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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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**Merry Christmas**

**EMBRY-RIDDLE Fly Paper**

**“STICK TO IT”**

**VOL. III**

**DECEMBER 26, 1941**

**NO. 10**

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**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 LUEBBERT and groom-to-be are building is almost completed. She is very pretty, boys! You shouldn’t let her get away so soon. The honeymoon isn’t over for BRIDEGROOM WELLIS. 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 Arедакid, was visiting recently and he headed straight for BETTY HARRINGTON’S office. Does he like the new hairdo, too, or could it be something more significant? Another sparkler was noticed on the correct finger of CECILIA HILL and little AUDREY THOMAS is sporting a very pretty ring from DICK BUNDLES FOR her recent trip to Miami. Earl McMurray, Vee Button and Warren Button, back in the student-structor days. All have now been transferred to Riddle Field at Clewiston.

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**“Home, Home On the Range,” Move to Dorr**

**RIDDLE FIELD NEWS**

By H. M. “Buddie” 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 Westmoreland, who will take that fatal step during his Xmas vacation in old Virginia. Yep, Bob’s about to get married! Congratulations to him, and all best wishes to his lady at that.

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 Aeroneca.

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... giving 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. J. Walters, steward; C. A. Joss, chief radio operator; J. L. Dravdy, D. H. Carlsile, R. H. Padgett and C. A. Raulson, maintenance crew; P. W. Prior and C. J. Hopkins, dispatchers.

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**CASSIDY TELLS WHAT WINGS MEAN TO RAF Fliers**

By G. J. Cassidy, U/K

The XXXXXXX RAF Cadets who received their wings and sergeants’ stripes at Riddle-McKay Field, Wednesday, December XX, have gone to XXXXX, enroute to XXXXXX, where they will spend some time at a coastal resort for re-acclimatization before taking operational training.

Their comments on accession to the threshold of war, XXXXXX X X X X X X, 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 gentlemen 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... “Leave”! You can see a gay light dancing in their eyes when they talk about it. They

Please turn to Page 3

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**RIDDLE FIELD NEWS**

Bill Gordon knows that Bob Thompson is sporting a pair of ‘LONG’ stilts.

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**BASKETBALL NOTICE**

The next Tech basketball game will be played this Monday evening, December 29, at 8:30, against the Knights of Columbus at the Miami Y.M.C.A. Subsequent games will be played at the Miami Senior High as previously scheduled.
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.L.) 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 "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 heartily in favor of General Motors, Henry Ford and the Chrysler Corporation using that particular "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 Kle'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 Hugh Finney, Jr., never so busy as to be his usual congenial self. El Capitan dropped his fork, shook hands, and directed us to the civilian mess section. Here Tom Davison cocked a wary eye and drewled, "What old-timer is this? Where you been 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 Mr. Williams' smile than "pleasant" and "gracious"; it was far more than that. Buck in the days of bus 41-W, the Canteen was sort of a mother to all of us, and the smile we are talking about certainly embodied the word. And affectionate welcome a mother's would have in greeting a long-lost son. Only a week back did we have an occasion to smile the same way; one of our old classmates—now Lieut. Bill Patterson, Jr., was back in town 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 love their business, 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 Harry Kahler and Masters, we started once more to count parts. That's the only way to keep the workshop from becoming a junkyard, and we love the traveling, but how we hate to count parts and fillies! Still, we must take the bitter with the sweet.

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

The R.A.F. Breakfast Club

Each day from then on we were transported 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 great deal of weight. Among other things, he remarked that the first Carlstrom class must have spoiled him, because he hadn't felt 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, more talking over the news. Seated nearby was Doug Hocker, checking the Theory of Flight of Lieut. H.O. and me from a plate to the consumer's mouth.

His welcome was interrupted by a sudden roar in the immediate vicinity when a burly 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. He was preparing to shoot a buck on a deer-hunting trip, and his and his chum's (Mr. Van Patten) drag was the big story right in side the driveway. "Hey, you big

Pilots in Training

I came from the hills of Lancaster, 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, instructors go But I go on forever.

—Lord Ground Loop Tennyson

First to Solo on C.P.T.P. Primary

MIAH MUNICIPAL BASE—First student to solo on the present Elementary C.P.T. program was H. R, Bothwell, showing congratulated by Lieut. Von M. Bueutel. Bothwell has now completed his training and won his private pilot's license on December 10th. Congrats, flyer!

Carlstrom Cadet News

By V. N. LONnen, U.K.

The big event of last week was the parade of XXX U.K. classes on the Canteen lawn, we 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:

Pilots 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, instructors go But I go on forever.

—Lord Ground Loop Tennyson

New Instructors

Our Last Check Flight

I went up for a check flight last week with Flight Commander Mourey. He did snap rolls and all kinds of things in the funniest places. Judiciously avoiding the early morning, I was warned 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 wedger bar, 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 XXX have started soloing.

Editor's Note: We understand Mr. Lonne has finished his training at Carlstrom, so this will be his last C.P.T.P. contribution—next time he writes it will be under British Alumni News. Many thanks to Mr. Lonne for his contributions to the Fly Paper, and all best luck to him!

New Instructors

Municipal Base—Among new instructors recently joining our family at Miami Municipal Base are Bob Ahern, Hal Ball and David Norrow, shown standing in front of the Stinson Reliant formerly owned by Jack Crummer.
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 harbours hate, but are not vindictive, for they realize that they are fighting for ideas, for freedom against oppression. I have reason to believe 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 bombed, of skies screaming with death and destruction flying under bombardment. Their wings mean to them the quickening of the soul of this, a hastening toward victory!

There’ll Always Be An England
And their wings mean something more. After this holocaust will come the rebuilding, and from the ashes of Fascism will spring a newer and stronger thing. 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 sleep 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 statue 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 contribution, and Miss HELEN CAVIS of Municipal accompanied them.

BASKETBALL, RAH, RAH, RAH. The basketball team is under way at last with HOWARD BEAZEL as the capable manager. They lost their first game but are planning to win next Thursday night with a little more support from fellow students. They would wind up as City Champions with such stars as DAVE ARAMS, WELLS, BROWN, LEATHERMAN, BAROUDI, BARTLING, TUCKER, HENSLEY, KERINS, GUINE, MASHANE, PYOTT and HENRY PEET.

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

MEXICO, MEXICO! PAN AMERICANS. SENOR DE LA ROSA is already preparing for the expected rush of new Spanish language students. His new secretary, DOROTHY CICARELLI, 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. CATHARINE DICK is very busy in the MIMEGRAPH 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 BOSS E. V. VARNEY, Spectacular Maroon Convertible Buick Coupe driven by STENG CORINNE PHILIPS. Blue Mercury Sedan driven by BOSS H. E. RICHTER. Blue Plymouth Coupe driven by STENG DOT SCHOOLS. Blue convertible Ford driven by INSTRUCTOR DAVE BEATY. Black Chevrolet Coupe driven by RADIO MAN W. A. MATNEY. Blue Convertible Buick Coupe (Ohio license) driven by DOTTICARELLO. Gray Dodge Sedan driven by WATCHMAN BILL WILLIAMS.

(EDITOR'S NOTE to His Girl Friday, Your shore did miss someone. Haven’t you heard that Chief Instrument Instructor CLYDE ELLIS has arrived? A new happening last week and is a very nice seven-pound boy. Congratcs to ‘Papa’ Smith!)

Santa “Gives Out” at Xmas Party

OTHE 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 can not 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, but we do have a letter from Nate Reoce, Jr., who was placing 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 Newman as the house-mother (to you!) comes word that the student dorm. at the Tech this year will be better equipped in the way of men and women. There is a definite need for ready near the end of this week. Available for ALL 10 students of the Emby-Riddl School. The rooms will be rented for only $4.00 per week. Special arrangements will be made for out-town students spending the week end in Miami.

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. Instead of the usual discussions regarding salty subjects one may hear Henry Pelton proclaiming the merits of boxed furniture and modernistic chintz curtains. Bud Shelton seems to be an authority on color schemes, and he comforts while he teases.

Clyde Ellis is showing a definite interest in recreational facilities and his plans.

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 part in the speedy breathed-out program and has threatened his Instructor, Ad Thompson, with a solo course on water skiing.

Vivian Lerner, Ruth Nattleston and Ad Thompson are busy learning the International code. They agree that the letters should be proficent 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 personal plane. He hopes to provide floats at a nominal cost that will have the advantage of light weight and durability. Emby-Riddle will be called upon to test the experimental floats under actual flying conditions.

"Mom’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 Emmette Varney, ultra sounders of the Coral Gables Lions Club. "Cuz" McMurray, of Standard Oil Company, accompanied the speakers as "official heckler!"
RI
lunch we had a ready to 'bak at yuh—and thanx for the Alvin L. Bachman, Eric J. Hall, PHii.iP 1n: LA ROSA Staff Photographer
of Reporter-at-Large:...forie Kamomeyer and Nei~r... D.
PAPER and U/K School Florida the Fly courst!.
Among am old holiday feelinJ? by
The Mun eipu l Mhtur e Monday. We admit
seen who day we met which with a steady pace and will, under the new orders, accelerate the speed with a resultant saving of several weeks’ time on class.
Upon receipt of Gen. Weaver’s orders, Capt. L. J. Povey, General Manager at RAI, found that his orga-

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Sure, and it’s going to be a Merry X’mas, if we can judge by the number of Christmas cards already received, some addressed to the Fly Paper, some to Ye Editor and some to “The Gang.” First card received was from Claire “Claraese” Ellis, writing from the Ebbitt Hotel, Washington, D. C., then came Mark and Evelyn Semel, “Pappy” Frankie and Herbie Norton, Miss Carolina Frits, Phil and Jean Og-
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