BOSS RIDDLE RETURNS FROM TOUR OF ENGLAND

'CROSSES ATLANTIC IN RAF BOMBER
RETURNS VIA PAN AMERICAN CLIPPER

Big story this week, and for many weeks to come, concerns our Boss Man, John Paul Riddle, who has just returned from an extended visit to England. Missing from these parts since last November 26, nobody seemed to know just where he was, and those who did know, if any, wouldn't say. Truly the Mystery of the Missing Man, but here's the story...

ACROSS THE OCEAN

Without mentioning any particular dates or names, The Boss flew to Canada and from there across the ocean in a bomber with the Royal Air Force Command to “somewhere in England.” About the trip over he said, “Most interesting, but too short. It took us only 8 hours and 15 minutes. Just routine flying to those lads.”

On the return voyage, he flew with the famous Pan American Airways Trans-Atlantic Clipper, piloted by Captain Wally Culbertson, who is well known in the Miami area.

REASON FOR THE TRIP

No vacation and no pleasure jaunt, the three weeks the Boss spent in England were crammed with the important business of inspecting the British flight training centers, from elementary to operational units, to the end that we, at our training bases in the States, can give fuller cooperation and “give them the kind of pilots they need.”

Considerable time was spent at Bomber and Fighter Command Stations to see “what is required of the pilots after they have completed their training.”

A SERIOUS SITUATION

About the first thing the Boss said to us when we went in to talk to him was that he’d like to write an Editorial on what he saw “over there.” “Any war,” he said, “is serious, but this war is particularly

Please turn to Page 3, Col. 4
OUR ANSWER
By Charles Bestoso

In a world God made for peace and love,
Man's birthright sent from up above,
You've scattered Hell's own devilish seed
And nurtured hate and strife and greed!
The seed you've sown throughout the lands
Will harvest to your bloody hands
In guilt and shame and bitter gall!
You'll answer to the God of all!

When you struck from ambush of the night,
You thought to fill our hearts with fright;
But no! Our hearts are now inspired!
You've unsheathed the claws of the Eagle's brood;
With defiance every heart imbued!
And there's not a single mother's son
Whose mind will rest 'till our fight is won!
We'll know our grief and tears and blood
And broken bodies in the mud:
But our sword's unsheathed for all to see,
We'll sheath it not—'till victory!

On God for triumph now we call,
To give us strength, what'er' befell;
To edge our sword for Freedom's fight;
Your sin's on Judgment's Scroll to write!
For there's a Power that's greater than Axis plans,
There's a might more just than any man's,
And our faith in Him who is our power,
Is our shining light in this darkened hour!

TO THE COLORS!

• Across the land goes the cry—"To the Colors!" Get ready America. We're going into action! Today! Now! How will you answer this call? How soon will you be ready for action? What part will you play in the defense of your Country?

Make your decision now. Plan to become a member of America's most hard-hitting outfit—the Airforce! You can do it—quickly—by enrolling today in the course of your choice at The School of Aviation.

Emory-Riddle graduates are flying the airways the world over. Emory-Riddle graduates are servicing planes of the Army, Navy, and Private Companies. Emory-Riddle graduates are building tomorrow's planes today in the great airplane factories of America.

Whether you want to "Fly 'Em" or "Keep 'Em Flying"—you can best learn how in a government-approved school. Learn how at Emory-Riddle.
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

Aeradia Finally Answers
After a long lay-off due to censorship restrictions, we are once more back in print. This has been a busy and hectic week, with no one’s schedule absolutely sure on account of the uncertain weather. However, everyone pitches in and does the best they can and the whole organization goes right on to keep them flying. There’s a whale of a lot of spirit over here; some might call it patriotism and similarly flowery names, but it’s just plain get up and go to do this job at hand quickly and do it well. We’re operating on a full seven-day week program, plugging away for all we’re worth. It means a lot of sacrifices on everyone’s part, but we’ve got a goal to attain that’s worth all we can give for it.

Comedy From the First Coming over from Miami Monday night in Brenda, our Wasp Pontiac that sounds like she’s cruising in flat pitch, we got off to a rather inauspicious start. About two miles from Carlstrom Field, Brenda suddenly got tired and quit. Pulling her over off the road, we spent some time to find the trouble. As an embryo Engine instructor, we didn’t do so well, for the gallant bus never started again. Afraid to leave her and her precious cargo (our baggage) alone overnight, there was nothing else to do but eat, and her and sleep. When we awoke Tuesday morning we expected to find snow on the ground—it was so cold. The walk to the field restored our circulation, though, and Mr. Matthews kindly went back with us in the station wagon to push us on in. Nor did Aeradia’s generosity stop there; until we found a place to stay we were pleasantly entertained by the Canteen trio of Maxine, Hazel, and Flossie, while the hospitality of Otis Bishop and his family manifested itself in putting up for the two nights before we got settled. Thanks, gang, sincerely.

New Faces
Once Sid Pfuger knew we were on the premises, he put us to work, but not before he introduced us to his loyal crew. On Tuesday morning we met Joe Woodward and Paul Dixon, in Meteorology Joe Gillis, and Theory and Astronomy Brents Durance. All of these boys, though rather young, are surprisingly accomplished. Dixon, for instance, taught instrument flying on Link trainers at the Jacksonville Nava! Air Station. Gillis has Commercial and Flight Fast ratings, but is too young to work Army programs. Durance is pretty much in the same boat as we are—a former Flying Cadet now doing the next best thing. Woodward is a pure, dyed-in-the-wool school teacher. And you can take it from us that they are four swell fellows; it’s a pleasure to work with them.

Fun Is Where You Find It
Contrary to a lot of remarks that “Aeradia is a dead town,” we have had one of the most enjoyable weeks we’ve ever known. Under the able guidance of Mr. Bishop, we toured the high spots of entertainment and met a heck of a lot of grand folks. Laughter is a common thing over here for, while we work hard all day long, the evenings bring us relaxation and lots of fun. It’s side-splitting to watch Sid Pfuger trying to control that curve he’s developed bowling, and the expression on his face the other night when Zell Simmons broke the alley record with 186 was paralyzing. Of course the lucky restaurant was disrupted with uproarious merriment when a stranger asked Charlie close of the Rodeo was in town, and he answered, “It must be; I could smell it this morning at 3000 feet”.

Meet Brents Durance, “Junior”!
Then, too, there are a lot of sly grins when anyone addresses Charlie Pulford by his new nickname, “Saint”.

CARLSTROM FIELD—Peter E. “Saint” Ticknor, Coder Captain of Class 42-6, is shown giving the “thumbs up” signal just before leaving for his Basic and Advanced training some time ago.

Thumbs Up, “Saint”!

Transferre to R.A.I.
Transferred from the accounting department at the main office in Miami to the accounting department at Carlstrom Field is Jack Hart, who will replace our old friend Ed. T. Howarth, recently resigned. Incidentally, Jack is an artist of no mean talent, and is now working on a series of cartoons about an aviation cadet and a so, so beautiful, angel way up there in the clouds. His first cartoon will appear next week.

—Remember Pearl Harbor!—

SAFETY THOUGHT
Constant Vigilance is the Price of Safety.
Be Alive when you Arrive!
—Bob Johnston

“Crash.” Vivacious Freddie Lewis (of Dorr Field), nearly set the world on fire at one of the local dances the other night when she rescued her date, Brents Durance, from the clutches of some designing female with the remark, “Come, dear; it’s time for Junior to have his bottle!” You should have seen the D. F.’s eyebrows shoot up. And the biggest laugh of the week came at the Rodeo Saturday night when the announcer introduced three British Cadets to ride Yoyo, a real Mexican burro. Each tried it singly, failed woefully, and finally endeavored to conquer the little animal on masse by climbing aboard all three at the same time. Yo-Yo waited until all were seated comfortably, shouted in Yoyo’s ear and lunched, and Cadets Griffiths, Kinson, and Humphries were unceremoniously deposited on the grass. The crowd liked it, however, and the boys got almost as big a hand as was given Otis Cowart when he bull-dogged a steer in the new world’s record time of 8.4 seconds. That was a thrill to see.

Odds and Ends
Mark (Caruso) Ball voicing the Piano Concerto in rich tenor notes accompanied by the landlady’s daughter at the keyboard. —Ray Fabringo’s humorous, but patriotic, essay on a bowling alley. —Grant Baker’s dislike for cribbage since the price was changed from 5¢ per game to 60¢ per hour. —Dan Cupid working hard on Howard Boston; it’s serious, too. —Pop Brinton’s famous joke, “It’s the Flight, boys; Debating.”

January 3, 1942

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It”
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

By "Gull Wing"

Ducks and duck pond pilots have started their annual trek southward to enjoy good flying weather away from long underwear and frostbite. Recent arrivals at the Seaplane Base include our old friend Gus Johnson from Gary, Indiana, one mallard (who landed down wind in his rush to warm his feet in Biscayne Bay), Bab Beekith breezein in from New York and Hobe McKay representing points west. George Du Mande was one of the few snow birds to arrive while Stanley Washburn and lovely wife were a bit behind schedule but are making up for lost time with a seaplane trip to Pirates Cove fishing camp.

The Embry-Riddle West Indies Chapter Service was officially christened Monday with a trip to Bimini in the Bahamas Islands by the Stinson Reliant piloted by Paul Horvath. Big game fisherman Michael Lerner and friends were passengers.

Blue skies and balmy breezes have brought out the barnacle pilots in profusion. Paul Fleming and Bill Dowling are hard at work on seaplane refresher courses, Pat Caveman is back at work on his Avate, J. Rommelare, A. R. Simons and Margaret Williams are just flying.

The new administration building is just about finished now so be on the lookout for an announcement of the formal opening date.

Old Grads Visit

Among the many Embry-Riddle graduates visiting the Miami area during the X'mas holidays were flight graduate Morton DuPree, seen enjoying the tropical weather at the Roney Plaza Hotel, and Joel "Tiny" Crum, both of whom are now at the Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Fla. Other E-R flight grads at the N.A.S. include Chambers, one of our first CPTP students, and Irving Glickman, both of whom are doing very well, according to "Mort."

Bailey With Schweizer

Welding graduate Marion Bailey dropped in for a while to chat with Art Barr, telling that he is well pleased with his new job with the Schweizer Aircraft Corp., at Elmir, N. Y. Also working there is Kenny Ballard. The lads are making gliders used for giving the Army and Navy elementary glider training.

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

"Bud" Carruthers, Jr., Editor

Editor's Note: We received no news copy from

Jack and Buddie this week, but will hold space for them next week in the hope that they, together with some of the U/K Cadets, will come in with some good stories.

LAUGH OF THE WEEK

Best joke on one of the gang this week comes in the form of a memo from Fletcher Gardner at Clewiston—it seems that Frank Wheeler's construction crew moved the temporary wooden operations building from its old location to a new foundation in front of the radio control tower, and all this hammering, pounding and moving did not in the least disturb timekeeper Bill McLeod, who continued to work as though nothing was happening.

"The height of industriousness, or something!" said Fletcher—but it sounds more to us as though Bill was asleep! On the other hand, the mosquitoes being what they are in Clewiston, perhaps Bill has become insured to such minor things as having his office walk away with him!

"Be Alive When You Arrive!"

RIDDLE AD WINS

Adding another feather to the well decorated Embry-Riddle cap is the first prize mention awarded the School by National Ad-Views for that full-page advertisement recently appearing in the Miami Herald. Remember it—"We Keep 'Em Flying."

Chief 'feather-bringer-backer" in this deal was Charlie Ebbetts, who did all the excellent photography and made the advertising lay-out. Congrats to Charlie!

"K.O. for Tokyo"

You, Too, Can Join the R.A.F.!

CARLSTROM FIELD—And who wouldn't smile when surrounded by this bery of brightest Cadet John Wyborn, U/K, appears to be enjoying himself with these lovely ladies who gathered at Arcadia for the Hallowe'en Dance. Included in the picture are Jennie Mickle and Betty Harrington from the Miami Office.
Latin-American Cadet Describes Trip from Nicaragua to Miami

By Woodrow Boddien, Nicaragua, C.A. Miami, 31 de Diciembre de 1941

The first group of students to arrive in the U.S.A. to receive Aeronautical training under the Roosevelt sponsored program were 29 Central Americans.

The Pan American Airway Company reserved seats on Friday, December 19, in one of their Douglas planes for the Nicaraguan and Honduran students, and at 1:45 p.m. the first group was taken up from Managua. At 2:50 we stopped at Tequcalupa, Honduras, to pick up the six students that awaited us there.

Altitude Gets Us

Our trip to Guatemala City was one of constant soaring over naked mountain peaks and huge volcanoes, where we began to feel the first effects of a sudden change. We were taken from Managua's lower lands of 250 feet over sea level and soon placed on the high lands of Guatemala at 5,000 feet above sea level.

On Monday, Salvador's group of students joined us in the Palace Hotel of Guatemala, and together we spent a jolly time. Our three days there were sure a means of preparing us for the northern climate.

From Plane to Train

On Tuesday, December 22, we took the morning train for Puerto Barrios. Guatemala's Atlantic sea port, where we boarded the S.S. Old York from all whom we met. We expressed our appreciation of their assistance.

“Warner” Welcome to U.S.A.

A cordial reception awaited us in New York from all whom we met. Newspaper writers surrounded us before landing and before many hours our pictures were out in New York's leading papers.

Delegates from different associations and directors of various schools awaited us on the wharf with a warm welcome to the U.S.A. and offered us their assistance as free as we could desire. In the evening we met in the Taft Hotel where we resided while in New York and a representative from Washington in few words told us many things. We embraced our few hours in New York to see as much as we could of the tall city where there is no night.

Our group of 22 was soon divided and some were sent on to Newark, others to Glendale, Calif., and nine of us hopped the old streamlined the next day at 12:50 p.m. for Miami. As one of the members of the American Express Company bade us good-bye at the station he said to us, "Make good your chances, boys, opportunity comes but once."

"It's Great To Be In Miami!"

On our arrival at Miami's station we were cordially met by representatives from the Emery-Riddle School and a group of fine looking young ladies who all gave us a welcome to Miami. We met Mrs. Clark Stearns, who met us in the name of the Pan American League. Many photos were taken for the local papers and school pamphlets and some of the boys expressed their complete satisfaction for the good treatment received and their happiness to be in the U.S.A.

"Humph, the Word? Don't Talk!"

When a little bird tells you something, don't repeat it until you find out whether the little bird is a cuckoo.

"Our Gang" Welcomes Latin American Students

On Tuesday, December 23, we had breakfast and proceeded to the dining room of our ship. We had breakfast and proceeded to the dining room of our ship. We were surrounded by the Seamen and Longshoremen, who greeted us cordially.

Among those Cadets attending classes on Monday were:

Oliva A. Benito and Ovidio Palma, Honduras; Juan Francisco Meno Quiroz, Woodrow Boddien, William Rivas Vargas, Israel Silva Díaz, Paraguay; Wilfred Lewis, Archibald Evans, William Tartacovsky, Enrique Francois, Jorge Venegas and Gordon Robertson, Chile; Federico Zorr, Jose Antonio De armas and Hector Olmedo, Venezuela; Domingo Capote, Antonio Medina, Florentino Segundo Viera, Ramon Prado, Francisco Conde, Mario Perez, Guillermo Colonias, Gonzalo Fortun and Mauricio Martin Molino, Cuba.

Departamento Latino Americano

Director Philip A. de la Rosa

Comenting sobre la llegada de los nuevos estudiantes latinoamericanos deseamos hacer la siguiente afirmación: Es la primera vez en la historia de este país que se han juntado bajo un mismo techo y con el mismo objeto personas procedentes de todos los países del hemisferio americano. La unión hace la fuerza y los pueblos americanos han de obtener grandes ventajas con este acercamiento práctico.

La aviación es la más joven de los industrias vitales y es muy natural que este industria sea el vehículo que ha de ser el portavoz de la libertad y del progreso de las naciones libres de la América. Estos hombres que han venido a absorber la técnica de la aviación tienen asegurado un futuro de mucho promesa, pues en la América Latina la aviación como método de transporte es una necesidad y permitirá, cuando se establezca en forma debida, explotar las riquezas naturales, que trae la prosperidad a todos.

Welcome Students

Continued from Page 1

they will be a credible addition to our group.

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By Evelyn (Gawja) Gholson

**TECH TALK AND MAIN OFFICE Gossip**

By Evelyn (Gawja) Gholson

Eat, drink—and be merry—for the new cafeteria is open for business. Dietrick Draybeck has some lovely white uniforms and is very capable in going about the business of seeing that we are all well fed. Director of Mess Hall, U. J. Hiss, reports that at least 150 can be accommodated and very wholesome and delicious food will be dished out to one and all—students, office force and instructors. The staff of 12 assures you that a hearty welcome awaits you.

Was Perkins Right?

Was Perkins right about the shoeless South? What’s this about Jeanie Mullan going barefoot while dancing barefoot at the party Dick Hiss gave for the members of the Accounting Department? This was the only casualty, however, and a wonderful time was had by all.

No Strawberry Blondes

Once there were no strawberry blondes here at Embry-Riddle, and then there were three all at once. Margaret Howell, Lucille Valliere and Mary Harvey are the three little red heads whom we welcome into the office force. Those joining the office force are Frances Wariner in Auditing and Bill Brendell who hails from Jacksonville.

Succumbs

Sam Pasero succumbs to cupid—and a beautiful girl she is too. Read all about it in Sunday’s paper, and try not to weep! The wedding is to be soon.

Double or Nothing

Double or Nothing was the celebration staged by the H. G. Harrisons on New Years Day, for it marked not only the beginning of the new year, but also was the ninth wedding anniversary of this happily married pair. Congratulations—both of you!

At Long Last

The Latin-Americans are beginning to arrive, and one and all are receiving a warm welcome from the Chamber of Commerce as well as Embry-Riddle. A very nice group of young men they are, too, and what a long way they are from home! Following in his dad’s footsteps is William Rivas, whose father is Chief of the Air Corps in Nicaragua. For the first time in history, every country in South America is represented under one roof!

This ’N That

A happy, happy New Year was had by one and all. The H. E. Rich-
THE HOLIDAY SEASON
By Jack Hobler
We often wondered how Christmas would be in the South; somehow we couldn't imagine the festive season in so warm a climate, especially since we had been used to crisp, cold winds and occasional snow. It has been very satisfactorily proven, however, that Christmas is Christmas anywhere in the United States, and we thoroughly enjoyed our first in Florida.

At the start, we'd like to publicly thank all of the gang who so kindly remembered us with greeting cards; it's a grand and glorious feeling to know that so many of this fine bunch were thinking of us. We'd sent quite a few cards ourselves, but when we'd counted our "returns", we found that we'd only sent about half enough. Well, we'll know better next year.

We'd also like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Clete Huff and Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Stiles for their invitations to Christmas dinners, which we sincerely regret we were unable to accept. Last minute business and other arrangements prevented our doing so; otherwise, we'd have accepted both, for a man must eat to live, and we have a hearty love of life.

Main Office Monkeyshines
Perhaps the biggest laugh any of us will see in a long time was given us right here in the Tech School. That inestimable poultry salesman, Jim McShane, after taking orders for Christmas birds all during the previous few weeks, finally got one himself—as a gift. We won't mention any names, but several of the company executives, as well as several of us in the rank and file, chipped in and bought the wild Irishman a real, live duck! Pretty nearly half the personnel was on hand to watch the presentation and see the usually invulnerable Jimmie get awfully flustered when Phil de la Rosa placed the precious downy birden (ouch—that pun!) in his arms.

A Day of Wild Goose Chases
We had intended to get McShane a live goose, as it would be bigger and louder, but although we visited every poultry market in Miami, there were no geese to be found. The second goose chase, and second biggest laugh of the day, was on Ye Ed and us.

The switchboard operator received a call, supposedly from the Seaplane Base, to have Belland and Hobler come down there quick. According to the voice over the phone, Clyde Ellis had sighted something more than a little interesting off the coast, while he was up with a student. We should come right down and bring a camera.

Well, we made tracks, hired a camera and buying film on the way, with Dale Delany along as technical adviser. Roaring onto the Duck Pond driveway, we saw Ad Thompson, Clyde Ellis and Paul Horvath comfortably sitting on the pick-up every bulk splintering rope. Asked about the call, they looked at us in sincere surprise, professing total ignorance of the dastardly prank. Reluctant to waste the film, we took a few snapshots of the boys and Irene Cropp, and wended our disguised way back to the Office.

HOLIDAY POST MORTEM
Seeing Wild Bill Jacobs in Church for Midnight Mass; didn't know he had that much religion. . . Smoking Papa Spain's cigar while extending congratulations on his Christmas Eve present; it's a little girl, and he is proud! . . . Watching Connie Young demonstrate pylons eighteen feet above ground in the Pig and Whistle; she lost altitude the second time around and broke a fingernail on the tabletop. . . Enjoying a delicious turkey dinner at the Bruce home, served by Mrs. Bruce and enhanced by the beauty of her two ravishing daughters, Kay and Betty; their brother, Bill, was there, too. . . Receiving a Purchase Request for 50 pounds of cracked corn for McShane's duck; and we saw it O.K.'ed, too . . . Admiring Jo Skinner's X'mas outfit; she looked like a cute little Cossack—without the horse . . .

Encountering Maston O'Neal on Christmas Day at the Seaplane Base—the sole guard and custodian of the Duck Pond—fierce-looking in a two-day growth of whiskers; funny that he should remind us of the Smallest Man in the World.

And that's all for now. From me each of you a very happy and prosperous New Year; may it bring all the blessings of success and joy that friends like you deserve.

"X.O. for Tokyo"—

More X-Mas Cards
With X'mas over, and all the mail in, we have a few more greeting cards sent to "The Gang" via the Fly Paper. From the greatest distance came a splendid card from Flight Graduate ARTHUR L. PEANDLE, Maxwell Field, Ala., from Tech School Instructor HOWARD BEAZEL Mary and Peter, from Municipal Flight Graduate JERRY LEVY now in Buffalo, from Carlstrom Fielders NATE REEG, Jr., and Jerry and Natale, from Municipal Maintenance Men CHARLES BESTOSO and Elizabeth, and from comptroller GEORGE WHEELER, and last, but not least, a novelty photog- rapher greeting from School Photographer CHARLES EBBETTS and Laurie.

To all of these people, as well as the other members of the Embry-Riddle family, it is Ye Editor's most sincere wish that YOUR Christmas was as nice as, or better than, our own—and every beat wish to all of you for a Happy New Year!

"Be Alive When You Arrive"—

Dr. Lewis A. Sheppard, Municipal Base flight graduate, is now flight surgeon at Randolph Field, Texas, on flight status.

New Tech Students—der tag
Among new students signing up for aviation courses at the Tech School in Miami were:


"Man's the Word! Don't Talk!"—

SAFETY THOUGHT
Some play a harp, some play a fiddle, But I play safe with Embry-Riddle!—Bill Jaster

"Remember Pearl Harbor"

NOTE: The Latin-American students at the Tech School are cordially invited to contribute their share towards making the Fly Paper of mutual interest to yourselves, your families and the members of our School. Writing may be in either English or Spanish, and should be given to Mr. de la Rosa, Director of the Latin-American Department.
**Mentioning Municipal Base**

By Lynelle Rabun & Bill Jaster

- **Some Newcomers**
  - With the resignation of Maston O’Neal, who will shortly start the cross-country course, Gene Williams has been promoted to dispatcher and Ralph Johnson has been added to the line crew. Tom Lindsay is the new boss of the line crew. Added to the flight instructor staff is Elliott Meredith, who hails from Fredericksburg, Va. He has been instructing at Vero Beach. Also new on the staff are Jim Robertson, who took Coleman’s place as guard, and Walter Halledorff, an A&E mechanic. “Mucho Welcome” to all you new men. Hope you like the place as well as we do.

- On the retired list is mechanic Marvin Hall, who is now working for Pan American.

- Laugh of the week is on Bill Echard, who wrote on the flight re cord that Cub No. 17 was tail heavy on solo flights. Better move that 200 pounds of yours into the front seat, Bill, and see if she won’t make a difference. It will probably be nose heavy then. By the way, Mr. Huthins, Bill is ready for his private flight test.

- Lee (the Grand) Lord is leaving for a vacation to New York. Can’t understand why people insist on going north in the winter time. Hope he has his “love to keep him warm.”

- **Meet The “Louise”**
  - Sunday marked the first flight of the Miami Air Squadron when they flew to West Palm Beach in mass formation to meet the Commander. Among them was George Wheeler who was sworn in as a Second Look. Word has it that he ruined his arm saluting all the brass hats. From now on George is to be known as Lieut. Wheeler, F.D.F. (meaning Florida Defense Force). The F.D.F. part has already received a nickname—“Franklin D’s force.”

- Another “Lootevant” out here is C. O. Snyder, who has been made assistant operations manager. The “boys” are talking on the nickname.

- **Hear Ye!** We have two new Cubs out here, and don’t say I told you but... rumor has it that there is more equipment on the way! No air! This outfit has no limit.

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**Delayed!**

The Embry-Riddle family continues to grow. Ray Lipe just gave us a list of the new employees, added in the past two weeks. There’s a heap of ’em, and from many we’ve already met, mighty fine people. Welcome to all of them.

- **Administrative**

- **Technical**
  - June E. McGill and Evelyn J. Gholston, Stenographers; Gwynne Richards, Salesman; Wm. E. Kirkland, Carpenter’s Helper; Walter M. Criddlebaugh and Dean H. Franklin, Aircraft Mechanics; Howard C. Bezel, Sheet Metal Instructor; Elton R. Wiley, Drafting.

- **Carlston**

- **Clewiston**

- **Dorr Field**

- **Wheeler**
  - going to instruct our British friends at Clewiston. He is the lad who never used the flap on the Fairchild Trainer and always landed with power on so, as he says, “It will feel more like a move.” Jack has joined up with Pan American. Lots of luck to both of you on your new jobs, boys.

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**Left Over—FLY PAPER**

Well, dear editor, you asked for it, so here goes—the team of Ray bun (the news-getter) and Jaster (the write-up man). After the build up in last week’s paper, we didn’t speak to anyone for two days but, with the help of Charlie (the sarcastic) Barnhardt, we’re back to normal. Speaking of Charlie, he sure is losing money fast on those flippers for cokes. Another member of the “Buddaa for Breakfast” club is Bob Abern.

**Pat’s Cot ‘Em Worried**

Hope Pat McGeehee doesn’t go crazy before passing his commercial flight test. Poor guy has been dogged with bad weather and what not for so long that he’s got all of us pins and needles.

To date, Nichols, Washburn, Pawley and Ropes have successfully passed their elementary flight tests—Congrats, boys. The Secondary finds Hillibb, Robinson and Hawes ready to go. Wonder which one will get his ticket first?

Dave Abrams, tech. school instructor, was out here taking a written for ground school Instructorship. We are happy to report that he passed with flying colors.

How many of you know that Fred Bull of Municipal stockroom fame is an authority on sailing among the Keys and the Bahamas? He haunts those places in his spare time so remember that, when you want to get away from the “wories of the world” and need a guide—he’s your man.

—*K.O. for Tokyo*—

**Safety Thought**

“Hey there boy,” said the insurance man, “You better buy some while you can.”

“My insurance,” the boy, said he, “is the ability to avoid a catastrophe. Safety rules followed, day by day, keep me alive, healthy and gay. I’d rather be this way, happy and broke, than to leave some money... and be a dead bloke. Don’t class me as a flying fool. For I obey EVERY safety rule.”

Here’s to a revival of the tennis tournament after the Xmas holidays.

Yours in E. R. (Epitaph Replica) or—“a grave in the mind is worth two in the ground.”

P. S. For the latest on hunting see O’Neal. He is the most empty-handed expert in these parts.

—*Be Alive When You Arrive*—