DON'T MISS THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CHRISTMAS PARTY

EMBRY-RIDDLE

"STICK TO IT"

Vol. 3 No. 5 PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY EMBRY-RIDDLE. November 19, 1941

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Big question of the week concerns our next school party, tentatively scheduled for Nov. 22, the party was postponed until the 29th to accommodate the graduating class at Clewiston who asked to have their graduation dinner-dance in Miami. But at this late date, Nov. 17th, nothing definite has been arranged and we still can't find out anything. Maybe it will be, and maybe it won't be, but one thing is definite, whatever happens, all units of the Embry-Riddle School will cooperate for an absolutely stupendous CHRISTMAS PARTY about December 19 or 20, so keep that date in mind and start saving your nickels and dimes for a dinner dance that will establish an all time high in entertainment and enjoyment!

CALLING ALL INVENTORS !!

A. R. "Gunner" Brink, Clewiston Flight Instructor, has a "gripe"... after years and years of taking flight notes on the sides of the cockpit, he finally took an overdose of Professor Wettasnozzle's Brain Pills and designed what he was proud to call the "Pilot's Companion", or what every pilot needs besides an airplane,--- a cross between a Sperry (Cont. to top of page 3)
More Credit

Still not taking any paid advertising, the Fly Paper is never adverse to giving free publicity to those who deserve it, and plenty of credit is due Sydney J. Burrows, Manager of the Colony Hotel at Miami Beach for the splendid manner in which he has appointed himself as "unofficial host" to our visiting R. A. F. flight cadets! An Englishman himself, Syd spent 23 years in England before moving to Miami 9 years ago, and is a personal friend of Wing Commander Fanstone, formerly in charge of the Cadets at Clewiston.

What has earned our especial thanks to Syd is the fact that he has set a price of only .75 per night for visiting cadets as long as he has a room available in his hotel, despite the fact that much higher prices prevail for similar ocean front hotels at Miami Beach, and to our knowledge, he actually moved out of his own room one night to make room for additional cadets! As if this weren't enough, he's both mother and father, date bureau and transportation committee to his countrymen from across the sea, sparing no effort to make the Cadet's stay in Miami a pleasant memory to hold to in the hard days to come! For all this, and the grand spirit in which it's given, we say, "Hats off," and many thanks to Sydney J. Burrows!

Gyro-pilot, a typewriter and a blonde secretary, this little contraption has a place for note pads, pencils, speaking tube and old razor blades, and can be quickly attached to the leg for letter writing in flight. To make a long story short, "Gunner" took the plans for this device to H. E. Richter, Chief Sheet Metal Instructor at the Tech School, --Well, "Rick" made it all right, but it turned out so well that most every pilot in the company wants one, so they're keeping Gunner's "Pilot's Companion" as a model, drafting plans and setting up a student project to turn 'em out in quantity. And Gunner, - heck, he's still writing on the sides of the cock-pit! Poor fella!

EDITORIAL (Cont. from page 2)

Romance of the Year

Romance of the year, or any year for that matter, concerns British Cadet RAY DEAN at Carlstrom Field! Four years ago, when he was in school in England, Ray began corresponding with a young high school girl in Baltimore, Md., a Miss Doris Mae Stevens, at the suggestion of the school teachers who encouraged their students to correspond with students in other lands. Every month since then, Ray and Doris have exchanged letters, never having actually met until the great day last week-end when she flew down from Baltimore to meet Ray at Arcadia! Beyond that much photographed kiss at their first meeting, this writer knows nothing of the events of the week-end, - except that the kids had a swell time at the Lido, - and there was much talk of "after the war"....all good luck to them!

IT'S COMING, --- THE EMBRY-RIDDLE "BUS"

After months and months of "askin' for", at long last comes the much longed for daily bus service between the Embry-Riddle bases at Miami,
Clewiston and Arcadia. Well, it isn't exactly a bus service, but it will be a nice, new station wagon to carry the School employees, traveling on company business, together with express packages, memorandums and "what nots". No definite schedule has yet been established, but it is planned to have the station wagon leave Miami each morning, stopping at Clewiston enroute to Arcadia, then back to Clewiston and returning to Miami that same evening. A smart idea,- will be convenient for the traveling "gang" and will save lots of money for the company.

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TECH TALK

Honored guests around the "big building" this week were G. Willis Tyson, Director of Riddle Field at Clewiston, the "Missus" and G's kid sister, Margaret Tyson, on a vacation from Los Angeles, California, "G" was down on official business, while the gals were strictly "shopping",- a complaint we've heard before from our cousins up country,-- "It isn't the expense of coming to Miami,-- it's what happens when the girls get into the stores!! ... After a tour of the Tech Building, the conversation got around to the relative merits of California vs. Florida mosquitoes, and sister Margaret claims that her brother is going to paint the Clewiston mosquitoes and use them on the Advanced flying program. Ouch! We of the Chamber of Commerce resent that!

NEW STUDENTS,- in the last two weeks we had so many new students that we just didn't have room in the Fly Paper to welcome all of them in by name, but, believe us, they're welcome to our family! Among new students coming into Tech in the last few days were Cesar Domenucci, Alfred J. Dion, Ralph Gwaltney, Bill Humphrey, Ralph Dion, Phillip Onoff, Bill Warlick and Bill Braverman, all taking Sheet Metal; Tom Ortiz, T. W. Tooms, George Sheldon, Bill Ahrendt and Joe Redding, taking Riveting; George Witnor taking instruments and Walt Stocker taking Welding.

HOUSE CLEANING,- Uncle Jim McShane went to town last week-end, and cleaned out the Third Floor so he could move his Aircraft Department down from the
Fourth Floor. To be exact, Jim rounded up no less than 28 negro laborers, taught them the slogan, "Move Monday or Bust!". Well, here it is Monday, Jim is not "busted" and we note that the Aircraft Department is moving. The Sheet Metal Department will be expanded to occupy the space vacated by Aircraft.

Among recent Airline Maintenance men to graduate and leave for jobs were R. Cottrell, E. Manockian, E. McMurray, Bill McNeff, J. Murdock, L. Tison, R. Walker, H. Williams, P. Wells, all of whom went to work for the Embry-Riddle Company, either at Clewiston or Arcadia. Oh, yes,--congratulations, too, to O. K. Joy and Sam Pastro who took and successfully passed their C. A. A. written "Aircraft" exams. The only thing between them and their "A" tickets now are a practical shop test and an oral examination. Good Luck, Fellers.

Leaving the Main Office Accounting Department is Mack Hancock who will join the Pan American Airways staff. Replacing Mack is Bill Mount,--and another new accountant is Paul Miller.

QUESTION ABOUT WHICH WE'VE OFTEN WONDERED???????????.... What is it, just off the front porch at the Tech Building, that keeps so many of our Accountants diligently searching the long grass? Are they trying to balance the budget,--and if so,--whose?

Surprise "house-warming" out at Uncle Ed Riepel's last week,--opening that new house Ed just built on Twin Lakes at Miami Springs. Among those present were Instructor Rupert Keene and "E" Students Carr, Holt, Quigley, Welsh and Wells. Welsh and Keene provided music for the occasion, but someone forgot the swimming suits,--or so we hear!

This "cross-out" was GOING, GOING,---- GONE! It was not Indies but it

only two more weeks of the bowling tourney in Miami, and the boys are still off the beam, despite the return of our old "expert" Steve Anderson who has rejoined the Stock Room staff and will become a regular member of the bowling team. However, with six games to go, we still have hopes that our teams will make a good showing in the final scores, and they're
anxious to send the best of the bowlers up to Clewiston and Arcadia to try and "take" the gang there. Scores Thursday evening were:

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P.S. We just learned that the Bowling teams in Arcadia are getting under way. Peck Whitlock will captain the Wheeler Construction team, Jack Hunt will lead the R. A. I. Pilots and "Slim" McAnly will be captain of the R. A. I. Maintenance Team. Good Luck, fellers,--who's going to accept the Miami teams' challenge??

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NOTES OF A ROVING CORRESPONDENT, or
Copy Culled from a Carpenter's Cranium
By Jack Hobler

Say, this isn't going to do at all. We've been absent from the Main Office another week, putting in our time out at Municipal again. No, we aren't counting parts this time - we're rearranging them, and building shelves to accommodate the additions to the Stockroom stuff. Little did we think, back in the days when we broke apart cigar boxes, vegetable crates, and cheese boxes, that we'd ever find the experience thus acquired would come in handy some day. Even the practice of straightening out used and bent nails has been a great help, not to mention the knack of borrowing tools and forgetting to put them back where they came from (something our Dad used to lecture us about at great length). Nevertheless, all the boys have been very co-operative. Les Bowman has frequently interrupted his work to look up certain parts so we could properly identify them, and the Stockroom personnel of Bull & Rosario have been of no small assistance in offering help and suggestions to make our task easier.

- 6 -
Beating a couple of shelf supports out of strap iron, we learned that Marvin Hall used to be an importer of scrap iron, from which he made beautiful wrought iron furniture and home accessories. We've seen some of this stuff, and really mean it's the work of an artisan - a Village Blacksmith with the soul of a poet.

Comments on our attempts to walk nimble-footed across and about the rack tops instigated a probe into the past of the commentator, Andy Rosario, and we found out that he used to be a dancing teacher. In fact, he still gives lessons, and if any of you are interested he will be glad to help you out. Who knows, but that the smooth co-ordination required by flying may easily be put to use in tripping the light fantastic, especially at the company parties!

The stack of yachting magazines in the bottom of Fred Bull's desk also prompted a few questions, and we learned that Fred is a sailor from way back. On Sundays, his day off, he runs his own boat for charter; one of those days we're going to spend a few shekels and take a fishing trip with him.

Speaking of outdoor sports, did you know that Pappy Norton is an expert on guns? He can tell you the good and bad points of practically any pistol or rifle in common use among huntsmen and targeteers today. If you're the type to pursue the denizens of the forest, be they large or small, and you want any information about the equipment you'll need and the way you'll have to hunt them, ask Ray; he knows his woods and his ammunition, and will even give you the actual history of the firearms required if you want it.

Speed Snyder was giving us a few constructive hints on construction, so we delved into his background. Here's a pilot who is also a licensed A. & E. mechanic. Speed tells us that while instructing up north, when winter cut down on flying, he'd work in the maintenance crews of some of the larger airlines. Boy, that's really knowing the business from the ground up, but he dismisses the subject with a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders and the remark: "Shucks, I had to eat!"
And eating reminds us of something. Roy Kunkel, Julian Stanley, and yours truly are anticipating type-written menus for the breakfasts we serve Bob Marshall and C. W. Tinsley each morning when they stop by for us. This is no reflection on Mrs. Marshall’s cooking or on June Tinsley’s either; it’s probably just that the boys get up too early for you and, out of consideration for your slumber, leave your homes empty. However, a little bird told us that June was rather indignant at the way C. W. left the kitchen the only morning he decided to get his own breakfast. Oh, for the life of a pilot’s wife, or his mother!

Now, Buck Buxton calls us up Saturday to tell us we are to spend a few days at Clewiston to take inventory of the stockroom there. So we leave the Main Offices again, damn it. He said something about bringing along hip boots; what in the world can he mean by that?

ELENTARY CPTP NEWS
by Ray Waddington

Seems as if quite a few of the boys have tired of flying around the airport and are now flying up to Palm Beach on their cross country hops. We hear that Fred Nichols was “weathered in” at Palm Beach, having to leave his airplane at Palm Beach and return to Miami by car. It was quite a blow to Fred’s ego - but it was the safest way to come back home and after all, the safest way is the best way.

There’s a story around that Robert McCormick and "Slipstream" Tyler look enough alike to be twins. After they read this we can readily find out what they think of each other.

John Duval thinks that it is better to taxi fast than slow because then you have more time in which to fly. Be careful, Johnnie, that you don’t take off while scooting around that airport!

Paul Ropes is just about ready to take off for his cross country flight.
Happy landings, Paul. We notice that Paul is seen at all the best places with a very cute girl.

There is a rumor that Ken Clarke took a blonde to the airport, and the next day she was going "steady". Confusing, isn't it?

Miss Betty Hair, Embry-Riddle's star office worker, had water on the knee the other day, so that night she wore pumps to the Coral Gable's Country Club dance. -- Also seen at the dance were instructor Bob Ahern, Editor Bud Belland, Roy Bothwell, Jimmy Hamilton and Paul Ropes.

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL
by Lynelle Rabun

Whoops, here we are again, this time with a sort of empty feeling where our literary stomach ought to be. Bad weather practically suspended flying out here for a couple of days and the resulting inactivity brought an accompanying lull in the news. But a few things did happen, and we're going to elaborate on them enough to fill up the space allotted to us.

The man who sees all, hears all, and knows a lot more is taking up a little flying now himself. We speak of none other than that taciturn and efficient character, who'd make a rip-snorring good Sherlock Holmes, Arthur Gibbons. The lanky Registrar whose dry humor crops out in the darnnest places is taking his instructions from Lt. Van Burgin, and we'd give a lot to be able to listen in on the words of advice and agreement that pass between these two notables during the lessons.

George Hall has boon out to the West Coast for a few days and returned to our fold a certified Commercial Pilot. Can you imagine the nerve of that guy sneaking away and getting his ticket like that while we sit here and wonder! Well, George, you've worked hard on it, so we're glad to see you get it, and we wish you the best of luck.
The company took an active part in the Armistice Day celebration when Van Burgin and Jack McKay in the Fairchild trainer led the two Wacos in formation over the Court House to drop hundreds of gladiolus blossoms on the square below. Piloting the Wacos were Charlie Barnhardt and Joe Garcia, and from what we hear, the residents of Miami Beach really got an eyeful of precision flying.

Charlie Barnhardt hopped off the other day in the rain for Clewiston to bring the Boss back. However, the weather closed down on him there and Mr. Riddle returned to Miami by car, leaving Charlie to stay there overnight with the ship. The Municipal Chief Pilot was royally entertained by the Clewiston pilots and wishes to publicly extend his appreciation. We thank them, too, for taking care of our Charlie.

What usually sedate and happily married pilot out here wore a most becoming blush when he received an extremely tender bit of correspondence from a sweet young thing in Ohio? His composure was regained, though, when he found the letter was a combination of both a gag and a mistake, but he was a very worried fellow for a while.

With the installation of a nice new radio, purchased from the funds accumulated through fines, the Pilots' Room has taken on a touch of added comfort and luxury. Perhaps we should change the name now to "Pilots' Lounge".

Pat McGhee came back from his solo cross-country hop with a story that has brought him in for a good deal of ribbing. It seems Pat was headed for Homestead, and got his navigation mixed up somehow, for instead of arriving at his original destination, he landed somewhere in the neighborhood of Princeton. Landing, as Pat termed it, must have been a peculiar process, for the grass was so high that he had to borrow a scythe from a nearby farmhouse to cut it down low enough so he could take off again! Accordingly, we nominate the Irishman for the Local Airport Commission, and base our choice on his recently acquired practical experience.

Earl Shuptrine certainly has his troubles. We ran across a little incident that happened a few weeks ago that has been hidden up to now. When our old Fairchild trainer was being overhauled, Earl found it
necessary to place a patch in the leading edge of the plywood-covered wing. This is a job requiring the finest workmanship, and our craftsman neatly inserted the needed patch, bent it to conform with the contour of the wing, and left it to dry thoroughly for a couple of days. Imagine his consternation when he came in to finish the job and found the patch gone! It seems that Ed Hurley endeavoring to help Earl out, had sanded the patch down to fit flush with the rest of the wing, and had rubbed so diligently that he sanded right through the patch!!!

There is a list of students waiting their turn to wear the Flying Jackass for little misdemeanors committed while out on solo practice hops in Secondary CPT. The old story that "Boys will be Boys" is very true, but when it comes to giving vent to your exuberance over the girl friend’s house, it’s strictly taboo. An airplane is a safe means of travel as long as you don’t abuse it. Our suggestion is that you wait until the little lady moves out to the great open spaces of the Mid-West, because you’ll find forced landings rather uncomfortable on a housestop.

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And so, with a word of welcome to Jimmie Cousins and George May - who just dropped over from Clewiston to say "Hello" to the gang - we close our column for this issue. In closing, we’d like to ask this favor: If anyone has any items of news for this column that we may miss, or has any suggestions (other than getting the Fly Paper out here as soon as possible after printing) we shall greatly appreciate your turning them in to us. It’s YOUR paper, and we’d like to hear your views on the subject.

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DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
por Philip A. de la Rosa

En los días 9, 10 y 11 de Enero del año entrante habrá de celebrarse en la ciudad de Miami, Florida, uno de los acontecimientos aviáticos de más colorido y atracción en este homenaje americano; se trata del meeting acróo de aviadores y aviatrices conocido por Maniobras Aéreas Pan Americanas, que toman lugar en esta ciudad, una vez al año y son atendidas
por entusiastas de la aviación procedentes de todo el mundo.

Este año como en los anteriores se realizará el salto de noventa millas sobre las aguas azules del Golfo de México, desde Cayo Hueso, Florida hasta la Habana, Cuba. Los participantes de esta carrera aérea partirán de la ciudad de Miami, y volando sobre los islotes y cayos que tan pintorescamente rematan el final de Norte América, llegaran a la ciudad de Cayo Hueso, que es la ciudad más al sur del territorio norteamericano y desde allí, continuarán hasta la ciudad de la Habana, en la Perla de las Antillas--Cuba.- Pasaran en la isla de Cuba; cuatro días de actividades continuas y regresarán a Miami, en Enero 19, completando así el crucero de 1942.

El capitán Sr. Len Povey, quien es el director general del Campo de Aviación Carlstrom, situado en Arcadia, Florida, una de las bases de la Embry-Riddle Company, y quien fue el organizador de la actual fuerza aérea del ejercito constitucional cubano, está a cargo de esta fase del programa de las carreras aéreas.

Los requisitos para el vuelo son los mismos que los requeridos en años anteriores, con la única diferencia de que esta vez es necesario tener un equipo de radio de doble comunicación y los aviones de alta velocidad han de desceder en Cayo Hueso para su revisión antes de efectuar el vuelo sobre el agua. Los aviones han de ser volados desde Cayo Hueso en grupos de a cinco y habrá un "avión vigilante" equipado con radio cuidando cada grupo.

Utilizamos este medio para extender una sincera invitación a aquellos aviadores de la América Latina, que se interesen por atender esta justa aérea. Tendremos sumo gusto en darles detalles sobre la misma al recibo de su comunicación por correo.

R.A.I. CARLSTROM FIELD NEWS

Arthur Lee Harrell

MISS MILIKED DILLING, masterful harpist of New York, gave the Riddle Cadets and many other invited guests a most delightful concert last Sunday night. The very pleasantly received concert was attended by practically 100% of the Cadet contingent who evidenced their pleasure in no uncertain terms, particularly the British boys who "hanker after things cultural, rather than things mechanical."
On her visit here Miss Dilling was accompanied by Mrs. Thomas B. Jackson, of Charleston, W. Va., and was the guest of Mrs. Riddle and Mr. and Mrs. John B. McKay. For those who have enjoyed the harping of Harpo Marx in the magic lanterns, it might be interesting to note that he was one of Miss Dilling's, shall we say, star pupils.

WHO FLIES BETTER THAN WHO? Well, we'll soon find out if the results of pilot check rides are made public. For, it seems, all the Riddle sky pilots, including even the assistants and flight commanders, will be "check rode" by none other than Lieut. George Ola whose ability in a PT seems to be unquestioned by none around here. But seriously the idea has unquestionable merit. After all, the various maneuvers taught students is a matter of personal interpretation and any means of standardization could react only to the general improvement of graduate students.

WON'T WE LOOK PRETTY in all our new uniforms? At least we'll all look somewhat alik. Meaning, of course, that as soon as the order can be filled, all the pilots will barge forth in khaki flying suits and "regulation" flight jackets.

WOODY EDMONDSON, sky pilot and instructor of cross country navigation to Basic students at Clewiston, demonstrated real ability as a navigator starting his trip home for a well earned vacation. It seems, or so we heard it seems, that, being very tired and sleepy Woody curled up in the back seat to sleep leaving wife Helen to do the driving. Having left instructions to follow Route #8 he was awakened two hours later to find Helen hesitant at a crossroads, undecided as to which way to turn. "There," said Woody, "is a sign reading Route #8, just keep following it." And back to sleep he went. Another two hours passed and another crossroads appeared. Again awakened Woody, through sleepy eyes, came to the astounding conclusion that they were back in Clewiston. They finally decided to sleep on it and to try again in daylight, at least happy in the thought that they had followed Route #8...and circumnavigated Lake Okeechobee.

57 VARIETIES, I mean refresher instructors, arrived this week and even this, we learn, will not complete the quota of instructors for full opera-
tion of both Carlstrom and Dorr fields. An additional thirty will be needed to bring the two huge flying plants up to full quota.

PARKER FIELD, lucky schedule "catcher-upper" for flights 1, 2 and 3, came to mighty helpful use last Saturday when the three flights put in a hard afternoon of flying, attempting to undo some of the weather delays encountered during the week.

DORR FIELD NEWS BULLETIN
by Jack Barrington

At a general pilot's meeting the other night, Jack Hunt brought up an issue which we feel is rather pertinent in lieu of the present condition of the world today and which is well worth reminding ourselves of.

That there are saboteurs in this country is generally known, but the possibility of being affected by them seldom enters our minds. The possibility exists, however, and it behooves each of us to be on the alert and to be prepared at all times to detect and suppress any effort of the public enemies. The breeding of discontent and the breaking down of morale is a potent weapon, and unless checked is capable of creating an atmosphere of unrest and apprehension which is at the same time dangerous and misleading.

With the arrival of Mrs. Brooke Harper, we noticed a definite air of jocularity about our esteemed Flight Commander, to say nothing of his extremely well fed appearance.

Sheriff Tom Gatos (six shooter and all) appeared at Carlstrom all set to supervise the ferrying of some planes from Dorr. The job was done in extra quick time.

Our Instructor's Ready Room is bristling with new lockers, and smugly smuggles in the Southwest corner of our hangar gleaming in silent glee.

Our new Assistant Flight Commander of "A" Flight, Nick Tamposi, has
started operations with a vengeance and is keeping the cadets hopping with twenty hour checks.

Two of our cadets stranded in Tampa because of a money shortage decided to use a little of their ingenuity. With one acting as manager, the other was, for the sum of twenty-five dollars, to box a genteel chap by the name of "Ripper" Dugan. Our cadet manager feeling that his man was at a definite disadvantage decided to compensate with a little scrap iron securely tucked in the right glove. Along about the middle of the first round, our manager cried vainly, "Swing that right! Swing that right!" Glaring over his opponent's shoulder, his fighter mumbled, "What-da-yaman, swing it? I can't even lift it."


The one sad note in our activities this week has been the weather. Not only has it succeeded in affecting our flying, but it has caused a postponement of our long looked forward to barbecue.

DORR FIELD CADET NEWS
By John O. Herrmann

Many thanks to the girls of the Thirty Club in Sarasota who invited us to their dance at the Sarasota Lido on November 1st. The dance afforded a very suitable feature attraction to a week-end marking the first visit to near-by Sarasota for most of the cadets. From the tone of the post-mortem "bull sessions" about the big times had, it may be concluded that it certainly won't be our last visit. More than ever before the "gig" and "confinement" have taken on a bogey-like aspect,
as they now carry with them the foreboding thought of a no-Sarasota weekend for the offender.

One possible shortcoming in evidence on the Sarasota visit was the notable lack of dates. And, for those who weren't fortunate enough to get "lined up" for the proposed dance we ourselves were to have the following weekend, there was definitely a problem. Hardly, though, was the situation so bad as to justify the solution offered by Carl Schueler to the effect that girls would be "dug up" for those who didn't already have dates. To prevent any possible wrong impression, however, it might be said that with the exception of this drastic attempt at "ersatz", Carl has been doing a commendable job as Supply Officer.

The Cadet Officers should take a page from the books of the Misses Mary Chesebore, Ruth Creel and Pat Hackett who somehow managed to have the boys cut fifteen minutes early for formation on Saturday morning, November 1st. Nor is it quite fair to say that the fact it was pay formation could be the only reason for the girls' success. Nevertheless, it probably is asking too much of our officers to expect them to radiate the same degree of charm, personality and pulchritude that these three Miami models, visiting Carlstrom for the U. K. graduation dance, demonstrated so facilely. Consequently we must go on with the very prosaic, time honored, leather-hinged "Fall out, you guys", to disturb our tranquility - - at least until Mary, Ruth and Pat come to see us again, which we hope won't be too far off. (Note on the most nonchalant cadet in the area.- - Neither "love nor money" served to put Penn Redden "on the ball", he now having the questionable distinction of being the first and only cadet to be "gigged for" - "late for pay formation" ! ! !)

Some of the boys had an opportunity to observe the sudden formation of a Florida rain storm while flying on November 4th. On that day, a sudden but widespread deluge caused ceiling and visibility to hit a near zero mark. Several planes were out at the time and a little anxiety was felt for the boys who had left the field solo. Equipment and personnel escaped without injury, however, aside from some well-drenched parachutes,
cadets and instructors. Carl Simpson, Mac Dickinson and Jim Swann made it into Carlstrom solo, while El Posey, Jim Beasley, Paul Hoover, Don Ackerman and Carl Beggs who were all shooting stages at Southwest Field had to duck under their tarpaulins and wait for automobile transportation back to the field. At the time of this writing three days have already passed with the red flag signalling all flying called off. Ground school twice a day has served to fill out the lost flying time.

Class 42-E, one hundred strong, arrived on November 6th, fresh from five weeks of initial training at Maxwell Field. Have to admit that the "dodoes" formed a natty looking group in their new uniforms of regular officer's specifications, garrison caps and all. Yet we are afraid they committed an unpardonable faux pas in wearing winter uniforms to Florida! We are hoping the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce will forgive them this time, for after all, this cold front has just put a little nip in the air. Greetings, 42-E and good luck from the old "veterans" of 42-D who are now rounding the half-way mark (in point of time at least) in the first stage of their training.

A BEEST

From
Charles Bestoso

To scooping Reporter Hobler, that diamond in the rough,
That Winchell of our Hangar, the printer of our stuff.
The bird who promised duly, not to make us fret and fume;
To give our printed verses a hiding Num-de-Plume;
The man whose daily by-word is, "The Press can do no wrong".
I sometimes think that he should live, but not for very long!

We entrusted to his tender care, (for better or for worse)
Our stumbling, squalling brainchild, a bit of flying verse.
Sure! He said that he would print it, sans feathers, frills or fuss,
That he'd give the writing credit to our friend, "A. Nonny Muss."

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Then, at last there came the printing of our paper, (justly famed)
And we found that we'd been swindled; the author had been named!!

Then we took our kidding from the gang around the field,
And crawled into a corner till our tender wounds had healed;
Resolving to get even with our friend of Fourth Estate;
To register a howling beef, before it was too late.
But our friend has gone from the stockroom; we haven't the heart to
knock.
We miss his familiar statement, "Sorry, it's out of stock.

No more can we place an order for a yard of "blue striped dope"
And get a "reed for a rudder-horn", there isn't any hope.
There are no more balls of "streamline" to help us with our toil,
And now we're even running low on "light dihedral oil".
There's no soap (now) for the prop-wash, no "incidence anglebender"
For Hobler's gone from the stockroom, leaving only memories tender.

But let's lay aside all kidding, to a "regular guy" let's say,
"You're welcome in our stockroom, you can come back any day."
And remember that these pointed barbs, (when all is said and done)
Just mean you're really missed out there, and this is all in fun.

CLEWISTON NEWS
by H. M. "Buddie" Carruthers

The speed with which things are done around Riddle Field will never
cease to amaze this writer,— last week the hangars were on flat cars,—
now they're ready to use; just yesterday, as it were, the offices were
strung around in barracks,— and now, they're all moved into the Ad-
ministration Building, that super-duper modern office building with
air conditioning and heating! — By Gosh! Atop the Administration
Building, by the way, is the control tower, making it possible for the
officials to keep in continuous contact with the flights aloft by radio.

We called on Mr. Tyson for 'dope' for our column, but found that he and
Mrs. Tyson were in Miami, where he had some official business with the
C. A. A. Among others from our staff in Miami for the week-end to see
the U. of M. vs. U. of Florida football game were Frank Derigibus, C. W.
Bing. Keene Langhorne, Gunner Brink, George May, Wing Commanders Ken
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Rambling and George Burdick, guest of the Ebbets', Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Teate (who did not drive down in the Willys) and Bob Hosford. Following the game, many of the gang went to the "homecoming" dances at the Coral Gables Country Club and the Miami Biltmore Club, where they met many others of the Miami Embry-Riddleites including Harry Kaplin, Charlie Parker, Christine Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wantz, Quint Fee- land, Helen Cavins, Vern Royce, Roy Bothwell, Bobby Ahern, Connie Young, and Ray Waddington,—a grand evening despite the fact that the hometown Miami team bowed down to the University of Florida, 14 to 0!

Many of our cadets turned out in R. A. F. uniforms over the week-end, they looked "hot", and the lads say that they were! Prior to the repeal of the Neutrality Act, any cadet appearing in uniform would have been interned as a soldier of a belligerent nation.

Among Clewiston Cadets visiting the Tech School this week were Doug Shuttlewood, Hubert Palmer and Rob Wigmore, who drove to Miami with Frank Pennock. From reports coming back this way, we understand that the lads enjoyed their visit,-- and even suggested that it might be a good deal to show all the cadets thru the Tech Division,-- thus giving them a much broader understanding of what goes into airplanes and what makes 'em fly. There's a good thought for the "Powers that be" at the Tech School.

From snakes to alligators,—laugh of the week was provided by Instructor "Scotty" McLachlan's new pet alligator. In fact, several of the lads tried that alligator wrestling trick made so famous by one of our Seminole Indians,—very successfully, too. If we could stop right there, it'd be a good story, but truth impels us to tell you that the said alligator is only 18" long.

We have an "off the record" laugh on R. A. F. Tech Sgt. Tom Pullin,—he bought a car in Miami recently, and, never having driven before, was given one block of "dual" and then turned loose to "solo" back to Clewiston! Well, not exactly the usual Embry-Riddle training,—but he did make it home!
Like everyone else, we like to receive letters; it makes life more interesting and the mailman has been more than kind during the past week - letters from London, our first, Hawaii, Colombia, South America and the Canal Zone! But before we get into the letter situation, some Alumni Club news of interest:

Returning to the fold is FRED TILDEN, instructor refresher graduate who has spent the last year teaching on the British training program at Lakeland. Fred will take an instrument course at Municipal Base... met at the MacFadden Beauville Hotel, MIKE COVERT, on leave from the Lakeland School of Aeronautics, asking about his old friend CARROL HOUSE, now stationed at our base in Arcadia, and telling that TOM WOOD is instructing at Avon Park... visiting the Toch School last week was JAKE LACINAK, former chief sheet metal instructor now with the Aircraft Products Corporation at Lake Park, Florida... looking fine and gave us the good news that Bonnie is "tops" and the baby is gaining weight every day... he got two Embry-Riddle tags for his car... EUGENE BROWN, flight graduate, is attending the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and his address is 633 Church Street... of particular interest to many of the gang is the news that SHORTY HALL is back in the States, in fact, he is right here in Miami, spending all his time fishing and resting up from his adventures "over there"... this news came to us through OLLIE HOLTON, a Cleveland, Ohio pilot who has just returned from England where he was a fighter pilot with the American Eagle Squadron... come in and see us, Shorty, you have many friends in the School who want to "hangar fly" with you!... Incidentally, we have a letter on our desk addressed to old friend OWEN LAZENBY, but don't know where to forward it, does anybody know where Owen is flying now??
a stamp collector's dream, we thank Mr. Garcia for his letter, and his complimentary remarks about the Fly Paper and the Spanish Section. Quoting, "Though I am in no way connected with aviation I have always been very much interested in it and I am proud of my brother's connection with a fine organization like Embry-Riddle. On my next vacation to the States in the spring I shall be very much disappointed if I can't get down to Florida for a look around Embry-Riddle and meet some of that gang I have been reading so much about." Swell stuff, fellah, by all means come in and see us!

Two postal cards in the morning mail, one from Miss Patricia White at Sullins College, Bristol, Va., requesting the Fly Paper, and the other from Mrs. HELEN ANN BLOOM, R. N., 409 Spring Street, Hot Springs, Ark., "Please put me on the mailing list. Since coming out here I miss it very much. Glad to know of the promotion of Doctor Nethery to rank of Captain. I nursed two British boys for him. I shall always remember his kindness to Miss Boyd and myself."

First word from ex-School Accountant EUGENE COHEN comes in a letter addressed to Harry Roberts, written from Co. C. - 7th Bn. - A. F. R. T. C., Fort Knox, Ky., -- isn't that where they keep all that gold? Gene, from the tenor of the letter, appears to be doing right well with ole Uncle Sam, -- with his only gripo against the army being his "new style" haircut, designed to last at least a month, -- oh well, that's not so bad, Gene. He sends "best wishes to all the gang. Hope to see you all at Xmas."

BRITISH ALUMNI CLUB NEWS

Long lost reporter reports, ARTHUR L. PRANDLE, writing for Class 42-A from the Advanced Flying School at Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., "Dear Editor: Class 42-A graduated last week and 53 ex-Arcadians left Gunter Field for advanced training, some at Selma, Ala., and the rest..."
at Maxwell Field, Ala....Selma contingent includes Bill Harrison, W. T. E. Hutcheson, Charlie Leeming, Walter Stiffin... at Maxwell are V. E. Lewis, Fred Hendry, Tony Barrett, Roy Medland, Henry Ralphs, Norman Moss, Tommy Towle, etc.....me, of course...

42-B are now Upper Class at Gunter and are getting their teeth into 42-C this week, renewing old friendships as it were... Star at the National Air Display here Sunday was JIM GRANERE, brother of our Carlstrom Field instructor... showed us what a little Waco can do under expert guidance...

Several of our boys spent a few days at Arcadia last week, when we had a welcome furlough, looked forward to coming myself but couldn't make it... that's all for now.

Best wishes to Mr. Riddle, Kay Bramlett, Helen Scott and all the gang... love and kisses,- Arthur L. Prandle."

Many thanks for the letter, Arthur,— darn good to hear direct from our British grade and to know that you all are doing so well,— by the way,— how about Xmas Vacation? If any of you fellers can get to Miami, Arcadia or Clewiston on furlough, please let us know in advance so we can arrange all details for your entertainment! Best of luck to all of you, and hope to see you Xmas.

THIS 'N THAT--Returning to Arcadia after spending some time in Hollywood on official business is our old pal Ray "Fire Engine" alias Fahringer. The great Ray brought his wife and two children back with him and when last seen was trying to rent a house.

Recently returned from California is Lt. George Ola who brought back a B. T. from the factory. Welcome back to the fold, children!

R.A.I.-or visiting in Miami this week is "Uncle" Sid Pfluger, who spent much time at the R. A. F. Navigation School at the University of Miami studying their methods in order to get closer cooperation between the R. A. F. and Carlstrom Field.
RIDDLE FIELD MAINTENANCE NEWS
By Russel V. Domor

(Editor's Note: Warren Button just brought the following news in from the maintenance gang at Clewiston. "Buttons", now a member of that crew, came to Miami to get wife "V" and take her back to Clewiston where she will replace Catherine Minges as Jimmie Durden's secretary. Catherine becoming a secretary to the R.A.F. officers stationed at the field. Taking "V"'s place in the Main Office at Miami is Kathryn Bruce. But for Russel's news,-)

Fifteen new AT-6A's came in last week, thus bringing our complement of advanced trainers to a goodly number which we aren't allowed to quote, but, watch Riddle Field expand! Also on the rapidly growing list is our new #1 hangar. A week ago, there was a bare outline of the hangar with only the foundation poured, and the "No Smoking" signs set in the midst of all this nothing! However, the construction crews are at work and by the time you read this, we'll probably be in our new home.

Cupid wins again,--- our new PT-17 hangar chief Bill McCaleb married Lorene Carza, a lovely bit of Arcadia's femininity, as reported in the Fly Paper last week, but we of the Maintenance Crew want to take this opportunity to wish them all the happiness in the world.

Oh, yes,- our "Swimming Bawth" is nearing completion. But if last week's cold snap is a sample of what we'll have this winter, perhaps we should use it for an ice-skating rink!

SAFETY THOUGHTS

Clear your engine in the glide, and you will have a safer ride.

A word of caution - students heed, Never lose your flying speed!

Never, NEVER cross control, If you wish to save your soul!
SECONDS COUNT

SPEED IS VITAL IN AMERICA'S NEED—
FOR TRAINED MEN IN AVIATION. AND
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