BOSS RIDDLE RETURNS FROM TOUR OF ENGLAND

’Twas amusing,—but most confusing!

By Ye Editor

MIAMI—First came the Christmas holidays, then a week-end; then New Years, followed by another week-end—and all topped off by a slight case of ptomaine poisoning, caused, no doubt, by too many turkeys dinners!

Sure, and it was “amusing”; we had plenty of fun on those holidays, but the “confusing” part of the deal was coming back to our padded cell at the Tech School! While we were playing, plenty of other people must have been working. Again, in such a short time, there were so many changes that we almost had difficulty recognizing the place.

Changes—For the Better!

First off, we noted that the parking lot in front of the building has been revamped to make parking easier—once you get the combination of getting in and out! This, we understand, is the first step towards a heap of landscaping which

Welcome to The Latin-American Tech Students

With the arrival of the South American students being the main topic of conversation of the week, the Fly Paper takes a great deal of pleasure in using these columns to extend to them an official welcome on behalf of the whole Embry-Riddle "family."

Already 42 of the lads are established in the Tech Dormitory, and from Ye Editor’s contacts we find them to be not only interesting and intelligent but gentlemen in the best sense of the word and extremely anxious to enter into activities that make Embry-Riddle such a great School. We know that

R.A.I. Graduates

Fifth Primary Class

By Lieut. James E. Beville, Jr. U. S. Army Public Relations Officer

ARCADIA — This week sees another class graduate from the primary flight training school at Carlstrom Field. This is the fifth class to complete the primary course at this school.

The few weeks spent at Carlstrom Field will long remain in the memory of those who have come and gone. Those who were fortunate enough to complete their primary training and have gone on to more advanced courses have the feeling that they have accomplished the first step in helping their country remain a free country unshad­owed by the fear of dictatorship.

They may also have the feeling of helping to carry the torch of victory to the other nations of the democratic world.

Those that were unfortunate enough to fall by the wayside may still know the feeling that they too will carry part of the gorden of freeing peace loving people from the hands of complete domination.

These young eagles of the sky soon will spread their wings over war torn Europe in an effort to carry out their one present ambition, to return, blow for blow, to the dominating nations the many hardships they have caused others to suffer.

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 knew, 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 on Editorial on what he saw "over there." "Any war," he said, "is serious, but this war is particularly
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;
You hoped we'd quake when shots were fired,
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 'til 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—'til victory!

On God for triumph now we call,
To give us strength, what'er' befall:
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 Air Force! You can do it—quickly—by enrolling today in the course of your choice at The School of Aviation.

Embry-Riddle graduates are flying the airways the world over. Embry-Riddle graduates are servicing planes of the Army, Navy, and Private Companies. Embry-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 Embry-Riddle.

Riddle Returns
Continued from Page 1

serious because it is an all out, total war... WE are in a more serious situation than most American people seem to realize. And the quicker every man and woman gears himself or herself to do something for his country the better off we will be! When I say "something," I mean ANYTHING that will help win the war!

"I don't have any doubt that we will win the war, but the American people are too prone to say, 'Sure, we'll win' and then rest on our past military record. In this war we cannot rest on our laurels, I've never been frightened and I'm not frightened now, but for God's sake, we must realize that this is a tragic war that must be fought to the end, beginning now!"

English Like Americans

Contrary to subservive Nazi propaganda used early in the war, intimating that the English have little respect for Americans, the Boss was particularly impressed by the great affection and good feeling they have for us. Not only the "higher ups," but the average Mr. and Mrs. Man on the Street people, he told of several instances in London where car drivers refused pay. He told of several instances in London, Sir, it's free to you. You're an American!"

The Lighter Side

The Boss, being the kind of a fellow he is, is never adverse to "telling one on himself..." seems that he woke up one morning, without his voice. Rushed to the doctor, he was warned that he had been "talking too much!"

He laughed when he told us this, "You know, my friends always told me that, but this is the first time it was ever demonstrated to me."

Better Late Than Never

Delayed in his return to Miami because of the dastardly surprise attack by the Japanese, Boss Riddle missed out on "Christmas at Home," but wants to take this opportunity to say, better late than never, "A Merry Christmas to all Our Gang! And an all out victory effort in 1942!"

"I want every member of our great organization to know that I, personally, appreciate their untiring efforts that made Embry-Riddle what it is today. We are prepared to do our share, in defending Democracy. I know that the Nation can depend on each and every man and woman in our School to work, if necessary, 24-hours a day, 7 days a week to DO THE JOB THAT MUST BE DONE SUCCESSFULLY!"

CIRCULATION? IT'S GOOD!

When we were printing 300 copies of the Fly Paper each week and Boss Riddle told us that it would grow to 5,000 copies—well, we were skeptical, but he was right, as usual. This issue of the Fly Paper ran 4,000 copies, with new subscription requests coming each day.

And don't forget, our offer still holds good to send the Fly Paper to you or any of your friends, anywhere in the world, free of charge. Just send in the names and addresses to The Editor, P. O. Box 665, Miami, Fla., U.S.A.
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

Arecia 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 he can and the whole organization rolls 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 trying 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 give 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 Arecia'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 us up for the two nights before we got settled. Thanks, gang, sincerely.

New Faces

Once Sid Pulfer knew we were on the premises, he put us to work, but not before he introduced us to the famous Cumulus. During our visit we met Joe Woodward and Paul Dixon, in Meteorology Joe Gillis, and Theory and Aircraft, Brents Durrance. All of these boys, though rather young, are surprisingly accomplished. Dixon, for instance, taught instrument flying on Link trainers at the Jacksonville

Fun is Where You Find It

Contrary to a lot of remarks that "Arecia 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 bevy 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

CARLSTROM FIELD—Peter E. "Saint" Tickner, Cadet Captain of Class 42-S, is shown giving the "thumbs up" signal just before leaving for his Basic and Advanced training some time ago.

Pulfer 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. The good-natured Pulfer was disrupted with uproarious merriment when a stranger asked Charlie Close if the Rodeo was in town, and he answered, "It must be; I could smell it this morning at 3000 feet!"

Meets Brents Durrance: "Junior!"

Then, too, there are a lot of sly grins when anyone addresses Charlie Pulfer by his new nickname

Navy Air Station. Gillis has Commercial and Flight instructing duties, but is too young to work on Army programs. Durrance 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.

SAFETY THOUGHT

Constant Vigilance is the Price of Safety.

Be Alive when you Arrive!

"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 Durrance, from the rather desolate 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 they announced 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, shuffled his tail and lurchet, and Cadets Griffiths, Sinkinson, 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 accomplished by the landlady's daughter at the keyboard. —Ray Fahringcr's humorous, but patriotic, epitaph is a bowling alley.—Grant Baker's dislike for cabbages since the price was changed from 5c per game to 6c per hour. —Dan Cupid working hard on Howard Boston; it's serious, too.—Pop Brinton's famous joke, "The most daring flight, besides the one we made, was to stop at Carlstrom Field on the way from R.A.I. to our home in the Arcadia Museum. —Running into Billy Echardt in Punta Gorda enroute to Miami to resume his flying after the holiday vacation. Sorry, but that's all for now. Be seeing you next week—I hope.
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 Beek with breezing in from New York and Hobe McKay representing points west. George Du Manoir was one of the first of the snow birds to arrive while Stanley Wash­gurn 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 Charter Service was officially christened Monday with a trip to Bimini in the Bahama 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 pil­lots in profusion. Paul Fleming and Bill Dowling are hard at work on seaplane refresher courses, Pat cavenaugh is back at work on his Avate, J. Rommelare, A. R. Slan­tons 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.

—“Mom’s the Word! Don’t Talk”—

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 grad­uates 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 El­mirah, N. Y. Also working there is Kenny Ballard. The lads are mak­ing gliders used for giving the Army and Navy elementary glider training.

—“Remember Pearl Harbor”

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.

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

CARLSTROM FIELD—And who wouldn’t smile when surrounded by this bevy of beautiful 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.

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 founding in front of the radio control tower, and all this hammering, jacking, 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 inured 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 that excellent photography and made the advertising lay-out. Congrats to Charlie!

—“K.O. for Tokyo”—
DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO

Philip A. de la Rosa, Director

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 Tegucigalpa, 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 low 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 Island, now black as a war packet. On board we met our Costa Rican companions that were on the same tour, and soon the instructions of discipline that should be observed on board due to the existing state of war were handed us. At 10:30 p.m. we steamed out of port, and through the damp mist of the night we could see the lingering lights of Pto. Barrios fading away in the distance and carrying with them our last sight, for a season, of Central America. In a group we cheerfully sang Christmas songs to blow away our lonesome blues.

"Heavenly Havana!"

On December 25 we arrived at Havana, Cuba, and there spent five pleasant hours. Several of our boys we're so enchanted with the city that is by many called the "Paris of Latin America," that with heavy hearts they stood on deck and bade good-bye to Havana, saying "When shall we see you again?"

Soon we were looking forward to our next stop which would be New York and longed for the thrill of a cold day, which would mean a new experience for us. We wanted to see some real snow on the window panes and around the trees as we had seen in many times in the motion pictures.

On Saturday morning an abundance of sea gulls and other birds flew around over deck. We were told by the doctor on board that Cape Hatteras was near by and to prepare for some good cold weather from that night on. He surely did not make a mistake!

Early on Sunday morning, we all had breakfast and proceeded to the top deck where we could have a good view of Staten Island, Brooklyn and above all salute unanimously the Statue of Liberty which we had longed to see. We did not see any snow, but at this time we were glad we didn't for we realized that we would not have been able to leave the hot room of our ship. We had enough cold for that time.

"Warm" 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 several of New York's loading 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 streamliner 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 chance 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 Embry-Riddle Air School and a group of fine looking young ladies who all gave us a welcome to Miami. We met Mrs. Clark Starns, 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.

"Hum's 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

DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO

Director Philip A. de la Rosa

Comentando 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 medios de transporte de este país y es muy natural que sea el medio que ha de servir de portavoz de la aviación para el progreso de las naciones libres de América. Estos hombres que han venido a absorber la técnica de la aviación tienen asegurado un futuro de muchos y el avión es el vehículo que ha de ser el portavoz de la aviación.

Welcome Students

Continued from Page 1 they will be a credible addition to our group.

Among those Cadets attending classes on Monday were:

Oliva A. Benito and Ovidio Palma, Honduras; Juan Francisco Mena Quirós, Woodrow Boddin, William Rivas Yargas, Israel Silva Díaz, Prudencio Bartolome Magee, Nicaragua; Manuel Antonio Poveda, El Salvador; Romeo Rodríguez Treminio, San Salvador; Emiliano Ruiz Díaz, Prudencio Britos y Braulio Castillo, Paraguay; González A. Antonio, Walter Balanga, Julio Zapata and Delgadillo M. Jose, Bolivia; Segundo Maya, Fernando M. Narango Pedro Gustavo Flores Serrano y Octavio Icaza, Ecuador; Sergio Eberhard, Rafael Gazitue, Enrique Araya, Belfor Araya, Chester Galeno, Wilfred Philip Lewis, Archibald Evans, William Tartakovsky, Enrique Francisco, Jorge Venegas and Jorge Robertson, Chili; Domingo Zorzs, Jose Antonio De armas and Hector Olmos, Venezuela; Domingo Capote, Antonio Medina, Florentino Segovia Viera, Ramon Prado Guerra, Francisco Medina Perez, Guillermo Colomina, Gonzalo Fortun and Mauricio Martin Molino, Cuba.
By Evelyn (Gawja) Gholston

TECH TALK AND MAIN OFFICE Gossip

Yin consirable quantities of books time. Embry-Riddle position

By Evelyn (Gawja) Gholston

Eat, drink—and be merry—for the new cafeteria is open for business. Dick 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 Morel dropping her foot 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 daily. Appointed by the office force are Frances Warner in Auditing and Bill Grendel who hails from Jacksonville.

Succumbs

Sam Paetro succumbs to cupidity—and a beautiful girl she too is. 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 Year's 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 rapturous 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 United States 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 ters and Howard Beazels had a ringside seat for the parade. They stood in a wagon in front of Howard Johnsons on the Boulevard. The view was wonderful, so they hauled their lunch to the docks in New York were Norris Munper, Administrator of Defense Supply Corp., Frank J. Andrews, Superintendent of Civilian Pilot Training of La Guardia Field; Earl Southbee, Chief of Standards Division of Civilian Pilot Training; Livingston (Tony) Satterthwaite, Foreign Service Officer, State Department; Walter T. Rundie, Director of Travel Section, Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs; John S. Parker, Temporary Instructor to the Administrator of CAA; Percy Warner, Coordinator of Latin American Civil Training and Chief of Ground School Section of CAA; Charles Stanton, Deputy Administrator of CAA; Alfredo De Los Rios, Vice President of United States, Wing Inter-American drill; Ray Nathan, CAA Publicity.

Weather "Not So Hot"

With a group like that one should have been able to keep warm, but, as for myself, I nearly froze. After waiting for about 4 hours, the boat finally docked and we took the first group of boys through Customs. Many of the boys brought along considerable quantities of books and papers which required special inspection, entailing extra delay. However, the Customs Inspectors were most considerate and pushed through as rapidly as possible.

On the arrival of the second group next day we experience less delay and had the honor of being guests of the Captain in his state room.

Cadets like "The States"

The boys were all extremely enthusiastic about their adventure in winning the United States, most of them never having been out of their own native countries. We all agreed that the Selective Boards of the various countries did a marvelous job in the selection of these boys and we expect to have many interesting times with them during their training here. We hope to continue our pleasant relations interested to attend—there is still time to enroll in this class. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity! See Phil de la Rosa.

NEW YORK STORY

By Emmett Varney

Assistant to the President

Among those present on the reception committee at the recent arrival of our Latin American cadets, Senior Men, Olivia, Barboza, Silva, Palma, Terminio and Rivas.

Starting the new year off in style were the Dave Abrams, having a early breakfast together in Coral Gables, June McGill attended the famous Orange Bowl game, and Your Girl Friday can tell you it was a wonderful game! Lillian Bradford celebrated by attending the Shriner's dance, and many Embry-Riddle tags were spoted at the Tropical Park races. The Jim McStee was starting the new year off with a new home, now nearing completion in Miami Springs.

Know Me—Know My Car

Instructor SID J. WOOD in a bright green convertible Chevrolet coupe. SEBIE SMITH in a blue Plymouth sedan. JACK FLOWERS in a 1940 gray Ford coupe. PETE ORDWAY in a bright red convertible Buick coupe with white top, REGIS GISH in a black Dodge sedan (Ohio and Florida) license. Director LEE MALSTEIN in a 1940 Dodge sedan. Instructor HERMAN BEAZEL in a 1941 blue Lincoln Zephyr sedan.

—we are EM Fly Paper—

FATHER COOK VISITS

Visiting the Tech School Monday was Rev. G. J. Cook, S.J., of the Guadalupe Church of Miami. Father Cook addressed the Latin-American students in Spanish, inviting them to attend The Society of Spanish Speaking People in Miami which meets at the Guadalupe Church, First avenue and Second street, N.E., the first and third Tuesday of each month at 8 p.m.

—we are Alive When You Arrive—

SCHEDULE CHANGED

Effective January 5, the Spanish course offered the employ- ees will be given at the Tech School from 5 to 6 p.m. on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesday and Thursdays instead of in the evenings as previously planned. This will make it possible for everyone

QUESTION OF THE WEEK

What traveling company auditor, forgetting that Riddle Field at Clewiston was enjoying a holiday on Friday, December 26, dropped off the School “bus” bright and early that morning and finding all the officers closed had to spend the day with Fletcher Gardner amusing himself on the docks in baby? To help you solve that one, you might ask Bill O'Neal where he was on the 26th?

—Remember Pearl Harbor—

Tech Quintet Runs Wild! Win Four Straight Games

By Howard Beazel

MIAMI, Dec. 29—Pushing steadily upward, Embry-Riddle Tech swept through the third straight win in three weeks on Monday night against the Knights of Columbus, first place leaders in the league. This victory places Tech in second place, and all indications are that we can easily win first place. Coach Jim McShane and all the players are confident of victory.

Baldwin Stars

Star of the game was Baldwin, a newcomer to the team, who individually scored 18 points. In second scoring position was Lundblom with 10 points and close behind him was Hamilton with 7 points. Other scorers were Leatherman and Turnipseed. Final score was Embry-Riddle 40 and KofC. 22.

Lineup included Baldwin (f), 18; Hamilton (f), 7; Leatherman (c), 3; Lundblom (g), 10; Baroudi (g), 0, and Turnipseed (g), 2.

We Win Again, 39-17

MIAMI, Jan. 5—Wearing the new blue and gold uniforms for the first time, the Tech9 quintet ran up the fourth straight victory Monday evening against Miami Parts and Springs, 37 to 17. Now in second place with four wins and one loss, Embry-Riddle stands a definite chance of being on top very soon. The scoring was led by star Baldwin, who rang up 14 points. Quite a few of the Latin-American students attended the game, and a better crowd than usual was on hand.

Next Game

The next game will be at Miami Tech Monday, January 12 at 7:30, when the team will meet Richmond Clothing.

The starting lineup was as follows: Baldwin, Turnipseed, Leatherman, Abrams, Lundblom and Hamilton.
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 so used to crisp, cold winds and occasional snow. It has been very satisfactorily proven, however, that Christmas in 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 also like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Clete Huff and Mr. and Mrs. Philip 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 Monkeys

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 Delanty along as technical adviser. Roaring onto the Duck Pond driveway, we saw Ad Thompson, Clyde Ellis and Paul Horvath comfortably sitting on a pile every log, calmly splicing 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 shots of the boys and Irene Cropp, and wended our disgusting way back to the Office.

Holiday Post Mortems

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 pylon sights around two salt shakes 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 OK'ed, too... Admiring Jo Skinner's Xmas outfit; she looked like a cute little Gossack—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 Old America.

And that's all for now. From me to 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.

"K.O. for Tokyo"—

More X-Mas Cards

With Xmas 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 Natalie, from Municipal Maintenance Man CHARLES BESTOSO and Elizabeth, and from Comprometer GEORGE WHEELER, and last, but not least, a noveltv photographic 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.

By B. H. P. Keady, U/K, Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida, U.S.A.
MENTIONING MUNICIPAL BASE

By Lynelle Rabun & Bill Jaster

Hello, everybody—this is the Municipal gang flashing in for a brief review of the week's activities and also to wish all of you friends and fans of the Embry-Riddle family a happy holiday season.

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 sails from Fredericksburg, Va. He has been instructing at Vero Beach. Also new on the staff are Jim Roberson, who took Coleman's place as guard, and Walter Halderoff, an A&EE 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 report that Cab No. 17 was tail heavy on solo flights. Better move that 200 pounds of yours into the front seat, Bill, and see if it doesn'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 "Loogie"
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 Loogie. 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 "Lootenant" out here is C. O. Snyder, who has been made assistant operations manager. The "boys" tacked 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.

Left Over—FLY PAPER

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

Put's Got '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 Hilbish, Robinson and Hawes ready to go. Wonder which one will get his ticket first?

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

How many of you know that the Flying Bulls of Municipal stockroom fame is an authority on sailing among the Keys and the Bahama's? He haunts those places in his spare time so remember that, when you want to get away from the "worries of the world" and need a guide—his 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, "Is 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 Christmas 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."