TECH TALK
By Evelyn (Gawja) Gholston

After making the statement that there is never a dull moment at Embry-Riddle "School of Technology," I have snooped around every keyhole for the past week trying to keep you posted on the many activities on the campus of your dear old Alma Mater! Here goes.

CUPID RIDES HIGH. We hear the love nest GERTRUDE LUEBERT and groom-to-be are building is almost completed. She is very pretty, boys! You shouldn't let her get away so soon. The honey moon isn't over for BRIDEGROOM WELLS. He still has to be reminded of the lip stick he brings to work—on his face.

JACK FLOWERS, whose girl wears a sparkler that big was looking oh, so engaged while Christmas shopping up town last week. "JAKE" JACOBS, recently transferred to Areadia, was visiting recently and he headed straight for BETTY HARRINGTON'S office. Does he like the new hairdress, too, or could it be something more significant... Another sparkler was noticed on the correct finger of CELIA HILL and little AUDREY THOMAS is sporting an extra fraternity pin. You'd better ask them for the exact date. CORinne PHILLIPS believes there is safety in numbers, she lunches with PAUL MILLER and DICK HISS. Isn't there still a crowd?

BUNDLES FOR THE R.A.F.
The Tech School furnished several.

Now at Clewiston

"Home, Home On the Range," Move to Dorr

DORR FIELD—Those smiles mean that the boys are proud and happy about their recent move to their own "home"—Dorr Field! Shown at Carlstrom Field are "Squire" Tom Gates, General Manager, and Lieut. Bill Boyd, C.O. for the Air Corps, as they watched the first load of "household goods" leave for their new quarters at Dorr. Happy days! And how about the "house-warming"? (Cut Courtesy of Arcadian)

CASSIDY TELLS WHAT WINGS MEAN TO RAF Fliers
By G. J. Cassidy, U/K

The XXXXXXX RAF Cadets who received their wings and sergeant's stripes at Riddle-McKay Field, Wednesday, December XX, have gone to XXXXX, enroute to XXXXX, where they will spend some time at a coastal resort for re-acclimation training. Their comments on accession to the threshold of war, XXXXXX XXXX XXXX, are revealing. The first thing they tell you is, "I'll be glad to get back home," for most of them are young, and strenuous training in a "foreign" land is frequently attended by homesickness. "Now I'll be able to repay the gentry who kept me awake so much last autumn," one of them dryly said to me. "There is a little matter of an incendiary bomb in the greenhouse at home that I want to settle." "I waited a year in England to get on this flying course," said another, "and I can't wait to start work." But they all make one stipulation, "Please don't see any gay light dancing in their eyes when they talk about it. They

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS
By H. M. "Buddy" Carruthers, Jr.

LAUGHT OF THE WEEK is on those two intrepid O.D.ers, Tom Carpenter and Tom Derigibus who seem stuck on getting "stuck"! On two occasions last week they "hung" the station wagon in sandy spots while investigating "will o' the wisp" along the edge of the field.

GOOD-BYE FOREVER to Instructor Bob Westmorland, who will take that fatal step during his X'mas vacation in old Virginia. Yeap, Bob's about to get married! Congratulations to him, and all best to the lady of his choice.

WANTED! One wife by a certain Bob Thompson! Poor fellow, he's sincerely looking for a wife and has been unlucky (or lucky, as you'll have it) for so long we think it's time somebody gave him a helping hand... ALSO WANTED is a pair of LONG stilts by John Gewinner who nearly stepped on a big snake in his front yard the other morning... NOEL ELLIS bought Tom Carpenter's Aerocene.

Note To The Editor
Bill Jacobs did not write anything this week but promised to come in next week. We all like the new paper... keep it coming... and give my love to your secretary. (Signed) Buddy C.

AMONG NEW EMPLOYEES at Riddle Field last week were Carla D'Aurio and James Taylor, Link Operators; S. J. Wheat, power plant; K. A. Larkins, steward; C. A. Rosser, chief radio operator; J. L. Drawdy, D. H. Carisle, R. H. Padgett and C. A. Rauluson, mainten­ance crew; P. W. Prior and C. J. Hopkins, dispatchers.

Riddle Field Joy Party
A great many of the Riddle Field employees attended the party to welcome the Raf cadets home and those who have been overseas on their first mission. It was a big success, according to the accounts given by the participants. The party was held at the Clewiston School and was a very enjoyable affair. The lights were kept burning late into the night, and the music was provided by the school orchestra. The guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and the party ended with an enjoyable firecracker show. The next day, the guests took off on their own private plane, which was provided by the school, and flew to Miami for a short visit. The day was spent sightseeing, and the guests had a great time. The trip was a great success, and everyone was happy to be back home. The guests were all very grateful for the hospitality shown by the school, and they promised to return again soon.
HITTING THE HIGH ROAD TO ARCADIA AND BACK

By Jack Hobler

After a week's lay-off from our typewriter, we're back with lots of juicy material. The only thing to do now is to put it in interesting form so you can read it. We have really had a week of it, and we want to go on record here as stating that any enjoyment we derived from these last seven days has been entirely due to the hospitable manner in which we were received.

Accompanied by Steve (B.I.I.) Anderson, we arrived at Carlstrom Field Monday afternoon; just a wee bit fatigued from the stretch of road between Olga and Arcadia. It was the first time we had ever been over that long route in a "short cut" and we wonder if it was worth it. Honestly, there's nothing like flying; you never have to jump out every few minutes to recapture a straying fender or a loosening headlamp. We are hearty in favor of General Motors, Henry Ford and the Chrysler Corporation using that particular bit of "highway" for a proving ground.

Like Old Home Week

However, from the time we hit the Carlstrom front gate, it was like old home week. Guard Kie's sunburned face split in a welcoming smile; he remembered us from way back in last May. Spying Buck Buxton's car parked outside the Mess Hall, we barged right in to look for him, but the enlargement process that has been Carlstrom's development crossed us up. We opened the wrong door, and blasted right in on Captain Kie. Never busy a day or two, he was busy in his usual congenial self. El Capitan shook his fork, shook hands, and directed us to the civilian mess section.

Here Tom Davis cooked us a wary eye and drewled, "What happened to the pool? Isn't it all right again?" But it was just his way of saying, "Howdy," and he proceeded right off to show us to our rooms. And right here we want to straighten out a little matter; "Housekeeper" is the wrong nickname for Tom; it should be "Host". That man would do credit to any big hotel in the country in that capacity.

After we got our baggage settled (one shirt, one pair of pants, and one sock) we had to visit the Canteen for a coke. Boy, we had a picnic there! There should be other words to describe Mrs. Williams' smile than "pleasant" and "gracious"; it was far more than that. Buck in the days of Kie 41-7, Carlstrom was sort of a mother to all of us, and the smile we are talking about certainly embodied the warm and affectionate welcome a mother's would have in giving a long-lost son. Only a week before, it is reported, there was occasion to smile the same way; one of our old classmates—now Lieut. Bill Patterson, Jr. (and he) was going away for a visit while home on leave. The greetings we got from Jack Hunt and Tom Gates were none the less sincere. As long as the training of our Air Corps is in the hands of men who show it, the material turned out will be of the best.

Of Course, We did Some Work!

Finally we got to the stockroom to work. With the kind help of Harve Kahl and Masters, we started once more to count parts. That's the only wayable with being in the crew; we love the traveling, but how we hate to count parts and supplies! Still, we must take the bitter with the sweet.

Supper that night started out to be a little disconcerting. Someone told Mr. Nash that we were on a diet, and our plate was uncovered to reveal seven carrot slices, six slices of broiled liver, and a half-glass of water. After the 200-mile trip from Olga, such a set-up looked much like an hors d'oeuvres. However, we were soon reassured when Sperce and Dave Ways, who had served us many a meal during our Cadet days and who knew the infinity of our appetites, appeared later on the scene. Thank you very much, Mr. Nash, for the appetizers.

The R.A.F. Breakfast Club

Each day from Monday to Friday we had a continuation of the "homecoming" we received Monday afternoon. Enroute to the Canteen for breakfast Tuesday, we ran into Lieut. Hart—looking a perfect picture of health and seeming to have gained a little weight. Among other things, he remarked that the first Carlstrom class must have spoiled him, "I believe it was quite the same since. If anything, that is a pretty high tribute to all the boys who made up that class, and if any of them read this they might show they appreciate the Lieutenant's words by writing him every now and then; he'll surely enjoy hearing from them. Breakfasting in the Canteen were Lieut. Ola and Capt. Nethery, reponsible in their new bars and winter uniforms, and hearty as ever. There was more handshaking and backslapping. Seated nearby was Doug Hocker, checking the Theory of Flight of a mahogany and baking from a plate to the consumer's mouth.

His welcome was interrupted by a sudden roar in the immediate vicinity when a burlly figure in a slouch hat, slicker, and hunting breeches rose from beside him and stuck out a sunburned paw. It was Clete Huff. Our extremely colorful and surprisingly rhetorical ex-instructor was preparing to show off on a deer-hunting trip, and his and his childe's (Mr. Van Patten) luggage was haggled over on the side of the driveway. "Hey, you big

POVEY

First to Solo on C.P.T. Primary

By Y. V. LONNEN, U/K

The big event of last week was the parade of XXX U/K classes on the flight line. They were inspected by Lieutenant Freeman, looking especially smart. Lieutenants Hart and Beville, and Flight Lieutenant Pennell were also there. There was a march past with the officers taking the salute and the boys looked good. It fell my lot to pass just as my instructor passed. I think it shook him, to see me in a uniform (He knows me better as the "face" that does such crazy things to the plane when he's not looking). Ye Ed, seems to think poetry is the order of the day so here is our effort that is sure to get something—even if it is the horse laugh.

Pilot in Training

I came from the hills of Lancashire,
I make a sudden raid here,
I start up in Toronto
And I finish in Arcadia.

Along the flying line I go,
To find a plane to fit me,
I pick one out, the ground crew there,
Would dearly like to hit me.

And in and out and round about,
I wander round many a basket,
I take off strongly "gainst the "T",
I'll end in a leaden casket.

I bubble round a figure eight,
I finish at fifteen hundred
I know that I have done it right,
So the instructor must have blundered!

I'll guarantee if you teach me,
That you will not recover,
For instructors come,
Instructor's go.

But I go on forever.

—Lord Ground Loop Tennyson

Next Instructors

Our Last Check Flight

I went up for a check flight last week with Flight Commander Moul- up. He did snap rolls and all kinds of things in the funniest places. "Acrobatics aren't my cup of tea," he said after that exhibition. May I warn cadets that if their instructor says "Should I do such and such a thing," answer, "No!" I said, "Yes". Well, I remember diving, then I put my head under the wedder bag, hung on my safety belt, flattened out my parachute (I think I brushed a fly off the wing tip nearing the end of this maneuver) and finally ended up straight and level, content to do shallow turns the rest of the time. I was flying. We also note that XXXX have started soloing.

Editor's Note: We understand Mr. Lonn- en has finished his training at Carl- stron, so this will be his last Cadet contribution—next time he writes it will be under British Alumni News. Many thanks to Mr. Lonn for his contribu- tions to the Fly Paper, and all best luck to him!

New Instructors

Municipal Base—Among new instructors recently joining our family at Miami Mu- nicipal Base are Bob Ahern, Hal Ball and David Narrow, shown standing in front of the Stinson Reliant formerly owned by Jack Cromium.
Cassidy's Story
Continued from Page 1

have been away over six months and there is not one of them who isn't eager to get home to the 'girl he left behind.'

The Fighting Spirit
They have spirit, these lads. They are not of the race that har­bores hate, but are not vindictive, for they realize that they are fighting for ideals, for freedom against oppression. The cause they are about to champion is the cause of all the freedom-seeking nations of the earth.

They are glad to get back into it all because they love their country—they love their homes. Their parents, their wives, their sweet­hearts are back there waiting for them, suffering, perhaps, the privations of war. And each man has a memory within him of bombings and the bommed, of skies screaming with death and death coming under bombardment. Their wings mean to them the quickening of the seed of this, a hastening toward victory!

There'll Always Be An England
And their wings mean something more. After this holocust will come the rebuilding, and from the ashes of Fascism will spring a new England. And the pilots, these men are the Men of Tomorrow. Peace is in jeopardy, the outcome is in their hands. Their wings mean to them quiet meadows again in Kent where cattle may graze without battling warplanes overhead, citizens may walk without wondering if they will see the great dawn of the morning.

They and their Knights who ride out to slay dragons, to rescue the maiden that languishes in chains.

The maiden these Knights will rescue is loved by both the Americans and the English. Her statute stands at the entrance to New York harbour and her name is Liberty.

"K. O. for Tokyo!"

Tech Talk
Continued from Page 1

"Bundles for Britain" in the form of four beauties to dance with the students at the Carlstrom party Friday evening. BETTY HARRINGTON, BETTY BRUCE and CONNIE YOUNG were our contributions, and Miss HELEN CAVIS of Municipal accompanied them.

BASKETBALL, RAH, RAH, RAH. The basketball team is under way at last with HOWARD BEASLY as the capable manager. They lost their first game but are planning to win next Thursday night with a little moral support from fellow students. They should wind up as City Champions with such stars as DAVE BRAMS, WELLS, BROWN, LEATHERMAN, BAROU, BARTLING, TUCKER, HENSLER, KERINS, GUICE, MC­SHANE, PYOTT and FLY.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS. Was Jim McShane's face RED when his birthday greetings came by "Ringing Messenger" and a4 goodly crowd was present to wish him Happy Returns!

MORE THAN PAN AMERICANS. SENOR DE LA ROSA is already preparing for the expected rush of new Spanish language students. His new secretary, DOR­

OTHY CICCARELLI, has taken over most efficiently and she even speaks Spanish, they say. We hope to see a good number of students enrolled in the Spanish class which began on the 22nd, and from all indications of the present rush to enroll, Professor de la Rosa may need an assistant.

THIS 'N THAT! THE GEORGE WHEELERS have occupied their lovely new home in Coral Gables. DAVE BEATY is planning a trip to Pennsylvania for the holidays. SIDNEY J. WOOD of Missouri and California, has joined the Sheet Metal Department as instructor. MRS. CATHERINE DICK is very busy in the MIMMOGRAPH DE­PARTMENT. The lovely movie star and singer CAROL BRUCE gave all the students and instructors a thrill by visiting Tech School recently.

KNOW ME—KNOW MY CAR Black Lincoln Zephyr sedan with Scotch Plaid upholstery driven by BOSE E. V. VARNEY, Spectacular Maroon Convertible Buick Coupe driven by STENOG CORINNE PHIL­LIPS. Blue Mercury Sedan driven by BOSS H. E. RICHTER. Blue Plymouth Coupe driven by STENOG DOT SCHOOL. Blue convertible Ford Coupe driven by INSTRUC­TOR DAVE BEATY. Black Chevreau Coupe driven by RADIO MAN W. A. MATNEY. Blue Con­vertible Buick Coupe (Ohio li­cense) driven by DOT CICCAREL­LO. Gray Dodge Sedan driven by WATCHMAN BILL WILLIAMS.

The Editor's Note to His Girl Friday. You have done me a kindness. Here you have heard that Chief Instrument Instructor Henry Pelton proposed to Miss Claude Biddle, whom he has been teaching here for the past year, and Miss Claude has accepted. Congratulations to "Papa Smith"!

Santa "Gives Out" at Xmas Party

R. A. I. CARLSTROM FIELD NEWS
By Arthur Lee Harrell

Editor's Note: Carlstrom Field news, like many other items in the Fly Paper, has been censored insofar as this issue is concerned. How­ever, as soon as we learn definitely what we can and cannot print, we will be back with "all the news that's fit to print." Anyhow, Correspond­ent Harrell was vacationing in Miami this week, so we couldn't have counted on him for much, anyway. Nata Recone, Jr., was plan­ning substitute correspondent,—but before his copy arrived in our office we had two telegrams saying not to use it! And it was a good column, too! Oh, well, that's all part of the game,—and we sincerely hope that by next week we will have a definite editorial policy set to conform to the necessary war-time restrictions. See you then! Meanwhile, Carlstrom Fielders, "Keep 'Em Flying."

"Keep 'em Flying"

Tech Dorm. Opens

With the appointment of Gerry Ricks, housefather (house­mother to you!) comes word that the student dorm, at the Tech, is ready for occupancy about the end of this week. Available for ALL students of the Embry-Riddle School, rooms will be rented for only $4.00 per week, special ar­rangements will be made for out­of-town students spending the week end in Miami.

MIAMI—Nearly 400 members of the Embry-Riddle "family" got together Saturday for a Christmas party that was voted by one and all to have been the best of a bunch of good parties. Shown above is Santa Claus, alias, Hugh Hickfllle, just before he "gave out" from "giving out" so many presents. Among the guests were personnel from Carlstrom and Dorr Fields, Cadets and personnel from Riddle Field, and personnel, students and graduates from the Miami Basel—all of whom cast votes for a "repeat" performance next month—without the Christmas motif, of course. How about it, gang?

HARD BITTEN PUDDLE PILOTS GO IN FOR FLOWERS, CHINTZ CURTAINS

By "GULL WING"

The barnacle pilots have taken a sudden interest in home and garden subjects now that the new administration building is nearing completion. Of the usual discussions regarding salty subjects one may hear Henry Petlon proclaiming the merits of boxed hedge shrubbery, or Bud Shelton discussing chintz curtains. Bud Shelton seems to be an authority on color schemes, the earth and comfort while Clyde Ellis is showing a definite interest in recreational facilities and their decorations.

We're Citizens, Too

Most of the puddle pilots are back in the air again after a busy time looking up evidence of birth and citizenship and getting their certificates endorsed. Bill Pawley, Jr., was the first to continue his happy career as a speed-bomber pilot and has threatened his instructor, Ad Thompson, with a solo course on water skiing.

Vivian Lerner, Ruth Nattelson and Ad Thompson are busy learning the international code. They agree that these flies should be proficient in the use of code for emergency signalling with lights, sound devices or flags—then, too, you can tell what Fat Stuff's babies are saying in the funny papers.

Powell Crosby came down the other day to look at seaplane floats with the idea of constructing a private floating home. He hopes to provide floats at a nominal cost that will have the advantage of light weight and durability. Emb­ry-Riddle will be called upon to test the experimental floats under actual flying conditions.

"Mum's the Word! Don't Talk"

Riddle Field News
Continued from Page 1

Cadets and personnel attended the School's Xmas party Saturday evening in Miami—and all brought back word that they had a "super" time. Among Cadets and Instruc­tors spending the week-end at the Colony Hotel were:


"Be Alive When You Arrive"

RIDING THE BICARB circuit last week were George Wheeler, Lieut. Van H. Burgin and Emmett Varney, both of the Coral Gables Lion's Club. "Cuz" McMur­ray, of Standard Oil Company, ac­companied the speakers as "official heckler!"
**SEVEN-DAY TRAINING SCHEDULE ORDERED AT CARLSTRÖM & DÖRR**

**ARCADIA—“Full-speed ahead”** for the cadet training programs at Carlstrom and Dörr Fields was the order given last week to Lieutenants R. P. Freeman and Wm. S. Boyd C.O.'s of the two fields respectively; when Major-General Walter R. Hickok, chief of a seven-day training week, of the R.A.I., Commanding General, decided on a three-week period for all training schools in the S.E.A.T.C.S. 

 Already one of the nation's top-ranking schools in the training of both British and American cadets, the two local RAI divisions have been turning out capable flyers at a steady pace and will, under the new orders, accelerate the speed with a resulting saving of several weeks' time on the class.

 Upon receipt of Gen. Weaver's orders, Capt. L. J. Poverly, General Manager at RAI, noted that his organization was prepared to increase its service in the national defense program and would cooperate fully in every respect in all departments.

**The Worm Turns, Tech Quintet Wins**

Turning last week's experience to good use, the Tech Basketballers swept to a 24 to 7 victory over St. Matthews in the second game of the season at the Miami Senior High School last Thursday evening. Lundblom and Leiberman led the scoring, piling up the big lead which was maintained by the accurate shooting of Baroudi, Turnais and Aberg.

 The newly organized team is putting on an excellent show, well supported by a large and enthusiastic audience.

 Tickets are only 25 cents for a single game, or the whole series of four, and can be bought from any team member. Come on, gang, SUPPORT YOUR TEAM.

**Starting Line-Up**

- Lundblom (f) 6 points
- Walter (g) 6 points
- Leiberman (e) 5 points
- Abrams (g) 2 points
- Aberg (c) 8 points

**SUBSTITUTIONS** included Gerhaty, Poynt, Kerns (2 points), Brown, Golly and McShane.