CARLSTROM FIELDS
VISIT MIAMI BEACH
by Syd Burrows
The Metropole Hotel greeted a large number of R.A.F. cadets from Carlstrom Field this past week end. Most of the chaps were visiting Miami for the first time. (They're definitely coming back!) Nearly all the cadets attended the school dance at the Macalister-Deauville and really had a grand time. I hear that all of these R.A.F.'s are leaving Florida for Alabama and Georgia very soon but I for one sincerely hope we shall have the pleasure of their company again soon.

Cadets From Arcadia
Among the many “Riddleites” registered during the week were:

Cadet J. F. Pickard from Clewiston and also James Durden, Asst Manager of Riddle Field, and Flight Instructors E. J. Smith, W. F. Fisher and S. W. Reeder.

—“He who laughs, lasts!”—

LIEUT. FRANCISCO MEDINA PEREZ, Cuban Naval officer studying at the Tech Division, flew to Havana last week on official business for his government.

NEW FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS CELEBRATE AT SCHOOL PARTY

MIAMI BEACH—At long last... flight instructors! The end of a long, hard row, and did Jim Gilmore and Tom Moxley celebrate at the School Party at the Deauville Saturday night! Look at those smiles, particularly Moxley’s! In this group, part of the more than 400 Embry-Riddleites who had a swell time at this party, are, left to right, Anne Cleveland, Jimmie Gilmore, who is now a flight instructor at Municipal Base; Barbara Otto, Carlton Baumgardner, cross-country and navigation flight student; Tom Moxley, who will be a flight instructor at Clewiston; and Gloria Brown.

But how about the rest of “Our Gang”? Well, THEY had fun too, and particularly did they like to dance upstairs, in the big Deauville Room and outside under the stars on the Clipper Deck. Glancing through our Guest Book, we note that every base except Doris Field was well represented; first names on this book were Francene Joy, Columbus, Ga., and John Noel from Lancaster, Pa.; the last two signatures were Earl Reinert, Jr., the singer, and Audrey Thomas, who formerly worked as secretary in the Main Office.

We don’t have room to print ALL the names on the Guest Book, but glancing over it we find about 25 of our U. S. Army Air Corps enlisted men from the Tech Division, 35 R.A.F. Cadets from Carlstrom Field, Arcadia Instructors Art Villas and Bob Priest, about 30 Inter-American Cadets from about a dozen South American countries, a good representation from Riddle Field at Clewiston, and an exceptionally good crowd from Tech, Main Office and Municipal. Among the many others joining in our party were Lt. S. P. Wesalo, Air Turn to Party—Page 3, Col. 2

OUR LOVELORN EDITOR

Chief Welding Instructor Art Riddle is mad! Referring to last week’s picture in which we said the Welding Department could mend anything but a broken heart, Art tells us that, given a chance, they can do that, too! We apologize, Welders, and will henceforth refer all heartbroken people to your department.

In all seriousness, tho, our visit to welding was an eye-opener; as close as we can guess, that department has extended about 15 to 20 times its original capacity, and right now is bigger than the Welding Division was at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., when Art visited there recently. Boy, that’s a lot of welding department!

And they’re still turning out tip-top welders, too, as is evidenced by a letter from Schweizer Aircraft in Elmira, N. Y., asking for OUR graduates... and another letter from graduate J. S. HAMM, who, after taking our course, was placed in charge of the welding department at the Orange County Defense Training School at Orlando, Fla. A mighty good record, kids. Keep it up!

“HE WHO HOLLERS...!”

The other day we heard Boss Riddle tell someone on the phone “The fellow who hollers the loudest and works the hardest is the fellow who gets what he wants these days.”

Well, we’ve been bellowing about buying War Bonds for the past three or four weeks... and finally are getting the desired results. Comptroller Bob Hildreth just called to tell us that the School has decided to institute voluntary deductions from pay checks for the buying of War Bonds.

Understand, now, this is VOLUNTARY! You don’t HAVE to buy Bonds, but since most of us are holding down jobs because of Embry-Riddle’s war expansion program, it is unreasonable to ask you to “go heavy” on this project. In addition, we can think of three other GOOD reasons...

1. BUYING WAR BONDS will raise the money necessary to wage a successful defensive and OFFENSIVE war!

2. BUYING WAR BONDS will help prevent a disastrous inflation.

3. BUYING WAR BONDS will give you a safe, systematic savings plan which will protect YOU against the higher taxes which are sure to come as a result of this war.

All Embry-Riddle units will join in this BUY BONDS drive. Within a few days your department head will explain the plan to you... don’t be bashful about signing up for all you can. You won’t regret it, today or 10 years from now when the bonds begin to mature! BUY WAR BONDS!

—“Well rule the blue in 42!”—

ADD THINGS WE NEVER KNEW: G. Willis Tyson, manager of Riddle Field at Clewiston, was born in Manchester, England, leaving there at the age of 3. Also, hailing from Manchester is Sydney J. Burrows, another good friend of our School.
**EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “STICK TO IT”**

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

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**RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE**

Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

**RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE**

Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

**RIDDLE-MCKAY AERO COLLEGE**

Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

**JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, President**

**F. C. “Bud” BELLAND, Editor**

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**ASSOCIATE EDITORS**

Ad Thompson

Seaplane Division, Miami

Bill Burton

Philip de la Rosa

Main Office and Technical School Division, Miami

Jack Hobler

RAF Primary School

Carlstrom Field, Arcadia

Betty Hair

Land Division, Municipal Airport, Miami

Jack Hopkins

British Flight Training School, Riddle Field, Clewiston

Ed Morey

U. S. Army Primary School, Dorr Field, Arcadia

Ray Fähringer—Jack Hobler

Jack Hart—Sam Lightholder

Staff Artists

Charles C. Erbets

Staff Photographer

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**CORRECTION!**

Here we go, making mistakes again! Remember those pictures of Dorr Field in last week’s paper? Well... the bottom picture was NOT the Mess Hall... it was the new CANTEN. For which we apologize, but can we help it if they build things so fast there that we can’t keep up with them?

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**PARTY**

Continued from Page 1

Corps, Brooklyn Field, Ala.; L. E. Jones, Intercontinental Aircraft Corp.; Bert Job and E. J. Pitcher, Dorr Aero Tech, Albany, Ga.; Lt. Comm. D. H. Hammer and party from U. S. Naval Air Station at Opa-Locka, etc. A swell crowd... and a swell time!

Highlighting the “special” entertainment was the group singing of old time songs, led by Eddie Baumgarten, who also led the first public appearance of our own Embry-Riddle School Orchestre, the nucleus of which is composed of Eddie himself, at the piano, Milton Roberts, guitar; Charlie “Shorty” Morris, sax and Earl Reinert handling the “Dog House” and the vocals. “Jock” Burrell, U. K., couldn’t bring his bagpipes down from Riddle Field due to a bit of night flying, but we have Jack Hopkins’ word for it that they both will be at the next party... which will be at the Deauville, Saturday, May 9, from 9 to any old time the next morning!

Incidentally, the party on the 9th will be another Midnight Dance... but we’re thinking that maybe in the right near future we’ll have a Swimming Party, too. How does that idea strike you all? Swim at the Deauville in the afternoon, have a buffet supper about 7 and then dance from about 9 to 17 Let’s hear your reaction to this suggestion!

P.S.—We almost forgot to mention the fact that we caught “Slicker” Virgil Kittrell trying to sell tickets to get “out” of the dance. To what end won’t these confidence men go?

—“He who laughs, last!”

**OUR AMATEUR DENTIST**

If anyone in the Tech School values his molar, be sure to avoid Mike Loginger from the Engine Dept. While relaxing after lunch the other day, Mike noticed a bed- rugged, pathetic looking little dog on the porch of the Tech School having trouble with something or other in his mouth. With the remark that perhaps the dog’s upper set wasn’t comfortable, Mike proceeded to find out what was wrong.

To everyone’s amazement he demanded a pair of piers and right there, before one and all, extracted a loose tooth that had been giving “Fido” considerable worry. It all happened so fast and with so little effort that we made a bee line for our office while still in possession of all our ivories!

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**MENTIONING MUNICIPAL**

By Betty Hair

EDITORS NOTE: With Correspondent BETTY HAIR in the hospital recovering from a successful appendectomy (it must run in the family), the Municipal Gang went to bat on “Mentioning Municipal.” First was a super swell letter from JIM GILMORE who just passed his instructor’s rating and will remain at Municipal as an instructor, and then “Flasher” courtesy of Betty Jo Beller, Johnnie Fenchle and the rest. O.K., Municipalites, carry on:

The Making of a Pilot

**Dear Bud:**

I’m writing to you about an incident that is an epic in my life. It began when I was a junior at the University of Miami back in September, 1940. That was when I started in the fall session of the CPT primary course with Lt. Burgin as my flight instructor and Mr. Lee Mainsten and Wilbur Sheffield handling the ground school.

Well, Bud, that seems like a long time ago, and there have been a lot of fellows come and go; there are a lot of names that come to my mind when I think about that primary course. For instance, Max Husted, who carried me through to my private license after I had 13 hours with Lt. Burgin, and Larry Long, a student in the same class. We lost a good friend when Larry cracked up in Pensacola. Then I remember some others, the Andre brothers, Jackie Ott, Jack Burr, Eugene Eley, etc.

I was lucky enough to make the spring secondary program after receiving private pilot certificate 27004-40, which brings back other names: George Eckard, Bob Johnston, Irving Glickman, Gerald Cook, Warren Ried, etc. (Those Wacos were real airplanes and lots of fun!) I don’t know how, but out of secondary I was admitted to the Cross Country Course with C. W. Timley as my instructor. There were six of us in that class.

Munton O’Neal, Parsons Day, Warren Ried, Tommy Moxley, Gerald Cook, and myself, and in about a month, under the patient hands of C. W. and Al Lumpkin we mastered cross country work (we thought!).

But all this is old news to you, Bud, how the six of us went on through the commercial refreshers with C. W. and Mr. Lumpkin and then, with Bobby Marshall as mentor, pushed on to our instructors’ ratings. I was one of the last ones to finish. My ticket came through April 22, 1942. Some of the boys are going to Arcadia and some to Clewiston, I guess. One went with Pan-American. “Gerry” Cook is staying on as an instructor at the Municipal base and I hope to be right with him.

As I said before, Bud, this is all old stuff, but here’s something you didn’t know. I don’t guess I realized it until I was bringing the inspector home from that last flight test. I was proud to be up in the blue with that ship because it has a proud name on it. The name, Embry-Riddle, means something to me, something I can’t write, some-

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**PROGRAM**

The Riddle “Family Theatre”

Feature Picture

“DEADLY GAME” also

“WAR AND ORDER” Monday, May 4th—Riddle Field Tuesday, May 5th—Dorr Field Wednesday, May 6th—Carlstrom Field

Our Amateurs Dentist

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**EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “STICK TO IT”**

April 30, 1942

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**MURDER BY INVITATION**

also

“GOOFER TROUBLE” Thursday, May 7th—Riddle Field Friday, May 8th—Dorr Field Saturday, May 9th—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer Admission Charge, Ten Cents

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thing I can’t really feel except when I’m upsets. You know how it is to pull her up at 160 m.p.h. and chain her to a small Immelmann with only you and your ship in all that vastness. Well, Bud, I just don’t know how to say it, but I’ve come a long way with this outfit and just felt I had to say something about it to somebody, so I thought I’d try for listening. Guess I’ll start hitting the books again. I’m going to start on that instrument rating next.

So-long,
Jim Gilmore.

P.S. I just heard that Gene Williams got his Instrument rating, and Linkrum is in process of convincing the Inspector that he can do it too.

Add Municipal
The gang around here has been kinds lost without the smiling face of Betty Hair. She had an apprenticeship and from all reports is doing fine. It seems that the staff at the University Hospital want to keep her for a mascot, but well have none of that. What is this thing I can’t do.

Congratulations are in order this week for Tom Mesley, Jim Gilmore, and Eugene Williams, alias “Snookie,” as they passed their flight instrument rating flight tests. Congratulations for Bill Linkrum, who received both his commercial and Flight Instructor rating. Tom will instruct at Arcadia or at Clewiston. With Bill Linkrum’s help, Lt. Van Burgin is carrying on at the Seaplane base for Ad Thompson while Ad is on his vacation. Jim Gilmore and Eugene Williams will remain at their old stamping ground and do their stuff.

New Stuff
You should see what we have out here. Three beautiful new curb planes. We need them, since the C P T has been expanded and changed. Almost everyone has a chance to take this training now. But wait till you see the new instrument ship. It’s the best looking thing we’ve had in a long time.

H. H. Cleveland, a private student soloed. As the usual custom he bought everyone a Coke. While opening them he cut his finger. I wonder if he could have been nervous. Cute little Pat Werder was his proud instructress.

A familiar sight is Lt. G. Jones sprinting down the curb line after his morning flight. It seems that he’s afraid he’ll be late to his morning class at the 47th Observation Squadron.

A unusual thing is Johannie Stubs, line boy, taking calamine pills to make him strong. It seems that Johannie Fouche takes them too.

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

That Man’s Here Again!
Dere Editter:
Well, I am back again and I got a few things to tell you. We’d sorta figured you’d be up here this week-end, but since we ain’t seen you, I will try to give you a few things that’s happened in the past seven days.

When an’ if you do get over here anytime soon, you may be surprised by the kind of transportation vehicles we got at Carlstrom Field. It sure gives us a laugh to see the two-inch Pop-Kid sit around the Post on that new little scooter-bike he’s got. We ask him if he had a “Two-Wheel Rating” an’ he said he had, but it didn’t look like it when he drove into the hangar area, yellin’ at the guard to drop the chain ‘cause he (Lan) didn’t know how to stop the dang thing. By now, however, he has got enough dual check on it and we are lettin’ him take it around solo to his heart’s content.

Something New Has Been Added
I was talkin’ to Tom Davis yes’ tidy mornin’ when Capt. George Ola drove up in one of them little Peeps the Army has got. It’s just like a convertible car; it ain’t got no top. Anyhow, the Captain took Tom an’ me for a demonstration ride and I ain’t had so much fun since my kid sister got out of the shoe polish. We bounced all over the prairie in that little buggy—dippin’ in an’ out of the hollers, through palmettos, over ditches an’ dunes, an’ wound up chasin’ a couple ground owls. It sure made an impression on Tom Davis, ‘cause he says he’s goin’ to git him one after the war’s over so’s he can solve his huntin’ an’ fishin’ troubles.

One thing, tho’, he’s got to strengthen his stomach, as ridin’ in that there remote control roller coaster shakes everything loose.

The Kind of “Ribbing” We Like!
Paul Debor had his 30th birthday last Tuesday, so all us Grind School teachers threw him a birthday roast in my back yard. Chum, that was some feed! My father-in-law cooked the ribs, my mother-in-law made the slaw, my wife candied the sweet potatoes, and I made a hog of myself. Of course, I wasn’t the only one who did any eatin’, as Joe Woodward was gittin jealous of my 37-rub consumption rate an’ tryin’ his best to eat more. Paul Debor was gittin’ the same way, an’ these boys woulda give me some real competition if they hadn’t had no beds on. But you know how it is; a belt will only stretch so far. After our vittles had settled we danced in the garage (which Mr. Mayer had fixed up for us) and Mark Hall gave a inspired rendition of La Conga. Their bellies too full to permit such outlawish exercise, Paul Debor an’ Bill Gracey set outside and talked huntin’ an’ fishin’ with my father-in-law. Boy, there was some tall shootin’ done there!

Anniversary Report!
Bud, I guess you want to know how is married life. Well, after a whole week of it, I say it ain’t bad. I get up in the mornin’ and there is water heatin’ for my shave, with bacon an’ eggs sizzlin’ their invitation to my palate. When I git home from work in the evenin’, all.

tired an’ sweated up, there is water heatin’ for my bath, clean clothes laid out for me after my wash-up, and supper is cookin’. Lately, tho’, I been havin’ a little trouble. This mornin’ when I was leavin’ for work, I sat for my usual kiss and was told, “Just a minute until I get these struts glued in place.” Yes, dang it, the little woman is buildin’ model airplanes!

Well, that about finishes up what happened around here. This comin’ Thursday evening, April 30th, Paul Dixon an’ Betty Clement is gittin’ married up in Lakeland. A lot of us fellers is going along to see the knot-tyn’, so I will write you about it later. Meanwhile, keep MY shirt on till I see you again.

Confidentially yours,
JACK

---

"Waste Not, Want Not!"

BYE BYE BUTTONS . . . Warren “Buddie” Button and wife, Ve, left Miami last week for “north” where Buddie will await his assignment to primary training in the Air Corps and Ve will stay with her family for the “duration” . . . popular around Municipal, Tech School and Riddle Field at Clewiston, the Buttons will be much missed by the gang.

R.A.F.er Teaches Army Air Force Cadets to Fly

CARLSTROM FIELD, ARCADIA—It’s the old story with Emby-Riddle . . . we teach ‘em to fly and then they come back to us and teach others. Shown above at the right is R.A.F. Flight Lieutenant Roy Eggen who recently “came home” to Carlstrom Field as one of our few British Flight Instructors. With him, left to right, are two U.S. Army Air Force Flying Cadets whom he recently soloed; Lawrence Weiler, Lorchmostat, N. Y., and Denver Sisco, Trenton, N. J.

About this picture, now . . . having once been called a Publicity Man we probably should say that the instructor is warning the Cadets to “Keep your nose down on turn!” . . . However, we’ve been disillusioned by too many posed publicity pictures and so are willing to bet a nice, cold “coke” that Mr. Eggen is merely telling the Cadets how he nearly fell out of a double-deck bunk in the Carlstrom barracks! How’s about it, fellows? Do we win a “coke?”
P.S. Have you seen the latest addition to the Rubets family? Charlie done found a tiny mouse that was the other day and had this whole nest in stitches while he fed it out of a bottle on the Chase lawn. It ought to be ripe for a 1st roast next Fall, eh?

**Carlstrom Flight Line**

by Tom Taylor

Sorry we missed last week, but the truth of the matter is that we lost all track of the day of the week, on account of we have been getting the weather we have long been asking for and as a result the flying line has been one BUSY place.

We are wishing Class 42H a fond farewell and good luck; they didn’t let us down on the reputation stuff or in their ability to TAKE IT.

Saw Joe Horton again; must be reasoning in Miami or som’np, also noticed that the instrument school is equipped with Charlie Sullivan. While on that department, we wonder how Linn Stitlc came out when he went across the Stinson. If he doesn’t get it, we bet that there is another ship landed here for the same work. (Latest dope on that score is—Linn’s department will have a completely equipped Fairchild 24—nice goin’).

**Personal Items**

Believe it or not, Jack Hunt was on the flight line for twelve minutes the other day! Bud Richart is out there centering the “needle and the ball.” Sgt. Farrar convincing a Cadet that said Cadet hadn’t completely destroyed the U.S. Air Force when he ground looped a P.T. (poor ol’ 122). That flashy red car that Capt. Ola is driving is just a good ad for one of the local garages. Sure is a nice paint job; really ought to increase the pick-up. Things are a little quiet at the present as several of the fellows who were on 42H are taking things easy in other parts of Florida. (Even Heinie Kight). Howard Wade has taken on the new job in the instructor refresher school, so it looks as though Flight Two will be looking for a replacement.

**Aerobatics ... Not Appreciated!**

Yeah, and we know who the “Wise Guy” is who gives the not too brilliant exhibition of aerobatics over the South end of town near the swimming pool. Also, while on the subject, doing some rather low flying in the same vicinity in an airplane with no upper wing. We will let anyone in on the secret if they are interested. (Might be interesting in view of some of the things that took place here a short time ago. By the way, we haven’t seen some of the younger instructors lately). Long live the “KINK!”

Well, I guess we have done all the damage possible for this week and we may not be here next week at this time, specially if we have to chase cows offauxiliary fields with sticks. (Note to Dorr Field instructors—nothing “poisonous” in that last remark.)

So we’ll be seein’ y’all.

**IDLE CHATTER**

If a mirage is the place where the “little man who wasn’t there,” keeps his car, I wonder if the “Jeeb” standing so shy and coy in front of the Administration Building is the offspring of the “Jeeb” that a while back said “Good Evenin’!” to me as I came in. Then too, after looking it over from all sides, I’d like to find out if it backed in there at that spot or is it facing front. I can’t tell the front from the back, but from the reliable Grapevine source I hear that the dignified officers took down their hair, went into knee pants and played kids riding around the Circle. I miss everything.

Speaking of strange goin’s on, did any of you boys out there in the Hangars ever over haul a “Skid-dypoop”?? That is the pet name for Mr. L. Povey’s two wheeled vehicle. Page Mr. Webster and let him take some notes while Carlstrom invents the words.

**Foxy Stuff**

We’ve a stranger in our midst. I refer to that Woods Fox that the Guards tried to coax into the Hangar the other night with bits of sandwich meat. The fox was too foxy, but there will be one consolation if some future attempt is successful and you fellows find him there in the morning; the caged one is what he is and not another of the long haired variety.

I don’t suppose you’ve noticed since we have had no night flying how long the nights are getting, but then it provides time (and who said thought?) for my Idle Chatter.

—Night N.B.X.

Candid camera shot of Mr. Fred Hunziker demonstrating the “proper attitude” in a Link Trainer at Riddle Field, Clewiston!

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**LETTER from ENGLAND**

The Hall, Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, Surrey

Editor of the “Fly Paper”

Dear Sir:

Through the courtesy of your publicity department, and at the request of my son, who is a Cadet in the R.A.F., and who has done part of his training at Carlstrom Field, I have received copies No. 13 and 14 of your amusing magazine. These I have read with much interest, though as some of the expressions and phrases used are strange to us over here, not always with understanding. Thank you very much.

My main object in writing is to ask whether through your journal, or if this is not possible, by your passing this letter on to one of the papers which circulate in your district, you would permit me to express my thanks and appreciation of the kindnesses and hospital­ity your cadets have received from so many of your people. Believe me, it is very fully appreciated by us who have their sons so many thousands of miles from home, and I can only say we do thank you very sincerely. If all the cadets have received the same treatment as my son, we are deeply in your debt.

It has been my privilege to have been of some assistance to some of the Canadian boys who have come across to help us in the joint struggle forced upon us. Now that some of your sons are in this island on the same mission, perhaps an opportunity will offer itself to enable me to make some small return.

Yours faithfully,


—Keep ‘Em Flying—

**TAKE E’ EXAMINATIONS**

Visiting in Miami this week to take their written Engine exam­inations from the C.A.A. inspector at Municipal Base were Bob Lat­imer, Mort Feldman and Bob Reese from the Riddle Field (Clewiston) Maintenance crew.

These chaps are all graduates of the Maintenance Course at the Technical Division. Good luck, kids!

Ideas are funny little things. They won’t work unless you do.

—Columbia Record

—Mum’s the Word! Don’t Talk—

**IT MUST BE IN THE AIR,** this getting married stuff. Counting up, we note that there were no less than 12 marriages among Riddle Aero personnel at Arcadia in a single week! Guess we’d better move up there and see if we can’t catch that!
"LISTENING OUT"

Riddle-McKay Aero College
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida
United States of America

VOLUME NUMBER FOUR
EPILOGUE

So that's that! After the sweat and toll of our sojourn here, we ultimately find ourselves approaching the gate that leads to the wider road.

Not without many setbacks was this achieved—we cannot but recollect the cold sweat of check flights, the well earned "binding" of long suffering instructors, the fears of "ride" up North; but to reminisce—

"Four Course! What did THEY do?" In response to such a question we must candidly admit we've nothing spectacular to our name. Enthusiasm! Yes, loads of it! Much to the disgust of sundry Dispatchers who, at times, have been seen defending themselves against overwhelming odds in the shape of students with their oft repeated cry,—"Any solo ships?" It is rumored that Dispatchers now carry firearms!

Instrument flying—huh! We have all (to say the least) been mildly irritated by the persistent voice "Center the needle—center the ball"! However, after numerous repeat performances, the fact that someone required a needle and ball put in the middle of something became a reality, and students were even known to do this without being told!

Yes, we have seen our Instructors age rapidly, with hair turning an attractive iron grey, but at this stage all we can do is simply to apologize. In all seriousness, though, we can assure them that our unending gratitude is theirs.

Of Florida, and her hospitality to the R.A.F., volumes could be written, and to those of us who were for the first time journeying in a "foreign" land, the friendliness with which we were accepted more than bridged the gap of loneliness.

Of weekends (and what weekends!) spent in Miami, West Palm Beach, Fort Myers, Fort Lauderdale, Clewiston, Moore Haven, and in many other hospitable surroundings, tales will be told to future generations! For these are memories which cannot fade with time—the kindness and friendliness of the American folk! To the thousands of motorists who have responded to the outstretched thumbs of amateur hitchers—as many thanks. To the people of Clewiston who run a ferry service to the Camp on Sunday evenings—Thank you!

Week-end off! How about a lift to Miami? A. Cresswell and R. Walters

Steve Noland; the latest in hats

Happy days around the pool! D. F. Bateman, Bob Walters, Campbell and Stan Endacott

What? Milk not here yet?

One of R. L. Vero's unconventional entries into the pool

Three of the "Dead Enders"

Dan Webster and Vic Jones tell a tale about this one

— "We'll rule the blue in '42!" —

REMINDERS

To all airmen who would fancy themselves with a pair of wings in his pocket;
Up and down and to and fro
Sammy's airplane has to go;
But his is not to do or die,
His is just to learn to fly.
King James said to the fly:
"Have I three kingdoms, and thou must needs fly in my eye?"
We could divert upon numerous escapades of certain members of the Course upon both coasts, but unwilling to jeopardise brilliant careers we remain silent. Fishing! many and varied stories in the best fisherman tradition—the majority we must confess unsubstantiated, but on very rare occasions with a photo to prove the case.

Shall we ever forget our first encounter with the gentleman who trotted into the class room during the first week of our stay here, printed “Superduper” on the blackboard, and proceeded to enlighten us that it was his charge to ensure that by the time we were due to “pass out” we should be competent Navigators. Again, shall we ever forget our first initiation into the why and wherefores of Engines, Armament, Theory of Flight, Meteorology, Signal, Armament, and Link—I’ll say we won’t! To the gentlemen who instructed us in all this, may we express our grateful thanks?

As we progressed through the final Primary Check, on into the mysteries of B.T.s (where we found that at last we could answer back on the inter-com—necessitating, for the first time, self control in the air!) we became firmly convinced that we knew all there was to know about aeroplanes and flying. This phase, unfortunately, proved ill-enduring and probably our new Instructors had something to do with it!

Again, shall we ever forget our carefree evenings spent around the camp fire whilst night flying—Did we have fun?

Ah! the Seminole—rendezvous of the elite, and gathering place of the clans; the Clewiston Inn, too! Happy days!

Most of us, at one time or another, have been fortunate enough to be guests at The Colony, and may we heartily endorse the sentiment that Syd Burrows be suitably decorated.

The other day we heard someone commenting on our increase in girth and poundage. Well, though we made miserable the existence of the members of the Messing Committee, let us commend the “grub” we devoured and the untiring efforts of Mr. Walters and staff to satisfy our whims. And to the girls in the canteen who have by this time dispensed with interpreters and by now understand Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and the conglomerate of English dialects—many thanks for service with a smile! Invariably they have the answer for the over-zealous cadet.

We have seen Riddle Field grow up—from a barren cow pasture to a veritable oasis. The swimming pool, tennis courts, canteen, and all the mod. con., only “Thing-To-Come” when first we arrived, have materialized, and are now part of a first class Camp. Despite the inevitable grey days, life here has been singularly devoid of monotony, and may we say that, as we look back on our brief interlude, the everpresent kindness shown, the friendships made and cemented,—we realize that they are things which we shall long remember.

And so this era closes in
When we have worked and toiled and tried
To make prepare for sterner days to come
When we would fight for Freedom over those who strived
To take from us this precious, priceless jewel
Which men have loved from days long bid adieu.

Dear Friends, we’ve done our job as best we might,
And now determined, venture to the fight
These memories dear, which we shall take away,
Will cheer us on some dark and cheerless day
And so, regretfully, we take our leave, for now,
Determined; we shall keep our vow.
They Also Ran! The “Officers’ Steaks,” with Official Scores Censored by R.A.F. Executive Order!
This week we want to offer in our Hats Off Department, two men who are responsible for the continued improvement of the appearance of the field and for the consistent neat appearance of the buildings on the field. These men are Mr. F. A. Haynes, Supt. of the Grounds and Buildings, and his assistant, E. L. Brannon. It is to these men that the responsibility of the many minor details concerning the upkeep of the buildings and grounds is given, and they have proved to be very capable in the discharge of their duties. So, gentlemen, our compliments for the swell job you are doing.

F. A. Haynes and E. L. Brannon

Course Graduates

Today, Friday May 1, another course received their Wings, signifying the end of their cadet training. (Part of the flight will remain, however, for some additional ground school instruction.) All of them are now sergeant in the R.A.F. The Wings ceremony was presided over by Wing Commander Rampling, assisted by Squadron Leader Burdick and Flight Lieutenant Nickerson before a large gathering of the many friends of the class. The flight is scheduled to leave soon for their next destination.

Not unlike the preceding courses to graduate here, this course established a good record during their training, and it is with regret that we see this class leave. They, too, were a swell group of fellows and England can well be proud of the impressions that her sons are making here in the United States. However, it is for the cause of a United Nations complete victory that these men are fighting and to them we offer our congratulations upon their graduation, and our sincerest wishes for "bon voyage" and a happy landing.

Personal Prattle

First off, let us say that any item appearing under this heading is all fun for all. No personal insults are meant, so we hope that any "cracks" that might be made will be taken in the spirit for which they are intended.

Paul Prior, Primary Flight Dispatcher, is spending a ten days' vacation at good old Huntingburg, Indiana. (Lucky boy, we say.)

Flight Commander Brink has offered his services in instructing the art of fencing and anyone interested in this sport should see him.

Primary Flight Instructor Jimmy Taylor entertained several friends at his apartment last Friday evening in honor of the birthday anniversary of his wife, "Chickle."

Cadet Chatter

Lt. A. C. Loche, Green Flight, now knows when not to wear his socks and also knows the difference between $3 and $5.

Cadets Denton and Dugard of Red Flight are not very particular as to the time and manner with which they call on their lady friends. It was a very peculiar situation when they called on their lady friends in Okeechobee the other night.

Cadet Skidmore of Yellow Flight is in charge of the organization of a library at this camp, and he now has the books all assorted and ready to be catalogued. He has done all this with the help of Kathryna Minge, R.A.F. stenographer, and the various A.D.'s. These books were given to the camp through the Victory Book Campaign and are very much appreciated. They will mean a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment to a lot of fellows and on behalf of No. 5 B.F.T.S. we say thank you to the thousands of persons who have contributed to the Victory Book Campaign.

"Mystery Man"

Here is pictured our mystery man of the week — one legs, what? Oh, just one hint — he's from Green Flight.

The last Saturday night we are certain that Blue Flight is attempting to follow directly in the footsteps of Red Flight.

Why do they call G. A. Clark in Yellow Flight, "Line Shooter Jerry?"

After night flying last week, several members of Blue Flight think they will purchase an alarm clock or two so they will awaken at the proper time.

Thanks, Ray

Since we took over as editor of the FLY PAPER for Riddle Field, Ray Denton has been our reporter from Red Flight. Ray has kept us informed as to the happenings from his flight as well as suggesting various other items of interest. Ray graduates with the Advanced Class, so we want to say thanks very much for all your efforts, and a lot of good luck to you in your future.

Taylor to Report for Green Light

We have been fortunate in securing Ted Taylor from Green Flight to cover the news from his flight while here.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

From the Diary of Strabismus, week of March 29

My dears, such a week as you never saw... just one long whirl of events. A fearful row... Yes it was too frightful for words, all because Blue Flight assisted in sugar cane cutting. Surely a work of national importance (censored) with clan carried away some of the (censored) Company's property. His (censored) was carried away with heart failure.

Monday morning dawned, revealing some artistic adornments to Riddle Field by the venerable members of our illustrious Red Flight. (Phil Dyson, his manly chest swarming with pride, said at an exclusive interview, "I don't know how we do it.")
Mr. Tyson presented Yellow Flight with a very nutty line in cups.  
Well, old chap, I s'pose that's about all... dash it... Adios, etc.  

MAN OF THE WEEK  
Wing Comr. Kenneth J. Rampling  
By exclusive interview

Kenneth Rampling knocked around the world, seeing what it had to offer, until, in 1934, he decided to hitch his star to that nebulous collection of biplanes then known as the Royal Air Force.  

He was measured for boots, shirts and collars (size 16), and dispatched with due military promptitude to Grantham, in the middle of England. Here he absorbed "King's Regulations" in large quantities and was primed with the various factors in an airman's training until 1935, when he emerged fully hedged just as "Musso" was trying out his first "buff" and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down" on dusty, grubby Abyssinian.  

He was sent forth to join the Middle Eastern Forces and was in Egypt for the next five years. No doubt he was bitten by a camel. Every wish who goes to Egypt is, sooner or later. He saw those incredible noisy colorful bazaars, and was swindled a couple of times into buying something he didn't want at a fabulous price. He surveyed the serene smirk of the Sphinx and probably clambered to the top of the Pyramid for a breather.  

One year previous to the war he returned to England and went to the Central Flying School.  

For four months he was on patrols and exercises attached to a famous fighter squadron of Spitfires, and always enjoyed it because he had the chance of using those eight Brownings on a rotten seat of Auryn pants.  

Training command collared him and sent him out here last summer to the edification of No. 5 B.F.T.S., Clewiston, Fla.  

Now he has a nice polished desk in the Administration Building and a nice chromium-plated stool in the Clewiston Inn Lounge. He may be seen on Saturday mornings peering into cadets' lockers to ensure an orderly interior.  

He likes golf and he likes Palm Beach, particularly Palm Beach.  

He can get around the Clewiston course in 72 (9 holes) and to Palm Beach in 1 hr. (by Plymouth).  

He is six feet one, weighed 160 pounds on arrival in the States but now weighs 185. His age and other figures are "official secrets," but he is said to have a fine performance at high altitudes.  

He is co-author with Sqd. Ldr. Burdock, of those two monumental works of great interest to cadets, "Station Standing Orders Part Two Flying Not to Be Removed," and "Station Standing Orders Part One Not to Be Removed."  

Wing Commander K. J. Rampling  
He is editor of the leading camp publication "Weekly Routine Orders" (although we believe Nick, the office boy, does most of the work) in which more ambitious cadets may have the pleasure of finding their names, and has written some interesting remarks of Blue Flight.  

Amid his other achievements, he is the proud father of a bonny wee babe he has never seen.  

Good work, sir... By jove... What??"  

"He who laughs, lasts!"  

"THE CRACKER BOX"  
By and For the Gamin Boys  
Mr. P. S. Barrett, Georgia State Director of the Vocational Rehabilitation Department, has promised the fellows to visit School this week. Maybe we can persuade him to remain with us long enough to enjoy at least a few days of this delicious Florida sunshine.  

Do you know that young fellow by the name of P. P. Gillis, of Soperton, Georgia? Well, he may not be quite as young as you think. Last year his daughter was "Miss Georgia in Evening Dress." Jean is her name. From her picture we know she is truly beautiful.  

You have read articles in several of the nation's best magazines written by Edison Marshall. One of our boys goes by that name but he is not the author. But he is the author's son.  

Walter Neisler is our bridge expert. He never misses a trick (and never tricks a miss).  

Does Rush Dye go to the beach to swim? And why didn't Elmo Meadows come in out of Saturday's sun?  

Climbing on Up  
The nightly grind school has been educating these here mechanics, and the result is that Mr. Cullers is getting more and more licensed men. The following men passed a recent Army examination: Foley, Willis, Wherrell, Poole, Palmer, Hollingsworth, Hope, Williamason, R. F. Smith, H. B. Smith, Clark, Woldford and Culbert. Congratulations to you all! Keep 'em flying!  

The Feminine Touch  
It seems as though the Cadets of 42-I were slighted (in their opinion) when the girls of Dorr and Carlstrom Fields gave a recent dance in the local canteen in honor of 42-H. Well, the score will be evened up Wednesday evening (by the time you read this, the occasion will, of course, be in the past) when 42-I will be on the honor list. Thank you, girls!  

This group of girls have also formed a club and call themselves "Riddle Aminous" or something like that; you know we reporters—never spell things right. Possibly you have read articles in several of the nation's best magazines written by Edison Marshall. One of our boys goes by that name but he is not the author. But he is the author's son.  

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Country Soldier  
(Dedicated to Pvt. George Collier)  
By Elmo Meadows  
(Georgia's would-be poet laureate)  

With gee and haw on the tip of my tongue  
I long to go back to the farm,  
To cussin' ole Dobbin at the top of my lungs  
And that wonderful cookin' of Mom's,  
To the handles of the plow in the palms of my hand  
And the lines on the back of my neck  
To the breakin' and turnin' of God's own land  
And measuring my crops by the peck.  

I want to be awakened by the rooster's crow  
And retire with the chickens each night,  
Except on Saturday I would like to go  
To see a Western where they shoot and fight.

Dorr Field News Bull-ETIN  
Ed Morey, Editor

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And retire with the chickens each night,  
Except on Saturday I would like to go  
To see a Western where they shoot and fight.

Now this sounds silly to a city guy  
And naturally I guess it should,  
'Cause he never learned to milk a cow  
Or why she chews her cud.  

When this last war is over  
And I can put away my gun  
And stroll through fields of clover  
When my dog's work is done—  

I'm going to visit this city guy  
And he's goin' to show me a dive  
And he's goin' to explain just why  
They call a dance a jive.  

After I've learned all the city stuff  
I'll take him back to the farm  
(I'll write to Mom to hide her snuff  
And get out her quills so warm).  

I hope he will stay just long enough  
To appreciate the things we do,  
I'll not only have a friend that's tough,  
I'll have a friend that's good and true.
SOLDIER STUFF
by "The Boys" at Tech-Div.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Boy! Privates, this is the life! You fellows that were fortunate enough not to be an entity of the first class at the school are missing something. Where else in this beautiful world of sunshine can one find a group of men so enthusiastic in pursuing their goal that they work eleven and twelve hours a day through Sunday without even a thought of compensation? What good would it do if they did get it? No chance of spending it anyway. Whatever the force is that maintains my motivations, I don't know, but it sure is doing a swell job. I'm positive of one thing though, and that is that I, consciously have nothing to do with it. In fact, I am strictly hunchy at the moment. It's surprising the effect it's had on most of the boys. Take Harry "Rube" Goldberg Shelton, as an example. Ordinarily a quiet, gentlemanly, sensible fellow. But you'd never believe it if you ever saw some of the fantastic little household and aeronautical shortcuts inventions he's concocted the past week as an escape from his confinement. The potency of the effects has not limited itself to a few as is obvious in the prevalent "bearded" situation among the "condemned" men. In many cases the dimensions of the subject would warrant membership in any House of David organization.

"SERVICES UNDER THE SUN"

To prove my point I will print below the evening prayer that has been adopted by us "unfortunates."

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my brains to keep
The information of Form 41 Sheet
So my course I will not repeat.

Bless my capacity to retain
My instructions on an overhauled

So that my efforts success will gain
Never to be said "they were in vain."

MOTHER'S DAY

And don't forget, soldiers, that May 10th is MOTHER'S DAY! If you're lucky enough to have a mother, why not drop her a little extra note to reach her on that Sunday? You know she'd appreciate it! Along that line, we just got a notice from the Live and Let Live Drug Store at 3520 N. W. 17th Avenue to the effect that they have a large selection of Mother's Day cards, especially designed for mothers of men in the Service. If you haven't time to write ... at least send HER one of these cards!

Well, private, that's it for now. These extra hours have affected information as well as personnel. In closing, however, I'm sure I speak for all the soldiers when I extend a hearty thanks and appreciation to those persons responsible for the distribution of the New Testaments to anyone so desiring them. It was a very gracious thought that I guarantee will not be forgotten.

TECH SCHOOL MIAMI—To accommodate the demand for religious services among the students, a group of men at the Tech School, non-denominational church services are being held every Sunday morning on the roof of the south wing of our building. Presided over by Sales Representative S. L. Helm, an ordained minister and formerly pastor of the Cathedral Memorial Church in Miami, the services are becoming increasingly popular with the boys.
TECH TALK
by Barton & Burton Co., Inc.

Life at Embry-Riddle is exciting, something different happening all the time—new, novel, startling, world-shaking, cataclysmic, such as the grader on the front lawn bursting into flames a thousand feet high and Skinny Gile, Jim McShane and Raymond Farmer rushing out at the risk of their lives and saving over a million dollars worth of property. The grader itself was valued at $25, but the tires were worth at least $966.99 apiece. Unquestionably Embry-Riddle was saved by the heroic efforts of these intrepid gentlemen. (To be taken with at least 1 t. of salt.)

Other Stirring Events
Betty Harrington, best woman driver any snarling truck driver ever met, was crashed into by a reckless driver. Damages to Betty—bruises; to Bud Belland's car—plenty. The soft ball game on the 21st also provided casualties: Kellin, Sales, broken finger; Baker, Parachutes, cramps in both legs; Blomeley, sprained hip; Gile, leg cramps, and Copeland, Auditing, the only hospital case, a broken collar bone. Nurse Betty was on hand to provide the correct care—ever; 21-17 in favor of Academy. Among the spectators beautiful blonds abounded on the bending bleachers: Eleanor Esser, a visitor from Washington, D. C.; Mary Blackley, Mrs. Bill Kohler, Mrs. Bob Hillstead, Mrs. Charles Ebbets, Peggy Cates and Thelma Bickerstaff. Madge Kessler and her twin daughter were score-keepers.

Congratulations
To Walter Criddebaugh, who received his aircraft instructor rating; to Eve Atkinson, who celebrated her "twenty-first" birthday on the 20th (other famous persons celebrating the same occasion on this date—Herr Hitler); to Charles Morris on his new position as clerk to Art Barr, welding; to Jenn Wye, whose wedding will take place in New York next month; to Dr. Stewart, who treats our ills and chills, who has been promoted to Lieut.-Col. in the Army Medical Corps with an office here. All the girls love the good-looking uniform and the shiny silver oak leaf at the point of becoming feverish patients; to Jack Flowers, who received his commission and departed with the promise he'd asked to be stationed here and we could all salute him; to Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Smith, who found Miami just about the best ever, have bought a year-round home and will be with us permanently. We can't think of anyone we would rather have.

More Soft-Ball
On the 23rd the Main Office team played Radio Station WKAT. The game started off with WKAT 4 and Main Office 0 but that was merely a come-on for the final score was 17-7 in our favor. Our opponents were fine people as well as good sports and not only have they asked for a return match but extended an invitation to Embry-Riddle personnel and students to visit their studio for a conducted tour. On the same day Instruments played Accounting with a score of 18-11 in favor of Instruments, being unable to attend we have unvouched for rumors only to report: Grinnell's face was scratched, Bob Hillstead was knocked cold, and who lost a tooth?

Aircraft Department
Not content with carrying off the season's prize for basketball, the indefatigable James A. McShane is now strenuously engaged in whipping his bowling team into National League victory. If he wins many more trophies the Library will be crowded out into the corridor. Warren Keller, formerly of Municipal, is the new clerk in the Stock Room on the third floor.

April 25th
The night of the dance was perfect! Outdoors on the Clipper Deck the moon was all, one could want of a moon and the ocean swept gracefully in toward shore, making a beautiful tropical picture. Indoors the advantage was a smoother floor. So there was plenty of room for all and the Tech School was well represented, with Celia Hianne Crocker more ravishing than ten glamor girls; Bill Blomeley and a blond beauty whom he introduced as his wife of six weeks; Gladys Norwood better than anything "Vogue" ever showed; Betty Harrington a flame in grey and red; Messieurs Throgmorton, Gile, Varney and Kohler with a party of sixteen friends taking great pleasure in the rhumba but not quite up to the congas; June McGill, sophisticated in black and white, and Eve Atkinson, dewy-eyed, with "Buddy" Sheldon Wells and Sidney Wood together with their pretty young ladies; Dr. Drabek brought the fair Helen and the Embry-Riddle girls will probably be discovering pains and aches they never had before; dainty Grace Roome in a cute little Dutch cap; Virgil Kittrell moaning about an eight o'clock class Sunday morning; Elizabeth Hirsch and the dash of Luis Jaramillo Latinizing about; and best of all, good old Bud Belland, who makes these parties possible for us and achieves in the course of one short evening a world of greeting to each that leaves a warm glow.

See 562 P. L. & R.

After Victory WHAT?

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