BRAZILIAN PUBLICIST VISITS TECH DIVISION

Tech School, Miami—By being situated at the “Aerial Cross-roads of the Americas,” the Tech School in Miami has more than its share of prominent North and South American visitors. This week, for example, saw an inspection tour of the School by Senor CARLOS FRIAS, Brazil, fourth from left above, Senor Frias, who arrived in Miami by Pan American Clipper plane, is well known in all Brazil as the “Announcer of Democracy” because of the extensive of the radio campaign he has been waging in the cause of the Allied Nations. He is also connected with a chain of 18 newspapers, two important magazines and is the official announcer of the Broadcasting Corporation Radio “TUPY.” Senor Frias, in the United States of North America for a stay of several months, is on an official mission from the Minister of Imprensa and Propaganda Senr. OSVALDO AR- ANHA of Brazil and by invitation from the Rockefeller Foundation. Shown above, on the inspection tour, are, left to right, Attilio Bocchetti, Carlos A. de Medeiros, Carlos Frias, Philip de la Rosa, Adolfo Saso, Miss Maria Frias, Secretary at the Brazilian Embassy, Washington, D. C., Dick Callender, Adriano Ponso, Sertorio Arruda, filho, Guilhermo Silveira Anthony, Reno Bone, Clodomiro Bloise and Eugenio Jose Muller.

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.

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 (Under $100)</th>
<th>Old Rate</th>
<th>New Rate</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>$1.13</td>
<td>.60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td>$1.40</td>
<td>.80</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>$1.98</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>$2.38</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E</td>
<td>$3.08</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It seems to us that protection for as little as 60 cents is a pretty good offer.

— WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN “42 —

Letter From England

65 Mayfield Ed, Hornby, N 8
London, England

Dear Mr. Bilard—

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 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 follow:

“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 LASHAR
What Is This Ground School, Anyway?

by Sid Pflueger
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 enhances 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 predetermine 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 humdrum 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 WHEREFORS 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 instructors 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
aviator. Again, at R.A.I. this is entirely false. Nearly all our “brain factory” boys have pilot licenses—some with a few hundred flying hours under their belts. All of us have done quite a bit of flying; we needed that kind of practical experience to properly instruct our students. We teach Ground School because somebody has to, and we like the work. It’s a career to us much the same as writing is to a journalist. We’ve got a job to do, and we’re always adding to our own knowledge store in order to do the job better.

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

by Bill Linkroum

Hey, Rubes!

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 8:00 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 Skrim and Wally Mountcastle. Wally is a beginner and an ardent one. Keep up the enthusiasm all the way through, Wally. Ed Skrim 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 Kauflman’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.

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 classmates... we know that the thousands of his fellow graduates from our School will carry on to a successful conclusion the job that he began.

Yellow Flight “Taking The Trophy”
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor
Paul Prior, Kenny Berry, Neva Purdon, Ted Taylor, Roger Franklin
Ralph Thring, Kenneth Miller, Dudley Ainsc, 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 breeze­ ing around camp, but feel that everything is back "in the groove" (strictly solid) now.

He came back to a Field which was quite a bit altered — work goes on 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 hurls dirt backwards and forwards in a mystifying shuttle-cock game previously agreed upon by Mr. Tyson himself, no doubt, and Mr. Wheeler.

The place reminds us more of an ant-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.B., and re-assumed his squatted 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 contented 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 henceforth by the cadets as "The Binder's Club."

Subscriptions and the activities in the clubroom are a close secret; we understand that Riddle-ite 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 Veltr, honorary treasurer.

Mising From The Canteen

Disregarding 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 fying them either way, carries everyone's best wishes — especially the Girls in Blue, who, with what looks suspiciously like fearful 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 gaiyess of their uniforms. The khaki monotony has been relieved with a very patriotic little 5 B.F.T.S. rosette in red, white, and...
pen cil. 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 “Collie” Kane, with an appeal from his room mates to hire a Mail Man all for himself. In the deluge of mail which newcomers Kane keeps receiving daily, the rest of Green Flight feel a little neglected. Incidentally “Collie” 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 the 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!

WERE 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 Otecoda 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 unruly 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 Fletch Gardners, 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 Bjornsens, 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. However, if Mr. Tyson thinks that being temporarily without a telephone is going to keep him from being awakened in the small hours of the morning for “Black Out” alarms, he is greatly mistaken, as Harry Lehman and Doc Gowin have sworn that as long as the Clewiston night porter drags them out of bed, Mr. Tyson will know all about it.

“Good Wife Best Household Furnishing.” — Confucius

Mr. Ziler, of the Link Department, has the next house up the alley and it is rumoured that it will not be long before a blushing bride, makes it “Home Sweet Home.” Along the rest of the row, the Riddleites are more scattered, the next being the Hunzikers. Mr. Hunziker says, “Everything’s fine, just fine,” with his usual broad smile. Mr. Hunziker Konfesses, “Everything’s fine, just fine,” with his usual broad smile. Mr. Hunziker has been in the part of the world, and the 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!

WERE IN IT—LET’S WIN IT!

YOU-ALL

by Appendix

successor to Strabismus

“YOU-ALL,” the word that distinguishes the Southerner from the non-Southerner. The prevailing lack of knowledge or misunderstanding on the part of some Northerners and some of the Cadets here at Riddle Field as to our use of “you-all” has been the cause for many an argument and discussion. If, for one, took time out to look up the origin and use of the word and in doing so, I found a poem written by a lady who undoubtedly was a Southerner and it seems worth passing on to you:

Come all of you from other parts,
Both city folks and rural,
And listen while I tell you this,
The word “you-all” is plural.

When we say “you all must come down,”
Or “we all shall be lonely,”
We mean a dozen folks perhaps,
And not one person only.

If I should say to Hiram Jones For instance, “you all’s lazy,” Or “Will you all lend your knife?” He’d think that I was crazy.

Now if you’re more sociable And with us often mingle, You’d find that on our native tongue.

You-all is never single.

Don’t think I mean to criticize, Or act as if I knew all; But—when we speak of one alone, We-all say “you” like you-all.

WERE IN IT—LET’S WIN IT!

WE’VE GOT THE LOWDOWN ON . . .

Margaret Elizabeth Morgan

now acting as secretary to Jimmy Durden, at Riddle Field . . . confesses her childhood ambition was to be an interior decorator . . . loved to cut pictures out of magazines and paste ‘em into scrapbooks . . . scorned playing with dolls . . . almost drowned once swimming in a phosphate pool—a pastime in which she seems to have spent most of her extreme youth . . . hates to be shut up inside . . . loves the outdoors . . . allows as how she’d like best to live in the Union of South Africa if she had her choice of all the places in the world . . . is a good-looking brunette, with a pure figure, but says as a matter of principle she won’t tell her age . . . always spends all her money as soon as she gets it . . . smiles at the thought of good seafood, especially shellfish . . . was a school teacher before she began working for E-R . . . taught first through eighth grades . . . is a Florida cracker, being born in a little Polk county phosphate mining town, Nichols . . . one of the most popular Riddle Field employees . . . scoffs at sleep, claiming it’s a waste of time, but admits she rests occasionally . . . goes for the Gary Cooper type of man . . . clams she admires most the qualities in women that they don’t have . . . (figure that one out . . . we party) . . . listens most happily to semi-classical music . . . was named for her grandparents, both having the double “Margaret Elizabeth” . . . has been with E-R since March.
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 knewing there'd be a dozen or so phone message stacks 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 Abe 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 midtime additions to the Dorr Field list—Mrs. May Wood has now joined Miss Cowart, Miss Eller and Mrs. McLeod on the switchboard. Miss Ellice Cross (blonde) has joined the Canteen staff. Welcome.

It's reported that Miss Pearce 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 those people Mr. Glover introduces.

Have you made the acquaintance of Sgt. Rickett (formerly of Americus, Georgia) who replaces Sgt. Minks at Headquarters? We think he's a fine fellow. Then Saturday afternoon he and Miss "Glen" Collins (of Americus), 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 Johnnie!

Mr. John 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-sargent'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 has failed to notify him, complied instead of as sleeves and collars, but having no hat had to dig out identification to prove he was an Embry-Riddle employee instead of a GI soldier.

Perhaps we'd better take another quick 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 fale . . . 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

The Maintenance Department is proud to announce that 26 Mechanics and now C.A.M. as of June 1. The examination was given by the Army, and the following passed:


Notice!

Cupid is on the "Dorr-Path"—Don't look now but Lt. McDade is mixing business with pleasure. Replica—Form 41 boards and a cute blonde from Ocala.

Another "Dorr-Belle" got her man. Congrats, Margaret Lyons. Cadet Hensley, of Class 42K, is the lucky bridegroom. The ceremony took place in Fort Myers.

Dorr Doings

by A/C Gray Stahnaker

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 Aradilla. The Blue Room Choral Group had its first meeting, which was pronounced a success by everyone but the proprietor.

Stock Stuff

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

One For The Books

The "Dorr Club" eliminates washed out the undefeated officers in softball last week, 7-4. Lieut. "Athorthy" Polan, catcher (?) for the officers was forced to retire to the infirmary during the fifth inning for repairs. (And so 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 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. Wassmann 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 License 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 pilotman's fault. We hear those AF 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...
Grrrrr . . .

Despite our firm denunciation of any connection with Charles Atlas, certain rats are still alluding to muscled, exercised, and a pint of blood. We appreciate all the offers of blood donations from our friends (7), but assure everyone that we have as much blood as the next guy. Come around sometime when we're shaving and see for yourself. Nyaaaaa.

AND PICTURES DON'T LIE!

Dorr Field—More "fish stories" . . . and the proof of the pudding is the pictures of the fish! They look like Tarpon, they fight like Tarpon. . . . by gosh. . . . they ARE Tarpon! From left to right are the mighty anglers: C. E. Wright, W. Reish, who won a medal or somethin' for boatin' a hundred pounder, N. Tiefel, E. Weintraub, and D. Tobis. (Ed's Note: Nice fishin', lads . . . take us with you sometime!)

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

July 12th, this year.

Dere Bud:

I guess I oughta thank you fer the nice write-up you give 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-

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

Bowling Widders

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

is really a hot bowlerette. In fact, she is known here as Desdeye Poynter, the markswoman of Archdale Gulch. She is a Dangerous Man McGrew when it comes to rollin' them big balls down at them big tequilas, as you can see from her latest score of 166 she got bowling against me. I gess it's the good competition that brings out her talents. (The fact that I only rolled 96 in that game ain't get 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 Summers, 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 probably include Joe Woodward, Roy Sterling, Harry Newcomb (pro- nounced Mosey), Sid Pfluger (pro- nounced Flu-gaye), and me as score- keeper. We will take on any other bowlin' teams except wimmens' teams, 'cause we couldn't stand bei'n beat by the skirts. If we can get up a league (pronounced Lee-gaye), we will let you know all about it and mebbe have prizes fer the winners.

Mention of Joe Woodward re- minds 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 perty nice. I ain't seen her yet, but when I do I'll let you know full per-lickers. 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'Secumb's

Bud, by the time this gets into print (if ever), Carlstrom will have another happy bride and bridegroom. On Thursday night, July 16th, Captain George Olia and Ruth Pemberton will be Mr. and Mrs. They will be married in Lakeland at the same church Pauli 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 Capt'n Sid (Doc) Nethery of Carlstrom and Lieu- tenant Jack Pinkerton 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 gave her a start as a pencil eraser, and I'm tellin' you, Bud, it sure is a beautiful ring. They intend to get married about August 8th, and we also wish them the best of luck. There is somethin' about this climate over here that sure busts up "bache shores.

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 In- structor." Well, the athletic department has high-pressured Joe Woodward, Roy Sterling, and Paul DeBor into taking them calisthenic exercises every day to improve their condition. I don't see why Joe needs it as he is perty active any- how, dancein', 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 athlets instructors really bear down on the boys and I know De- Bor, who ain't done any exercise in ten years, 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 somethin' one of these days. It's jest like expectin' a 1916 automoble to do the same things with the same ease as a 1945 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 sreee, 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 cornellation fit. I realize that this is in a big post, but I like that song, and I don't see why she should take offense at it. I'm jest goin', 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-

Please turn leaf
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. Busby in the Dispensary here is now Corporal Busby. What with that promotion 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 bet 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 Kutz does. Until then, here is Cadet Jose’s version of our Meager Beavers. So, as Orson Welles says, "Objectionally yours, Jack Hobler (p. “Ho-blay!”)

AVIATION OLDTIMER
NOW AT CARLSTROM
This is introducing, or reintroducing to the many who know him well, Les Lewis, old-timer in Miami aviation, now a divisional foreman 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 barn-stormed all over the country. In 27 he organized his “Flying Circus,” 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 Carlstrom hangar, Les had his thumb all bandaged up elaborately. Ha, we thought, he must have caused 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 civilization. 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 runway, two long strips, 18 inches wide and 70 feet long. Les himself took the plane off.

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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. Peccewich spilling text books all over the Hangar and another one about Cat McLeod not liking cold showers? By the way, Camp Blanding 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 Newsome was celebrating his crop of North Gate Tomatoes when a little bird friend of mine saw him uptown 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” Faheling, 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.F. 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 new 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 floor, 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. What careful pilots do! (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. Nachts¨gall 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. There is an "i" instead of two "e's" in his name but don't mind that.
14. The best time of day for practicing solo maneuvers.
15. That same ground school instructor at Dorr Field.
16. After answering "umpteen" dumb questions in a day, to what ends do the instructors finally arrive?
17. Was Peter Ordway's baby?
18. The "middle" of Dorr Field.
19. Who is the best person in the world?
20. In an airplane if there is any doubt the answer is always "Never have so many owed so much to so few."
21. 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

Mentioning Municipal
by James Gilmore and
"Panther" Fouche

One of our students out here, Paul Flemming, is engaged to Ruth Vavary, and the little gal is running around very proudly showing her hand, full of rocks.

Aw, Shucks
Let us personally recommend the FLY PAPER staff as being definitely efficient in the performance of various little tasks, such as providing children of the road with a dime for a cup of coffee and playing lil' Dan Cupid.

Who is the person that feels the curfew most of all? We refer you to one "Powerhouse" Campbell. It is this same Campbell who says, quote, "Most hot rock pilots are conceited, but not me."

Just Wait
We notice Dave Burch lives in such a daze that he never says hello any more, but understand he is going up for his instrument rating. When we accuse him of being "aloof" he only says "you think I'm stuck up now, wait till I get that rating," Sounds confident—and then too, there's Campbell.

We are all waiting anxiously for the move to ? ? ? . We expect many new styles and creations as is evidenced by the appearance of the following around the pilot's room Saturday.

Request
To: Capt. Burgin.

From: Pilots.

We, the undersigned, request permission to wear shorts instead of long trousers through the summer:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rating</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H. C. Ball</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dave Burch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Morley</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. H. Brooks</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>C. W. Tinsley</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>F. Morcan</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. C. Faller, CAA</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Y. E. Bivings, CAA</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Stupe
We noticed a new name on the pilot's board, "Stupe" (Stupid for short) Narrow. The name "Stupe" is new but the music is still the same.

Flash Via "Panther"
Dear Bud:

Please let Jim write an editorial.

Flash From Gilmore
Dear Bud:

Fouche's only kidding. We notice from the printing of our first copy that we're not cut out for the newspaper business, but we're learning fast—aren't we? And then there's Burch and Campbell.

At Deauville
Municipal was at Deauville. Well, we had a swell time as usual. Ol' man Schindler was out with the Massus as were Dave (Stupe) Narrow and Roy Robinson. The new X-C Class carries on tradition in part at least with four of them there anyway.

We wonder how Roy Robinson keeps up both his flight schedule and his night work.

Dave Burch is now a gadget flyer, and the party that followed was apparently a great success as Dave, C. W. Tinsley and a few others were late for work Tuesday—and then there's Campbell.

Looks like everyone will be plenty busy for some time as the new CPT programs are just about to begin again.

Malvern Rabeneck is now a commercial pilot with Instructor's rating. Congrats to the first one of the Spring X-C Class.

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 registrar. 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 seem 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 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 place is her limit; although not with us that long it seems the spirit of adventure set in early this year. We wish her good luck and also to her successor, Aldra Watson, who will take over the tuxedo 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 Chicago-ite... 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 aired 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 also will 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 Arcadia, 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!

Sebie Back
Sebie Smith, Instruments, is back on the job after a brief vacation in Alabama!

Mr. King's efficiency and friendliness will be sorely missed in the stockroom as of this week. Good luck in your new job.

Mr. Quiet About Mrs.
Our last week's guest editor, being of a modest and unassuming nature, neglected to consider himself "and his" news. We are certainly glad to have attractive petite Mrs. Colburn as our new nurse. It is whispered an epidemic of headaches, bruises, sunstrokes and various assortments of ailments will follow. Bob, meanwhile, can be found with his nose deep in Meteorology. As you can see, "Research" constitutes a little bit of everything. We place emphasis on the "little bit" though Bob...

Calamity Daphne
"Everything Happens To Me" is Daphne Banks' (Purchasing) war. After just getting back on her feet after a siege of poison ivy, she was awarded a summons for ignorance unintentionally of course, a stop sign.

Memo to the Chamber of Commerce
It is hereby recommended that another statuette be erected beside that of Carl Fisher's over on the Beach, dedicated to the man who specializes in making rebels out of 'darn Yankees.' Over one hundred (count to date) weak-willed citizens have been lured from Cincinnati to Miami by our gib Mr. Gil.

Hawes Hitched:
Upon questioning why Fred Hawes seemed in such a daze last Friday afternoon around one o'clock, we were informed he was being married at four thirty that same P. M. That's keeping the wheels of production moving until the last minute! He and his very attractive bride took a flying trip to Chicago. Congratulations 'n stuff, Fred.

It is the Concensus of Opinion
THAT A PRIORITY is needed for civilians to get served in Canteen these days.

THAT UNIFORMS should be adopted by the "Kitty Foyles" of Embry-Riddle.

THAT UNIFORMS should not be adopted by the "Kitty Foyles" of Embry-Riddle.

The outcome of this debate will be heard at a meeting to be held July 17th at 5:30 in the 3rd floor class room. You gals all better come and express your opinion on said subject or forever hold your tongues!
THAT THE NEW TON WEIGHT catalogue put out by Material Control is a marvelous innovation. (Just wait until you need something from the Stock Room in a hurry and it takes you an hour to locate your item and corresponding list number in the catalogue before the Stock Room will honor your request!) THAT THE NEW FIRST AID COURSE will be fun as well as ed-jeating.

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 away.

— 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.

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 destruction 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 employees, 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!

• BETTER LATE THAN •

Yowsah, 'tis better to be late than never, and that's the way we feel about publishing the list of the Riddle-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. R. S. Bardol, Mr. and Mrs. D. Herrera, Mr. and Mrs. P. Klint, Wm. F. Brands, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McVey, Flight Instructors Vic Bonderud, T. Cheatham, and Ray Weigle, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Southern, A/C Kelly, F. R., A/C Coy, L. M., A/C Parlett, G. A., Gilleran, R., James Carney and H. W. Cross, M. R. Cunningham and W. J. Cunningham.

Cleveland
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Thomas, R. M. Morders, Robth. Ahern, J. M. Garcia, P. R. Coons and J. Cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Dwyer, Chas. Liebman and Frank O'Mara, Mr. and Mrs. Neal J. Dwyer, Stanley W. Reeder.

Miami

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, and Mr. and Mrs. Woodmansee, B. Harrington, Lucille Valleria, A. Sause, C. Anthony, 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 Bjorson, Fletcher Gardner and Miss Catherine Hingc, M. F. Byrne 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 kid Eddie Baumgarten, left, and B. H. "Bucky" Buxton, right, 'cause they have worked mighty hard on the new Material Catalogue, but honestly, now, don't they look like a couple of proud parents as they weight 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 to the School Building last week and began classes in Meteorology, Navigation, Engines, and Theory of Flight. The Hospital Building is completed. Lt. Tumerick, Post Surgeon, and his Assistants have been busy with a few sick calls and many physical exams including the refresher boys. And talking of refreshers, 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 in this new building as Time Keeper. A local fellow, Howard Cooper, took over his duties as Assistant to Flight Dispatcher, Ken Stiversen, this week and we are looking forward to some good work from them.

O’Neill Travels

We came by the Administration Building the other morning just in time to pick up Mr. W. B. O’Neill plus a travelling bag and a brief case. Only a few minutes of time elapsed until he was winging his way towards Nashville in the “Cub” with Larry Walden at the controls. Arriving safely at Nashville, Mr. O’Neill boarded an Airliner for Miami. We’re looking for him back soon, too.

Step Right Up

All that the maintenance boys can say for us this time is that they are working hard, and they really are. Mr. George Lobdell, Mr. Haward, and Miss Alva Nelle Taylor (Oh Boy!) are doing a hang-up job of issuing out supplies at the Post Supply. I haven’t been able to find out just what parachute supplies are kept there and yet I can’t believe that Mel-Carlton has any other interest other than that which he has in parachutes. Somebody did tell me, though, that Carlton was looking for two nice young ladies to assist him and Joe Harpole. There’s your chance, girls.

Sweet—Soda and Gal

Good news! A soda fountain is to be installed in the Canteen in the next few weeks. So says Miss Dorothy Barton, the Canteen Supervisor. Miss Barton taught Home Economics in the Union City High School last year and from what I hear, she is very talented in the art of preparing delicacies. “Miss” stands for eligible, too.

Several tables in the lounge have been covered by good magazines contributed by the people of Union City. Also, the Barber Shop is nearing completion. Charlie Sullivan got the first shave.

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. I 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’t tak’!

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

Gave Proof... through the Night...

9:20 P. M. 4:17 A. M. 7:05 P. M.

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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, Colombia, 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 daring little freckled-face little brunette PBX operator at the Main Office, is NOT married! Eligible men please take note!

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