Lt. Freeman have been the official "testers" on those mechanical monstrosities...

Entering an office marked "Director of Flying", and looking carefully behind a big desk and bigger cigar, we found G. Tyson,- working like-- --! Running a flight school is a big job,- but running a big flight school, - well, that's a plenty tough job! ... But G. Tyson has been "Keeping 'em Flying", - overcoming every obstacle and winning the friendship and cooperation of the entire personnel,- for which he deserves
every bit of praise within our ability to bestow! ... Busy as he was, he knocked off for a moment to "chat" and we learned that the barracks would all be completed by Friday; the Canteen and School Building would be completed by this Monday; and next on the program was concentration on the Administration Building, which should be completed by the end of October ... Also, Ernie Smith, Don Robbins and Ray Morders are leaving the 18th for the Army Basic Field at Macon, Ga., where they will take a two weeks course in special basic training procedure... and good news for all of us the return of our old friend Wing Commander Ken Rampling, who has been assigned to Clewiston for an indefinite stay. Welcome back!

After a quick, but good, lunch in the Mess Hall, where we met Grant Baker, another CPTPer from Miami Municipal, and Bob Porter, registering for flight jobs, we picked up Keene Langborne and Frank Dereibus to take them to Carlstrom Field to bring back Woody Emmonson's Waco "F". Taking the back road into Carlstrom, we drove west towards Ft. Myers, turning north at Boyds Corner, just 12 miles out of Ft. Myers, and covered the 23 miles of dirt road in record (not over 50 mph) time... this route saves about 18 to 20 miles between Clewiston and Carlstrom, is okay in dry weather but should NOT be tried during the rainy season!

Coming into Carlstrom from the "back door", as it were, is certainly impressive... miles before we got there, the air seemed filled with training planes... and as we drove into sight of the field we got our first good look at the completed setup in daylight, - a beautiful set-up, and inspiring enough to make anyone proud to be a part of such a great organization... first person we met on the Flight Line was British Cadet P. L. Green (not Greer) who told us that the lads were all pleased with our "problems" in the Fly Paper, and promised to send in some that had stumped them,- he'd send the question,- but not the answer... that's not fair! Then Nate Reece came by, told us that Ray Fahringer was in California, but he'd unlock our room for us---and did he?... He did NOT, but Housekeeper Davis took care of that,- so all is forgiven, Nate!
Walking towards the Canteen we passed Sterling Camden, Doug Hocker, Bruce Catlin, George Dudley, "Squire" Tom Gates, in charge of Dorr Field, and who promised to get us an Instructor Correspondent to "cover" Dorr, Lieut. Jim Beville and Jim Burt,— all "going places"... in the Canteen we spotted first Charlie Fulford and then Charles Close, two more CPTPers... Close just got in from the University of Florida, following his decision to give up higher education for active participation in the defense training program as a flight instructor... we bought a loose leaf note-book, with leaves so loose that we have lost most of them,— stored our stuff in "Our Room" in the barracks and headed for Arcadia where we met Lee Harrell, went to the Corner drugstore for a "Coke" and at long last met the famous Carl "Snake" Dunn,— a pleasure indeed. Shortly thereafter George and Val Eckart joined us,— and about this time we became the uninvited 13th guest at one of the best rib roasts we've ever imagined......... remind us to check with the Table Supply Store in Arcadia to find out what they do to those ribs to give them that wonderful flavor... we still don't know who our "host" was, but, thanks, anyway... among those present were Margaret Heid, Billy McRae, Elizabeth Ingram, S. E. Harrison, Viola Dickhart, Lee Harrell, Joyce Tow, Jack Dozier, Roberta Dudley, Ralph Cuthbertson, Lauretta Dickhart and Lt. Jack Pinkerton... and so home to bed...to find that the ever alert guards at Carlstrom had locked our room again!... and we had to chase down Officer of the Day, Chuck Zeman to unlock for us.

About the next morning,— we did NOT get up at 4:55! In fact, we got up just in time to catch a late breakfast; how late we won't mention! Then arranged with Lieut. Jack Pinkerton, who handles public relations
for Dorr Field, to secure for us one of the American flight cadets to write a weekly story for the Fly Paper... met ABE THORNE, a new instructor refresher from Walden, N. Y., saw Lieut. W. B. Carpenter in Hangar #3 and learned that he will be married at the Presbyterian Church in Sarasota on Saturday, October 3rd, spending his honeymoon in Miami... the lucky gal is Fern M. Butt from his home town of Roanoke, Va., and culminates a three-year romance... Congratulations... talked to Johnnie Fradot, who asked us to tell the readers that he has FOR SALE, a 1937 Cub J-2, Continental 40 horse, dual ignition, just relicensed, for only $450, and "maybe less for cash"... and so, into the car again and back to Miami just in time to go bowling with the gang...

OH, YES,--- we knew there was something extra important on those note pages we lost,---Jack Gilder, Eric Hall and Alan Sykes cornered us and gave us a demand invitation to their next big show,-- scheduled at Carlstrom on October 31st... it'll be a combination dinner-dance, Hallowe'en masquerade ball, Class 42-C graduation party, plus the Show,--- fellers,-- we wouldn't miss it for the world... and hope that many from the Miami and Clewiston Bases are able to come, too!

Monday Morning: and a couple of post scripts we just remembered: the weather at Arcadia is "swell",-- just cool enough for good sleeping... and when we went into Operations at Carlstrom Thursday morning to repay Lee Harrell the dollar we'd borrowed from him, Clate Huff and "Curly" Brinton were bound and determined that we pay them,-- and they'd give Lee a receipt for prepayment of "fines"... incidentally, what happened to Harrell,-- no copy yet from Carlstrom,-- could it be that the little redhead from Miami Beach was too much for him????

* * *

WANNA JOB?

Come around twice a month and maybe the Boss'll let you help sign pay checks,-- that's a job in itself! Lucile Fox just called to give us the list of new employees hired during the past two weeks,-- bringing the total number to over 650! Looking over the list we find 14 whom we al-


Carlstrom: Instructors, J. E. Dorr, Harold Lee Hawk, William Henderson; Canteen Clerk, Helen Scribner; Assistant Chef, Harley Chester Hook; Waiters, Theodore James Jones, Clinton Nathanial Smith, Benjamin Joe, Joel Elvin Atkins, James Williams, Lucius Clinton Johnson, Charles Frederick Jones; Waitress, Flossie Ellen Pemberton; Helper Mess Hall, Willis Wesley Gaskin; Kitchen Help, Laster Dinck.

Clewiston: Flight Instructors, J. D. Racener, Donald Day; Communications Supt., Winfred Amos Matney; Mechanic, Earl Willis Boatwright, Mechanics Helper, Miles Thomas Bennett; Maintenance Helper, William G. W. Collins, Frank A. Close, Hubert T. Radford, Raymond Edgar Hill; Linemen, Sidney J. Strickland, W. R. Wilkinson, Lawrence Tindel, Ealy Starling, Andrew Shepard; Cleaning Crew, Amos Fruster, Benjamin Bradley, Mack H. Jones, Benjamin Handcock, Lucious Murray, Tommy Williams, Nathaniel Hunter; Janitor and Yard Maintenance, Evander B. Bethea; Janitors, Willie Thomas, E. L. Brannon; Cook, Pat Sullivan; Waiter, LeRoy Burgess; Dishwashers, Sylvester Humphrey, Henry Finch, Henry Lane, Judge Sloan; Stock Room Clerk in Mess Hall Stockroom, Charles Brass Owens; Stock Room Clerk in Post Supply, Theodore DeSoto Hooker; Timekeeper, Wallace Edwin Aiken; Stenographer, Nalva Shook Purden; Accounting Department, Annette Gantt; Physical Education Director, Owen George Moorhead; Guard, Luther Boatwright; Truck Driver, Cecil Leater McDuffie.

Dorr: Dispatcher, Broward William Bateman; Mechanic, Rollin Jay Park; Crew Chief, Conrad Wesley Harrison; Accountant, Joseph Leonard Albury, Jr.; Secretary, Alice Louise Dainwood.

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DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
por Philip A. de la Rosa

Hemos leído con sumo interés en una de las más acreditadas revistas de aviación publicadas aquí, que dos de los más destacados fabricantes de
automóviles, la Ford Motor Co., y la General Motors Corporation, quienes en la actualidad están dedicados a la producción de aviones militares, han anunciado que tienen intenciones de permanecer en el campo de la aviación, cuando termine la guerra actual. Ambas de estas importantes empresas están firmemente convencidas de que entonces habrá un gran mercado civil para los aviones ligeros, los cuales se han de producir en masa.

Con este fin ha sido diseñado un avión de cuatro plazas, con una velocidad de crucero de 150 millas por hora, que puede ser producido en cantidad a un precio de $1,500.00. - Este avión está impulsado por un motor de nuevo diseño, de cuatro cilindros, en forma de X, que pesa solamente 400 lbs., con un caballaje máximo de 200 H.P., usando gasolina corriente de automóvil, lo cual hace que su funcionamiento sea muy económico.

Según las propias palabras del Sr. Henry Ford - Vamos a continuar fabricando aeroplanos después de que termine la guerra. Miles de estos han de ser usados en el futuro... aeroplanos que se remontarán desde patios pequeños situados detrás de las viviendas. Estos aeroplanos han de suplementar al automóvil como medio de transporte y de viajes.

Todo esto concuerda con editoriales que hemos venido publicando en esta revista con relación a la esplendida promesa que ofrece el seguir una carrera en la industria de la aviación. En la Escuela de Aviación Embry-Riddle, podemos prepararlo en su propio idioma para poder aprovecharse de esta oportunidad sin precedente. Escribámos y le suministremos informes completos sobre nuestros cursos en materias de aviación. Esta institución ha sido puesta en la "Lista Aprobada" de escuelas de aviación en Washington, D. C., lo cual nos da permiso para admitir estudiantes Latinoamericanos sin contratiempos de inmigración, por todo el tiempo que les sea necesario para terminar el curso que escogan. Sirvase dirigir su comunicación a Philip A. de la Rosa, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Ave., Miami, Fla., U.S.A., y nos será grato atenderlo.

**TECH SCHOOL AND MAIN OFFICE**

**By Katheryn Bruce**

About this and that,— the day before Sheldon Wells left to get his bride-to-be, how come he wandered all over the School singing "Kiss Me Again"??

....and from the Aircraft Department, Jim McShane tells us that J. Haley, J. Donnell, E. Hayes and R. Waldron have all finished their line main-
Chief Welding Instructor Art BARR, Admiral, to you, takes his Swiss Navy Flagship for a spin in the Bay.

tenance course, and have reported to Arcadia for work...there were 33 graduates in this class,- and still they need more maintenance men at all the bases... Henry Pelton, former maintenance man at the Seaplane Base, has been transferred temporarily to the Tech School in order to help with the many repair jobs marked "RUSH"...

George Haffner, former Tech Stude, has accepted a position as instructor at the Thompson Aero Corp. in Ft. Lauderdale... and Bill Daniels, another of the Tech Alumni, came down from the Lakeland School of Aeronautics Saturday, parked his car in front of the Tower Hotel,- presto, when he came out it was GONE! ... Much, much later, the police found it in Coral Gables,- but not until Bill tore out most of his hair... among others, spending last week-end in Miami were Carl Sedlmayr, Dave Hard, Bill Collins and John Ordway... and just in was Dave Beatty from Lake Park, Fla.

Question of the Week,- how come Dot Schooley jumps every time the phone rings,— could it be love at last?... a couple of new studeas in Art Barr's welding class are Sol Dansky (former flight student at the Seaplane Base) and George Anderson....

Sad news is this memorandum from Don Watson to the Editor:
"Don't think it ain't been fun. I have enjoyed the association with you, your cute little weekly and the whole gang, but in times like these we must accept better offers when offered. You catch what I mean.

"On the whole, everything about the job for the past year has been okey-dokey and helping in a small way with the Fly Paper has been added fun and I am frank to admit it will be missed, that not doing the weekly stint.

"The grill will be finished soon and the barbecue for my friends here will still come off as per schedule. Come to think of it I have made some pretty good friends here and will miss them too but will keep in touch as much as possible.

"Keep the paper growing, son, and doing the good job you are. My very best to you, the staff and friends in the outfit.

Sincerely,
Don Watson"

And another memorandum to all students from Mr. Emmitt B. Varney, Assistant to the President: "Intercontinental Aircraft Corporation has asked us to cooperate in obtaining skilled sheet metal workers. We would greatly appreciate it if you would mention this fact to your friends who are not already in the aircraft industry. Please have them contact us as soon as possible because the need is immediate and great." - (Signed) E. B. Varney

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BOWLING NEWS, MIAMI AND ARCADIA

With only a few weeks left to play, Uncle Jim McShane swears up and down that Tech is still going to win the first spot in the bowling league. In response to last week's plea, he rounded up two more players, both good, Jim Culver and Ralph Reddick, Tech Students, and they're out to win. The Pilots, too, are "on the beam", winning two games and losing only one. Among visitors were Grace Mosher, who came with Jim Culver, and is no mean bowler in her own right, her average score is 204, and we're trying to talk her into "joining up", then there were our old standbys,
Gloria Brown and Alberta Francis, cheering you know who, and June Tinsley, Mable Pyott, Betty McShane, Buddie Brown and the "Mrs." and Lynelle Rabun, and Pat McGeehe. Scores for the evening were:

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And up Arcadia way, - the Alloys are open for the winter season, and all the gals are getting in practice. We understand the young ladies are going to enter a team in the league with the townspeople, the pilots and the pilots' wives, - should be good fun and we're watching for developments. Scores in the first practice games last Thursday were:

| Dellzell Sammon | 132 73 97 111 |
| Kay Bramlitt    | 116 155 151 128 (wow!) |
| Lydia Sammon    | 85 84 109 103 |
| Mozelle Cross   | --- --- 114 114 |

It is our sincere hope that we can take the winning Miani bowling team up to Arcadia for a "go 'round" with the Carlstrom Field group in a special tournament. That's something to look forward to, - meanwhile, "Bruz" Carpenter and Bob Towsen are still sparring around trying to pull off this tennis tournament scheduled for last month. Keep after it, fellers, we got a coke bot on that match!

* * *

WE HAD A PARTY!

After weeks of near starvation, the free lunch business is picking up for Yo Editor, - first it was the rib roast at Arcadia, - then Sunday evening, Bob and Dorothy "Toots" Green had us out for a hamburger fry. Among those present to enjoy the good food and fun were Sam "Mickey" Lighthouse, Jeanne Shaeffer, Bill and Lee Facetti, Martha Ann Robinson, Juanita Kile, Charles Tucker, Tommie Ackerman, Gordon and Jane Clerk,
"Robin" Powell and Ray Waddington. Ray, by the way, is a primary CPTP student at Municipal, and is going to take over the job of being CPTP correspondent for the Fly Paper. Swell gang and lots of fun!

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO R. A. F. CADETS AT CARLSTROM FIELD,— Ye Editor acknowledges, with many thanks, the excellent copy sent in by British Cadets ERIC HALL and ALAN SYKES, Class 42-C. Unfortunately, this copy was not cleared thru the proper channels and could not be used,— "Regulations, yuh know!" In the future, will all British Cadets please submit their copy to Lieut. Jim Beville for approval; in a like manner, American Cadets should submit their copy to Lieut. Jack Pinkerton. This procedure is necessitated by the critical world conditions,— "We can't be too Careful", and the Fly Paper does get around!

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LETTERS

Whenever we publish a letter from one of the "gang" we try always to include the address in the hope that it might inspire someone to write to an old friend,— everyone likes to get letters, and we hope that we do some good. Herewith, however, is a letter we'd particularly like to have some of the gang answer,— particularly the girls,— it was forwarded to us from Bob Johnston,— and is self-explanatory. From L. A. C. Harold Williams, R. A. F., Hut 13B, #33 S. F. T. S., Carberry, Manitoba, Canada:

"Dear Mr. Johnston, As you may know, from the snow of Canada to the sun of Florida, it is a long "hop", but when you talk in 'plane' language, it isn't so far. I hail from Manchester, England, and am part of the huge British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. I saw the article, or rather pictures in 'Click', and as I and my pals don't have much to do with our spare time, we hoped you would find us some 'air' pals from your ranks.

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"I have been in the R. A. F. for three years, as an A. G., and still think that flying is the thing. So if you would oblige a bunch of lonely guys with time on their hands (the nearest big town is Winnipeg 108 miles away) and pin this on your Flight Routine Board, we can look forward to receiving many pleasant letters in the near future.

"So carry on, U.S.A. Keep 'em Flying, we know the value of women pilots and hope that we may exchange some interesting letters with some of America's future pilots. So cheerio and happy landings.

Yours in anticipation,

HAROLD WILLIAMS."

What do you think, gang? Let's go to town and write these chaps a few letters! It won't take but a few minutes, and they'll really appreciate it!

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MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

By Jack Hobler

Hello, there, you lucky people - members of our E-R family and friends - we're back again. And before you get all up in the air over that "lucky people" crack, we're going to explain. You know, after reading Ye Bd's summary of the FLY PAPER'S growth during the past year, it started us to thinking. We've seen some of the first issues he spoke about, and believe us, they're a far cry from the nifty little magazine you get now. Those pioneer leaflets, while they embodied the principles of live, personal, friendly interest we still try to maintain, lacked both the present publication's scope and class. Of course, much of that improvement has been due to the company's expansion, but the by-products of that expansion are also responsible for the PAPER's present status. The necessary increase in personnel and its attendant increase in friends (you readers who aren't on the payroll) have contributed greatly to our success today. We have much more to write about and we have more people to do the writing. The PAPER owes a lot to each and every one of you, whose loyal support - both moral and physical - is a thing we're all deeply grateful for. We're gunning for more of these success-building factors, and we're darned sure we'll get them.

Discarding the journalistic "we" for a few minutes, I'm going to propose an orchid to our Editor, Bud Belland. There's a guy whose worth in efforts and results achieved are immeasurable. How many of you
folks have ever tried filling twenty-four pages with live items of fresh, universal interest again and again, week after week? Those of you who have know what I'm talking about, and those who haven't can take it from me that it's no Sunday-school picnic. It means gathering a variety of items, co-relating and co-ordinating them, and in many cases rewriting them so they're attractive to you, who read them. It means giving up a lot of leisure time, or recreation, even of sleep (in some cases) - all work. Yet I have never heard him complain. With each issue he takes on a bigger burden, but there's never a beef out of him.

His is all the worry and work, yet all he asks is co-operation - yours and mine. His reward, whether he knows it or not, is our high personal esteem, and the fact that he is the Editor of one of the finest, most widely read, international aviation periodicals of its kind in the world.

May I propose, then, a toast to the guiding spirit, the man so largely responsible for today's FLY PAPER, Bud Belland, and may I say I'm sincerely sorry I did not think of this in time for last week's copy, the anniversary issue, where it would have been most fitting that this tribute be paid.

To get back to you "lucky people", I want to be included among you. You are lucky you get this nifty little magazine each week, without any cost to you but your friendship, and I am lucky in being able to serve you as one of the editorial staff. I am very grateful.

* * *

As long as we're dealing with personal merits, we're going to explain why a lot of us out at Municipal are looking a little bit sad these days. Briefly, Harry Rinchart is leaving the company until next summer. Harry is the cheerfully smiling, good-looking gent who works in the Main Office accounting department. His affiliation with Municipal is by virtue of his nightly trips out to our stockroom to make up and carry back with him the daily reports of our business. In returning to the University of Miami he has found that he won't be able to keep up both this work and that of the school, and for once we don't like to see education win out
in this time worn battle. That's a selfish outlook, but Harry has made a lot of good, intimate friends here - being one of the nicest guys who ever took pencil in hand, opened the register, and checked our cash - and we're all sorry to see him go, even for a few months. Well, you have our best wishes for a successful school year, Harry, and please drop in occasionally for a chat and lessons on that "private course" we were giving you.

***

A roaring silver bullet circled the airport Thursday before it stretched forth its wheels and gently settled to earth. It was an AT-6, skillfully flown in by Len Povey from Arcadia. Captain Povey came over for the payroll and brought Doug Hocker, Carlstrom Ground School instructor, along for the ride. We asked Doug how he liked riding that speed wagon and got our answer in a loud sibilant whisper - exhaled after a deep breath - "Hot DAWG!"

***

Speaking of visitors from Arcadia, Sterling Camden dropped in Friday night in the gray Reliant with some rush pictures for the Tech School. He got away from the airyard, though, before most of us even knew he was here. We've got a poem he gave us back at Carlstrom last summer and we think we'll publish it next week. It's really a honey.

***

The Pilots' recreational facilities at Municipal are going to be improved 101% with the endowment of a ping-pong set-up. Clyde Ellis has donated the paddles, balls and net, and Van Burgin is arranging for a table. The exercise thus afforded may be a bit strenuous for some of our confirmed checker players, but it will do them good.

***

Brilliant Remark of the Week came from Arthur Gibbons who, watching us touch up with half-inch dabs of yellow the metal strip edging the rubber footwalk on a Fairchild trainer, observed that, "It must have taken you quite a while to paint all that wing with that little brush!"

***

Earl Shuptrine, noticing the name of Paul James Simmons on the roster of instructors at Dorr Field, exclaimed, "Gosh, I know that guy! Twelve years ago, when I was in the grocery business in Plant City, I went down to Arcadia to get some stuff from him. He was flying a Jenny at the time, and when I found him he was sitting in his store recovering its rudder with twenty-four pound flour sacks. And, do you know, when I
ran into him again six months later, he was still flying that Jenny around with that flour-bag-covered rudder?" Great bunch, these old-timers.

***

DO YOU KNOW? --- That Charlie Barnhardt has over 1200 hours of giving flight instruction to his credit; that sort of puts him ahead of the rest of the pilots a little bit. --- That Charlie Beatosó is also a poet and an inventor of no mean talent. --- That Helen Caviss was once a commercial artist. --- That Bob Ahern has an interest in the Chateau deeper than the food served there. --- That former student Charlie Roberts is now a co-pilot for National Air Lines. --- That Roger Carley is reputed to be a ping-pong champ from way back. --- That Phil Stiles has an adorable sister, named "Tinker", whom he's kept hidden from the roving eyes of our air-minded gang. --- That the bribes we accept from the fellows not to print things in the FLY PAPER about them are ethical, because we go ahead and print them anyhow.

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Ah, closing time again. The work-weary body cries out for rest, and the tender arms of Morpheus beckon comfortably. G'bye, now. Incidentally, our Eulogy to the Editor was not occasioned by the nice write-up he gave us last week; we appreciate his kind words no end, but we wrote this entirely on the spur of the moment - mostly because nobody ever gives an editor his just due.

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CARLSTROM FIELD RAI NEWS
By Arthur Lee Harrell

BIG NEWS OF THE WEEK, of course, was the inspection trip of high ranking British and American officials to the various Riddle training centers. The group included the British Air Marshal, A. G. R. Garrod, chief of RAF training, his aid, Lord Nigel Douglas-Hamilton, and members of the Marshal's staff, Group Captain D. V. Carnegie, Washington director of RAF training and Wing Commander W. E. Culton. The American officers were Brig. General George E. Stratemeyer, assistant chief of the U. S. Army Air Corps, Brig. General and Mrs. C. L. Tinker, former commanding officer of McDill Field at Tampa, Major C. R. Feldmann, Bolling Field, Washington, D. C., Captain J. H. Price of Washington and Lieut. P. C. Williams, U. S. Naval Air Station, Anacostia, D. C.
We had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished group Friday evening and at the time they were in the hands of John Paul Riddle and the ever-gracious hostess, Mrs. Riddle. The Captain and Mrs. Povey were there to extend the courtesy of Carlstrom Field as were G. Tyson, whom we've all missed, Lieut. and Mrs. William Boyd, C. O. of Dorr field, Lt. George Ola and the Charles Ebbets.

FURTHER PROMOTIONS at Carlstrom are headed by the phenomenal rise of Carl "Snake" Dunn, who after only one week as an assistant is now the flight commander of F flight. Cleve Thompson is assistant flight commander of "2" flight and Boots Frantz has won his spurs and is now commanding "3" flight, Chuck Zeman has been promoted to his assistant. Lee Hipson is taking charge of the refresher school post left vacant by Clete Huff.

BELATED NEWS, but real news nevertheless, is the announcement by the Gordon Curriers of, not just one new addition to the family, but TWINS, and BOYS at that. Is that why everyone calls Gordon "Pop-Pop" now? And another addition to the RAI colony is a boy to the Sterling Candens. Congratulations and how!!

THE HERB WOOLFS' had us around for Archery practice last Saturday afternoon and to dinner---Herb is a lucky guy 'cause besides other wifely attributes, is Danny a wonderful cook---we're still not hungry. Later that night to the famous "Key" club and ran into that "so cute couple" Dot and Sammy Hottle, and gathered around were the "Potter Smiths and Joan Larkin (mmmm--where've you been?) and Mr. Perkins, a guest from Tennessee. Also at the Key Club we saw George and the talented Mrs. Bokart; it was our first chance to say that we had enjoyed her 'poms' so much. Johnny Cockerill and Harry Lehman, we've been missing them too, came up from Clowiston to say hello.

ON THE ATHLETIC and recreational front we can all look forward to the reopening of the Golf Club. The dues are nominal and it will make a swell hang-out for the gang to meet and re-create!! We learn also that beginning about November 1st a 36 hole qualifying round will be staged to arrange handicaps preparatory to running a regular tournament. Lee Hipson also reported on progress of organization of an "Instructors and Officers" club with the possibility of having a "Town Club" with ALL kinds of recreational facilities.
It's getting almost cool enough to bowl and the first match will soon be played between the Instructors and Officers. There seems to be two schools of bowlers here, big pins and little pins; all those interested in bowling on one of the teams should register and signify which game they prefer. We should be able to see some pretty hot matches and probably send some of our best teams to Miami to bowl against the boys there. Can do?

***

NO. 5 B.F.T.S GOES TO TOWN
By RAF Cadet G. J. Cassidy

The other weekend every RAF cadet quartered at Riddle-McKay Field was a guest of the City of Fort Myers. A little pennant of silk floating from the pinkcoated Englishman's lapel proclaimed this to all the bright young things who readily rolled up to do him honour.

Our particular Briton was a member of the long motorcade that escorted him rapidly and pleasantly to the coast. When he reached the city and enjoyed the exhilaration of a rapid triumphal tour, horns blaring, pretty girls smiling, traffic cops trying to look pleasant, he was escorted with his friends into the Elks Club where he was handed a typewritten slip of paper.

"Oh is this for me?" he asked. "That's the name and address of your host," said the attractive organiser. "A car's outside waiting to take you to the house."

And no sooner had he hopped into the car and said "How do do" very politely to anyone standing around than he had to hop out again and say "How do do" all over again for the benefit of a few other people who had turned up, and others who "just loved to hear him talk". In five minutes he was showing his hostess how to make tea a l'anglaise and consequently feeling very much at home. Five minutes later he was cleaning up, jubilant with his reception, thinking ecstatically of the fish fry and the dance that was to follow, and all the pretty girls that were saying "how do do" to each other downstairs. "Woof Woof!" he said softly to himself as he adjusted his tie before the mirror, speculating how he
could best make a good entrance without falling downstairs. Tripping into the drawing-room he was beset by the pretty girls and finding it hard to choose, took 'em all to the fish fry, in a rash but very gallant sort of way.

And then we lost sight of our particular Briton. Whether our own vision was slightly impaired as time went on, or whether he did manage to choose and get taken out to see the Island or something— we can't say. We pursued, in our own sweet way, the uneven tenour of a delightful evening. We walked into a drugstore and sat down next to two coon-colas. There we bumped into a gentleman who was a Major in the Canadian Army during the last war... "the real war", he said. His son, he told us, was fighting in this one in the RAF. We warmed to each other when it turned out that he knew all the old London haunts almost as well as we did. And then we met another gentleman who had a strong partiality to cokes as we had. He, too, was "over there" the last time, and had built base hospitals in country where we had camped and lit fires with one match, in those halcyon days when we were Boy Scouts.

We decided regretfully that it was about time we returned to the dance. We did so. When we entered, the floor was crowded, cadets with beatific grins were jitterbugging violently and with obvious pleasure, with some of the prettiest girls we have seen— since we left England, everyone was in a high good humour, although we were told that nearly a hundredweight of fish had been consumed at the fish fry.

And so to bed. We were the guests of Judge Whitehurst, an amiable and pleasant host. We wondered vaguely at first when we were handed our slip of paper whether the law had caught up with us at last, but we had a glorious weekend and met with superlative hospitality.

We ran into our particular Briton again on Sunday at the beach. He was surrounded by his inevitable cluster of beauty. They were all eating cones with obvious relish. We thought we detected an air of uncertainty about him, however. He still hadn't chosen, you see. The picnic lunch at Fort Myers Island met with a terrific reception, we met a few more people, nibbled away heartily, and drank a few more cokes, and lounged
in the sun, in the hope of turning our ears a little browner. (This car trouble is really getting us down. We met an American the other day, and seeing some RAF cadets coming along the road, he said, "They're English, aren't they?" "Yes", we said, "They are". "I thought so," he said jubilantly, "Their ears are still pink". The pinkity rankles.)

And then we rejoined the motorcade in the evening. It had swollen in size from the outward trip. Several model-Ts that might have been considered classy circa 1905 brought up the rear with a snappy bang-bang. Our Seniors are getting a trifle reckless now that they are on B.T.'s...

We would like to record, if we may, our great thanks to the City of Fort Myers, to let them know how deeply grateful we all are for the grand welcome they gave us, and for the magnificent hospitality they displayed...

... And, wonder of wonders, our particular Briton turned up at Clewiston in a smart coupé. An even smarter young lady was at the wheel. He had chosen at last, apparently.

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RECOMMENDED: A party none of the gang who like boats, flying and fun should miss is the Miami Outboard Club's big Defense Dance at the Quarter Deck Club on Saturday, November 1. Tickets, which include dinner and dancing, cost $2.00, and can be purchased at the Quarterdeck Shore Station. Oh, yes,— the first boat leaves at 5:30 Saturday afternoon.
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