Merry Christmas

EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. III
DECEMBER 25, 1941
NO. 10

BUNDLES FOR THE R.A.F.
The Tech School furnished several
Please turn to Page 8

CASSIDY TELLS WHAT WINGS
MEAN TO RAF FLIERS

By G. J. Cassidy, U/K
The XXXXXX RAF Cadets who received their wings and ser­
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RIDDLE FIELD NEWS
By H. M. "Bubby" Carruthers, Jr.

LAUGHT OF THE WEEK is on those two intrepid O.L.ser, Tom Carpenter and Frank 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 In­
struktur Bob Westmoreland, who will take that fatal step during his X'mas vacation in old Virginia. Yep, Bob’s about to get married! Congratulations to him, and all best wishes, too.

WANTED! One wife by a cer­
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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’Auro and James Taylor, Link Operators; S. J. Wheat, power plant; K. J. Walters, steward; C. A. Joss, chief radio operator; J. L. Drawdy, D. H. Carlisle, R. H. Pad­gett and C. A. Paulson, maintenance crew; F. W. Prior and C. J. Hopkins, dispatchers.

Riddle Fielders Enjoy Party
A great many of the Riddle Field
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"Remember Pearl Harbor"

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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.

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 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 . . . "JACK" JACOBS, recently trans­ferred to Arendac, was visiting rec­ently and he ranked 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 CECILIA HILL and little AUD­REY THOMAS is sporting a new fringe label BETTY帮iiGTOI’I’O

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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 atCarlstrom 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 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 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 Jack Hunter. Never too busy to be his usual congenial self, El Hunter was cocked for his fork, shook hands, and directed us to the civilian mess section. Here Tom Davey coaxed a wary eye and drewled, "What do you want now, 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. Wilmie's smile than "pleasant" and "gracious"; it was far more than that. Buck in the days of "Rev 41" we used to be sort of a mother to all of us, and the smile we are talking about certainly embodied all the warm and affectionate welcome a mother's would have in gifting a long-lost son. Only a week before, we had occasion to smile the same way; one of our old classmates—now Lieut. Bill Patterson, Jr. —had dropped in 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 like them, the nation 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 be comfortable with being a 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 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 hours d'oeuvres. However, we were soon reassured when Spencer and Davey, the men who had served us many a meal during our Cadet days and who knew the infinity of our appetites, appeared with other items.

Thank you very much, Mr. Nash, for the appetizers.

The R.A.F. Breakfast Club

Each day from Mon. to Thurs. we seemed a continuation of the "homecoming" we received Monday afternoon. Enroute to the Canteen for breakfast on Tuesday, we ran into Lieut. Carlstrom. Looking—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, he hadn't felt quite the same since. 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. Ols and Capt. Nethery, repleated 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 the new planes and coming from a plate to the consumer's mouth.

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

Please turn to Page 4

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

By V. N. LONNEN, U.K.

The big event of last week was the parade of XXX U.K. classes on the flight line where 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 Lake lovely
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 and instructors go.

But I go on forever.

—Lord Ground Loop Tennyson

Miami Municipal Base—Among new instructors recently joining our family at Miami Municipal Base are Bob Ahern, Hal Ball and David Narrow, shown standing in front of the Stinson Reliant formerly owned by Jack Crummer.
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 MIMOGRAPHER 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 Stenog CORINNE PHILIPS. Blue Mercury Sedan driven by Boss H. E. RICHTER. Blue Plymouth Coupe driven by Stenog DOT SCHOOLS. Blue convertible Ford Coupe driven by INSTUCTOR DAVE BEATY. Black Chevelet Coupe driven by RADIO MAN W. A. MATNEY. Blue Convertible Buick Coupe (Ohio license) driven by DOT CICcarelli. Gray Dodge Sedan driven by WATCHMAN BILL WILLIAMS.

(Editors' Note to His Girl Friday. You never did miss someone. Haven't you heard that Chief Instrument Instructor Henry Pelton happened last week and is a very nice seventeen-year boy. Congrats to "Papa Smith"

**Santa "Gives Out" at Xmas Party**

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 Clause, also, Hugh Hinchliffe, 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 Bases—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. Out of the usual discussions regarding salty subjects one may hear Henry Pelton proclaiming the merits of boxed hedges, modernistic furniture and chintz curtains. Bud Shelton seems to be an authority on color schemes, while Clyde Ellis is showing a definite interest in recreational facilities and interior arrangements.

**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 plan with 500 of the speed-bomb and has threatened his instructor, Ad Thompson, with a solo course on water supplies.

Vivian Lerner, Ruth Nattleson and Ad Thompson are busy learning the international code. They agree that in this age of 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 Crossley came down the other day to look at seaplane floats with the idea of constructing a similar setup. 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.

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

**Tech Dorm Opens**

With the appointment of Gerry new as house-master (house-mother to you!) comes word that the student dorm. at the Tech. For the student dorm. at the Embry-Riddle School, rooms will be rented for only $400 per week, special arrangements will be made for out-town students spending the week end in Miami.

**Riding the Bicarb circuit last week were George Wheeler, Lieut. Van H. Burgin and Emmette Van H. The Coral Gables Lions Club. "Cuz" McMurray, of Standard Oil Company, at accompanied the speakers as "official heckler."
Mentions Municipal
By Lynelle Rabun and Bill Jaster

Twas the Week Before Xmas

The week started off with a flat-out excitement when XX transport planes landed here last Monday. It took them just seven hours and 15 minutes from New Mexico. And then came the big one, the 1000, of them. That's what we call fast transporting. They were loaded up and flew off with enough fuel to, as Carl Barnewalt called it, "go bat proud." The best we can figure is that the second one was headed for the "Islands"—which islands remains to be seen.

Next, the students out here are: Martin Green, Hal Flowers, August Ficken, Hanscholl Polk, Charles Goldberg, Charles Marqua, Peggy Morton and Jim Bussey. Hatcher's hangout has now been completely replaced. Our affection for the old place is tied with Air Base Chateau where some of the gang will be found at any time of the day. It's run by Charlie Fren and John H. who are really swell people. The food is good and we're allowed to "hang out" the bill under somewhat mighty convenient, some say!

We all had fun!

The dance was a huge success in the minds of the gang here at Municipal. At least 90 percent of us were there and we think we brought the largest delegation of any of the branches. Our candidate for top honors in the jitterbug class is Lynelle Rabun, although he has tough competition in Jack Hobler. We don't know if you noticed or not but for one week the 16-year-old top-notch baton twirler, was there. She was the added attraction at the U of M football games this year. The lucky guy was Jim Gilmore, the diver. They made a beautiful combination.

Our nomination as number one couple of the party this time goes to C. O. "Speed" Snyder and wife, who, by the way, is a most charming woman.

Among our visitors this week was Bud Caruthers—looking great.

Merry Christmas

Sure, it's going to be a Merry Xmas, 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 Carl "Claraless" Ellis, writing from the Ebbitt Hotel, Washington, D. C., then came Mark and Evelyn Smith, "Pappy" Frankie and Herbie Norton, Miss Carolina Frits, Phil and Jean Ogden, P. F. Kneed and Joseph B. Nester from U. S. S. Pow., ear Postmaster, New York City.

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Seven-Day Training Schedule

Ordered at Carlstrom & Dorr

Jack Hobler

Continued from Page 3

bom, how about coming over for Christmas dinner with Mrs. Hobler and the kid, and me?" Imagine that; Drive 200 miles to take an invitation and give an invitation to a holiday feast.

Guard Acres "On Guard!"

Boys, I want it Tuesday close. flying so we spent the day counting bolts and nuts. We were brought up short once when we went out to the hangar to get a drink of water. The formidable form of Sergeant Daily packing an equally formidable Colt scared us for a moment. But the Sarg., was far more friendly than his appearance was, and we had been transplanted to Air Base Chateau where some of the gang will be found at any time of the day. It's run by Charlie Fren and John H. who are really swell people. The food is good and we're allowed to "hang out" the bill under somewhat mighty convenient, some say!

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Arcadia—"Full-speed Ahead" for the cadet training programs at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields was the order given last week to Lieutenant C. F. Ficken and Wm. S. Boyd C.O.'s of the two fields respectively, when Major-General Walter H. Waddington for a seven-day training schedule, Maj.-Gen. Weaver, Commanding General of the Southeast Air Corps Training Center, of which Riddle Aeronautical Institute is a part, made the order comprehensive and all training schools in the SEACTC began operation under the new schedule at once.

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 resultant saving of several weeks' time on each class.

Upon receipt of Gen. Weaver's orders, Capt. L. J. Poverly, General Manager at RAI, then notified that his organization had increased its full-time staff with the opportunity to increase its service in the national defense program and would cooperate fully in every respect in all departments.

Soon, we were joined for an evening's bowling by none other than Uncle Joe Hiss. He said he hadn't been in these parts for seven years, but his score made up suspicious of his vaunted integrity.

Thursday was spent cleaning up the inventory mess and saying "So long, for a while" to the whole gang. We honestly felt a little sad to leave the place. The atmosphere of the whole stay only confirmed our impressions of Cadet days, and no old-fashined reminiscing. We landed here for about half-hour. Lunch in the Mess Hall found us at a table next to Sargent B. and John H. who, by the way, is a most charming woman.

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