CARLSTROM FIELDERS 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 Macalder-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


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 these 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, Anna 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 Dorr 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 Reimert, 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. Welsa, Air

Turn to Party—Page 2, Col. 2

OUR LOVELORN EDITOR

Chief Welding Instructor Art BARR 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 bollering about buying War Bonds for the past three or four weeks... and finally are getting the desired results. Comptroller Bob Hill stood 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 48!"

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

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE

Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE

Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE-MCKAY AERO COLLEGE

Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

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Jack Hopkins

British Flight Training School, Riddle Field, Clewiston

Ed Morey

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Ray Fahringer—Jack Hobler

Jack Hart—Sam Lightholder

Staff Artists

Charles C. Ebberst

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?

**PARTY**

Continued from Page 1


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 Orchesters, the nucleus of which is composed of Eddie himself, at the piano, Milton Roberts, guitar; Charles "Shorty" Morris, sax and Earl Reinert handling the "Dog House" and the vocals. "Jock" Birrell, U.K., couldn't bring his bagpipes down from Riddle Field due to the bit of "night flying", but he has 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 Swing Dance... but we're thinking that maybe in the right near future we'll have a Swinning 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 11 Let's hear your reaction to this suggestion?

P.S.—We almost forgot to mention the fact that we caught "Silky" Virgil Kittrell trying to sell tickets to get "out of" the dance. Too bad we won't those confidence men go?

—He who laughs... lasts!—

**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 bedraggled, 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 pliers 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!

**MENTIONING MUNICIPAL**

*By Betty Hair*

**EDITOR'S 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 Pence and the rest. Okay, Municipalites, carry on:

**The Making of a Piler**

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 Malmsten 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's 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 Eckert, 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.

Moteen O'Neal, Parshall 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 refresherers with C. W. and Mr. Lumpkin and then, with Bobby Marshall as mentor, pushed on to our instructor's 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, sometime...

**PROGRAM**

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

**Feature Picture**

"DEADLY GAME" also

"WAR AND ORDER" also

**Feature Picture**

"MURDER BY INVITATION" also

"GOOFER TROUBLE" also

**For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer**

**Admission Charge, Ten Cents**

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**EMBRY-RIDDLE**

**FLY PAPER**

"STICK TO IT!"

April 30, 1942
thing I can’t really feel except when I’m uppers. You know how it is to pull her up at 160 m.p.h. and then hold off a small green 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 give you a chance. 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 Instructor rating, and Linkrum is in process of convincing the Inspector that he can do it too.

Add Municipal

The gang around here has been kind of lost without the smiling face of Betty Hair. She had an appen-dectomy and from all reports is doing fine. It seems that the staff at the University Hospital want to keep her for a mascot, but we’ll have to see what that is first it’s Mickie and now it’s Betty’s.

Congratulations are in order this week for Tom Medley, Jim Gilmore, and Eugene Williams, alias “Snookie,” as they passed their flight instructor rating flight tests. Congrats 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 in 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 cub 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 ’til 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 instructor.

A familiar sight is L. G. Jones sprinting down the cub 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 Johnnie Stubbs, line boy, taking calculus pills to make him strong. It seems that Johnnie 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 little of what’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 give us a laugh to see Tom Pop, kid sister around the Post on that new little scooter-bike he’s got. We ast him if he had a “Two-Wheel-Radio” an’ he said he had, but 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 losin’ him take it around solo to his heart’s content.

Something New Has Been Added

I was talkin’ to Tom Davis yes’ tidy morning 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 around 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 makes 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 big 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 Dixon was gittin’ the same way, an’ these boys would 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 Ball gave a inspired rendition of La Conga. Their bellies too full to permit such outlandish 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’ swept out, there is water heatin’ for my bath, clean clo’se 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 ast 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-tyin’, so I will write you about it later. Meanwhile, keep MY shirt on till I see you again.

Confidentially your’n,

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 at 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. For Teaches Army Air Force Cadets to Fly

CARLSTROM FIELD, ARCADIA—It’s the old story with Embry-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 Bob Eggles 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, Lochmont, N. Y., and Denver Simons, Trenton, N. J.

About this picture, now... having once been called a Publicity Man I 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. Eggles 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?”
Speaking of strange goin's on, did any of you boys out there in the Hangar ever overhaul a "Skiddoopen"? That is the pet name for Mr. L. Povey's two wheeled vehicle. Page Mr. Webster and let him take some notes while Carlstrom inverts 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 thoughts?) 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!

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 our 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—"

TASTE 'E' EXAMINATIONS

Visiting in Miami this week we took their written Engines 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 midde 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!

**REMINDE**RS

To all airmen who would fancy themselves with a pair of wings in his tent;

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 conglomeration 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.

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

\[
\text{Dear Friends, we’ve done our job as best we might,} \\
\text{And now determined, venture to the fight} \\
\text{These memories dear, which we shall take away,} \\
\text{Will cheer us on some dark and cheerless day} \\
\text{And so, regretfully, we take our leave, for now,} \\
\text{Determined; we shall keep our vow. } \\
\]
DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
Philip A. de la Rosa, Editor

WINGS FOR AMERICA
by Chester Galeno

Inter-American Cadet from Chile

DEMOCRACY—FREEDOM—JUSTICE... And all those priceless conquests of our present civilization are threatened. The New World, "Innocent America" as the poet called her, has started to draw the sword to cooperate with all her enormous potentiality to secure the final victory in the most terrible bloodshed the earth has ever witnessed.

We do not know, really, who started this war, why the guns began to throw death and destruction in old Europe, but we only know that those people who are responsible for this big struggle have turned their eyes toward our lands, to AMERICA, the new continent where Freedom and Justice have been the dearest heritage from one to another generation.

North, Central and South America for the first time in their history have united themselves to fight against a common foe, a foe who tries to destroy our homes and our laws. The United States of North America received a cowardly hard blow from a traitor who claimed to be a friend, and who got his weapons from her, but that traitor didn't realize that he had offended not only the U.S., but all the rest of the Continent, which has answered at once and will turn on the aggressor like an unconquerable giant!

LATIN AMERICA, unfortunately not so well known to the rest of the world, is a fountain of unextinguishable resources that, if united, can take any hard job with plenty of courage and enterprise. I do not think I am mistaken when I say that we have everything that the Good Earth gives: tin, bauxite, copper, nitrate, wool, timber, etc., in fact, almost everything needed in modern industry now dedicated to build weapons which, as soon as this war is over, will offer us the best living conditions we deserve as a new land full of willing people who only desire peace and security.

Latin America's shipping is probably not over 800,000 tons. Since the States entered the war, Brazil, Chile and Uruguay have lost ships. Obviously, the losses in the future will be greater yet. But it's necessary to keep an ever increasing interchange of materials, products, machinery, chemical products and other miscellaneous items, which have to be transported between the Americas. AVIATION, then, is the answer to this emergency, because of the shortening of distances and the high safety it offers. It is indeed hard to foresee the unlimited possibilities that air transportation will have in the near future, when these brotherly relations already started between the Americas become stronger yet.

Here, then, is the solution to the problem—Airplanes. Fields and Trained Men to take care of the new system of communications that will be the arteries of the Continent. We are here at Embry-Riddle School of Aviation studying and working to go back to our respective home countries to handle and make possible the complete union between all American countries, as if they were just one whole country under the unique flag of DEMOCRACY, with a real democratic cooperation and understanding. So let us realize the serious responsibilities we'll have in our hands in playing a leading role in the drive for "VICTORY."

—"We'll rule the blue in '42!"

The Most Interesting Thing I Saw in "The States"
by Course IV, Clewiston

Fried chicken.

The bicycles.

A bottle of Bass.

Promise not to tell, but she lives in West Palm Beach.

Florida's mosquitos, the largest I ever saw.

The optimism of the man who expects "one long blast of siren (20 seconds) prior to crash if possible."

Highway 26.

Floodlighting in Washington, D.C.

New York skyline.

A "model T."

The gentleman who pointed out that it is a great thing that the two English speaking nations should be fighting side by side.

An R.A.F. corporal without a mustache.

They Also Ran! The "Officers' Steaks," with Official Scores Censored by R.A.F. Executive Order!

RIDDLE FIELD, CLEWISTON—Windup event in the recent, and now famous, track and field meet held at Riddle Field was the "Officers' Steaks," or "Stokes" if you must, featuring a 100-yard dash in the general direction of the Mess Hall. Official results are clothed in secrecy, but the pretty constant rumor is that the winner was decided later in the Canteen by the toss of a coin between "Gunnor" Brink and Wing Commander Kenneth Rompling. The above picture, taken by Charlie Ebbets with a telescope camera from atop the water tower in Clewiston, shows, left to right, Starter Joe "Hoopy" Hopkins, Jimmie Durdin, Assistant Manager of Riddle Field, S/L George Burdick, "Gunnor" Brink, O. Willis Tysan, Manager of Riddle Field, Fred Hunziker, Ernie Smith, F/Lt. Nickerson, W/C Ken Rompling and Charles "Tubby" Owens, Athletic Director and "anchor man" on anyone's team!
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 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 sergeants in the R.A.F. The Wings ceremony was preceded 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 results 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 Instructors: Jimmy Taylor entertained several friends at his apartment last Friday evening in honor of the birthday anniversary of his wife, “Chickie.”

Cadet Chatter

L. 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 Kathryn Minges, 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.

Here is pictured our mystery man of the week — some 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.

“Mystery Man”

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 dear, 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 swelling with pride, said at an exclusive interview, “I don’t know how we do it.”)

Gwilym Thomas has taken up his residence in Palm Beach. Rumor has it that he finds the life there preferable.

Such a toodoo on Tuesday...first, we were all dressed in our best and paraded in front of hundreds and hundreds of planes (we think they used mirrors, but don’t tell anyone, or they’ll call us a wise guy). Then a minion of Samuel Goldwyn screamed at us for an hour or so from the top of an impressive steel erection. In between his tirades he manipulated a battered camera.

The highlight of the scene was when he tried to drill the officers. Wee Willy Tyson got lost in the shamozed and for compensation he was given a photo all to himself.

The spectacular scene moved to a climax at which the commanding officer arrived by special delivery. (Applause.)

Later a retake was carried out, in paraphraxes amid more noise from the director and cameramen. We think they really enjoyed themselves. This thrilling spectacle will shortly be released in glorious technicolour (advt.)

That afternoon the field was ablaze with gay crinolines, flowery chions and spring zoot suits, as the local populace turned out en masse to witness our first sports meet.

“Dawdling Daddy,” the favorite for the Mile, came in at a hundred to one amid tumultuous applause from the crowd.

Blue Flight, who’d been on open post the week before, didn’t do so well until the tug-of-war, when they dug for Victory and pulled the other flights all over the place.

Daring exhibitions of horsemanship were given on the side, and it turned out a most successful day in spite of the weather’s enduring swirl at the whole proceedings.

The day ended with the “Officers Stakes” at Tycoon Commanders Rampling and Brink thundered down the straight neck to neck, flashing past the post so quickly that the judges were unable to tell which won. Even Harry Hopkins with his timed turns was in a dilemma. As neither contestant seemed able to run again, they were both awarded the race, to the frenzied delight of all present.

P/Lt. Nickerson, who must have read Edgar Allan Poe, devised a really fiendish form of obstacle race, which everyone enjoyed unless they were entrants.

So ended our field events, and

Please turn over leaf.
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 an exclusive interview

Kenneth Rampling knocked around the world, seeing what he 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 Abyssinia.

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. Everyone 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 envisaging it to come but unfortunately he had the chance of using those eight Brownings on a rotund sent of Ayran 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 cadet's 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, 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. Bardich, 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 usually 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 Gampa 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." Joan is her name. From her picture we know she is truly beautiful.

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.

Walter Niesler 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?

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

With gee and how on the tip of my tongue
I long to go back to the farm,
To eustis' 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 Bulletin
Ed Morey, Editor

Climbing on Up
The nightly grind school has been educating these here mechan- ics, and the result is that Mr. Cullers is getting more and more licensed men. The following men passed a recent Army examination: Foley, Willis, Wherrel, Poole, Palmer, Hollingsworth, Hope, Williams, R. F. Smith, H. B. Smith, Clark, Wofford 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— we never spell things right. These charming lassies held a rib roast in the vicinity of Arcadia; the invitations read "Stag or Drag" so you know the answer.

Welcome
Miss Frances Parker has joined our staff of secretaries and is now accompanying her sister in completing everyday tasks in Mr. Cullers' office.

Mystery!
Everyone is wondering why and when the very efficient waitress, Mrs. Bleeka Kistler, alias Morning Glory, Ray of Sunshine and even better known to most cadets and employees as "Mom," disappeared. Very much to our regret and yet to our pride, Mrs. Kistler has been promoted to a higher position at Carlstrom Field. Good luck, Mom, we're backing you.

Canteen Mascot Leaves
The Mascot of Dorr Field Canteen has surely left things quiet and peaceful. He was known as the comedian of the field and was liked by all. His "Plenty Funny" remarks leave us wishing him a lot of luck in his new school. We all hope Bill "Our Baby Boy" Williams of the Canteen will be back with us as "Plenty Funny" before he is permanently stationed elsewhere.

The Army
When May 5th rolls around Lt. J. B. Folan leaves the ranks of the bachelor officers at Dorr Field. Charming bride-to-be is Miss Dar- othy Woodward of Americus, Ga.

Thanks to the efforts of Mrs. H. B. Schrader, mother of Tech Sergeant George Schrader, Dorr Field, now has a library of over
**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 at the first class at the school are missing something. Where else in this beautiful world of sunshine can one find a group 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 hungry 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 shortcut 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 evident 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.

To prove my point I will print below the evening prayer that has been adopted by we "unfortunate:"

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 unlawful
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, privates, 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.

**"SERVICES UNDER THE SUN"**

**TECH SCHOOL, MIAMI—**To accommodate the demand for religious services among the ever-increasing groups 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 Fenster Memorial Church in Miami, the services are becoming increasingly popular with "the boys."

We hope everybody appreciates the fact that we have had Seaplane Base News the past couple of weeks...something that was due to the presence of our good pal JANET G. MAYHERCY, Secretary of the Women With Wings club up Chicago way. Jan, who got her seaplane rating last winter, was down for a couple weeks vacation, and we'll admit here that we certainly do miss her since she went home last week.

Just before leaving our sunny city, Jan promised to send in more copy, via air mail from Chicago, and it still may appear here, but meanwhile, she stirred "our gang" down at the "Duck Pond" into considerable activity in the way of news copy...CHARLIE STALLIER, from Fort Plain, N. Y., the ground school instructor, has promised to "come through" with copy each week, beginning next week with a report on his ground school activities.

Here are a couple of FLASHES he just phoned in: Now instructor on the float jobs is BILL LINKROUM, who just completed his training at Municipal Base...ex-correspondent (?) and Seaplane Base Munford in New York flew Mr. and Mrs. Cook over to Bimini in the Stinson Sunday, hitting that island "on the nose" in a 35 minute flight, despite a heavy haze. Good flyin', we calls it! More next week!

**Suggestion of the Week**

Credit for Best Suggestion of the Week goes to CHARLIE BESTOSO of the Tech Propulsion Engines Department..."A lot of our students and new employees have never been deep sea fishing," said Charlie. "Why not charter a boat and give a bunch of 'em a thrill!"

A swell idea, and no sooner said than done...On Sunday, May 17, Embry-Riddle will go fishing...from 9 in the morning to 5 in the afternoon...in the ocean if the weather is calm...bottom fishing in the Bay if it's too rough outside...men, women and children invited...the cost, don't make us laugh...only a buck a head ($1.00) with tackle furnished, but bring your own lunch and stuff.

WARNING: Accommodations will be limited to only 30 persons. Make your reservations NOW with Bud Bolland at the Main Office in Miami!
Tech Talk
by Burton & 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 McGhee 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 $996.99 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: Koblin, Sales, broken finger; Baker, Paraschutes, 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. Score: 21-17 in favor of Accounting. Among the spectators beautiful blonds abounded on the bleachers: Eleanor Esser, a visitor from Washington, D.C.; Mary Blakeley, Mrs. Bill Kohler, Mrs. Bob Hillstead, Mrs. Charles Ebbets, Peggy Cates and Thelma Bickerstaff. Madge Kessler and her twin daughter were scorekeepers.

Congratulations
To Walter Criddlebaugh, who received his aircraft instructor rating; to Eve Atkinson, who celebrated her "twenty-first" natal day 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 Lient-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 Auditing, 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 unvoiced-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 Hill Hancock more ravishing than ten glamorous 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 rhumass 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. Drea breg 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 ing 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 wonder of greeting to each that leaves a warm glow.

See 562 P. L. R.

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