THE INSTRUCTOR'S CLUB AT CLEWISTON

CLEWISTON—One of the nicest things that's happened to the Riddle Field gang recently was the acquisition of the above pictured mansion which is being converted into a club for instructors, flight, ground school and Link. Ideally situated on the shores of Lake Okeechobee, just a few blocks from the center of town, the house boasts a large living room, screened porch, dining room, kitchen and servants' quarters on the first floor. On the second floor there is a game room and two large bedrooms (with showers) which will be converted into dormitories for bachelor instructors. Being elegantly run on a combined country-club-fraternity-house set of rules, already 75 members have been "signed up" and the gang is looking forward to many an afternoon and evening of friendly comradeship among pleasant surroundings. Incidentally, we understand membership privileges are extended to wives and girl friends, so we can expect many bridge and Red Cross sewing parties in addition to bar-be-cues and such. Club president is Roy Morders, Vice-President, C. W. Ring, with Frank Veltia holding down the job of secretary and treasurer.

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Editor
James F. Glover, George W. Jones
Ken Stivers, A. C. H. G. Arnold
Associates

"Boss" Riddle Visits

We, too, swell with pride when we mention the fact that Mr. John Paul Riddle visited our school here in Union City last week. We love to remember those pleased expressions he exhibited while viewing the various departments of this nice set-up. Captain Povey was also here to accompany him on the inspection tour and honestly, fellows, we can't suggest a better team than those two when they are together.

We appreciate more than anything the visit of both and were more than glad they could arrange to be here at the same time. Mr. Riddle is "tops" in every way and we look forward to his coming this way often. And bed-time stories, phoeey. I'll listen to Mr. Povey's accounts of his past experiences any day.

Luncheon Party

While here, Mr. Riddle was host to a luncheon in the Mess Hall for guests from the various civic organizations, newspaper, and also members of the city government. The fine meal was arranged by Mr. A. L. Baker and his efficient help.

My apologies to Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Sullivan for leaving their names out as being hosts of the party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Simpson as mentioned in the Fly Paper week before last. Mr. Sullivan gets around, but I do wish someone would ask

Continued on Page 6

FIRST LATIN-AMERICAN CADET CLASS GRADUATED AT TECHNICAL DIVISION

First Class of Latin-American Cadets studying aviation mechanics under an inter-American good-will program at Embry-Riddle School of Aviation completed its training Monday with graduation exercises at the Technical School, which were attended by Army, Navy and civilian officials.

International significance of the event is witnessed by attendance of most of Miami's consular representatives. The program, under which Latin-American youths are being trained in the United States as service and instructor mechanics, pilots, and aeronautical engineers, has been characterized by Washington officials as 'an outstanding example of the good-neighbor policy.'

Guests of Honor

Guests of honor at the graduation exercises which took place at

4 p.m. at the School included Brig. General Ralph H. Wooten, head of the Army Air Forces Training Command at Miami Beach; Capt. Granville B. Hoey, chief of staff of the Seventh Naval District; Col. Charles G. Mettler, Major Reginald V. Waters and Ensign Percy Brown, Jr.

Civilian officials included Mayor Cliff Reeder and City Manager A. B. Curry of Miami and Mayor Joe Whitlcy and City Manager George Shaw of Coral Gables. Other guests were Mrs. Clark Stearns, international president of the Pan American League; Consul V. M. A. Losada of Venezuela; Consul Javcie Valdes of Chile; Consul Dr. J. M. Renedo and Aben de Almar of Nicaragua; Consul Dr. Jose Horta and Vice Consul Adolpho Menezes of Brazil; Consul John Cleveland of Ecuador; Consul L. L. Lee of Honduras, and Consul Eduardo Hernandez of Cuba.

Dinner-Dance

Diplomas were presented by John Paul Riddle, president of the School. Following the exercises, a dinner-dance in honor of the graduates was held at the MacFadden Deauville. More than 150 of the Inter-Americans Cadets, their guests, friends and instructors enjoyed the excellent dinner, dancing, a super floor show from the Kitty Davis

Continued on Page 12

NOTICE!

Those who are planning to attend the regular swim-supper-dance party at the Deauville in Miami Beach this Saturday please note that a special STEAK DINNER will be served instead of the usual buffet supper... at NO increase in price to you-all! That is, the swimming, steak dinner and dance will cost, as usual, only $1.50 per couple, despite the fact that the usual cost of such a dinner is more than this PER PERSON! Because these steaks must be cooked to order, PLEASE be in the Deauville Room promptly at 8 p.m. Don't Miss It!
Carlstrom Field, R. A. I. News
Jack Hobler, Editor

Undoubtedly the biggest story of this week concerns the inspection visit of Major General Yount to Carlstrom. Accompanied by his staff of almost a dozen colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, captains, and a correspondent for TIME magazine, General Yount arrived here in a converted DC-3, formerly used by American Air Lines, at about 10:45 a.m.

Inspection

The field had been cleared of all PT's landing and taking off, as the regular routine of the cadets was temporarily suspended. Guided by Boss Riddle, Len Povey, Capt. Ola, Sid Pfiuger, Capt. Nethery, Nate Reece, Captain Hart and Jack Hunt, the general's party was conducted on a tour of inspection of the entire post, while Charlie Ebbetts hovered over flashing his camera.

From the Flight Line the group went into the repair and maintenance hangars, through the Can­teen, over to the Dispensary, through the Ground School, past the tennis courts and swimming pool, and back to the ramp, where the cadet battalion passed in review and stood for personal inspec­tion. It was an impressive sight.

Usually Pay

In fact, if we are to judge from Lt.-Col. B enty's remark, the official party was no little bit impressed; said he, with a deep in­take of breath, "Why, men usually try to come to come to a place like this!" And we can't blame him, for Carlstrom's beauty seems to take home to the Dispensary, the general's party was conducted on a tour of inspection of the entire post, while Charlie Ebbetts hovered over flashing his camera.

From the Flight Line the group went into the repair and maintenance hangars, through the Canteen, over to the Dispensary, through the Ground School, past the tennis courts and swimming pool, and back to the ramp, where the cadet battalion passed in review and stood for personal inspection. It was an impressive sight.

Usually Pay

In fact, if we are to judge from Lt.-Col. Bentley's remark, the official party was no little bit impressed; said he, with a deep intake of breath, "Why, men usually try to come to a place like this!" And we can't blame him, for Carlstrom's beauty Saturday morning was a wonderful thing to see. The party had dinner in the mess hall, and the general's orders to "Carry on" with regular schedule plunged the entire post back into its usual routine. What the official opinion of our set-up here actually was, we don't know, but we expect it was favorable, and we extend the invitation to them all to visit us again.

Sutterlin vs. P.B.X.

Here at Carlstrom the barracks area is restricted to civilians, except by special pass. This particularly applies to personnel feminine. Accordingly, it is easy to understand the consternation of our night P.B.X. operator when she saw a skirited figure crossing the Forbidden Land barelegged the other night. First summon­ing the guards, she essayed to catch the "offenderette" herself. Meeting the figure on its return, she was greatly relieved (and greatly mortified, we'll bet) to find that it was none other than Lt. Sutterlin. It seems that, after getting into bed, he had remembered that his car wasn't parked in the right place, so he donned his trenchcoat and went forth to correct matters. In the dark his coat must have looked quite like a skirt, since his face wasn't clearly visible, and our switchboard girl took no chances. Here-with we present Joe Williams' version of the episode in cartoon form:

R.A.I. Victory Garden
For a long time we have been meaning to publicize and propaganda the post Victory Garden, managed, designed and attended by guard Jay Newsome. Jake, we understand, is a farmer from 'way back, so running this garden is nothing new to him. Not a few times have we been the recipient of the garden's fruits, and we'd like to advise all and sundry that Jake's wild tomatoes — luscious little red miniatures of the more ordinary tomato — are a treat indeed.

According to their grower, one of these tiny, marble-sized delicacies packs more tomato flavor than two of its larger prototypes. And now we are greeted each morn­ning by a row of stately sunflowers, lifting their yellow heads to old Sol and early-shift flight and ground school instructors. From information we've gathered, there will be some type of plant or flower blooming all the time in the plot, regardless of season. We can hardly wait to see the freshly planted hibiscus burst forth to color the pattern RAI that Jake has set them into the ground.

Retriever!

Our new Canteen manageress, Mrs. Brown, has become quite fed up with the taking of coke bottles out of the place, to leave them outside, spoiling the beauty of the recreation center. This is serious business; there's no reason why the bottles, if taken out, can't be just as easily returned. It's obvious that a lawn littered with those bottles isn't a thing to be proud of, so let's be reasonable about the thing. It applies to civilian personnel as well as to

PROGRAM
The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture

**"PALOOKA"**
Monday, July 27th—Riddle Field
Tuesday, July 28th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, July 29th—Carlstrom Field
Thursday, July 30th—Miami Technical Division

Feature Picture

"ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND"
Thursday, July 30th—Riddle Field
Friday, July 31st—Dorr Field
Monday, August 3rd—Miami Technical Division

For exact time and place, see your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
BILL LINKROUM
Seaplane Division, Miami

BILL BURTON
Main Office and Technical School Division, Miami

JACK HOBLER
U. S. Army Primary School, Carlstrom Field, Arcadia

JIMMIE GILMORE
Land Division, Municipal Airport Miami

JACK HOPKINS
No. 5 B. F. T. S.
Riddle Field, Clewiston

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

LARRY WALDEN
U. S. Army Primary School, Embry-Riddle Field
Union City, Tenn.

RAY FAHRINGER—JACK HOBLER
A. "Joe" WILLIAMS
SAM LIGHTHOLDER
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. EBBETTS
Staff Photographer

EMBRY-RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Miami, Fla.

EMBRY-RIDDLE AERO INSTITUTE
Union City, Tenn.

EMBRY-RIDDLE AERO COLLEGE
Gulfport, Mississippi

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, President

F. C. "Bud" BELLAND, Editor
cadets, and we can all pitch in to help. We don't want to see the day when the lady has to tie a string to each bottle so that it won't leave the counter, as has been pictured for us here by Joe Williams. Think it over.

Slow Rollers Victorious

The newly-formed Ground School bowling team came out of its first game somewhat on the short side of the score, beaten by the Slow Rollers to the tune of 153 pins. It was a noisy and exciting evening, however, featured by lots of spirit. High spot of the evening was Sid Pfluger going after Umpire Drex Poynter with an empty coke bottle when Sid suspected him of unnecessary foul calling. It was all in fun, though, for Drex was really calling them right. The trouble lay entirely with the bowlers, since most of us were rolling our first tournament, and we were not too well acquainted with official rules and regulations.

Noble Newnam

We'd like to publicly commend Harry Newnam, who got up out of a sick bed and staggered around behind the foul line to roll a 344 total for three games. And it will be a long time before we'll forget the deadly markmanship of Roy Sterling as she'd draw a bead on the pins and then let the ball trickle down the alley to shatter wood in all directions. Nor can we erase from memory the sight of Joe Woodward's inspired rolling, the inspiration being Edith Doernge. Joe was high score man for us that night with 394.

Lest We Forget

And how about Sid Pfluger's wicked curves that somehow managed to stay on the alley most of the time? But what of Paul Debors, whose likeness to a duckpin deterred him not from combining a sharp eye with a powerful delivery? Were they not worthy competitors? Has anyone a word against the able scorekeeping of Hollywood's own Moser? Can any one stop my wife from reminding me of my own score of 80 for the first game? Only our next game will tell.

Ground School Loss

Our Ground School is soon to lose another member of its faculty, and his loss shall be rather deeply. From a standpoint of personality and from one of ability, his departure will leave a vacancy that will be hard to fill. Combining a wide and comprehensive knowledge of his subject with an attractive way of putting it over to his students, he has raised a previously dry Navigation course into the class of a highly interesting phase in the training of military pilots. In further praise of him and his work here, we must mention that so-important quality, cooperation with his fellow-instructors. Affable and genial, nothing has been too much trouble for him where the rest of us has been concerned; many a time he has gone out of his way to do one of us a favor, whether it was rearranging a schedule or taking someone else's class in an emergency. And so, Paul Dixon, we're sorry to see you go, and we mean that in deepest sincerity. Rumor has it that you're going to continue your flying to get a commercial ticket, and that you will be back here soon as a Flight Instructor. We wish you the best of luck and hope your return won't be too far distant.

Swell Guy

To take Paul's place is Frank Cuthbertson, brother to the famous Ralph. Older than Ralph by a few years, Frank is cut out of the same pattern—a real swell guy. He has quite a job on his hands, trying to fill Dixon's shoes, but he has started in with a will to do it, and we're going to give him every assistance we can. We're glad to have him with us and hope he finds us to his liking.

RUMOR BUSTING!

Contrary to the rumor that A. B. Harrell, former Carlstrom Field instructor and now a Pan American Air Ferries pilot, had had "trouble," it is our extreme pleasure to assure one and all that Lee is not only very much alive, but was seen eating out with his ten-gallon and boots in a Miami restaurant Sunday evening with a beautiful blonde!

Dear Bud,

Maybe the "Kitty Foyle" are using the wrong approach on the uniform.

Here's my suggestion—it would be cool (for the girls)

| Waist light weight cotton (yellow) |
| Skirt light weight denim (blue) |
| Belt same material as the shorts |

Blood Bank

The mosquitoes now have a blood bank here, and when they run low on material they import some fresh burrowers from away down at Punta Gorda to do the dirty work. Our guards could distinguish their locale by the barnacles on their backs.

I think the infantry deserves advance notice to get a spot ready for Warrant Officer Mr. Waite in anticipation of his sore arm. His new insignia will be bars and that brings on recalled for exercise.

Who was that boy who wanted to know if I knew who Jackie Livingston was riding home with these days? If I see him again I will surely tell.

Night P.B.X.
Mentioning Municipal
by James Gilmore and "Panther" Fouché

The new C.P.T. courses are in session at last with the usual amount of airsickness, forced landings, and hot rockpilots. And then there's Campbell.

Howe Makes Grade
Chas. Howe has at long last gone his weary way as a flight instructor. There are four more of the spring X-C class still with us.

We found the Fairchild trainer in the middle of Seminole Monday morning with a dead stick and a student cranking away, while Mary Brooks nursed a blush, which hinted of gross indignation—and then there's Campbell.

Babe of the Blue

Monday morning sometime between 7:54 and 7:56 our erstwhile "Babe of the Blue" (Frank Morgan) gently layed a Cub suffering from conk-itis into a smooth field near take-off area. Nice work, son. And then there's Campbell.

We are glad to see Mr. Royce back, as the new program starts, after a vacation that was packed with work.

4,000-Hour Mark
Lt. Fator has passed the 4,000-hour mark. Quote "What I do is Fatorize my students," unquote. Municipal really took over at the Deauville Saturday night. Along with about 15 others, Mr. and Mrs. "G" were out celebrating their anniversary. We saw our old friend Bobby Marshall and as usual the X-C class was present with Mr. Johnny Lynn and party.

Present at Deauville
There too were Van Burgin, Jr., with Miss Eleanor Fuller, Gerry Cook, Bob Landis, Cara Lee "Cookie" Cook, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Tinsley, Mr. and Mrs. Dave "Shake My Hand" "Stupe" Narrow, "Thomas Francis and Gloria," Mr. and Mrs. Irving Schindler, "yours truly" (Gilmore), and Miss Patty McGuirt. (Fly Paper staff take note). What? no Campbell?

Embry-Riddle's ex-ace of the line just blew in from Camp Blanding, where, taking it from Jack White, K. P. is not above an aviation cadet.

Mistake
Pat Whittaker is much disturbed because his initials were listed as T. P. instead of S. P. We wonder who checked him out on roller skates Thursday. We extend a hearty welcome to Niles Maren, new employee in the dispatcher tower—poor fellow!

Test Put Off
There'll probably be some disappointments as the C.A.A. inspectors have said "no flight test until Friday," but we'll hear more about that later. And that's all for now.

Seaplane Base News
by Bill Linkroom
Student Items

"Chuck" Reed soloed and broke par for his first trip around alone. He only had two bounces. "Chuck" is getting along fine and only being able to fly a few days a week, has shown marked progress.

Larry Stanhope went up to do solo spins tother day and enjoyed them so much he did about 45 minutes worth. Incidentally Larry is whipping his maneuvers into shape and in a few weeks ought to be ready to show the Instructor something.

Ev Swan and Julian Weinkle are progressing nicely. Both need only an hour or so and will then in all probability join the solo club. It very likely looks a long way to the finish to some of your fellows, but just remember, Rome wasn't built in a day.

Plane Facts
With two new ships flying now, and one due from Municipal in a day or so, we are right back in the groove. For the past ten days we have averaged 8 hours a day with the one new ship. Would that we had had three flying at the same time!

Mr. Carpenter and Ad Thompson really scour the neighboring towns and airports for new seaplanes and we are really fortunate in getting as many as we did. Thanks to their effort, we are once more going rapid fire.

Classroom Capers
Ev Swan and Buddy Shelton are having a battle of wits every day in ground school. Charlie keeps the competition keen and as a result both of them are trying their best to beat the other fellow. From what Charlie tells me, both are doing great, and are bearing the finish of their ground work.

Welcome
Nancy Graham, on a controlled course from Municipal, is taking her refresher course with us. Also, newly arrived is Pat Whethery who is learning to fly. Carol Loseh, working out at Pan-American, has joined us here and is getting instruction necessary for her private pilot's license.

Tellin' Tales
When is a wind not a wind—when its downwind! Kitten Connor was coming in for her landing after doing some maneuvers, and noticing the wind sock was sort of north, decided the best thing to do was to land crosswind heading East. However, Mr. Wind fooled her and shifted to the West and Kitten floated guily by the dock wondering what was giving her the added speed. It's happened before!

Percy Brown has great faith in Airspeed Indicators, but occasionally Percy forgets that he is flying a Cub and not a A.T.6. His favorite habit is landing the Cub about 80 miles per hour. Ain't go got that "old feeling" yet, Percy! It's Cub, not Caversky.

Jo Skinner to Head New Kitty Foyle Club

Miami—The Kitty Foyle of the Miami Tech School and Main Office, officially organized themselves last Friday evening when Jo Skinner received the honor of being elected President.

To take on the duties of Vice President, Pat McNamara received the majority of votes, while June McGill found herself the official treasurer, and to Gene Bryan fell the title of secretary.

Orchids to Dev
Elaine Devery, whose bright idea of a girl's club inside the organization has materialized, presided at the meeting and first suggested that the name be voted upon. Though she modestly denied having thought of "The Kitty Foyle" the thirty-odd girl employees there assembled unanimously voted on the use of that name. (Let it be known that Dev was the first nominated for the job of pounding the gavel, but once again was overtaken by modesty and declined.)

Dues—25c

The sum of 25 cents per month was decided upon for dues and it was agreeable to all present that meetings would be held every Friday evening at 5:30 until completely organized. Thereafter the meetings will be held once a month.

Uniforms ? ? ?

The vital question of uniforms for the office workers in the Tech School and Main Office came up for discussion—and the arguments pro and con made for a session
of extreme interest. As only 32 out of some 70 girls were able to present no official vote could be taken. However, Betty Jo Bel ler was chosen to make a thorough survey as to the initial cost, the material and the model to present at next Friday's meeting. When these little items are ironed out each office worker will have something to help her to decide upon a yes or no at the official balloting.

Punch

The meeting adjourned and seconded, Dev was again responsible for a gracious gesture and a refreshing punch was served—though we must admit that the question paramount continued under discussion, and is still heard popping up all over the building.

Next Meeting

Don't forget—all of you office workers—gals, of course, be in the classroom on the third floor at 5:30 next Friday night. Those who weren't there last week had better get their ears in!

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

PUZZLE CONTEST NEWS

As this issue of the Fly Paper goes press, the cross-word puzzle contest featured in last week's paper is gettin' hotter and hotter! A good many entries have already been received and it is surprising how well they have been worked out. However, there is still time for YOU to get in on this contest so get going! First prize winner and the correct solution will be printed next week.

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

WILL ATTEND MEETING

Ted Nelson and Hal Emerick, Carlstrom Field; Floyd Callers, Dorr Field, and L. D. Hatson, Riddle Field, will go to Miami Friday evening to spend the week-end as the guests of the School. During their stay, they will inspect the facilities of the Technical Division and the new Engine Overhaul Division, confer with General Maintenance Chief Joe Horton and on Saturday evening, together with their wives, be among those present at the weekly School Supper Dance at the Deauville.

TECH TALK

by Dorothy Burton

(Peter Ordway Will Be Next Week's Guest Writer)

Strains of "Happy Birthday to You" were heard in the cafeteria last week as John McGill's birthday was celebrated with a luncheon given by Betty Harrington. The cossage was greatly admired, and the cake was mmmmm! Incidentally, Betty, of the "Fly Paper" staff, has resigned to go to Sarasota, N. Y., to be with who is ill. A speedy recovery of Mrs. Harrington and the quick return of Betty is the hope of all. (Now we won't have uniforms, Kitty Foylees, unless Betty Jo takes over Betty Harrington's strong partisanship.)

Briefs

K. C. Smith has been at home ill for a week; Kelly Newsome is back with the Sheet Metal Department after an operation; Fred Hawes has returned from his honeymoon; Luis Jaramillo spent Sunday at Matheson's Hammock; Skinny Gle and family had for their house guest Estelle Woodward, Military Training. Estelle reciprocated with a picnic at her home where horseback riding and fishing were the diversions. How large were those two you caught, Skinny? Nomination for the most dressed man: Johnnie Field, whose ma­ roam, yellow and white sweater matched his socks to perfection. Runner-up: Lemenel D. Cariton, whose dark blue and light yellow ensembles are very gay. Bob and Marlon Colburn spent the week-end with Virgil and Helen Kitt­ trell; Lee R. Malmsten was on vacation last week; hope he took some pictures of the baby. Mr. Dick (Catherine's Dickeybird) will succeed Paul James in Maintenance; Phil de la Rosa's resigna­ tion was received with great sor­ row, but his work for the U. S. and Cuban governments justifies the change. Eric Sundstrom is a man of many duties these days, with offices on the second floor as well as the fifth.

At the Deauville

Holding forth at the Macadden-Deauville Saturday nite were: Martha Gene Mims dancing with John Griffith, a radio student, and Charlie Capehart, a student in civil engines; Lucille Valliere, in a blissful daze, as she tossed her streamers about with Gene Mueller, Latin American cadet; Paul Miller, equestrian at dancing with Patsy McGuirt.

The Kitty Foyle Club will hold its next meeting on July 24 at 5:30 in Classroom A (south end, third floor). The new officers will be installed and there will be further and more fervent (if possi­ ble) debate on uniforms for the female portion of the school. The officers are Jo Skinner, President; Pat McNamara, Vice-President; Gene Bryan, Secretary; June Mc­ Gill, Treasurer. Please come to the meetings; it is lots of fun.

Personalities

David Beaty is returning to Armodne, Pa., the first of August where he will be married. Trixie Wood has returned as inspector in the engine overhaul department; Lila Texas Nicholson is being mar­ ried on July 31st; Johnnie Keehn has rejoined his old office; Betty Hall's favorite "married men" are Dave Beaty, Howard Beazéd and Virgil Kittrell? Mary Manos is in the office and hard-working secre­ tary in Bill Burton's office; our new civil doctor is William H. Nelson; Connie Phillips, smart girl, is working on her commercial pil­ ot's license; Mrs. Wain Fletcher, Fly Paper, will put on, over and under it.

NEW FIRST-AID CLASS TO START TUESDAY

Starting next Tuesday, the 25th, a new First Aid course will be available to Tech School and Main Office employees, announces Bob Colburn, Grand High Official First Aid Booster.

Classes will be held, free of charge, of course, in the Aircraft department on the third floor, with Miss Dorothy Carr of the Amer­ ican Red Cross instructing. "We're going to give them time to think it over between lectures this time," says Robert, "instead of hurrying them through as we did in the last course, which, by the way, just graduated about 20." Times and dates of classes are Tuesdays and Thursdays from 7:30 to 10 o'clock. They will last for four weeks, giving the complete 20-hour course.

Bring your own 40" square piece of muslin, to save time, if you decide to take advantage of this opportunity; and you can rent, borrow or buy an American Red Cross First Aid Textbook. They cost 60c.

— WELL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 —

SCARLET SIMILE

Each day the sun rises and sets
In a bloody burst of glory;
Yet vain and foolish man forgets
That his is the self-same story.

FUTILITY

Cannons booming in my ears;
Shrapnel from the sky—
Man has fought so many years
And all he does is die!
—John Milton Cooper
MATERIEL CONTROL
by Eddie Baumgarten

Department News
Since the last tell-all of the Materiel Control's story and wherefore, the same old merry-go-round has been traveling in the same circles in the same places. And don’t ever think for one minute that the gang in this office isn’t glad that the catalog is now finished and put to rest. It was a job and a hard one and we are all glad that it is over.

Tells All
So let us once again tell all about the people who have come, and the people who have gone and stuff. This week we have two men who have left, E. K. Garvy and D. W. Goding. They have been replaced on the payroll by the transfer of J. F. James from the fourth floor stockroom and the addition of E. M. Hickman, of the University of Miami.

We were very sorry and yet, glad to see Tom King leave to accept a position as purchasing agent for a local plumbing firm. His position has been filled by Little Jack Little who has done about everything that could be done in this department and will do a good job with this new one.

On my notes for the week I have the name Hollis Andrews and for a few moments it had me stumped until I saw the word bus. I guess that means “Genius!” Andy Andrews has been transferred upstairs to the instrument stockroom and is the man in charge. So he is still in the driver’s seat.

Two New Faces
Two new faces in the main floor stockroom are H. Vass, Griff and “Ernie” Goodson, and in the fourth floor stockroom B. Z. Hasty replaces the James who went to inventory, and at Municipal F. B. Bowman and R. E. Gibson replace Andy Rosario who is leaving for New York.

John A. Proctor is the new man of laundry at Carlstrom post supply and John A. Beacham is at post supply at Dorr Field.

E. J. Matthews at Dorr is anxiously awaiting the time when he will be able to extend his post supply westward into the much needed and long promised additional space next door to his present spot.

Milt Roberts at Riddle is anticipating the best and smoothest post supply of all when he gets everything straightened up after his hurried move into his new and larger quarters last week. Maybe that’s why he looked just a little bit weary this last time he came to town. Both Roberts and Matthews have our utmost sympathy. I can’t even get around to moving the furniture in the front room without collapsing.

Well, this takes care of all the headaches and dizzines caused by the continuous spinning of the merry-go-round for the past month and so we will climb on and let it go ’round a few more times, until we get a chance to stop off again in a few weeks. So long for now.

BIG DOINGS IN THE BIG HANGAR
In case you’ve been wondering exactly what is going on in that big hangar out in back of the Tech School, it’s engine overhauling. And it’s becoming rapidly one of the more important departments of the School.

Already about 75 persons are employed out there, under the able supervision of Charles Griffin, who sits in a perch high up and watches the bustle and hustle going on below.

Among the 75 are 14 or 15 girls who check size of parts down to thousandths of an inch. Embry-Riddle will “major” all of its own ships in this Department, which is expected to expand to employ at least 100.

— WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42 —
When doing stunts above the ground
Before you start just look around.

AL DICK, WORLD WAR I ACE, RELATES FLYING EXPERIENCES
New caretaker of the Tech School building is Al Dick, who has quite a story to tell about himself. Al was a pilot during World War One, he shot down six enemy planes and damaged four more so severely they were unable to return to their bases.

He shot down four observation balloons, blew up many a bridge and munitions dump. Al also received the Croix de Guerre, the Mons medal, the Belgian Medal of Honor.

Our Vision
Al, himself, was shot down twice, wounded many times. One of his most vivid memories is of the battle of Mons, where the field was black with smoke and gun powder, and where he was one of the few to see the famous vision of the Angel of Mons, in a cloud formation, lastin for hours.

Bagged Two of Richthofen’s Squadron
His two most risky experiences were the fight with von Richthofen’s squadron, the “Red Knights of Germany” (he shot down two), and the blowing up of a munitions dump during which he lost the sight of an eye.

After the fight with Richthoffen, Al was returning to his base when five enemy planes came after him. Elevators and stabilizers shot away, the plane went into a spin, which he managed to come out of, using ailerons alone. Then he piled up on some trees below. After crashing about for 12 hours, with both legs broken, he was discovered and taken by ox-cart back to his base.

Almost Taken Prisoner
His second crash occurred when his engine caught fire and he was forced down a scant four miles from the German line. French peasants helped him escape; he was almost taken prisoner.

His last mission involved bombarding a munitions dump. This was done by diving low and releasing a delayed action bomb, so that plane and pilot would be out of reach of fragments. But this time, the bomb did not delay long, and it blew back to his base with one side of his face paralyzed, and one eye blind. He made a perfect landing, and dropped in a faint when he stepped out of the plane.

King and Prince in Same Class
A Canadian by birth, although a naturalized American since 1925, Al took his training in England—in the same class as George V and the then Prince of Wales!

He was a member of the 23rd Reconnaissance Squadron, and flew frequently with Vernon Castle. Newton Lancaster was also in his squadron.

Flying Coffins
Their ships were the old “Flying Coffins,” the Bristol Bulldogs. Many’s the time A/F’s machine guns jammed on him and he was placed in the nice position of being shot at, and unable to return the compliment.

We nominate “Ace” Dick, as one of the many employees Embry-Riddle should be proud of, and one whom we personally, are proud to have met.

— WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42 —

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER
Continued from Page 1
him if painters get sick easily. I just want to know, re-a-1ly.

Publicity!

Everyone was posting beautifully for the nice picture page published by the Union City daily newspaper. The page covered activities of the Field and personnel. If we get our hands on some of the pictures,
Two Flights
Flight instructors have been working all day every day during the week with students in the morning and refreshers in the afternoon. Beginning this week, the Cadet class is to be divided in two flights, one for the morning and one for the afternoon.

Flywheel and Bob Boyle seem to be having a nip and tuck race over a certain young lady here. That’s all I can say, except I hope the best man wins.

New instructors are Sidney Benett and Lynelle Rabun. These two just passed their final checks by Capt. Breeding. More instructors are coming in every day: Jim Long and “Epee” Smith, from the hills of West Virginia, Charles Vowell and Ken Carter, native Tennesseans.

Barbecue, Tennessee Style
The barbecue out at John Brannon’s farm given by Brannon and Lt. Kleiderer and Kominick seemed like old times at Arcadia. They really did things up right and we all had a rip-roaring time.

Record
Some of the older fields can take notice of the record we have here. Believe it or not, we have had only one error on Form I since the beginning of flight operations. Maybe that sledge hammer that Charlie Sullivan carries around for use on the offenders has something to do with it. We are happy to report that the one unfortunate pilot is recovering nicely at home, having returned from the hospital several days ago.

We thank Flywheel Jones, Ken Stoner and A/H. G. Arnold, Associate Editors, for helping us prepare this piece of propaganda for you guys and gals this week. We hope our staff will increase in news and numbers before the next letter.

CADET CHATTER
Our class has been at Embry-Riddle Field only ten days, but with everyone bending over backward in their efforts to help us, we feel like old friends already, and are more determined than ever to make this, the first class to train here, a success from every angle.

Inasmuch as we haven’t gotten to town, we don’t know many Tennesseans personally, but from the things you’re getting up for us Saturday night, there isn’t a doubt that our stay here is going to be enjoyable.

Tall Stories
As must be true with all new primary classes, this one is obsessed with bank flying and the stories get taller every day... and far into the night. How “Skippy” Bashor went into a spin and after 2,000 feet decided it was time to pull out... Wonder who it was that forgot to fasten his safety belt until just ‘fore a spin?... Look out, Hollywood, here comes Clark Tyrell in “The Great Profile” Brink. He posed for the newspaper camera yesterday, and it won’t be long — but Robson’s bagpipes would wow ‘em too.

Quarters
A word about our quarters, which we’ll put up against any... on top of being brand new, they’re comfortable no end... the canteen and lounge is one more restful spot, too, in the “cool” of the evening. The just-opened barber shop gets a big hand; we were all beginning to look like fugitives from the dog-catcher, mainly John J. (Brooklyn O’Toole) Ahearn, whom you really can’t appreciate without seeing him first-hand.

A finale to this debut in “FLY PAPER” is in order; in closing let us extend our best wishes to the many others we’ve noted in back issues... it is undoubtedly one of the newest papers of its kind.

— WILLIE BLUE IN ’42 —

PLEASE!
In reply to the inquiry, “Where’s My War Bond?” please be advised that the bonds cannot be issued by the bank until correct information for their issuance is received from the purchaser. Of the original applications for bonds, approximately 80 percent were incorrectly filed, these cards were returned for correction, yet about 30 percent of these were still incorrect! However, these errors have been corrected and all the bonds will be delivered in the very near future... so PLEASE be just a bit patient! Incidentally, and by the way, the School turned in an excellent record for these deductions from pay bond purchases. Payroll department is working on a Field by Field story of who bought how much... a story which will appear here within a week or so.

Always strive to stay alive
And serve your country well;
For if you die, you'll surely fry
Down in the depths of Hell!
First off, we want to thank Cadet Colley of Blue Flight for his fine work in handling Fly Paper material from this field the past two editions. We are adding Colley to our list of Associate Editors so that he can help us in the future.

First Anniversary Dance a Real Success

The dance celebrating the first anniversary of No. 5 B.F.T.S. held at the Sugarland auditorium last Saturday evening was a real success, and all who were present reported a grand time. Over 300 persons attended, among which were Len Povey, General Manager of all the Embry-Riddle Field, together with Mrs. Povey and Gordon and Connie Mougey from Dorr, and Bud Belland, Editor of the Fly Paper.

The hall was simply decorated with the American and British flags flanking the stage, which was occupied by the Morrison Field Army dance band. Mr. Walter, the steward in charge of the mess hall, had arranged for refreshments.

The sincere appreciation of the officials here is again extended to the United States Sugar Corporation for the kind "lending" of their auditorium and also to the young ladies who came over from West Palm Beach to make the evening completely successful.

Down at the Hangar

Some time ago we happened down to the hangars just more or less snooping around, and having our camera along we happened to snap a couple of shots which we'll pass along to you. The first is a general view of the hangar, while the second is an action shot, finding Norwood Latimer, Clayton Watkins, Bob Reis and Jack Shopenhauer working on the engine of an AT.

PERSONAL PRATTLE

Congratulations To Charlie Miller, Recently Promoted To Advanced Flight Commander

We had the privilege of seeing both Carlstrom and Dorr fields last Saturday. Seeing (from the road) was as close as we came to Dorr, but we did stop for a quick lunch at Carlstrom. Since we did not get a good look around at these other Embry-Riddle fields, we'll save our comment about them until such time as we can give them a thorough "going-over." At that time, too, we are looking forward to meeting Ed Merry at Dorr and Jack Hobler at Carlstrom.

Everyone was very enthusiastic about the dance Saturday. Mosara, Rampling, Burdick, Nickerson, Ty- son and Durden did a fine job as hosts, and an event of this kind more often would prove popular, we're sure.

Jimmy Taylor, primary instructor, has joined Roscoe Brinton in the "bachelor" club, as his wife left for a visit in New York last week.

And speaking of instructors, we had a "grip" the other day about not getting very many of them in the news. This "grip" is well founded, and we realize that we do not cover instructors as well as we should. Therefore we are asking the Flight Commanders and Dispatchers to hand us any items from their flight that might prove interesting copy, as it is impossible for us to get around to all flights every week. How's about it, fellas?

A deep, dark secret has finally been revealed. Jimmy Durden, our Assistant General Manager, has soloed. Yes, under the expert instruction of the boss, G. W. T., Jimmy did his stuff last Tuesday—and it was kept comparatively quiet until we were "tipped" off the other day. Congrats, Mr. Durden and "keep 'em flying."

"Frosty" Jones, former basic flight commander, visited friends at the field Tuesday.

Bob Olhinger, former mechanic here, is back again with a commercial flying license, and has just about completed his primary course in Harry Lehman's refresher school.

Others completing refresher courses are Charles Benson, Don Day and Bob Walker, advanced, and Fran Winkler and Bob Ahern, basic.

Cadet Chatter

Course 6 attended the funeral of their comrade, "Dick" Thorp which was held at Arcadia Saturday morning.

Sergeant Frank Pegg, Blue Flight Course Commander, was confined to the Infirmary several days this week. Cadet Coward, from Green Flight, also spent some time in the Infirmary.

Yellow Flight was really on display at the Dance Saturday night. Dick Griffin was proudly exhibiting the lip-stick on his collar, while "Nick" Nixon brushed up on his aerobatics.

Red Flight has been doggedly "cramping" the past several days in preparation for their wings exam. They even say that Bevers and Everill try to explain the workings of a Browning machine gun during their slumber.

Blue Flight has been worrying about eliminations, but the C. O. has been seeing Red lately.

We reached some excellent "gen" from an unknown contributor this week, and are grateful for it, but must apologize for not being able to use the very appropriate poem.

Eighty-eight Cadets were in attendance at the show Monday night to see the very excellent picture, "Topper Takes A Trip." This only proves that if good pictures are continued, attendance will also continue to increase.

MAN OF THE WEEK

John T. Cockrill, just recently promoted to Squadron Commander of Basic and Advanced Flights, is Man of the Week this issue.

Mr. Cockrill was born in Washington, D. C., on July 1, 1914, and in early life moved to Warrenton, Va. He graduated from high school there and took a business course at a local business school. In 1936, Johnny learned to fly and did his first solo. In 1938 he worked out of Fort Meyers, Fla., flying newspapers to the various islands in the vicinity of the Florida peninsula. During the late summer of 1938, he went to Anderson, Ind., and was engaged in business there, but he returned to Florida in 1940. In June, 1940, he went to Maryland, where he worked for eight months in C.A.A. research.

He joined Embry-Riddle in 1941 as a Flight Instructor, and was then advanced to Advanced Flight Commander and now has been promoted to Squadron Commander. Johnny is 6' tall and weighs 160 pounds. He has black hair, is dark complexioned and has gray eyes. He is fortunate to have a Ford with good tires, and added to that, ladies, he is single—and quote—"on the hunt."

Squadron Comdr. John T. Cockrill

FUNGUS FREDDIE

by Harry Ingram, Green Flight

(With apologies to the designer of Riddle Field Swimming Pool)

Some advice to fools. Who swim in pools, Where only heroes "shutter." They dive and lark From dawn 'til dark, And collect an ear-hole "shutter."

The very next day, When their flight's away, Having "bends" with instructors steady, They curse their luck, And off they truck To visit "Fungus Freddie."

At 7:00 o'clock, They call on Doc And he just pretends cheerful, Calls Jeff and Ken His two best men, To shoot them all an earful.

Now these two guys, To my surprise, Are known for patience lasting. If both these "boobs" Don't clear your "tubes," The only thing is blasting.
Then Doc he frowns,
"Go fetch some gowns,
And tuck these boys in, tender!"
Well if that don't hurt,
You can bet your shirt
You've "had" your next week-end.

Think of all you've kissed,
Think of all you've missed,
With Miami's cutest "beech bugs,
And save your cash
From that week-end "splash,"
To buy some gold-darned ear plugs.

OUR CIRCULATION IS GOOD!
The Fly Paper is getting about . . . you betcha! For the past several weeks, we've been running 7,500 copies per week, but the "Boss" is still calling for 10,000 a week, so let's not forget that the Fly Paper will be mailed free of charge each week to any Embry-Riddle student, employee, graduate or their friends. Simply print the name and address on a card and mail it to The Editor, Embry-Riddle Co., Miami, Fla., U.S.A.

"Where's Syd Burrows?"
Kids, we're getting tired of answering that question . . . everywhere we go and in many a letter from England, it's the same thing . . . "What happened to good old Syd Burrows?"

The answer is very simple . . . when the Army took over Syd's COLONY HOTEL, "good old Syd" joined the Embry-Riddle family . . . and at the present time he's in charge of the TWO hotels and 14 apartment houses the School has leased for the housing of resident Technical Students in the Miami area. For your further information, Syd is busier than the dicker, but he, together with the wife and two kids, are all well and happy.

Notes From Ye Editor's Note Book

Week-end at Clewiston
We spent the week-end at Riddle Field in Clewiston to attend the first anniversary party of No. 5 B.F.T.S.—and what a party that was! This is the first time we've ever seen the Riddle Fielders at play. The party was on our visit there, it's been during working days with everything strictly business, but this was a week-end, and with all flights ahead of schedule, the gang really went to town! Well over 300 persons, including most all the Cadets, officials and personnel from the Field attended.

Many thanks for the success of this dance are due to the U. S. Sugar Corporation for the loan of their lovely new Sugarland Auditorium, and to the untiring efforts of R.A.F. officers Rampley, Burdick and Nickerson as well as Field Manager G. Willis Tyson and Assistant Jimmie Durden, and all the rest who got behind it and worked. Now they know how hard we have had to work to put over all these other dances the School has been having. Among the many prominent visitors were Len and Edie Povey from Caristrom, etc., and Gordon and Connie Mougey from Dorr. Question of the week will probably be—"What did Nick do with the $4.00?"

Around the Field
The early part of Saturday was spent at the Field . . . hanging around the hangars, mostly . . . we bumped into several of the old timers . . . Frank Pennock, Morty Feldman and Bob Reese, graduates of the Technical Division of M.'s, who celebrated their first year of service as maintenance men on July 19. Morty has his "A" ticket now, and the other two lads are scheduled for their "E" exams shortly.

At lunch we met Lieut. A. Gordon Schuber from Wilmette, Ill., and also learned that Jim Durden and the Field "Doc" had both soled . . . hence the reason for the executive order that the pool be kept empty! We hope that the "Gang" will not be buffed by this feeble excuse and will, in the near future, give these two gentlemen the honorary and customary "bath" so well earned and deserved by solo-ites!

Joe Horton wanted us to fly up to Carlstrom with him, but we hedged it up for a much more dangerous ride on L. D. Hutson's new "open air taxi!" . . . it looks like a jeep but is actually an industrial tractor for hauling ships and stuff around the Field. You can take it from us . . . there are no springs under the fender we were riding on!

We Don't Like Snakes, Anyway!
"Gunnar" Brink hauled us into town where we had the pleasure of meeting the Misses and seeing the new Brink off-spring . . . Gunnar and a gang of the instructors went off to Gun Shy Road on a snake hunting expedition, but you know us . . . gun shy, that's it, so we stayed at the Seminole Drugstore (where Johnnie Cockrill soon took us in tow for a quick look-see at the bachelor house where he, together with Bob Johnston, Jimmie Cousins and Phil Coon hold forth, thence to the new Instructor's Club, where we found Virginia and Bill Kingsley). . .

As a matter of fact, the nucleus of a grand organization, the memories of which will live for many years after the war is over.

A Long Chat with The Boss
Tuesday evening in Miami was one of the best we'd had in years . . . we had the extreme pleasure of a two-hour chat with Boss Riddle (uninterrupted by phone calls). After a tour of the Tech Division and the big new Engine Overhaul Division, we went up to the eighth-floor apartment where the Boss sometimes manages to catch a few hours sleep after working far into the night . . . many things were discussed . . . Fly Paper policy, for example, the Boss wants less mention of parties and the social activities of the School and more mention of the serious side of our efforts . . . the work we are doing and the thousands of men and women we are training to fly 'em and keep 'em flying . . . yet the fact remains that about 95 percent of all our activities are of so vital a nature that we can't mention them in print! Kind of puts Ye Editor on the spot, huh?

More Serious Than We Realize!
Two items discussed were particularly impressive . . . first, the Boss is still upset about the attitude of many Americans regarding the war . . . he has traveled extensively both here and in the European war zone and knows what he's talking about when he says, "The people MUST realize that we MUST win the war. The situation is serious, so serious that we've got to forget self and personal liberties and privileges until we have conquered the very real threat to all of us. Suffering, sacrifice, work and death will be familiar words to all of us before we win this war!"

And the Other Item
The other item, and one we'll never forget, came up during the discussion of all the swell people in our School and the pleasure we have had being with them these past two years . . . "The only worthwhile things in life," said the Boss, "are memories and participation . . . the memories of contacts with your friends and good people you've met . . . and the satisfaction of having participated in the accomplishment of something of real value to the civilized world!"

With this thought in mind, we left the Boss to read the evening paper, the first chance he'd had time to for six days, after which he had two wire desk baskets full of work to go through before going to bed . . . and it was already after 10 o'clock then!

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

FLASH!
JACK McKay, Jr., popular Municipal Base flight instructor, has been grounded for the "duration," according to a message just received from Municipal!

Wait a minute, tho', let's give this a little more investigation before we get all excited about it . . . seems Jack was in the Link Trainer the other day when a thunderstorm cut off the electricity, thus cancelling all activity in the electrically operated Link.

Open popped the Link hatch cover . . . out popped the very confused Mr. McKay, to face the howling laughter of all his friends, who immediately "grounded" him until the current was restored!
DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN
by “The Gang”

We'd like to know why Mr. Hamilton had such a big smile while reading a certain letter! How about some “info,” Johnny? It was noted that A/C Walker rated an awful lot of attention at the recent Dorr Field Cadet dance; just what, Mr. Walker, is the secret of your success and would you be willing to give lessons to earnest would-be learners?

Caught, Black Handled

In the event you all are wondering about the dark fingerprints on display at Dorr Field, just blame it all on Jack Whitnall (his shoulders are broad). He is always popping up with his set of cards, holder and ink pad to take fingerprints. His 'special preference is some young lady who plans a delightful evening with the A-1 man of her existence.

Shiny!

Mr. Baird and crew did a beautiful job of shining all the windows of the Ad. Bldg. last week—now if we will just take care to leave no more fingerprints on the glass.

Dotty Fowler was really busy at the dance—one minute behind the counter combing her ice cream and "goop" into a tasty sundae or what have you, then she'd be out there dancing from one partner to another.

Could Be

Why wasn't Vic Thielhorn dancing—did his buddy, Thompson, crowd him out? R. B. Dobbs was quite the busy boy—giving all the girls a whirl.

We were mighty happy to have Lt. "Gene" Mills (former flight instructor here) back on the Post for a short visit; hope we can have a repeat real soon.

Cool

Coolest feminine hair style on the Field—that of "Postmistress" Dishong—and it is so very becoming!

Wish someone would convince Velma, Marjorie and Charline that they, too, should come out for the cadet dances—at least part of the time.

Juggler

Just learned that "Sam" Clawson (Gr. Instructor) is a juggler—but not professional if judged by his performance on the Bus. New 'rivals: Mr. Salter and Lt. Revere at Army Operations.

Competition

Aha! Lt. Cheety has returned —now our Lt. Pinkerton will have some competition.

We sho' do miss Sgt. Appel—who is visiting at Selma, Ala., several cards have been received back at this station. Thanks; hope you have a grand time.

WHYS:

Why such a doubtful look in the eyes of two new officers, Lts. Charpie and McDade, as they look our Lil Gertrude in the eye? And why does S/Sgt. Blackwell wince at mention of Cremuffs?! WHATS:

What Sgt. said something shocking and so quaintly apologized saying, "Seuse me, Miss, I thought you were a cow!" By devious methods we learn that Pappy Foster has been advised to eat Wheaties.

FRANTIC QUERIES:

Class 42-K asks Operations Clerk Norman, "What do you use to check the Forms I with, a microscope?"

Lt. McDade asked his student, "But didn't you see you were going to underchoo?" And came the Bright Reply: "Yes, sir, but it's not so bad, I've landed there before!"

NEWS:

The new ramp must be very comfortable, or so it would seem Wednesday morn, when students and instructors "stood by." Looked like a crop of violets! or sempin'!

WHO SAID THAT?

"MO' FUN!"

Ye ol' canteen jumped to the inspired Jive Bombers Wednesday night. We report that the Juke

DORR DOINGS
by A/C Gray Stalmaker

We played host last week-end to a most charming visitor. We don't know just what impression Box was in fine voice, and who wuzen't! The reading room was given an inspired version of the classical favorite Chopsticks—well anyhow, we liked it—Miss Dotty Dekle and MESS Vera at the key-board.

CANTEEN'S-EYE VIEW OF DORR FIELD

DORR FIELD'S "HUNT CLUB"

Dorr Field—These shootin' orns ain't make-believe, and if you doubt our word, just try to get into Dorr if you don't belong ther. Go ahead, try it, brother, and we'll absolutely guarantee you one carcass, full of holes. Yep, you guessed it. This ain't a pose, but it's the Dorr Field guards. Left to right, front row, ore H. F. Fipp, Archie Dees, Jack Whitnall, Ebenezer Smith, back row, Willie Hull, C. N. Dyess, George King, Judge Hughes and Ben Spies.

Dorr Doings and Alibings

They dodd it. They furnished us with a super swell U.S.O. club, and the boys really have some place to go now. The formal opening was quite an affair, with singing, speeches by various and sundry dignitaries, and a generally impressive ceremony. The dance that followed was a big success, and all the cadets are most thankful to the townspeople of Arcadia for providing them with such a swell club. Now watch them use it.

The Last Time

Meaning of course that this is the last time we'll be taking cracks at our fellow cadets. We consider ourselves very lucky to have escaped unscathed after all the insults, but it's really in good fun. So... One Fat-Stuff McFadden has registered complaints about not seeing his name in print. Satisfied now?... R. Liggett slipped up on his navigation a couple of weeks ago and woke up Sunday morning at Carlstrom. Must be that Florida air...

That haircut walking around belongs to Spiro. Next time he's
going to insist on the right size bowl...

Contributions

From Mr. Campbell, who is here-by willed said column after this last fling, J. Riley has expressed his desire to meet Lt. Folan and we know of no better way than dropping the crank through the bottom of the fuselage. If he doesn't start fastening his safety belt before doing stalls, he'll meet a lot of lieutenants. We might even throw in a captain or two.

In the PT, we usually hold both brakes when checking the mags.

It's an old comedy gag to look for your glasses when they're on top of your head, but J. Burns added a modern touch with goggles. Illusive, aren't they...

School Scampers

We just learned that Mr. Mueller is a parachute jumper from way back. We picture him more as a bat man than a bat man...

Terrian pulled a fine one when he asked Sad Sam where the gas gauge is in a PT. Why instructors get gray. (We know one who gets Gray, continually)

And of course we couldn't finish up without saying something about Mr. Morey. Only what can we say about him? (After sitting 15 minutes, we give up. We won't say anything).

Finis

And so we shall jump in a barracks bag and steal quietly away. Comes next week, comes A/C Campbell to take over duties, headaches and what have you. Speaking for all the boys, we thank everyone, the canteen cuties, the office gals, officers and entire civilian personnel for a swell time. The whole outfit has done everything possible to make our stay a pleasant one, and we all hope to come back some day — with wings. 'Tis a sad thing to be leaving the field and all that goes with it (and that includes a small portion of Miami; about 6'4" of it) but dooty calls, and we must on to Tokyo, or someplace. We hope.

So long.

GRAY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A "MISTER"

GALA USO OPENING ATTENDED BY ARCADIO

Well, we were a cadet girl last week-end, when we went tootin' up to Arcadia to attend the opening of the ultra-super new USO Club in the P. O. Arcade building.

After all the spechifyin' and singing and dedicating, they held a sort of house warming dance, and the house was warm all right. We saw tall cadets and short cadets and thin cadets and fat cadets, Carlstrom cadets and Dorr cadets, handsome ones and homely ones, swarming all over Arcadia and the dance floor because of an until-12 o'clock Open Post.

And don't let anyone tell you that they're short of gals up there, because the aforementioned cadets seemed, to our eyes, to be doing all right. There was just enough of a scarcity to keep things interesting.

The hall is large and filled with easy chairs, couches, games of all sorts including ping pong, with lots of radios and so forth. And we personally, along with 50 million gadgets who can't be wrong, give it our stamp of approval.

J. S.

-- WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42 --

The switchboard operators at the Main Office get a lot of laughs... latest one was reported by a night PBX operator who got a long distance call for the EMMY RADLEY School!

LATEST PICTURE OF TECH SCHOOL

TECH SCHOOL—Just to show we're not prejudiced by printing that delectable shot of Dorr Field on the previous page, we feel obliged to print this, the latest picture of the Tech School and Main Office building, in all its newly-landscaped glory.

GALLERY OF TECH SIGHTS

TEACHING CLASS POPULAR AT TECH

Dr. C. C. Carson, Ph.D. in Education, is very proud of his Faculty Course, which has reached an enrollment of 100. The Class started about five weeks ago with 57 instructors taking instruction—that is the art of teaching.

"Look Me In the Eye Mister!"

DORR FIELD—Now you know how a cadet feels when he's in the air. How would you like to have that face stare back at you from the mirror—even though it is a rear-view 'un. This device enables the instructor to keep close watch on the "Mister" in the back seat. It has also resulted frequently in extreme embarrassment on the part of both parties, when the instructor is versed in the art of lip-reading.
WEAK-ENDING AT DEAUVILLE

The Victory Vacation Party at Deauville on Saturday was another huge success. In spite of dances at both Clewiston and Arcadia, there was a swell turnout and a good time was had by all.

The breath-taking—to everyone except the performers—jitter-bug exhibition by Jo and Hugh Skinner was worthy of professionals—and many of the Latin Americans put on mean rhumas. The Skinners had a table near the entrance to the Clipper Deck and were having a gay evening with the William Welches and Walter Grandis.

As usual, the Municipal gang got together at a long table. There was Jimmy Gilmore, but he didn’t have that famous—or infamous—shirt on. Taking up about half of the sideleges space this table included Gloria Brown, Pat McGuiri, Tom Moxley, “Stupe” Narrow, Mr. and Mrs. Giersons, the C. W. Tinsleys, “Cookie” Cook, Dunwood Lynn, Eleanor Fowler, Van Burgen, Jr., C. A. Davis and the faithful Schindlers.

Making merry at another table were Jeanne Atcheson, Mae Cox, Peggy Wheeler, George Murphy, Louis Murrill and John Payne.

Representatives of our Latin American countries included Marie Quintano, Yolando Arango, Enrique Franco, Vinicius Vargas and also George Robertson.

Royal Air Force Cadets enjoying the festivities were Albert Price, South Wales; George Clark, Inverness, Scotland; F. Seale, London; Jack Nairn, Belfast, and Sam Samuel of South Wales.

GRADUATION

Continued from Page 1

Airliner” . . . to say nothing of the strictly Latin-American rhumba contest in which Hector Olmos, Venezuela, took first prize, Rafael Gaztui, Chile, won second place, with William Rivas, Nicaragua, taking the third prize. Judges were Mrs. Eduardo Hernandez, Mrs. A. W. Throgmorton, Mrs. Bill Burton and Mrs. Paul Riddle.

The 21 students, who have completed the six-month service mechanic course, represent nine Latin-American countries. They are:

Braulio Castro and Emiliano Ruiz de Paraguay; Jose de Armas, Hector Olmos and Federico Zerres of Venezuela; Rafael Gaztui, Wilfred Philip Lewis, Enrique Francois and Jorge Venegas of Chile; Segundo Maya, Fernando Naranjo and Octavio Icaza of Ecuador; Juan Meno of Nicaragua; Manuel Poveda and Romeo Rodriguez of El Salvador; Jose Delgado, Walter Zabalaga and Julio Zapata of Bolivia; Pedro Gustavo Flores of Ecuador; Zenito Oliva of Honduras, and Israel Silva of Nicaragua.

WERE IN IT—LET’S WIN IT

EMERGENCY REPAIRS!

We weren’t just kidding when we boasted that the Embry-Riddle outfit is the biggest and best and most completely equipped in the World! Early the other morning at Dorr Field, we suddenly discovered that we were missing a “vital” button . . . Chief Guard Jack Whitnall, when consulted on this problem, took us by the hand and led us to the parachute loft, where rigger Jake Hill, assistant to chief rigger Charlie Mercer, provided a needle, thread and the button! These delicate and necessary repairs completed, we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Archie Franklin, a very charming lady who is in the process of learning to become Dorr’s first female parachute rigger. Good goin’, gal!

LEARN IN FLORIDA

Embry-Riddle Craft Courses give you specialized training to qualify for an aircraft job in a few months. Advanced courses in the Technical or Flight Divisions are the basis for an Aviation career. While learning at Embry-Riddle you’ll enjoy the pleasure of living in Miami…air gateway to Latin America.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

July 20, 1942

To Fly Paper Muck Collector:

Riddle Field’s First Annual “Century of Progress” Celebration Saturday night turned out high, wide and handsome, despite the wringing out of coats and shirts, caused no doubt from the wringing out period. (hint-hint) Wish it could be arranged more often.

All seemed to have a swellagant time, including Ye Editor, who made the social contacts and “Pappy” Hunziker acting as a sort of chaperon.

We have many to thank for success of the occasion, etc.

A STAND-BYER.

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“Oops, I thought you were some one else!”