Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-07-16
Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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GROUP INSURANCE PAYS $15,000 TO 100 EMPLOYEES IN PAST YEAR

July marks the anniversary of one of Embry-Riddle’s most successful plans—group insurance. And the record looks something like this: Approximately 1,000 employees are taking advantage of the scheme, and during the year over $15,000 in benefits have been paid out to about 100 persons.

Biggest news in this field at the present time is that the premiums will be reduced, and benefits enlarged—and that’s good enough news for anybody.

The change, which will go into effect July 30th will make premiums read like this:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class</th>
<th>Salary</th>
<th>Old Rate</th>
<th>New Rate</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>(Under $100)</td>
<td>$1.13</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
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<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>($100-$149)</td>
<td>$1.40</td>
<td>$0.80</td>
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<td>C</td>
<td>($150-$199)</td>
<td>$1.98</td>
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<td>D</td>
<td>($200-$259)</td>
<td>$2.38</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>($250 and over)</td>
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It seems to us that protection for as little as 60 cents a pretty good offer.

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WIN CASH PRIZES!

In this issue of the Fly Paper you will find the one and only original cross-word puzzle written for and about Embry-Riddle...it’s a pretty clever piece of work, and to see just how well you—all know your “family,” we’re going to offer the following cash prizes for correct answers:

First Prize: For the first correct answer to reach the Editor’s office, by mail, $3.00.

Second Prize: For the correct answer sent in from the greatest distance before July 31, $2.00.

Third Prize: For the answer, right or wrong, sent in from the greatest distance before September 11 (eight weeks), $1.00.

All entries should be mailed to The Editor, Embry-Riddle Company, Miami. The correct solution to this puzzle will be published in the issue of July 31st.

SEAPLANE BASE—It’s another “Woman with Wings” in the Embry-Riddle “family.” Here is CORINNA PHILLIPS, Secretary to ED CHINA, Purchasing Agent for the School, just after she successfully passed her flight test for a Private Pilot’s License at our Seaplane Base. To be an “All American Girl” these days, it almost looks like the girls have to be Private Pilots, too, and the day may come when these girls can prove their Americanism by taking on their share in America’s Air War effort...ferrying...flying messenger planes and hospital ships! And plenty of American Girls in our School are already qualified for these important duties...and willing to do anything in their power to insure an Allied Nations Victory.

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LETTER FROM ENGLAND

Dear Mr. Dillard:

My son is now back home and I am writing to ask if you could still send “Fly Paper” as usual, as this is the only way I know of keeping in touch with all of you who have done so much to make our boys’ stay with you such a happy one. There is so much we women in England can never repay to you all over in U.S.A. But believe me when I tell you our hearts are very full of gratitude for all you have done.

When I received your first Paper I thought of a little verse we used to sing in school which ran as follows:

"Little Deeds of Kindness
Little Words of Love
Make this Earth an Eden
Like the Heaven above."

Thanking you most sincerely once again.

Yours sincerely,

BEATRICE LASHAM
What Is This Ground School, Anyway?
by Sid Pfleger
Chief of R.A.I. ground schools

Probably the first thought of a person considering flying as a career is that Ground School is a necessary evil—a nuisance. Many a student pilot asks the age-old question: “What good is all this stuff to me; how is it going to help me fly an airplane?” Such thinking is positive proof of his inexperience in actual aviation. After he has flown a few hundred hours he will have his answer.

The Why and How

The primary and most important reason for Ground School is to teach a student the WHY of the things he learns HOW to do while actually flying. He knows, for instance, that if he climbs an airplane too steeply without enough power it will stall. He also knows how the plane acts when it stalls. In his Theory of Flight classroom he is shown how air flows over a wing and how that flow is disturbed during a steep climb—thus learning the reasons for a stall. In the same classroom he learns how an airplane is put together, and what stresses and strains are on its various structural parts during certain maneuvers. All this engenders in him a logical reasoning that prompts him to handle his ship more carefully; he remembers better why he should avoid a stall and why he should be smooth on the controls during aerobatics.

Engines

In Engines class he is given instruction in engine construction and operation. Learning what makes up an engine and how its various parts function, the student sees why he must start it a certain way, use his throttle and mixture control a certain way, and stop it a certain way. Proper use and operation of an engine prolong its life and predicate its reliability. The pilot is going to depend a lot on that powerplant, and his education in its idiosyncrasies is just an insurance for his own safety.

Navigation

Nearly any normal human being can take a plane up and return it to the ground safely, but how safely can he fly it from one place to another, in a minimum of time with a minimum of fuel consumption? Too often there are no roads with clear signposts to follow. The pilot must lay out his course by that intangible something called a compass bearing. The air is like the sea; it has cross currents that tend to carry the plane off its course. The student must learn how to set and fly his ship to compensate for those currents; hence, the importance of Navigation. The fact that a college oarsman can row a racing shell efficiently, doesn't mean that he is qualified to cross the Atlantic to England in it—even if the ocean were smooth.

Meteorology

And what about that natural phenomenon that determines if flying is safe or not: the weather? In Meteorology the student pilot learns the behavior of the weather, and is taught to recognize the symptoms of rain, fog, high winds, icing conditions, and fair weather. Oh, he won't always be able to fly in perfect sunshine, it's true, but he must know how to interpret conditions that indicate he can't fly through safely. A good pilot is not necessarily one who can fly through anything; rather, he is one who knows when NOT to fly—when conditions do not allow him a sufficient margin of safety.

Teaching Technique

Now that we've explained the importance of the Ground School subjects how do we go about teaching them? Popular opinion is that the classes are dry, monotonous affairs. This idea is particularly erroneous at R.A.I. We don't give out a hurried lecture verbatim from a text. Each instructor plans his course to follow an outline furnished by the Air Corps, and enlarges on it to suit his individual taste. He teaches the required material, guided by the texts, but injects into his classes his personality and whatever practical experience is at his command.

He doesn't lecture his pupils—he talks to them. He gives them the benefit of his own knowledge and the information and advice contained in the books in a live, interesting manner. After all, he is paid to inform and advise the students, and school them in the WHY's and WHEREFORE's of the things they learn to do during actual flight instruction.

Why Do You Do it

Nor is a Ground School instructor's ability confined to cadets. Here at R.A.I. the same men who teach cadets also teach more advanced classes. Navigation and Meteorology instructors teach pilots and flight instructors radio and instrument flying—advanced stuff, but they can handle it. A pilot needs review, from time to time, of those subjects which he doesn't use much in giving his hundreds of hours of flight instruction, so he comes to Ground School where the experts on those subjects can refresh his memory. Theory of Flight and Structures, and Engines instructiors teach classes of mechanics and line crew chiefs, educating them in the theory behind the practical work they do every day. The whole system centers around the principle of teaching them WHY they do the things they know HOW to do down on the flight line.

Erroneous Opinion

As a last blast at erroneous opinion, we attack the idea that a man is only a Ground School instructor because he can't be an...
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
by Bill Linkoum

Hey, Rubs!

When word got around town that we were flying again after the blow we had a few weeks ago, we were swamped with new applicants for flying courses. We have really been getting the rush and liking it.

The New Ship spent a busy week. She flies from 8:30 A. M. till sundown without respite. Municipal has one ready for us and we are due to receive it this week. Also, if things materialize, a new ship will be forthcoming from the north fairly soon.

If you want to get new students these days, just tell them that the ships are all signed for, and what a barrage of phone calls you'll get. The old saying "Forbidden fruit is sweetest."

New Faces

New controlled Private students are Ed Skirm and Wally Mountcastle. Wally is a beginner and an ardent one. Keep up the enthusiasm all the way through. Wally Ed Skirm on the other hand has completed his written exam successfully and although he has had previous flying time, he feels that he needs a complete "overhaul." We will give it to you Ed, with best wishes.

Ensign Percy Brown, U. S. Navy and incidentally one of Admiral Kauffman's chief aides, is taking some time with us. Percy is a busy man yet manages to get in a little flying. Also on our list of new students are: Lt. Francis, U. S. Army, Julian Weinkle of the famous Weinkle Markets, W. J. Roberts, Pat Weatherby and Carol Losch.

Current Events

Larry Stanhope has soloed and if you could have heard him before, you would have believed he was never going to make it. However, Larry did a nice job and had it not been for the fact he couldn't prove he was born, (fine thing to say the least) he would have soloed some time ago. The CAA demands proof of birth and California has been taking it for granted that people are born—hence no records.

In behalf of the base, I wish to extend best of luck to Mac Lowry who has just been accepted in the Army enlisted reserve. He starts secondary training with the CPT. The Government is revving up their program and all new applicants must enlist in the Army. You'll really have something when you get through, Mac. Why is it these refresher courses always seem to be available after a fellow completes his training the hard way? I know I always seemed to be too old or something and couldn't get in on a program.

Word of Encouragement

Our buddies out at Municipal are in the throes of moving and they have our sympathy. Nothing is so confusing as moving an airport. Good luck to you all and a speedy settlement.

Independence Day at the Base

An order came through from the Main Office setting our base up as an independent unit. With it goes much responsibility, headaches, and experience. However, despite the little things, we are proud to be recognized as capable of handling things ourselves.

Yellow Flight "Taking The Trophy"

Ad Thompson has been made General Manager in charge and yours truly will endeavor to assist him in every way possible. We owe much thanks to Mr. Gibbons and Captain Van Burgin of Municipal for their cooperation in the past. Their advice was always available and has proved invaluable to us. It will be our aim to keep things going forward in the best Embry-Riddle tradition. We are on our own, now.

Lead Kindly Light!

TO A YANK IN THE R.C.A.F.

Sgt. HARRY LEVINE, a graduate of our Municipal Flight Base, "flew West" recently when his Royal Canadian Air Force training plane crashed at Ontarion, Canada, just a few days before he was scheduled to leave for active combat duty in England. Harry, a member of one of our early C.P.T. classes, was a good pilot, well liked by all his class mates... we know that the thousands of his fellow graduates from our School will carry on to a successful conclusion the job that he began.
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor
Paul Prior, Kenny Berry, Nela Purdon, Ted Taylor, Roger Franklin
Ralph Thing, Kenneth Miller, Dudley Anson, Associate Editors

All Quiet On The . . .

Well, folks, all's quiet around here. How's it with you all? We're still trying to find out things about YOU to write in YOUR column — how about coming clean occasionally? Our scouts have been out all week but nobody seems to know of anything special happening — so here goes — we'll try to tell you.

Returned To Manage

The field was pleased to see Mr. Tyson, our General Manager, back after his illness. Mr. Tyson has been in hospital in Miami, where he also spent his convalescence, and he is now back to see that things run the way they should. We missed his stocky figure breezing around camp, but feel that everything is back "in the groove" (strictly solid) now.

He came back to a Field which was quite a little altered — work goes on apace at the patio, the Link building (already labelled Chamber, Torture, Cadet, Mark II, by the boys) and the roads, whilst a huge mysterious shovel machine hurrs dirt backwards and forwards in a mysterious shuttlecock game previously agreed upon by Mr. Tyson himself, no doubt, and Mr. Wheeler.

The place reminds us more of an anti-hill every day. The roads show much improvement, and we're very pleased to be able to ride around without feeling we're doing stalls and spins. We wonder whether they will now re-introduce the auto-scooters which were such a sensation a short time ago. Our bright boy, L.A.C. Plonk, has already suggested scooter races to decide the coveted seats on the Saturday Miami bus — but was squashed by yells of "Nark it — it's my turn the week after next!!"

Sports Department

Further details of the tennis tournament reached our sports "gen" department. It's taking the form of flight championships with the object of playing the flight champions off against each other to get a team, to challenge an all-Instructor's team, and after that possibly Clewiston town, to an afternoon's tennis some day.

L.A.C. Plonk, ambitious as ever, tried to arrange a "book," but was rather forcibly reminded of something that sounded like the letters K.R., and re-assumed his squared position. Meanwhile "Indiana Jack"

has the plans for the second Sports Day well in hand, and it promises to be another fine show — provided that everyone has recovered from the "Anniversary Waltz" by then.

blue worn on their left sleeves. On being asked what the B.F. part of their insignia stands for, they refused to commit themselves, but merely contended themselves with a sigh.

L.A.C. Plonk wonders whether they're going to get a glamour badge out for him too. He'd like it to take the form of three stripes in azure; but we reminded him that patience is a virtue.

The Instructors' Club

Clewiston became even more of a Riddle than ever last week, with the formation of the very exclusive Instructors' Club. All the Field Instructors got together and bought themselves a "very nice" house which they are converting into a clubroom; and really got organized into a society, to be known henceforward by the cadets as "The Binder's Club."

Subscriptions and the activities in the clubroom are a close secret; we understand that Riddlelette wives and gal-friends will use it during hubby's absence at the Field, but it will remain an exclusive Stag Club by night. Rumour hath it that a weekly tall story competition is to be held under the title of "Cadet of mine" every Friday night, with a first prize which is guaranteed to cure the winner of the "Cadet Blues" - at least for that night.

For further details apply to the President, Ray Morders, or the other officers in authority — C. W. Ring, vice-president, (how much vice?), W. King, honorary secretary, or Frank Veltri, honorary treasurer.

Mising From The Canteen

Disgregating a little, another familiar face went missing last week, as Harvey Pool, our popular canteen chef, left Northward bound. He's spending a vacation at his home in Maryland, prior to joining the Merchant Marine. Harvey, who proved himself as adept at explaining to successive waves of new British cadets the difference between eggs done "up" and "over," as at frying them either way, carries everyone's best wishes — especially the Girls in Blue, who, with what looks suspiciously like tearful eyes, asked our reporter to say how much they miss him. After approximately nine months here, he'd almost become one of the Field Veterans. Good luck Harvey!

Glamour At The Links

Meanwhile, the Link Instructors are rivaling the canteen staff in the gaiyness of their uniforms. The khaki monotony has been relieved with a very patriotic little 5 B.F.T.S. rosette in red, white, and

Tanran discovers Riddle Field

Or could this be a Cadet too Yellow to show his face? perhaps he was trying to escape a wrathful Instructor — who knows! — or perhaps he had just seen the Link Dispatcher approaching, looking for "volunteers."

Anyone Want To Play Football?

It looks as if Bo-peep's task in finding her sheep was a dart sight easier than Yellow Flight's in finding a football team to oppose them. Weeks ago they issued a challenge to all and sundry — but are still waiting for results. Probably Red and Blue Flights are wise to this Florida sun — so all we can suggest is for them to good Green Flight into a game — or play themselves.

Or How About Softball?

Although cricket has many rabid adherents amongst the boys, a sport becoming increasingly popular is softball. Under Jack Hopkins's expert tuition many Britons are rapidly cottoning on to this very American sport (although we still notice far too many handling "that stick thing" like a cricket bat) to such an extent that an inter-Flight softball league has been suggested, and it is hoped to have something after this style arranged in the near future.

Although being far from good enough to challenge Carlstrom or Dorr, we amuse ourselves quite some at "Rounders," as the cynics call it.

Or Horse Shoe Pitching?

Another All-American sport with a strong wild west flavour, which we noticed the Rifle Raff having a crack at the other day, was horse shoe pitching. Although our talent scouts are a little vague on the form being shown at "Cow-punchers Quoits" we understand that Blue Flight, ably lead by "Cowboy" Coulpand, can put a team on the field strong enough to lick the pants off any challengers. Is youse gonna take that a-sittin' down, pardner?

And Now To The Scandal . . .

The "Boy" is in the news again. They call him "Bale out" now — or is our spelling a bit haywire? — Anyway we suggest you ask Bay Locht — he might tell you all about it.

He provided the only bit of "cheeseake" which Blue Flight could concoct; and our Red, and Yellow Flight "Gen" men were even less obliging. The Red men seem to think it sacrilege that anyone should talk of anything else but "winging" Blue Flight, in the midst of night flying, were havin' daydreams in which thousands of flare paths blended into a beautiful milky way.

Green Flight had one or two marvelous (but unfortunately very censurable) stories of their first week-end out, but there are one or two which did creep past the blue
pencil. There was "Yank in the R.A.F." Brooks Crawford, who at the Riddle Party couldn't content himself with escorting two glamorous Miamians around, but had to go on his knees to make love to a third, whilst his fair companions stood on with sagging jaws. Another Green Flight Yank to hit the news was "Cobby" Kane, with an appeal from his room mates to hire a Mall Man all for himself. In the deluge of mail which newlywed Kane incidentally receiving daily, the rest of Green Flight feel a little neglected. Incidentally "Cobby" is expecting his wife down in Clewiston shortly for a vacation. (You Lucky People.)

A Green Flight man not having such a good time in Miami is Harry Ingram. He's been in sick quarters there, since Brooks Flight arrived in this part of the world, and his Flight mates wish to use this column to say "All the best, Harry," and a quick recovery." To which we add, "And the same from all of us," not only to Harry, but to all our mates who might be reading this "In Dock." So long!

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

"RIDDLE ALLEY"

In spite of almost continuous rain, and other constructional difficulties, a new row of houses has appeared at Osceola Boulevard, in Clewiston, the occupants being Riddle Field Staff almost to a man—or woman. The Boulevard was immediately christened "Riddle Alley," and the sign writer has already been commissioned to make two signs, one for each end of the block, reading "RIDDLE ALLEY, USE AT YOUR OWN RISK," to keep the more unwary of the Clewiston citizens from straying too far into "No Man's Land."

On a "Cook's Tour"

At the far end of the row you will find the Fletcher Gardens, who packed up to move at the beginning of a rainy spell, and stayed packed up for a whole week, waiting for Jupiter to ease up enough to let them in. The silverying effect upon Mr. Gardner's hair can be easily noticed.

Next door are the Cliff Bjornens, whose only problem just now is wondering how the young Minister and his bride, who live between them and Mr. Tyson, are going to like their neighbors. The Tysons, having moved from one house to another, have not as yet had the relief of leaving behind uncomfort- able quarters, as have most of the other residents but are nevertheless very happy to be there. How-
DORR FIELD NEWS BULLETIN

by "The Gang"

Canteen Tour!

When out for an afternoon coke at the Canteen we saw more people! First there was "Boss" Gates gazing longingly at the pool (but knowing there'd be a dozen or so phone messages stacked on his desk, he resisted the call). On into the Canteen where we bumped into Instructors Fredendall, Gamble and Ross; over in the corner were Mr. Ellord and "Painter" Britt from Maintenance; Dispatcher Abee was hastening back to his duties; Megee and Wynne stopped to mix their time discussion with cokes; Capt. Bentley and Lt. Duke chose those stools before that grand big fan; Sgt. Appel dashed in and out in that hurried way of his. By then our few minutes were up but even as we paraded out "Sam" Clawson and "Eddie" House drifted in to represent the Ground School.

More Pretty Girls

More wartime additions to the Dorr Field list—Mrs. May Wood now joined Miss Cowart, Miss Eller and Mrs. McLeod on the switchboard. Miss Elinee Cross (blonde) has joined the Canteen staff. Welcome.

The report that Miss Pearson really wanted to get to Miami last Saturday! Looks as if our friend Jack is slippin'! 'Tether evening he quickly moved over when a golden-haired young lady got on the bus—then to his (and our) astonishment she sat down across the aisle. But, Jack, don't be too sad—"we" still like and appreciate you.

Wanted: Union City Pix!

Seems high time we congratulate the Editor of the "Union City News Letter." It's swell reading and now we'd like some pictures of all these people Mr. Glover introduces.

You have made the acquaintance of Sgt. Rickett (formerly of America, Georgia) who replaces Sgt. Minks at Headquarters! We think he's a fine fellow. Then Saturday afternoon he and Miss "Glen" Collins (of America), attended by Miss Thelma Harley and Sergeant "Steve" Williams, were married by the Rev. Price at the Baptist Church in Arcadia. Best Wishes!

Rumor has it that "Steve" was terribly disgusted at the outcome of the Carlstrom-Dorr ball game last Sunday—did you lose a coke on the deal?

The Laugh's on Joanie!

Mr. John F. Fredendall, having just returned from his dry-run to Maxwell Field, reports that after leaving his hotel and sauntering down the street he was surprised to hear a real top-singer's voice yell from passing MP car, "Hey Soldier, get your hat on, roll your sleeves down and button your collar!" Johnny, wondering if the Draft Board had failed to notify him, compiled insofar as sleeves and collars, but having no hat had to dig out identification to prove he was an Embryo-Riddle employee instead of a GI soldier.

Perhaps we'd better take another squint at the first picture, page 7, July 9th issue, Fly Paper.

Approved by Censor!

What is the reason Lt. Pinkerton REMAINS the most eligible bachelor?

(Editor's Note: Be it fate . . . or what . . . but right after the above item we found the following rubber stamp: "Jack C. Pinkerton, 1st Lieut. Air Corps, Adjutant, O.K.")

Maintenance News


Notice!

Cupid is on the "Dorr-Path"—Don't look now but Lt. McDade is mixing business with pleasure. Rejoice—Form 41 boards and a cute blonde from Ocala. Another "Dorr-Belle" got her man. Congratulations, Margaret Lyons. Cadet Hensley, of Class 42K, is the lucky bridegroom. The ceremony took place in Fort Myers.

Dorr Doings

by A/C Gray Stainaker

Hi, hi! Here it is another week. Lacking the necessary "green stuff" we failed to make Sarasota this week-end, but managed to bump into several of the boys in a like fix wandering around Arcadia. The Blue Room Choral Group held its first meeting, which was pronounced a success by everyone but the proprietor.

Stock Stuff

We recently announced a forthcoming Yoanger-sten for Skip and his wife, due August. Seems the stork caught this war production fever and double-crossed us. Skip is now lighting—Wilbur Lee arrived July 6th. Mother and baby are fine, pop is expected to recover.

One For The Books

The "Dorr Club" eliminations washed out the undefeated officers in softball last week, 7-4. Lieut. Sontary Polan, catcher (?) for the officers was forced to retire to the infirmary during the fifth inning for repairs. (And a husky looking, too!) For once, the check pilots were taken for a ride. Revenge is sweet, isn't it?

New Stuff

The column now has a protege. One A/C Campbell, who is digging the dirt on the new arrivals, and will take over when we leave (for basic, we hope). J. Durkin is already worrying about the flight grading system. He was heard muttering in his sleep about four pink slips. Pink slips are a good thing to stay away from, and you can take that any way you like.

The Rodeo Influence!

B. Pryor, who considers himself something of a horseman, carried things a bit too far when he tried to get in a PT by putting his foot through the fuselage. Maybe Lt. Polan will get you some stirrups, Bruce. Then again, maybe he'll just get you . W. H. Massmann, snake collector par excellence, amazed the boys last week-end when he brought back a big water moccasin, and proceeded to play with it. We learned that Mr. Massmann is quite a bigwig, snakily speaking, having collected snakes for the New York Museum of Natural History and the Staten Island Zoo. He has also written a book on the super worms. But expert or no expert, his room mates have informed him that in the future, he will NOT bring snakes into the room.

Odds and Ends

Fred Levee will say the words with Miss Margie Shapley this week-end. At the rate they're going a single cadet will soon be a freak. Then, maybe we can get a date . . . Lt. Carpenter (otherwise known as Dick Tracey) seems very interested in our Dottie at the Canteen. Sure seems like a long time before we get our bars . . . W. S. Ward threatens a postal investigation. He writes the one back home almost every day, and has received one letter to date. And then again, maybe it isn't the pliotman's fault! We hear those 4F boys do right well for themselves . . . The Sudden Shortage of crying towels is due to the rapid consumption in B Squadron. It's beginning to look like our boys.
aren't. But we know one that can draw a pencil faster than the Lone Ranger on a 45. And does he love to use it! . . . Are you married? I guess, all the boys have wives! Would you like to go in town in the middle of the week? Before making any hasty actions, consult Bailey and Rader concerning what not to do. They can be interviewed almost anytime on barracks seven stop.

**AND PICTURES DON'T LIE!**

Grrrrrrrr . . . .

Despite our firm denouncement of any connection with Charles Atlas, certain rats are still alluding to muscles, exercises and a pint of blood. We appreciate all the offers of blood donations from our friends (?) but assure everyone that we have as much blood as the next guy. Come around sometime when we're shaving and see for yourself.

Nyaaaaaaan.

is really a hot bowlerette. In fact, she is known here as Dendsy Poynter, the markswoman of Arcadia Gulch. She is a Dangerous Man McGregor when it comes to rollin' them big balls down at them big teppins, as you can see from her latest score of 166 she got bowling against me. I guess it's the good competition that brings out her talents. (The fact that I only rolled 96 in that game ain't got nothin' to do with it; I was still a good competitor as nobody knew where my ball was goin' each time I threw it—includin' me.) We got Buffalo Lydia Sammons, who is leadin' this week with 172. I don't bowl with her.

**Oh Say, Now**

Purity seen we will have a organized Grind School Bowling Team. It will probly include Joe Woodward, Roy Sterling, Harry Newman, (pronounced Mossey), Sid Pfluger (pronounced Flu-gay), and me as score-keeper. We will take on any other bowlin' teams except wimmens' teams. 'cause we couldn't stand bein' beat by the skirts. If we can get up a league (pronounced lee-gay), we will let you know all about it and mebbe have prizes fer the winners.

Mention of Joe Woodward reminds me that I should say his girl friend has just come down from Baltimore and will be here fer a coupla weeks. Her name is Edith Duenges, and I hear she is purty nice. I ain't seen her yet, but when I do I'll let you know full per-ficklers. Anyhow, Joe is on his good behavior these days, and the rest of us have promised not to tempt him to stray from the straight and narrow path.

**At Last, The Capt'n'Sucumbs**

But, by the time this gets into print (if ever), Carlstrom will have another happy bride and bridgroom. On Thursday night, July 16th, Captain George Oliva and Ruth Pemberton will be Mr. and Mrs. They will be married in Lakeland at the same church Paul Dixon signed up in. I gess I'm safe when I say the whole gang here at Carlstrom wish them the best of luck and everything. She's gettin' a good man, and he's gettin' a fine girl.

**Sensation of the Yere**

Also I oughta report one of the sensations of the yere. There has been a romantic rivalry in this town between Captain Sid (Doc) Nethery of Carlstrom and Lieu-tenant Jack Puckston of Dorr. The object was Lettie Stonebraker, who has been workin' in the Wheel-er Construction Company's office here. It was a nip and tuck business until Lettie finally nipped Jack and tuck Doc. (Ain't that a fierce pun?) Well, Doc has given her a start on all the pencil, eraser, and I'm tellin' you, Bud, it sure is a beautiful ring. They intend to get married about August 5th, and we also wish them the best of luck. There is somethin' about this climate over here that sure busts up 'arched ribs.'

**Muscles**

Bud, did you ever go much fer this physical culture stuff? You know what I mean, don'tcha—this "Make You a New Man in 30 Days. From a 97-lb. Grind School Instructor." Well, the athletic department has high-pressured Joe Woodward, Roy Sterling, and Paul DeBor into taking them calisthenics exercises every day to improve their condition. I don't see why Joe needs it as he is FOUR active any- how, dancin', ridin', and swimmin', but it's awful hard on that other two. They get out in that hot sun every day and sweat off the pounds good livin' has put on. Then they come in here too tired to teach their classes.

**It Ain't Right**

To make matters worse, their athletic instructors really bear down on the boys and I know De- bor, who ain't done any exercise in ten yeres, and Sterling, who insists on doin' any dive anybody else does in a pool, but usually winds up strapped up in adhesive tape— I know these boys will bust something one of these days. It's just like expectin' a 1916 automobile to do the same things with the same ease as a 1942 model. Now, me and Dixon got the right idea: we had our fun while we was young and we're goin' to grow old in comfort. You won't ketch us out there, jumpin' around under a volley ball in shorts down to our knees. No siree, when we want a workout we'll do like Tom Davis does—go down town and put a nickel in the pinball machine.

**How About th' Marines?**

Talkin' about goin' places, I wonder why every time I go up to the Administration Buildin' whistlin' "Anchors Aweigh!" that one of the girls that works there almost has a conniption fit. I realize that this is just a post, but I like that song, and I don't see why she should take offense at it. I'm jest givin', in my own little way, moral support to both services, and I think she would do the same thing. Beats me.

Well, Bud, I gess I better close now. Our assistant Athletic Di-

**CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS**

Jack Hobler, Editor

July 12th, this yer-

Dere Bud:

I gess I oughta thank you fer the nice write-up you gave me last week with that "Man of the Week" stuff. Still, all the boys here has been kiddin' me about it a lot, and you know how I blush when I'm kidded. I jest know I shouldn't of put all that stuff on my application when I started to work fer this company. And where do you get that business that I got a brother and sister better-lookin' than I ever will be? That makes me look ter-

bile conceived, and you know I don't think I'm half as handsome as I really am. Oh well, I gess President Roosevelt and General MacArthur, bein' more or less public figures, has got to put up with the same thing.

**Bowling Widdersers**

Speakin' of public figures, Bud, you probably heard about "golf widdersers" ain't you? Well, we got "bowling widdersers" over here, and the outstandin' example is Drex Poynter. His wife, Gladys, really hounds the local bowling alleys and

Dorr Field—More "fish stories" . . . and the proof of the pudding is the pictures of the Fish! They look like Torpon, they fight like Torpon . . . by gosh . . . they ARE Torpon! From left to right are the mighty anglers . . . E. Wright, W. Reish, who won a medal or somethin' for boating a hundred pounder, N. Tiefel, E. Weintraub, and D. Tobi. (Ed's Note: Nice fishin', lads . . . take us with you sometime.)
CARLSTROM FIELD
Continued from Page 7
recter, Leslie Douglas, has been
made a Second Lieutenant in the
Army here, and is having a time
gettin' used to his bars. I had the
same time gettin' used to bars once,
but my charge was larceny. (It
was a false charge, tho, so I got
out the next day.) Also, Pfc. Bushy in
the Dispensary here is now Cor-
poral Bushy. What with that pro-
motion and expectin' another (of
a different kind) in the next month or
so, he is sort of hot up. Cadet
Dick Hiss was a bit hot up too last
Saturday when he had a visitor
from Miami Materiel Control.
Must of been his sunburn, and not
his blood pressure that made his
face red.
Chum, I hope you can drop over
here before you leave. I'd like
to see you once more and you could
see some of them magic tricks
Joshua Creek Katz does. Until
then, here is Cadet Jessell's version
of our Neuger Beavers. So, as Or-
son Welles says,
Oscenibly yours,
Jack Hobler
(p. "Ho-blay")

AVIATION OLDTIMER
NOW AT CARLSTROM

This is introducing, or reintroduc-
ing to the many who know him
well, Les Lewis, old-timer in Mi-
ami aviation, now a divisional fore-
man in the overhaul department at
Carlstrom Field.

Les learned to fly in 1920 at the
Carlstrom Florida Aviation camp,
where Hialeah is now. He bought
an old "Jenny" then, and hand-
toromed all over the country.
In '27 he organized his "Flying Cir-
cus," which toured the States,
boasting dog fights, aerobatics and
parachute jumps. Les himself made
many of the jumps.

All in all, Les has had five flying
schools, and personally taught over
4,000 students. He organized the
All-American Airport in Miami at
110th Street and 22nd Avenue. At
the Hialeah Airways he was a pilot
in a convoy of 40 nightseeing
planes which flew over the city.
During all this time he was still
holding down his job as sergeant
of police.

Les leads a charmed life in the
air, but away from aviation it's a
different story. He maintains he's
safe as long as he's in or around
a plane, but otherwise Les gets
banged up right and left. In '24
he had a motorcycle accident which
laid him up in the hospital for
years with a game leg. Les really
crashed the papers during this
time, since he directed his school
and taught from the hospital bed.

When we spoke to him in the Carl-
strom hangar, Les had his thumb
all banded up elaborately. Ha,
we thought, he must have caught his
hand in some of this machinery, so
his boast about never getting hurt
around planes is no good.

"My thumb?" inquired Les. "Oh
that. I caught it in an electric fan,
at home." As for experiences, Les has had
a-plenty. There was the time way
back when, when six feet of linen
blew off his wing and he made a
forced landing . . . in a turpentine
still! And the time he came down
with a dead engine in the middle
of the Everglades. He took out his
compass and headed East, but it
took him two days of the worst
imaginable traveling to reach civil-
azation. Another time he came out
to rescue a pilot who had come
down in the 'glades. They got the
pilot all right, but getting the plane
out safely was more of a job.

Finally they built a wooden run-
way, two long strips, 18 inches
wide and 70 feet long. Les himself
took the plane off.

Organizing the "Powder Puff"
squadron, a group of 40 women
flies back in '31, was quite an ex-
périence in itself, says Les.

Among the old ships Les has
piloted are the OX-5 Jennies, Stand-
ards, Curtiss Creoles, Seagulls, H.
S. Boats, and Liberties. Charles
Darnes and Ruty Herd, of Eastern
Airlines, Lanier Turner, P.A.A.
clipper captain, and Gener DeNalt,
Carlstrom Instructor, are some of
his many students.

Does he fly now at all? "Sure,"
answers Les. " Went up just the
other day. And passed all the Army
checks, too. My leg doesn't bother
me at all."

IDLE CHATTER

Husband Rationing Next?
Too bad while the man with the
flash light was here he didn't get
a picture of the Grandma' of the
Field. I don't know who she is but
the Boys claim she calls them all
"Daddy," and their wives have
been seen warming up the old
fowling pieces. Could be "Civilian
Defense," but the way I heard it,
it's to stop "all this nonsense." Men
are getting scarcer and scarcer
and I can't say I blame these wives.
I try to look up and keep my ears
alert, I expect any day to receive
a "Ration Card" for Husbands.

What was that tale about Lt.
Poecich spilling text books all
over the Hangar and another one
about Cat McLeod not liking cold
showers? By the way, Camp Bland-
ning wants "Cat" to pretty up
the scenery for them and the way
they put in their Bid and worded the
invitation I can't see how he can
refuse them.

Could it have been that Mr. Jake
Newcombe was celebrating his crop
of North Gate Tomatoes when a
little bird friend of mine saw him
up town after the dew had settled.
I had it first handed that "he sure
was full of conversation."

Good Reason to "Keep 'Em Flying"
My young "offspring" has a new
playmate, "Mickey Boy" Fahlinger,
and in case Mr. "Ray" hasn't
bragged on him, you shouldn't miss
a real Boy. He says he's going to
wash my Jackie out and, at times,
I think it's a good idea. I've been
tempted, too. Wish I had a big yard
so the younger generation of the
R.A.I. Family could get together
occasionally. They are a big group
and a bigger reason for us to "Keep
'Em Flying."

The Boys want to hear about
those new "pretties" in the Canteen
at Night. Better see me girls,
we have the cream of the Crop
right in our own back yard.

Night P.B.X.

Gals Are Bowling, Now!

Again, "something now has been
added!" Latest development in
the Main Office and the Tech School
Division, is the tentative formation
of a Women's Physical Fitness
Bowling League.

All girls who are interested in
joining the League may get in
touch with June McGill on the first
door, sometime this week.
THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CROSS WORD PUZZLE
by "Anonymous"

ACROSS
1. His name has been in every issue of the FLY PAPER.  
2. A good natured guy who holds down three jobs at Clewiston.  
3. Replacing World War I Y.M.C.A. (and certainly deserving of your support.)  
4. What is Major James at Embry-Riddle Field, Union City?  
5. Careless pilots de! (Careless ones don't!)  
6. This cross-word puzzle was contributed by "anonymous" and this is what we would like to know about him.  
7. A healthful fruit that a lot of our flight graduates are probably eating in some of the warmer countries.  
8. What is Capt. Nachtigall at Dorr Field?  
9. He is a ground school instructor at Dorr and sometimes uses a typewriter to good advantage.  
10. Leave off "idle."  
11. A young feller.  
12. They say Ad Thompson flies like a  
13. A Municipal flight instructor. He is now instructing at Clewiston.  
14. There is an "i" instead of two "e's" in his name but don't mind that.  
15. The best time of day for practicing solo maneuvers.  
16. That same ground school instructor at Dorr Field.  
17. After answering "ump'teen" dumb questions in a day, to what ends do the instructors finally arrive?  
18. Was Peter Ordway's baby?  
19. The "middle" of Dorr Field.  
20. Who is the best person in the world?  
21. In an airplane if there is any doubt the answer is always  
22. "Never have so many owed so much to so few."  
23. In England they drink it but around airports it just causes trouble for primary students.  

DOWN
1. and 2. A girl's name. She used to work at Municipal; married a Riddle Field flight instructor; now both are at Union City.  
2. That which caused the recent flurry of marriages around Arcadia.  
3. Not the moon, not June, not Spring.  
4. That which confuses the Latin-American Cadets who are trying to learn English—This simple word can be spelled three ways.  
5. The greatest flight in any pilot's life.  
6. This makes cross-wind landings difficult.  
7. A swell guy at Carlstrom Field but he is always letting Ye Editor down.  
8. This word applies to the Embry-Riddle Field at Union City, Tenn.  
9. Located at Arcadia.  
10. What's Clawson's first name? (Dorr Field Ground School.)  
11. He who travels in an airplane, travels  
12. We think this man is "anonymous."  
13. A bell of a fine man (and we agree with "anonymous").  
14. Careless pilots come to an untimely  

NEW CPT RULES NOW IN EFFECT AT MUNICIPAL

Thirty primary and twenty secondary CPT students will move in at Municipal today or tomorrow, according to Art Gibbons, flight registrant. Under the new rulings now in effect, all the boys must be either in the Naval or Army Air Corps enlisted reserve, or have been turned down on the Army mental examination with a grade of at least 65.

The new age limit includes men from 18 to 37. In the 18-37 age group, if the candidates have passed their A.A.C. mental, but failed the physical, they are still eligible, providing they can pass the CPT commercial physical. In the 27-37 age group, the men must report to the CPT authorities, take a mental and physical examination and then enlist in the AAC reserve.

After completing the CPT, the boys will automatically become Navy Flying cadets, or take a further period of training prior to becoming an Army pilot.

All the students will take their ground school courses at the University of Miami, and will be quartered there for the first time.
TECH TALK
by Mary Lou Wettstine
"The time has come," the walrus said, "to talk of many things; Of news, and views, and gossip too—of Embry-Riddle's doings!"

Face Washed
The Fritz building is still undergoing a vast face lifting campaign. It's new white and pale green paint job erases all traces of "chicken-coopiness." Old Fritz, surrounded by its stretches of green grass, flowers, and newly paved paths can now lift its head to the sun unashamed. We're really proud of it!

Who is Where?
The Personnel list for Tech and General Administration recently put out by Mr. Varney is a splendid idea—but we can't help wondering how long it will be current. There always seems to be new faces and those we do recognize move from one department to another so rapidly one can never be sure who is where. Some recent changes we have been able to keep track of are:
Paul Baker and his parachutes have moved to the Coliseum. Drop in on us now and then, Paul!
Mary Jo Milligan, our tanned beauty, formerly secretary to Lee Malmsten, has been transferred to Engines.

On Their Way
Several of our staff are leaving to go on their various ways—Marion Tumbush left the Purchasing Department to return home for a short stay and then on to Texas. She claims two years in one year is her limit; although not with us that long it seems the spirit of adventure is still there. We wish her good luck and also to her successor, Aldra Waterfall, who will take over the tangles of Priorities.

Dr. Cunningham, one of our M. D.'s will soon be centering his medical aid on the Army—he goes into the Service this week. Tampa is his first stopping off place.
Murray Wilkes still seems to think he'll be headed Army-wise very soon.

Custer's Last Stand
That new manly form in the Purchasing Department is John Custer, former Chicagoite... who came to us via the Army and then Sears Roebuck. We understand Custer's last stand occurred when twin daughters arrived last January.
John A. Longrunner, can no longer live up to his name—his recent sprained ankle prevents that.

WOMEN'S CLUB TO BE FORMED OF E-R MIAMI "KITTY FOYLES"

Well, when you get 70 good-lookin' women together, you can expect things to pop, and they shore did last Sunday at Embry-Riddle's Kitty Foyle party at Macfadden-Deauville.

Besides devoting themselves to having a good time, getting sunburned, swimming and eating lots of that turkey, the gals tended to business too, and came forth with what seems to us one of the best ideas aird around these parts for some time.

We mean the Miami Embry-Riddle female club—tentatively dubbed the Kitty Foyle Club, which will boast dues, meetings, problems, purposes and a darned large membership.

First meeting of the Club will be held Friday at 5:30 in one of the third floor Tech School class rooms. Officers will be chosen, a name selected, and the problem of uniforms will be decided upon.

And just to make it more tempting, refreshments will be served.

Proper times and places for meetings to be held will also be discussed.

Each officer worker will automatically become a member of the club, and we think it will be a tremendous stride forward in the promotion of friendliness and unity among the women workers.

Discussion of individual and collective problems will prevent any possible grievances or petty dislikes, and occasional parties will tend to make us even more of a "family."

Bravo for the idea, Dev, and we know it will be a success!

THREE DANCES!
This week-end brings up three shindigs in the Embry-Riddle "family"... the dance marking the first anniversary of Riddle Field at Clewiston, Sugarland Auditorium at 9 P. M. Saturday... the dedication of the new U. S. O. unit for Carlstrom and Dorr Fields at Areadin, 8 P. M. Saturday... and the regular weekly School Party at the Deauville Saturday afternoon and evening. You can't be at three of 'em, but be sure to be at ONE of 'em!
WHERE IS BETI LACED-JE-CATING.

THAT THE NEW FIRST AID COURSE will be fun as well as ed-je-cating.

THAT IT WILL BE wonderful to have Overhaul's extensive operations completed mainly because we will be able to answer that $64 question — "Where is Mr. Horton?"

THAT THE "KITTY FOYLE" party at the Deauville last Sunday was a success! THAT A BOND a day will help keep the Japs out.

— WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

UNIFORMS?

Latest question buzzin' about the Tech School is the uniform-for-women-employees debate. Brought up by the "Kitty Foyle" at their party Sunday, the problem will probably be solved at the meeting Friday afternoon.

So far as we can see, these are the arguments for both sides, as spoken by rather ardent advocates for the opposing points of view.

CON:

1. Initial cost.

AT THE KITTY FOYLE PARTY . . .

Our secret, keyhole correspondents took copious notes for us at Sunday's Kitty Foyle party, and while we don't intend to turn the Fly Paper into a society page, we hope you'll forgive us this time. After all, it was a gal party, and you know gals! The Fly Paper aims to please, so you needn't think we've turned sissy if we talk about:

What They Wore

Dev, gracious in a red and white print . . . Mrs. Wain Fletcher, new- comer to the School, in brown and white . . . Betty Jo Beller, famed Tech Talk guest writer, in green, dotted Swiss . . . June McGill with a gypsy outfit, and Margaret DePamphilis dignified in white.

Title of most dramatic dresser goes easily to Joe Skinner in That Hat . . . Betty Harrington wins title of Girl Looking Best in Blacks, with her svelte rose-beige outfit.

Who Was With Who


Party of five: Grace Simpson, restful in rose, Anne Elrod, vivid in green, Helen Drabek, cool in blue, and Pauline Baker with her handsome young son.

Mermaids

Helen and Elizabeth Hirsch and Estelle Woodward swim, and sat on the beach.

Earlier, Mrs. Riddle put in a brief appearance, sitting at a table with Jo Skinner, and slim dark-haired Betty and Kay Bruce.

For a while Corinne Philips, Betty Hall, Jenny Michel, Dev and Betty Harrington perched at the pool deck, chatting with six Latin-American cadets.

Entertainment Committee

Laurel Anderson, of the Col- lege electrical department, and_lista, Dick played and sang the "Bombardiers Song," and gave a demonstration of a marching drill— with some soldiers calling out the orders.

2. Quantity of uniforms involved.

3. Can't go from work straight to engagement.

4. Not becoming to all types.

5. Monotony would result in de- struction of uniformity by feminine use of jewelry, fancy shoes, etc.


PRO:

1. Saves wear and tear on clothes.

2. Saves "What shall I wear to work today?" blues.

3. Excellent publicity for the School.

4. Looks business-like, efficient.

5. Good for identification of em- ployees, at gates, etc.


The "Fly Paper" shall remain strictly neutral on the issue.

And the girls have agreed to abide gracefully by the will of the majority.

So—go to the meeting Friday, and put your two cents in!

BEFTER LATE THAN . . .

Yowzas, 'tis better to be late than never, and that's the way we feel about publishing the list of the Lité-ites who spent the week-end of July 4 at the Deauville, Miami Beach.

Arcadia

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hoten, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Poynter, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Bardol, Mr. and Mrs. D. Herrera, Mr. and Mrs. P. Klint, Wm. F. Brands, Mr. and Mrs. W. McVey, Flight Instructors Vin Boerderud, T. Cheatham, and Ray Weigle, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Southern, A/C Kelly, F. R., A/C Coy, L. M., A/C Farruta, G. A., Gilleran, R., James Carney and H. W. Cross, M. R. Cunningham and W. J. Cunningham.

Cleve town

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Thomas, T. R. Molders, Robb Ahern, J. M. Garcia, P. R. Coons and J. Cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Dwyer, Chas. Liebman and Frank O'Meara, Mr. and Mrs. Neal J. Dwyer, Stanley W. Reeder.

Miami

Jennie Mickel, Betty Hall, Charles Shepard, Warren Howell, L. Hall, Helene and Elizabeth Hirsch, D. Wells and Rachel Lane, Paul F. Miller, Mary Shepard, B. E. Brierston, T. Harris, and M. Molino, Miss Vivian King, Lucille Valieri Octavio Izena, Sergio Eberhardt, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Thomas, Jr., R. F. Schulz, Phillip Lewis, Carlos Noriega, Max Garcia, Dick and Becca Cowley and Ray Ives, Marty C. Warren, Betty Harrington, Madge L. Kessler and Laverne Segmaster, Anne Elrod, Pauline Baker.

This Week's List

From Miami were Wilfred P. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Dick, M. C. Pico, P. R. Bringas, B. E. Brierston, Miss L. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Woodmansee, B. Harrington, Lucille Velliere, A. Suce, C. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. W. Christmas, Helen and Elizabeth Hirsch, Estelle Woodward, Anne Elrod and Pauline Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Turner and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McVey came from Arcadia, and from Clewiston were Clifford Bjornson, Fletcher Gardner and Miss Catherine Ringe. M. F. Byrnes was there from Union City and the following twenty-five R.A.F. Cadets from Clewiston:


WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

"THE BABY IS BORN!"

TECH DIVISION—We hate to kid Eddie Baugarten, left, and B. H. "Bucky" Bux- ton, right, 'cause they have worked mighty hard on the new Material Cata- logue, but honestly, now, don't you look like a couple of proud parents as they weigh in their 15-pound "baby?" All fooling aside, tho, the new catalogue IS a masterpiece, and even Ye Editor was amazed at some of the items carried "in stock" at our various bases! Congratulations, "Mom," and "Pep!"
NEWS LETTER FROM UNION CITY

by James Glover

Dear Fly Paper Pals:

Well, here we are again with a little more news from the Embry-Riddle Field located in Union City, Tennessee. At this writing, the field is really taking on a completed look. The Administration building has been finished and moved into by the Riddle-McKay Company and Army personnel stationed here. Two barracks buildings are finished, a third nearly completed, and a fourth under construction.

Moved In

We moved into the School Building last week and began classes in Meteorology, Navigation, Engines, and Theory of Flight. The Hospital Building is completed. Lt. Timerick, Post Surgeon, and his Assistants have been busy with a few sick calls and many physical exams including the refresher boys. And talking of refresher boys, twelve more fellows have joined the refresher course for instructors and we'll try to mention their names in the next writing.

Progress

The concrete floor in the second hangar has been poured and should be in use soon and the operations tower received its first coat of paint. Miss Myra Taylor of Martin, will spend much time here for an art class and many physical exams including the refresher boys. And talking of refresher boys, twelve more fellows have joined the refresher course for instructors and we'll try to mention their names in the next writing.

Heavydropper

We are happy, yes, very happy, to announce the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Michael Heavydropper have moved to Union City and Mr. Heavydropper is now on the line-up of flight instructors. We haven't had the pleasure of meeting these people yet. Somebody said that he used to go by the name of Michael Lightholder but acquired the new title with a new maneuver. 8's and forced landings down wind, tak-tak-tak!

Sounds like dinner bell, so I'll run now. Bye now!

South America Calling!

We returned to our office one evening last week just two minutes too late to get a call from South America. Well, it wasn't exactly from South America, but the operator said that a lovely young female voice had said that she was enroute from South America to New York City, and had been asked to phone Ye Editor when she landed (PAA) in Miami.

Shucks, we were shore sorry to miss that call ... wonder who it was? The only lead we have on it so far is that JOE GARCIA (Riddle Field) said it might have been IRENE SAWYER. Seems that Joe's brother, FRANK GARCIA, wrote from Santa Marta, Columbia, that Irene was coming to New York and would probably call when she landed in Miami. How's about that, Irene and Frank? Did we guess right?

DON'T BELIEVE IT!

The Fly Paper takes great pleasure in reassuring all would-be suitors that MINNIE VIRDEN, that darling little freckled-face little brunette PABX operator at the Main Office, is NOT married! Eligible men please take note!

MRS. AIRCRAFT ASSN., INC.
ATTN: Mr. Murbach
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N. Y.