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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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Latin Americans Go Wild West
For Week-End at Arcadia Rodeo

Boss Riddle threw a week-end party for the Tech School Latin American cadets and, in turn, one of their number threw a bull at the Arcadia rodeo for him!

They left Miami at six o'clock Saturday morning, according to our reliable source of information, four station wagon loads of 'em, Arcadia bound. Visiting and inspecting all the fields, the South Americans were enthusiastic.

"Best organization for training pilots in the world," said one. Treading on dangerous ground, we asked them which field they liked best, but opinion was divided. Perhaps the most votes were cast for Dor—(just because they spent the most time there, of course, Carlstrom and Riddle-ites).

At the Rodeo

Breakfast at Riddle Field, and lunch at Dor, swimming, and then the Arcadia super-duper rodeo, complete with brunes and steers, races, exhibitions, contests, ropin' and throwin'.

Our "good neighbors" were honor guests at the rodeo, were introduced over the loud speaker and everything. They were particularly impressed by the hospitality and friendliness of Arcadians and Field personnel.

In describing the rodeo, our informant said, "the field was grassy—it is never that way in South America. The best kind of play they did was to—how do you say it? Drive the cows. Rope the cows. That was very exciting. One man was hurt.

Cadet Demonstration

Pat Geoghegan, South American rodeo star in his own right, gave a roping demonstration and nabbed a bull, much to the delight of the crowd.

That night the boys visited the town, went to the movies, talked to the people, asked and answered questions.

Liked Arcadia

"They stopped us in the street to ask us how to say things in Latin Americans," Page 12, Col. 2

Reporter Visits No. 5 B. F. T. S.
Takes in Links, Hospital, Canteen

Headline news at Riddle Field this week, it seems to us, is the progress being made on the band shell and patio in front of the mess hall, the new Link building, and the roads.

We went up to Clewiston a day or so ago, and spent our time when we weren't walking back and forth to the canteen in the Link building and the hospital. Visiting, you understand, in both places.

Of course, the old Link building is almost completely hidden by the new construction mushrooming up all around it. Oh, the new place will be an elegant affair, all right. Each link in a separate room, and all air-conditioned. And one more trainer than they have now. And offices for the instructors, too.

New Link Building

But for the visitor, having all the trainers in one big room is kinda fun, because you can wander about and watch the progress of all the students, and watch them make their turns and patterns, and go into their cute little spins if the air speed drops. (Of course, the latter rarely, if ever, occurs?)

Kibitzer's Nightmare

The progress the "plane" is making is charted on a big hunk of paper on the instructor's desk, as he whispers severe and difficult things into the microphone before him. We watched a student do a maltese cross pattern, which was great sport, except that we learned that sideline kibitzing doesn't do a bit of good, since the poor innocent inside the trailer honestly can't hear you when you say, "Oops, just a leetle bit more to the right now . . ."

When the student we were watching got through, his pattern was that of a maltese cross, all right, but a little wobbly. But who wouldn't be, with 90-levin instruments to watch all at the same time?

Popular Paper

During the midst of all this, and while one student was going into a spin because Jack Hopkins, his Turner to Clewiston, Page 10, Col. 1
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
by Bill Linkroum

Up and At 'Em
At this writing our Base is once more a center of activity with flying resumed at the old place. To our students we owe a vote of appreciation for their patience while we looked up some new ships for them to fly. Ad Thompson drove to Fort Pierce and returned with a new ship for us. Mr. Carpenter went with him and they were driven by one of the new chauffeurs—or should I say chauffeuriettes. Lucky fellows!

Ground School Capers
Charlie Stahler expects to complete his ratings necessary for a commercial ground school instructorship. To date, Charlie has had his hands full with private students, but has decided to branch out into the commercial field. With this accomplished, our Base will be equipped to handle most all of the courses necessary for making a pilot. Mr. E. F. Swan has joined us for a Controlled Private Course. Mr. Swan is a very good friend of our old pal, Art Griffiths, now working for the Navy out of Opa Locka way.

Around the Base
With the special permission of CAA Inspector Bill Hutchins, Ad landed our new Cub right next door on the Blimp Base. Wheels of course are now removed and pontoons have now been added. Come hurricane warnings, and on go the wheels again for a hurried trip to Municipal for safekeeping. Just an ambrosial bunch, that's all!

Incidentally, one for the books was Charlie Stahler's description of a Zap Flap to a group of students the other day. With tongue in cheek, Charlie said, "A Zap Flap is to an Airplane as a Zoot Suit is to a Drape Shape," A walking rainbow, eh, Whitehead!

Popular Mechanix
Wayne Tucker is proving a valuable asset to us here. His work is thorough and he is sincere. Let's get that A License, Wayne old boy, so we can be complete in fact as well as theory. What we are trying to attain down here is a complete unit that will hum by itself as part of the whole company. Ad and yours truly are directing our entire effort along those lines.

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—
Clear your engine in the glide,
And you will have a safer ride!

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM G. HOSFORD
CARLSTROM FIELD

June 1, 1942, in aerial combat to defend his country,
in the far Eastern theatre of war

"Out of the strain of the Doing,
Into the peace of the Done;
Out of the thirst of Pursuing,
Into the rapure of Won;
Out of grey mist into brightness,
Out of pale dusk into dawn,—
Out of all wrong into rightness,
We from these fields shall be gone."

"Nay," say the Saints, "not gone, but come,
Into Eternity's Harvest Home!"

BUDDING ROMANCE
Anything ya want, come to the FLY PAPER staff and we'll be glad to oblige. Cigarettes, candy, hair restorer, sympathy, advice—anything. But our latest role is that of Cupid... It seems that Municipal flight instructor Jimmy Gilmore had seen and admired from afar our l'il Patsy McGuirt, the elevator gal at the Main Office.

No sooner had he mentioned this admiration when the FLY PAPER stuff rolled into action. First step in a procedure of this sort is vital statistics. Such as Jimmy being six feet tall, 21 years old, weighing 180 pounds and—well—no not too ugly, and wanting to go jukin'. And such as Patsy's wearing cute clothes and being 19, and graduating from Edison.

This taken care of, the next step is called the approach subtle, or arranging the first date. Unselfish as he is, James arranged his for the day after pay day, i.e. this past Tuesday. We're dying to hear how it turned out, but Patsy and Jimmy just smile and smile and say nothing. That's right. Bite the hand that feeds you, or something!

So step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and anything we can do for YOU, glad to oblige.

PROGRAM
The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture
"THE MELODY LINGERS ON"
Monday, July 13th—Riddle Field
Tuesday, July 14th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, July 15th—Carlstrom Field
Thursday, July 16th—Miami Technical Division

Feature Picture
"VALLEY OF WANTED MEN"
Thursday, July 16th—Riddle Field
Friday, July 17th—Dorr Field
Monday, July 20th—Miami Technical Division

For exact time and place, see your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents
SOMETHING ABOUT VENEZUELA
By the Venezuelan Cadets
Geographic Location

Venezuela was discovered by Christopher Columbus on his third voyage in the year 1498. Its area is 304,000 square miles and has nearly 4,000,000 inhabitants, according to the census made fourteen years ago. Venezuela is bounded by the Republics of Colombia, Brazil, British Guiana, and the Atlantic Ocean. It is divided into twenty States, two Territories and the Federal District. The name Venezuela signifies "Small Venice." When the Spanish Conqueror, Alonso de Ojeda, in the year 1499, got to the shores of Lake Coqui­vacon he saw the Indians living in their chusos built on the water of the lake. This name with time spread all over the Country. The section of Coquivacon, in the western part, is called now Maracalbo and is well known as the richest oil region of Venezuela.

Indians, Mild and Wild
In this region bordering with Colombia are still living Indians who refuse to get into civilized life in spite of the Missionaries' efforts so as their hatred toward the whites remains the same since the time the Spanish Conquerors trod upon their ground. Those Indians are called Motilones and the American oil companies have suffered losses of workers' lives when they attack the camp with poisoned arrows.

We also have civilized Indians located in the Western part and their number reaches to 100,000 or more. These Indians are named Goagiros due to their location in Gongira Peninsula and we have no trouble from them. Caracas the Capital, found by Diego de Lozada in 1567, is situated 3,254 feet above sea level. Here were born men like Simon Bolivar, founder of Bolivia, The Liberator of our own Country, and of Colombia, Ecuador and Peru; General Francisco de Miranda, for­runner of Venezuelan Independence; Andres Bello, founder of the University of Chile and one of the most celebrated men of the Spanish America.

Tourists Take Note
Caracas is endowed with many places of high interest, and beautiful walks such as Calvary, the Florida, Paradise, the Mahoganys, Antimano, etc., and is supposed to have 300,000 inhabitants ... (the last census was made on December of last year).


Natural Resources
After the Japanese attack of the United States, our Country was one of the first in severing diplomatic relations with the Axis and is now developing more than ever its own natural resources for­totten by the big oil production (Venezuela holds the third place in the world) 80% goes both to United States and England to fight the Axis. We may be threatened by the lack of tires also, and this rubber problem could be satis­factorily solved, at least for domes­tique purposes, with a prolific source of the much needed rubber in the Upper Orinoco River. It is hoped the Government will set up a pro­ject for its development, having already a tire factory.

Still another is coal mining to be developed in a region near Guanta, Narical (on the East) to replace that now brought from England, thus reserving cargo space for im­ports that have no substitute in Venezuela. Here, as in the rest of Latin America, a revision of trade and commerce is taking place, an interchange of products which may go a long way in improving relation­s between South American Countries. For example, an increased trade with Brazil already shows a tremendous rise; Argentine boats have brought some important cargoes and Venezuela is sending a great number of cattle to Colombia and so on.

Farm Situation Critical
One great difficulty is that agri­cultural workers have been tempt­ed away from the farms to work in the oil fields where the pay is much higher and the Government is endeavoring to initiate effective legislative measures to prevent the peasant from abandoning farms to go to the cities and oil fields and simultaneously see that the land is properly distributed among those who work it.

As we do not have much space in this section every now and then we shall write about our Country. Today we finish saying that there is a great deal of room down there in Venezuela, so if you would like to go there we wish you good luck.
CARLSTROM FIELD
Continued from Page 3

as common as night and day to hear
flight instructors preaching to stu­
dents to stay away from airplane
propellers. The whirling clubs are
always represented as exceedingly
dangerous in their utter disregard
for flesh and bone. What can we
say, then, for an airman who makes
a fetish of indoctrinating his stu­
dents with these ideas, and then
goes ahead and sticks his fingers
into an electric fan, necessitating
first aid from his wife (Mrs. Roy
Wade) in binding up three almost­
severed digits? Probably all we can
say is a word of praise for the lady
for the neat bandages she
effected. (We must also say the
same for Valerie Eckart whom, we
understand, had to do the same job
for her hubby for the same reason.)

Our remarks on fishing before
remind us that this week's fur­
lined rod and reel go to Mrs. Sid Pfug­
er for boating the only
tarpon landed on last Saturday n i g h t's
sortie to Boca Gra­
de in the company
of her husband and Dr. and Mrs.
Gordon McSwa "n. Sid himself
didn't get a nibble, while the
doctor and his wife had a couple
apiece which, unfortunately, got
away.

Wotta Week-end
The biggest excitement in town
this week was the annual All­Florida Rodeo, which was well­
attended by Embry-Riddle. Trying
to keep cool in the baking July
sun were Len and Edie Povey, Mr. and
Mrs. "Boss" Riddle, Jack Mc­
Kay, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Jack
McKay, Jr. who were flown over
from Miami by an unidentified
pilot whose face looked awfully
familiar. Accompanying them was
Mrs. Joe Silverthorn, whose illustri­
uous husband is in the Ferry
Command.

The Latin-American students of
the Miami Tech School Division
were also in attendance, some of
whom felt rather familiar in the
cowboy atmosphere. It was like
Hallowe'en in that everybody in
town who owned riding boots,
breeches, colored shirts, etc., wore
them with a festive air. Jack
O'Brien looked like Wild Bill Hitch­
cock himself in a floppy black som­
brero that his wife, Jean, called
"simply awful." Most of the Ground
School staff were present in their
traditional tropical uniforms and
sun helmets, no little bit surprised
to see one of their number, Roy
Sterling, also there and likewise
comfortably clad. (Roy doesn't go
much for such social gatherings.)
Highly interesting and colorful
to those newcomers to the R.A.I.
fold, who had never seen a real, live
rodeo before, was a somewhat sick­
ening to all when the officials in
charge permitted a steer—whose
tail had been cleanly broken in the
bulldogging event—to wander about
the arena, painfully hopping about
on three legs when it got in the
way of other contestants. It is
sincerely hoped that someone put
the poor animal out of its misery
soon after the show was over.
Otherwise, it was a thrill-packed
afternoon that nearly everyone
present enjoyed thoroughly despite
the sunburn and sweat.

The Arcadia Bath Club:
Anyone noticing the peculiar
twisted position Paull Dixon has
been carrying himself in will be
thereby informed that he got his
injury in action. Paull has become
a devotee of diving at the local
pool all this past week, and a too­
energetic back flip tore a couple
of muscles and disjointed a few vertebras. By the way, that

pool has been a haven of refuge
from the heat over here for numer­
ous instructors' wives. It's a good
place to find Connie Mougey, Gay­
nelle Cuthbertson, Mrs. Cleve
Thompson, and Ruth Davis. We
nominate Ruth, incidentally, as our
choice for the best living combina­
tion of Joan Davis, Lucille Ball,
Zazu Pitts, and Abbot and Costello.
The gal's a scream!

That about finishes up this
week's gossip. A new class of cadets
is finding out that this place is
really a country club: it's out in the
country and the upper-classmen
club the devil out of you.

W.E.L.L RULE THE BLUE IN '42

MAN OF THE WEEK
Jack Hobler
Born January 14, 1919 in Balti­
more, Maryland. Father a travel­
ing salesman and Mother a wonder­
ful cook. Decided on aviation as
a career at the old age of nine, after rejecting vocations of mis­
ionary, locomotive engineer, fire­
man, and detective. First evidence of mechanical inclination mani­

fested at the age of five, when the
family alarm clock was disassembled
for a major overhaul. Sent home
continuously during the last four
years of grammar school to have
parents sign crude drawings of
airplanes made in lieu of doing
arithmetic problems. Bought every
model airplane magazine on the
market and built models until
Mother was driven to distraction
at getting her son out-of-doors on
days instead of staying in the
basement workshop.

Found high school wonderful
relaxation in athletics and learned
to swim the first year, after nearly
drowning thrice. Played soccer
and intermural football, went out
for track to throw discus, high­
jump, run high hurdles, and for
swimming and fancy diving. Was
also a Boy Scout and proud of it.
Won a scholarship to Johns Hop­
kins University which he gave up
after the first year, having decided
he wasn't cut out to be an engi­
neer; Laughable, when you see
that he's teaching Engineers
in Ground School now.

Had one year each C.M.T.C.
and R.O.T.C. Worked in tire busi­
ness, credit business, house paint­
ing and repair, and boxed pro
heavyweight. Came to Carlstrom
Field March 18, 1941 as a Flying
Cadet; washed out for flying de­
iciency after 40 hours and went
to Miami to start all over again. Worked as line-boy, flight-dispatcher, stockroom clerk, and inventory crewman. Started writing for the FLY PAPER soon after arriving at Embry-Riddle (June 9, 1941). Back to Carlstrom as Ground School instructor January 1, 1942 and crazy about it.

Mr. Hobler’s Statement:
“I have a brother, 20, and a sister, 13—both better-looking than I ever will be. Am married to a lovely blonde who can cook and make model airplanes—and feel that life doesn’t owe me a thing!”

—WELL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42—

Pictures Don’t Lie?
For sometime we have made occasional mention of one of our gang over here, whom we had jokingly called “Bathless.” In proof that he does actually take a bath once in a while, we present this picture of him just after an eventful libation. That he did not enjoy the ritual too much is evidenced by his lack of smile, but we must nevertheless extend to him our hearty congratulations for taking the step into the tub.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE’LL FLY—

Now we know why Riddle Field’s Dr. Tom Gowin ordered the swimming pool closed for a while. We discovered that the worthy doctor is hovering on the verge of sprouting some tender, young solo wings, and was scared to death of gettin’ thrown in!  

—WELL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42—
A word of caution—students heed, Never lose your flying speed!

Eager Beaver Chatter
by Dragwire

Not much news this week; our Class is moving so fast it’s hard to keep up with it. Some of our men are moving out to make navigators, bombardiers or to take a crack at some other branch of service in the Air Forces because of lack of temperament or ability peculiar to pilots. To each one of them, we extend our wishes for the best of luck.

Monday we got our Under Class (Yes, we are Upper Classmen now) so instead of flying morning and afternoon this week, as we did last week, we should call our Ground School Instructors out of hibernation and get back to work on navigation, meteorology, aerodynamics and engines. This week also should see us taking 40-hour checks which no doubt will eliminate some more of us. We can be thankful though that our Instructors and Officers really work with us and give us every break they can to pull us through.

Our new Wing Staff is: Wing Commander DeWitt, Adjutant Keefe, Sergeant-Major Callis—shades of K Squadron at Maxwell. A good bunch of hard workers and “eager beavers” make up the newly-appointed officers.

INTER-AMERICAN CADETS ENJOY OLD FASHIONED RODEO AT ARCADIA

TECH TALK
by Bob Colburn

Following so closely on the heels of recent fine guest columns puts the written on the proverbial “spot” but I take my pen in hand with the firm conviction that if Betty Jo can do it, we of the dominant sex should certainly be able to carry on.

Tell Us All, Dave

I think the biggest news of the week is the world’s record recently set by Dave Beaty. The speed with which he made a U-turn on N. W. No. River Drive at 36th Street is a record which should stand unchallenged for several years. I am sure the modest Dave will be happy to discuss the incentive for this unprecedented feat with any of his friends who may be interested.

Newest recruit in the ranks is beautiful Betty Ann Westerdahl, who is replacing Jo Axtell. Jo, it seems, was willing to take the calmness and serenity of Charlie Eb- bet’s office for one of Jim Blakely’s uniforms. Betty Ann is a local girl, in junior next year at the University of Miami, and believe it or not, fellows, is unattached. Charlie can really pick ‘em! “Skinny” Gile’s only comment on the latter opinion is, “Phooey, I can pick ‘em, too, only I never get ‘em.”

More “Gile”

Since the name “Gile” has been brought up, let it be known that a new one has joined the ranks. “Skinny” Gile Junior is now Liaison Man in Military Engines. Junior is a graduate, this year, of Cincinnati Withrow High School, and like his dad, likes airplanes and dislikes girls. With the various other states of the Union so well represented at Tech School, it is certainly a treat to finally see someone here from Ohio.

The armed services still have first call on several of our employes. Paul James has been rated as a Third Class Petty Officer, “Mother” Murphy leaves for the Army on July 13th, and Dean Ross of the Engines Stockroom left on July 7th for Orlando, where he expects to be inducted as a Navy Flying Cadet.

More Rumors

It has been suggested that during wartime it is best to ignore Please turn over leaf
TECH TALK
Continued from Page 5
rumors but there is one that is hard to overlook. Has a Marine Air Force Flying Lieutenant from Key West gone and changed Minnie Virden's name?

Well, it seems "Pop" Ordway finally came through. It's a seven pound baby boy, and I understand father and baby are doing very nicely. As a matter of fact, the Sales Department is looking forward to enrolling the baby in class by next Monday at the latest. Seriously, our congratulations to the three of you, Peter.

Lost and Found
Mrs. Burton's library has assumed the proportions of a lost and found department. One of the Tech School students has lost a Colvin Aircraft Handbook, and Mrs. B. reports that a copy of Airplane Maintenance by Lesley has reached her office and the owner may obtain same upon proper identification.

Malcolm Byrnes, of Auditing, was back in the fold last Friday for a short stay. When the writer questioned Mac about how he liked Union City, a faraway look came into his eyes and he was heard to gasp, almost inaudibly, "Ah! Mountain women." I wonder if he feels the same way, now that the Radio Queen at the Macfadden Deauville has come into his life.

Most Modest
My nomination for the most modest boy in Tech School is Murray Wilkes. It is certainly refreshing to talk to someone who constantly puts his own accomplishments second in point of conversation.

Emmalouise McEnany, of Jim Blakely's office, has been confined to her home for several days with a broken rib suffered in an automobile accident. She is sorely missed in her Department, but we hope to see her back in the next few days.

With One Box Top, Of Course
To the thousands of friends I have undoubtedly made through this column I would like to advise that any little problems that might arise regarding love, or anything, can readily be straightened out by sending your question to me in the Research Department.

Ah, the Dear, Dead Past
This familiar sight is no more, for henceforth "Andy" Andrews, former driver of the company bus from Miami to Arcadia, will be found only on the fourth floor of the Tech School in his new capacity as chief stockkeeper of the instrument stockroom. Andy, famous for hiscroning and travel-talks enroute, has been replaced by drivers Frank Dick and Ted Howard.

MIAMI SOFTBALLERS
BLOW UP IN SERIES
against Eddie Baumgarten

Well, it seems that the baseball season at Main Office has come and gone and without much fanfare. The League just seemed to evaporate all at once and when we looked around, presto, no ball games! It really is too bad that it had to happen that way because there were only a few more games to be played and the battle between the two top teams showed promise of producing at least two more good ball games. However, it is all over and not much can be done about it.

The Champions
The champions of the league, and here is where we get into difficulties, are the Bookies. Hillstead's team had one thing in their favor—consistency. They didn't have the best ball players, or the flashiest ones, but they always had a team on the field and usually had to lend a player or two to the opposing side. This team had probably the best hitter in the whole league, Paul Miller. Paul hits a ball a country mile and when he isn't hurting himself playing to hard, covers a lot of space at short.

Short of Short Stops
The Engine team had the biggest bundle of fire for a man his size in Herbie Nix. Nix did a nice job as catcher and more or less kept his club where it was. If all the men on the Main Office team would have had the fighting qualities of Peter Ordway that would have been the team to watch, but one week they would have a team, the next they would play with seven men and you can't play a ball game with an undertanned team.

Instruments showed fire for a couple of weeks but the pressure of evening classes and heavy schedules kept them from going anywhere. Now, how about promoting a game or two between some of the teams at the various fields and between the Army students here at Tech school. Ever since Hillstead's Bookies beat a picked (?) army team it has been practically impossible to bring them down to earth. And I notice in the last issue of the Fly Paper that the "Dorr Knobse" of Dorr Field are bragging pretty big. Frankly, I think the Bookies could put up a pretty good battle against some of these amateur teams around the circuit so, Bud, why not tie one of these teams down and make it a feature of one of the Embry-Riddle Parties to be played either Satur­day evening before the party or Sunday morning. Think it could be arranged? (Ed's Note: Sure, tough.)

I really am sorry to see baseball drop out of the picture so soon in the summer but unless something like the above can be arranged this will be the last baseball news of the year. So, So long for now...

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

TECH 'KITTY FOYLES' TO EAT, SWIM, SUNDAY

Something new has been added at the Tech School—a party for all the "Kitty Foyles"—all the female office workers in the organization. Behind it all is Rod, the girl who says "Mr. Riddle's office"—his personal secretary, who has planned the affair for next Sunday at the Deauville.

Swimming will take place from 1:00 on, and supper will be served later. It sounds like a grand idea to us, and will help a lot to get the many new employees acquainted with each other, and with the "old" ones. Dev. expects about 70 to 75 people to attend. Drug out the bathing suits, gals, and on with the party!

— THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY —

— THE MORE PLANEs WE'LL FLY —

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

Victory Vacation
Continued from Page 1

Arcadia and Clewiston Well Represented

Running through the guest book we find excellent representations from both fields at Arcadia and Riddle Field. Newspaper, and Fly Paper Editor, Bud Belland.

Riddle Field at Clewiston sent down too many to call by name, but a few of them were Dick Phil Coon, Stan Reeder, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Dwyer, Frank O'Hara, J. L. Kerr, Joe Garcia, and so forth and so forth...a big crowd and a swell gang!

Technical Division and the Main Office, as usual, contributed a large crowd of employees, civilian and Army students and a plenty of Inter-American cadets. Surprising was the good representation from Municipal Base, the early Sunday morning fliers, who showed Mr. and Mrs. David (you stoke my hand) Narrow, Tom Moxley and Jimmie Gilmore. Breathtaking, too, was the appearance of "Stay at Home" ADDISON THOMPSON, manager of the Seaplane Base, who made his first appearance at an Embry-Riddle School party in several months, and had fun, too! Another Seaplane Baser, Charlie Stahler of the Ground School, aimed for the party, but didn't show up until late Sunday afternoon.

All in all, we'd say that it was absolutely the best party of all, but we can still keep on trying to make each week's party better! Let's go, gang!—Carl Walden photo.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

Don't be classed with flying fools, By disobeying traffic rules!
DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN
Ed Morey, Editor

Hold It, Dorr, She's Arrrin'
Yes sir! Folks, the Rodeo was in town this past week. Every dag blasted yootin' on a gun was there, including myself. We had several of our own Dorr Field personnel hankering around the corral. There was "Tom" Gates up on the judges stand with his big ten-gallon hat, a forty-five in one hand a time clock in the other. We all took from the direction he was pointing that gun, he wasn't really trying to kill anybody—just keepin' time. While we are on the killin' subject, you should have seen Gerald "Stink" Taylor, "Dude" for short! Wow! He not only paralyzed the cattle, but seemed to hold the attention of the cowgirls throughout. Now Mrs. Taylor, don't be too hard on "Jerry," they just can't resist him. I guess most of our readers have noticed by now that Sergeant Williams is always dressed for the occasion. Well, can you imagine? This time he was disguised as a cowboy at the Rodeo. (Keep back, girls). Did you people notice Ruth Campbell who almost won that cowgirl contest? We people here at Dorr Field are still of the opinion that she is the best rider in these parts. There was one particular boy who was working himself extra hard at that Rodeo, and for a just reason—Mrs. Richard Wells was in the judge's stand keeping a smiling, but proud face on her husband "Dickie" Wells. Mrs. Wells is a secretary of Wheeler Construction Company at Dorr Field; We want to extend to them both at this time all best wishes. (They just got married, yuh know!)

"ADIOS FOR NOW!!!" "Bill" Deniro, whom we introduced to you a few week backs as the speediest parachute packet around about, has left Dorr Field for McMill Field this past week. There he will take up duties packin' "chutes" for U. S. Army Air Force. In what time we have known "Bill," I believe he was liked by everyone; he had a swell personality and is going to go places. Good luck, "Bill" and "Keep 'em Packed."

DORR CANTEEN SPECIAL
Week of July 13th
"Fresh Peach Sunday"

"Welcome"
Over Grind School way, we have a new Theory of Flight Instructor. "Ed" Brennan, whose home is in Taunton, Massachusetts, comes to us from the Marine Corp. (incorporated). Mr. Brennan was formerly a Marine cadet; in his training, he completed primary basic, and was halfway through advanced when ill health forced him down. It is believed Mr. Brennan is the only Marine cadet in the U. S., and we are proud to have him with us. Any of you guys that wonder what it's like to be under the hood, just ask him, he knows. Last week the Grind School finished up the Instrument classes for pilots. These classes were held and directed by "Doug" Hocker, along with the assistance of the various other ground school personnel. Final tests have shown that D.J. is still the best navigator on Dorr Field. It seems as though Paul Mueller isn't satisfied with the Dies in his room because it doesn't give him enough elevation. We sure hope he pulls the ripcord when he falls off the top of that desk. If any of you fellows who play the big money want a vure bet, just take "Eddie" House's weather report and place your bets. Brother, he is sharp, that boy has not missed the clouds and moisture content since he has been here. We feel real proud to have the weather men on our side. Homer Hotel and his wife went vacationing this past week. Spent a few days in Miami and were "Boss" Riddle's guest at the Macfadden-Deauville hotel.

Free Milkshakes
Sure is too bad that Johnny Hamilton can't get a girl friend, but it seems as though his charms won't leave him concentrate in any place long enough. It seems that Johnny insists on dating a certain blonde around about, and he was so sure of himself that he bet all his friends milkshakes he would be successful. Well it didn't work, and Johnny, like a number of other guys, is around wishin' that married women wore tags.

Bashful, Johnny?
Dorr Field—Our keynote photographer had a tough time getting this shot of Johnny Fredendoll, Flight Commander, head of the Refresher School at Dorr. Despite his happy expression, Johnny is suffering from acute lens-fright. Note construction going on in the background.

Dorr Doings
by A/C Gray Stalnaker

Well, here we go again. Seems like we never meet one deadline without having another staring us in the face. And never again will we try writing this column immediately after returning from Sarasota. Must be that sea water we swallowed. Or something...

Dance Diet
We had the bimonthly dance last Thursday, and had to hold it in the rec hall, due to the weather. Chamber of Commerce please note... At first we thought there weren't many girls, but then we looked outside. And we had trouble seeing cadets for all the student officers. Believe it or not, fellows, "Leather-Longs" Carpenter has a heart. Or did you notice the way he was chasing after the pretty damsels? Lt. Flannigan was doing all right, too. He didn't seem to have much luck with Margie, but he shouldn't complain. From where we were, it looked plenty nice... In the midst of all that violent jitterbugging, Youngman really stood out. But then some guys like to hold 'em tight... M. Skinner Willing, that Don Yawn from Virginia, wasn't doing so good. The only girl we saw him dancing with was his roommate's wife. Lee must owe him money...

Awarding
Westerholm with the gold plated ax handle. It all came about after his third attempt to land. When he finally got the plane on the ground, it left, but immediately. After wobbling along for some distance, it finally settled in with a six bounce special. After getting back to the line, he learned from his instructor that it is not considered good practice to do co-ordination exercises four feet off the ground. 9G learns something every day, doesn't he?

Bank Flight Specials
Dorr Field boasts of a combo that we think is as good as the Ink...
downwind. It isn't too late now, chum... The lady seen with Schehr last week-end is not somebody's mother, although we can't argue that she isn't N. Oppen-heimer and Evelyn Ussan will do it the 18th. He says a special prayer for Capt. Bentley every nite, now that he's learned where he applies for a special pass... B. Estes was considerably in the limelight last week-end. Church has informed him that in the future, he will please refrain from showing such affection for his wife. And if you want to know why Bill dug up half of Sarasota beach at midnight, you'll have to ask him. All we know is that he wasn't looking for clams... E. Dent met the future Mrs. Dent in Sarasota. She doesn't know it yet, but what can you expect on the first date?

Introducing
J. M. Cooper, poet and song writer. While wandering around the barracks digging dirt, we ran across Mr. Cooper and a collection of poems he has published. Taps caught us before we could read them all, but what we read were darn good. We're printing two of them we thought applicable to gadgets, and would like to print them all.

THE CONQUEROR
I am youth—
I shall conquer the world
With the sword you give me;
So forge it strong with wisdom
And temper it with modesty.

AN INVOCATION
So let me live
That when my numbered days
Have solved their first equation,
I shall enter the fearsome dark
With flaming Virtue as my torch.
Let me defend myself from harm
With sword of Parity without a stain;
And clothe my starchy naked soul
With unyielding, fearless courage.

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

MAYBE IT'S NEWS! We thought everyone knew about it, until our visit to Carlstrom last week... it happened a couple of weeks ago, but maybe it'll be news to YOU:... Captain M. P. Freeman, who came to Carlstrom as a Lieutenant to be our first Commanding Officer, was promoted to the rank of Major about two weeks ago. We saw him at the Deauville on a Friday evening with his Captain's bars... Saturday morning at breakfast he was a Major! Congratulations! After spending a couple of days in Miami renewing old friendships, he returned to his command in Georgia.

"ON THE FRIGHT LINE"

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL
by James Gilmore and “Panther” Fonche

The brutality of this column and the scarcity of news can be blamed on the absence of one “Panther” Fonche, a fact which is gnawing us immensely—especially yours truly. Everyone is looking forward to his return; but on with the news.

Wacos and Flight Tests
The new Wacos really make an impressive group of secondary ships although the only time one can see them together is in the hangar at night. Municipal is really turning out flying hours since the rains have "came and went." This is evidenced by the number of flight tests completed recently: Nat Rudland, I. C. student; Walter Shehan, private; J. Seribens, private; E. Tierny, private; L. Lubin, private; "Yours Truly," Jungle Jim Pollard and Thomas, "Frances" Mosley. Cross Country and Secondary Ratings respectively.

Green C.P.T.S
The new C.P.T. trainees are showing up at odd times and their favorite topic of conversation is that word maintenance that they must have read somewhere. They tell us that "Red" Friant, of the dispatcher tower Friants, will be in the Secondary class along with Van Burgin, Jr., who can't get secondary in 'Lanta—he says. Then there's a cute bruinette!

At the Deauville
Running true to form the new X-C class was present at Deauville with only two exceptions—Irving Schindler, who is an ol' married man, and "Powerhouse" Campbell, who is a former party was a big bang and as usual, Municipal was represented by such old faithfuls as Dave Narrow and wife, and Tommy Mosley with Miss Gloria Brown.

Regular Fellers
After a trip to the rodeo in Arcadia Saturday, X-C instructor Tinsley can give first-hand information that Boss Riddle and Mr. McKay are really regular fellers. We've thought so all along and now we know.

Moving Base
With the problem of getting ourselves moved and figuring out transportation, etc., most everyone at Municipal is plenty busy. Capt. Burgin who usually appears as busy as a bee is now twice as busy as he will be before the C. A. P. tower and trips to our new home to be, plus affairs here at Municipal he is seldom seen and more seldom heard.

A Good Slogan
A sign seen in the Dorr Field hangar... "EVERY MINUTE COUNTS"... let's not forget that!

DORR FIELD - Commandship among the Cadets is well illustrated by this group shot of several of our U. S. Army A/Cs as they await their turn to go "afield." Left to right are A/Cs Charlie Dilling-ham, Bob Clapp, R. B. Dobbins and Ross Fairbanks. Happy landings to youse, fellers!

Union City News Letter
by Larry Walden & Co.

June 25, 1942.
Dear Bud:
Mr. J. R. Horton, General Super­visor of Maintenance, and Nate Reece, Jr., flew up the first of the week in the "Cub." They were surprised to find the field so far advanced. Mr. Horton stayed two days, returning to Miami by Eastern Airlines from Nashville. As for Mr. Reece, he has sent for his winter underwear. Looks like we'll have to run him off to get rid of him.

Quack!
Our Maintenance Superinten­dent, Ervin Kussrow, who has been so earnestly working on his new home for at least three weeks, plans to move in by June 25th. He extends a cordial invitation to all. Probably will serve a duck supper on opening night, we hope!

The Maintenance boys are get­ting up a team to play in the local softball league. They have the classiest uniforms on the field.

Crew Chiefs
The following boys from Union City have been employed as crew chiefs: Thomas Wheatley, Paul Stone, James Simpson, Raymond Bose, Joseph Lynn, William Hutchcraft, Snoben Hall, Julian Hall and Lionel Duneen. Berthold Humphreys and Willie Weaver are in charge of the Utility Department.

We have Joe Harpole as our para­chute clerk and Newt Goodwin is our sign painter—a swell bunch of fellows.

We are also happy to announce the addition of Mr. W. T. Harris to the Company personnel. Mr. Harris is a local man and is to serve in the capacity of Auditor.

George Lodbell, Chief of Material Control and Stores, moved his office to the field on June 20th. He, and his assistant, Mr. Howard, are doing a bang-up job of getting their department rolling.

Chef
Bert Taylor, well-known former chef of Tech in Miami, will play a leading role in preparing the deli­cacies put out by our mess hall. His and his wife will reside in Union City. We are glad his wife is going to be here with him, too. I don't like back-seat-driving when it comes to automobiles but I never did think too many cooks could spoil the beans when you had so many hands to eat. We expect to eat our first meal prepared by Bert on July 1st.

We are proud to announce that the Rump and Taxi Strip have now
been completed. As nice as any one of the other three Embry-Riddle Fields. Attention: "Pots" Hudson. Operations are scheduled to start shortly after the first of July.

Why, Larry!

Just to let all you guys and gals in on something. I'm going to sneak this item in. Maybe Larry Walden won't censor it. We wonder who the beautiful blonde with whom he stays up and plays bridge until the wee hours of the morning? He made the remark to a local boy the other day that he couldn't keep his directions straight since he came to Union City. Looks as if time bothers him, too. Oh, well, 12:01 A. M. is morning anyway! Looks serious, Larry!

We have a new Refresher, Mr. L. C. King of Mayfield, Kentucky. Charlie Sullivan is doing a swell bit of work here with the Refresher School. And, confidentially, all the "refresher" boys say he really knows his stuff.

Story of the Week

There is a local boy here by the name of John Paul Jones. It seems that the "Flywheel" Jones, our Carlstrom Field buddy, met him somewhere. Upon being introduced as Mr. Jones to Mr. Jones, they backed off and eyed each other. "I'm John Paul Jones. Which one are you?" said the first gentleman. Flywheel swallowed once or twice and announced: "I'm George Washington Jones." The funny thing about it is, that both were telling the truth.

Will someone please introduce Mr. Ken Stiverson, our Chief Dispatcher, to wind tee?

Captain Payne was seen walking across the street the other day with a crowbar. Wonder if he got the nickel back?

Progress

You can't know what you are missing if you can't see the fine progress which is being made at the "field." Melvin Carlton is really getting something to be proud of in a parachute department. And that Administration Building is a "honey." You could readily see why anyone would like to hang around a canteen if they are all like this one is going to be even if they didn't have a thing to sell. Well, I won't bore you with a description of all the place, but when I think what it's going to be, "I'm Breathless!"

---WELL RULE THE BLUE IN '42---

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER
by James Glover

Dear Bud:

Here we come again, with another news letter from the fast-coming-beautiful Embry-Riddle Field at Union City, Tenn.

Major James

Something of supreme importance has happened at the Field since its beginning which made us all very proud. Captain James, A. A. F. T. D., Commanding Officer of the Field, has been promoted to the rank of Major and is now proudly displaying a gold leaf. We're all proud for him, and all know that he deserved it. It is with pride that we look forward to receiving his advice and O. K.'s in the future activities of the Field, knowing that we are indeed fortunate to have a great personality as Major James to work with.

Since the last writing, Wilmer Cruise and Creel Sellers, both local boys, have been added to the company personnel. Mr. Cruise to serve as Junior Clerk of Property and Supply and Mr. Sellers as Junior Clerk Typist.

Refreshng. What?

Six new flight instructors came in to join the refresher course. And, incidentally, girls, they are really nice looking fellows. Oh, yes, their names are "Chuck" Walden, Sydney Bennet, Eddie Kairit, Bill Reese, Thurman Rabun, Price Smith.

Say, fellows, you have probably heard the one about the "bright" young Private who, when asked to explain the workings of an airplane, told his Captain that all that took place between the filter cap on the gas tank and the end of the exhaust stack was a military secret. Well, anyway, I have found that fellow's twin in one of the new crew chiefs in the maintenance department, Lionel Duncan.

Bandy Disappointed

John Bandy, local boy and flight instructor at the field, slipped behind a cloud the other day during the refresher to try his first solo smooth roll. Then he got mad when it turned out good and nobody saw it. I wouldn't have known this if I had not been sitting on the cloud, tuning a harp. We all have our off days, Johnny.

If there is one guy in the bunch that I envy, it is Malcolm Byrnes, the lunch room genius and organizer of the canteen. His daily cry for more girls has been answered and it's amazing how cool he can be during the interviews. I'm not sure, but I think he is requiring some of the most attractive applicants to produce three photos instead of two. Albums must be interesting. Where do they come from, Mr. Byrnes?

Green?

The green carpet on the field is gaining headway where operations are limited. It will be really pretty when the grass can cover the whole field; and this Tennessee soil really will grow grass.

Somebody tell "Boots" Frants that he's holding up the war, the agricultural side of it, anyway. When he wrings out that Culver of his over the countryside here the farmers forget their plowing and the old roosters (not the farmers) die of fright. It sure is a nice little ship, Boots.

Bird's-Eye View

The flight operations tower, with all of its four floors, is shaping up in a splendid fashion and should be completed soon. When you get tired of a worm's-eye-view of the going-on, just climb the stairs. Simple, isn't it?

What is happening over there—a flight? Let's take a look! Oh, there wasn't any excitement at all. Just Mr. Brinton using that grand talent he has of being able to talk to so many people at the same time.

Everything is coming along in fine shape under Mr. Brinton's management.

Incognito, Conny?

Oh, "Conny," please step out from behind those sun glasses. Just for a few minutes, please. A large number of these fellows are just dying to see the real "you." Well, anyway, I am!!

It's downright funny how these Tennessee girls don't require a prearranged date. That is, not if you get there first. Oh, well, what is life but a race anyway?

Tsk! Tsk!

I've been told that the most embarrassing thing that can happen is for two eyes to meet at a keyhole. Whether it is embarrassing or not, that is exactly what happened the other night when a certain company employee dates another certain young fellow's girl. Oops, I am sorry! Talking out of school again!

"The stars at night are big and bright, Deep in the heart of Tex..."

Say, this field is betting as level as can be with all the holes and ditches being filled and the few rough places knocked down. This drainage and road-building equipment here is "tops" and can these boys make them dig, I'll say! Come around and visit the field, fellows, it's nice.

The Trek to Tennessee

Our flight chief, J. B. Sellers, has returned to Arcadia to move his family to Union City.

Could it be that Embry-Riddle Company is going broke that the Superintendent of Maintenance has started rolling his own out of Bull Durham?

We have added eight more men Continued on next page
It happened this way. One Friday night, three weeks ago, when Clewiston was being swamped by the usual deluge of "Riff Raff" (100 per Bus) our broad beaming P. T. L. Editor met up with some of the then Green Flight, feeling very enthusiastic at almost saying farewell to P.T.'s, if not to P.T. In the discussion which followed, they told "Jack" that they were much more appreciative of his work in the first two capacities than in the third, and a challenge was soon forthcoming. That's why we're running this column for a couple of weeks. We, by the way, are several members of Blue Flight, led by "Jungle Colley," and "Nobby Clark." (Law suits as result of this not entertained.)

Uniforms in the Canteen
Leila Brannon has just returned from a course at Waigreen's full of bright and new ideas, the first outward signs of which are the splendid uniforms in light blue (or is it green? We are so dazzled) of the Canteen staff, and a rise in the price of milk. We wonder whether the next step will be a Cabaret Show half an hour before lights out, to put the boys to sleep.

Don't Miss This Dance!
We understand that the first R.A.F. dance to be held in Clewiston will mark the anniversary of the formation of No. 5 B. F. T. S. Details of this event will be announced later. Our talent scouts are already out on the trail, and rumor has it that a galaxy of stars will be present the date one to look forward to.

Sporting News
We are disappointed to have to announce that the Riddle Field swimming Gala which was to have been held on Saturday has had to be indefinitely postponed. It was to have been a meet with swimming teams from all sections of the Field competing for the Riddle Swimming Cup, plus a display of diving by Mr. S. L. Speer, Primary Flight Instructor, who is a diving champian of some renown. It is hoped that this can be arranged for a later date. In its place there is to be a Tennis Tournament, but as yet we have no advance "Gen" on this matter.

Another "Field Day" Coming
Another great sporting event is in the offing—the second quarterly Riddle Field Sports Day, to be held Wednesday afternoon, July 22. The last sports meeting held "Two Courses" ago was a great success. Both spectators, and competitors went out wondering what exactly to expect, and found a good after­noon's entertainment awaiting. This month's event is on the same lines, with a Flight Instructors' team taking the field in addition to teams from each Cadet Flight. As the "Champs" of the last meeting—No. 6 Course—are competing again, as Red Flight (Unless over­come by their "Wings Exam" com­plex!) a keen meeting can be antici­pated. Hard Luck, Red Flight, that your Ace Tony Hawley is still on the Sick List—You need him when these Instructors move in!

Apparently Hawaii is not outside the scope of Blue Flight whilst on leave. Here we find the Flight's "Instrument man" (Watches included), Bob Walmisley, in excel­lent company on the sands of some southern Coral paradise. When asked about his grass skirt, Bob modestly, and probably untruth­fully, replied that he didn't get any. Despite his posting "Hula-Hula" ap­pearance, and Ie! we are much more interested in the left hand back­ground of the picture. What about giving us her phone number, Bob? or is it a "Dusky Secret"?

The Scene Changes
We should like to take this oppor­tunity of wishing all the best of luck to Primary Flight Instruc­tor J. B. THOMAS on his depart­ure from Riddle Field. Mr. Thomas has been granted a commission in the U. S. Navy as a flight instruc­tor or ferry pilot. By the time this appears, he will already be at Corpus Christi, Texas, and he carries with him the best wishes of the entire School.

"THERE IS A REAPER"
Longfellow's theory of advanced aero­batics as further expounded by Mr. Bjorn­son and every Flying Instructor since the days of Wilbur Wright, gets a further fillip with the publication of this week's photograph of the Grim Reaper himself, stalking his prey in the precincts of the Riddle Field Canteen. (No dispara­ge­ment meant, leelo!)

UNION CITY
Continued from Page 9
to our Maintenance and things are going along smoothly.
Robert Summerall's wife arrived here Tuesday. While seeing the sights, she was carried across the Mississippi on the ferry and became quite seasick.

Goody, Mud Pies
"The Great Perdew" from Clewiston couldn't find any muck in Union City, so he had to put some water in a hole and then paddle around in the mud.

Another recent addition to the Company is Mr. V. W. Dowland, who is to be Chief of Guards. Mr. Dowland was formerly with the Kentucky State Highway Patrol.

Vim and Vigor Men
For information concerning "how to get" and "how to keep" healthy bodies, see Mr. Palmer and his assistant, Mr. Don Matheson, who have recently arrived to take over the athletic activities.

Nobody knows just how I felt July 4th after that fine Barbecue given the Air Field Officials and Employees the night before, not because of the quality but the quantity eaten. The Senior C. O., C., Junior C. O., V. W. Dowland, Rotary and Legion Post No. 20 of Union City were responsible for the good feed and good time. This is really Bar-B-Q country.

Mess Hall Opens
And talking about eating, we ate that first swell meal in the mess hall last week with two local guests, "Dip" Rippy and Judge "Andy" Burrus. Everyone around here will surely get fat if Mr. Bert Taylor keeps on slinging the vitamins at us all.

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Simpson and daughters, Carolly and Susan, of Union City, entertained with a supper for several of the Company men and wives and several local friends. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Boots Frantz, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Britton, Major and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Cox, Mr. Nate Reece and Mr. Larry Walden.

—WELL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

CLEWISTON
Continued from Page 1
instructor, was talking to a female—(joking, Jack, honest)—the FLY PAPER arrived, and we helped Kenny Berry distribute it. Now we don't like to brag, but the old dirt sheet was really in demand, and we think, they want 100 more copies each week.

Snake-Eggs
At the infirmary, Kenny and

"South Sea Island Magic"
"there is a reaper"

united field news letter

Jack Hopkins, Editor
Paul Prior, Kenney Berry, Netra Franklin, Red Taylor, Roger Franklin, Ralph Thyng, Kenneth Minler, Dudley Amoss, Associate Editors

July 9, 1942
DON ROBBINS IS SAFE!

Around Arcadia and Clewiston last week we heard more than once the rumor that DR. DONALD F. ROBBINS, Municipal Base Flight graduate and former Riddle Field Instructor who is now with Pan American Airways, had been forced down and lost in the jungles in South America. Don, being one of our good friends and an old member of "The Gang," we're darned glad to be able to explode that rumor herewith . . . he is not only well and safe, but attended the School party at the Deauville last Saturday evening . . . and even helped Ye Editor and Tom Moxley wait on tables when the regular waiters failed to appear.

Yowah, "Doc. Don" is flyin' 'em on the beam with P.A.A., doing a swell job of it, and has plenty of experience to tell. Among other things, he told us that EVERYWHERE he goes in South America, he meets some of the old Embry-Riddle gang ... KIM SCRIBNER is flying from Natal to Africa ... BUD HALLWAY is on the North Atlantic run, flying from New York City to Ireland ... JACK WANTZ and C. K. REXRODE are both doing okay, are well, safe and happy, flying flaring routes that can't be named on account of you know what! However, it's swell to hear from and about these fellers . . . all good luck and happy landings to all of 'em from all of us!

NOTES FROM YE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

Dear Gang—there seems to be a pretty persistent rumor that Ye Editor is about to leave for the Service . . . a rumor that we can't deny, it being true! Meanwhile, the Fly Paper continues to "fly," and we, by gosh, are having a field day attending "farewell" parties . . . the score to date is three in Miami, two in Arcadia and one in Clewiston, with another one coming up next week . . . we're actually getting fat!

Fifteen Pounds of Ribs!

Biggest eatin' feast we've had in many a year was the impromptu rib-roast Dorr Field's TOM and BLANCHE GATES threw for us at their lovely Arcadia country home last Thursday . . . it's embarrassing enough to have to admit that nine of us ate 15 pounds of spare-ribs without the "Squirrel" telling Boss Riddle that Ye Editor, alone, ate the whole 15 pounds! . . . not that we couldn't have if we'd had a little more time . . . among the others making pigs of ourselves, inside and out, were "Chef" Charlie Barclay and Estelle, Brook and Kitty Harper, a swell feller we knew only as "The Roach," Hal and Peggie Emric and Tom and Betty Turner . . . that was a party we'd like a repeat on at least once a week!

Another Lovely Home

Speaking of nice homes . . . you should see the hacienda the Jack Hants just moved into! . . . on Magnolia Avenue in Arcadia, it is the perfect setting for a retired millionaire banker . . . says Mrs. Hunt, "Now, maybe Jack will spend only 23 hours a day at Carlstrom . . . a barbecue pit is in the process of construction in the yard . . . and we hope this publicity plug rates us an invite to the opening . . . Interestingly, to Mr. Hunt, a million thanks for the loan of his car during our stay in Arcadia . . . in these days . . . "Greater love hath no man than he who will loan an automobile! . . . the said car, of pre-war vintage (which war?) is affectionately called "Lula-belle," and believe us, she's a lulu all right! . . . a question about which we wondered but didn't dare ask concerns all those notches cut on the steering wheel.

This Was No Rodeo

We can definitely assure that the preview of the Arcadia Rodeo was NOT held in the Carlstrom Field Operations Office . . . despite the amount of "bull" that was being thrown there last week . . . half the fun of working around the "flying family" is our opportunities to sit in on hangar flying sessions . . . the world's champion liar would not have a chance with this gang . . . can you imagine Heine Kight, Charlie Fairchild, Clem Whittenbeck, Sterling Camden and Frank Archibald trying to out-talk each other? . . . that's an experience we'll never forget . . . we're afraid!

Excuse of the Year

On the subject of tall stories, about the best excuse we've ever heard a cadet make for being "eliminated" came from a Carlstrom Cadet . . . he blamed it all on JOYCE TEW, saying, "The first time I saw her I ground-looped; the second time I saw her, I stalled a landing; and the third time I saw her I just completely forgot that I was supposed to be riding a check! (sigh) Whatta gal!" . . . speaking of love, we had the pleasure of being among the first to congratulate Dorr Field's JEAN TRAWICK on her marriage to DICKIE WELLES . . . Dickie, by the way, is in the Air Force, awaiting assignment to a flight base . . . would be nice if he comes to Dorr, huh?

Black Magic

Reversing the old story of the Instructor telling the Cadet, "Well, Mister, you'll get that in about five more hours" is the story we heard about a certain Cadet giving his Instructor a lesson, and calmly assuring him that he'll probably be able to make three sponges appear out of one in "about five more hours, Sir!"
LETTER FROM ENGLAND
441 Wargrave Rd.
Newton le Willows
Lanes., Eng.
June 23, 1942

Dear Mr. Beland:

Your letter of April 17th (took rather a long time to reach me, but it did finally, and very pleased I was to read all the kind words you wrote about our boys. It has been a marvelous achievement! When one considers, that the majority were engaged on work of a purely academic nature and possessing only a little scientific knowledge, one marvels more! My own son, specializing in woodworking & metal work at a University College, had been in a plane only once and was a cadet of the N.U.A.S.; for six weeks before coming herefore, very great credit is due to the personnel of your flying school and not least of all its Flight Instructors and ground Staff.

That it has been possible to take such "raw material" as these boys were and mold them into qualified technicians for the perilous future, giving them the necessary skill and confidence needed, is beyond all powers of imagination. Words fail to express my deep appreciation of the devoted work of all members of your staff. Thank you one and all.

Your FLY PAPER is a marvellous tonic! It is so persistently cheerful. If you could see the twinkle it brings to our eyes and the smiles on our faces as we find it falling from the letter box, you would realize that you are helping to lighten our hearts and strengthen our determination to spare nothing to preserve the ideals of Freedom as mirrored in your paper.

We are beginning to know you all. We are particularly interested in your pictures. I do hope that you have met my son before now. I look for his name among the guests at Syd Burrows' Hotel but don't find it. From his letters, he seems to like West Palm Beach and spends some of his time there, or else in the homes of the many friends he has made. Always, his letters refer in very warm terms of affection to the Staff and the friends who invite him to their homes. In his own mind he has planned to take me with him when he re-visits the U.S.A. to renew his friendships after the war! I push aside the thought that the supreme sacrifice may be asked of my son. But I am getting dourful. I ought not to allow that for very soon now our air warrior will be opening the door to wish us "good morning." I hope you will add my address to your visiting list when you start out on that visit to England. I should be most pleased to welcome you, or any member of your staff, to my home and personally express to you my appreciation of America's never ending kindness.

Just to get acquainted (notice the influence of your Fly Paper) I send you a small snap of myself as was last year. This year I think I am a little thinner but can still smile.

You will be interested to learn that I have received every FLY PAPER from Jan. 19. The last to arrive was April 30 and I find it more interesting 'with each publication. Don't forget an open welcome awaits.

LATIN AMERICANS

Continued from Page 1

Spanish," said one. "Arcadia is just like we expected America to be... a small town full of frank, honest people."

The following day, Sunday, the rodeo continued, "only better. They had the -finals do you say? Also the best woman rider was choosered - pretty ladies, very good."

Impressions

The boys came back most impressed at (1) the showers attached to the palm trees at Door Field, and (2) the friendliness and kindness of Mr. Riddle.

The big Boss drove with the boys on the way back, in fact, he actually drove them part of the way himself. "He is a very good driver," commented one of the Latin-Americans judiciously.

"He was so frank and simple," they said. "He seemed to enjoy being with us. He was a real -a real pal. He is a very kind gentleman."

Best Weekend

Consensus of opinion among the boys was that they had had the best weekend since they arrived in America.

any of you who care to visit 441 -that is, assuming that the Hun does not drop a bomb on it.

Wishing you every success both scholastically and socially.

Yours very sincerely,

Mrs. E. A. Ball

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Riddle Field to Celebrate July 18

Biggest recreational party in the history of Riddle Field, Clewiston, will take place Saturday, July 18, an event celebrating the first year of operation of No. 5 British Flying Training School (B. F. T. S.) at that field. Highlight of the celebration, to which all Embry-Riddle students and employees are invited, will be the big dance Saturday evening in Clewiston. Through the courtesy of the United States Sugar Corporation, the beautiful Sugarland Auditorium has been made available for dancing to the Morrison Field orchestra, which will play from 9 to 1 a.m., being followed, by the first appearance of the Riddle Field R.A.F. Cadet Orchestra.

To defray costs of the orchestra and "perhaps add a bit to the student athletic fund," an admission charge of $1.50 per couple or $1.00 stag will be made for the dancing. Present plans indicate a "super-duper" time, everyone who possibly can is urged to attend.