"LETTERS TO ENGLAND"

Our recent offer to send the Fly Paper to England, free of charge, met with a great deal of success. Already, more than 30 addresses have been received, with more coming in each day's mail.

Greatest surprise to Ye Editor was the letter received from Eric Dennis, U.K., a Carlstrom Field graduate now at Dothan, Alabama. Frankly, we didn't even know that the Fly Paper was going to Dothan—but must be, as witness Eric's letter:

"I see in your current issue of the Fly Paper that you will send it to our parents for us. Will you be good enough to send it to Mr. and Mrs. H. Dennis, 15 Heaton Terrace, Redruth, Cornwall, England.

"I received my primary training at Arcadia with Instructor Lee Harrell, and while I am by no means a brilliant flyer, so far I have managed to negotiate all checks and see no reason why I shouldn't get my wings now—thanks largely to your School and to the aforementioned Mr. Harrell.

"People over here have been extremely hospitable and good to us "foreigners" and we are very grateful for everything.

"Yours sincerely,

ERIC DENNIS."

Thanks to the Cadets

The fact that the Carlstrom and Riddle Field Cadets took time from their already overcrowded day to write to us is indeed a compliment—one which we appreciate no end. Among those writing in were: Robert L. Brook, Berkeley Barron, Mr. Newman, D. F. Bateman, A. L. Bryant, R. L. C. Lasham, B. R. Brooks on behalf of all the Cadets in his barracks, W. Nichol, Bill Haynes and Flight Lieutenant H. Rollings.

"Remember Pearl Harbor"

New superintendent of buildings and grounds at Riddle Field, Clewiston, is F. H. Haynes, who formerly had the same job at Oberlin College.

TOURING THE BASES ON ICE SKATES, OR, SPENDING THE "WINTER" IN FLORIDA

Strictly off the record—and don't let the Florida Chamber of Commerce hear about this—but some very "unusual" weather hit our fair state last week! We left the comparative warmth of Miami Thursday and headed for Carlstrom Field, getting colder each mile we traveled north until finally when we reached Arcadia we fully expected to see Eskimos.

Moving Pictures—Maybe

However, the old field was still there, tho cold, and the first person we saw was Lt. Jim Berille, our Public Relations Officer—who started "cooking with gas" and promoting us on a recreation idea for the Cadets. The net result of this conference was that there is under way an idea to provide special moving pictures, community singing and so forth for the Cadets at all three fields—the same type of entertainment that is featured at the Naval Air Station at Opa-Locka.

The Laugh's On Ray

Laugh of the year is on our very good friend Ray Fahringcr—Jack Hunt told us about it, cautioning us to keep it a secret—in this Fly Paper. Ray, as most of you know, did all the art work, with technical assistance by Jack Hunt, in the Cadet Handbook, the student's "bible" showing how to do different maneuvers.

Well, since that time, Ray has entered the flight instructor's school and, as the story goes, was continually making a "mess" of his Chandells. What capped the climax of this deal, and put the laugh on Ray, was the time that his instructor caught him trying to smuggle...
HOLD YOUR FORMATION

Gone is the "Ace" and his dogfights of World War I. Today's big rule is "never get separated from your formation." American teamwork is creating the greatest Air Force the world has ever known — the Force that will win this war. Decide what your place in the team will be — train for it with everything you've got — and hold your formation!

Telephone 3-0711 or Write

Embry-Riddle
SCHOOL OF AVIATION
3240 N. W. 27th AVENUE — MIAMI, FLORIDA
U.S.A.

Safety Thought for Today

"Telephone Conversation!"

Yes, Mom, he just now dialed. Yes, Mom, I'm sure he tried. No, Mom, it did not go well. Why, Mom, from where I stood, I saw him dive his glide and then, down, gone my hide. He pulled up in a stall and started, then, to fall. That's no way to land a crate. You say you had a date? Sorry, Mom, he was a nice guy, I sure did hate to see him die. You say he didn't leave a dime? Sorry, Mom, better luck next time!

—Bill Jaster
Dorr Field News Bulletin

By A/C Paul E. Pedersen

Seems as though each time we meet for a formation a new part of a building or hangar has risen from the “Good Earth.” The new White City is really on the way. We're looking for the day when cement runways are laid and PT's just pop out of the hangar, ready to fly—not to mention the swimming pool, PX, and dance pavilion to add to other attractions underway. Oh, well, a few more formations, a few more buildings—then we'll be in Georgia for Basic.

Weak-end in Sarasota

It appears that the boys spent a dizzying week-end in Sarasota, to return tired and “on edge” only to walk into the new lower class.

Note, “Old Man” Palmer of C. Squadron, just sat and laughed and laughed over there at Sarasota. More power to him. Then there was our Buffalo friend, Chuck Blanding, having a coke at the Tropical, while the other Buffalonian, Al Pepe, who was in the “catering” business, tried his hand at mixing a “lemonade” and crooning.

Sorry to learn that a few of the fellows are leaving us already—Dwight Roberts to Denver. Dwight also spent his proposed last week-end at Sarasota. Cadets Kuhn and Hudson also are taking off—for the civies—watch out for the draft board and their little hammer!

Mentioning St. William Dolan—the talk has it that he should be our chaplain. We think he'd make another like the one in the old fighting 68th.

We all have trouble on the line with little red bugs, but it appears that either we are accustomed to them or they are used to us. But we have placed the trouble of experimentation with “Doc Nightingale.”

A Few Prize “Boners”

Without mentioning names—since we all do it—we find that incidents do occur—incidents like raising and lowering the seat—to duck behind the wind shield to avoid the wind, only to find that the goggles were in the back pocket, then attempting to taxi five miles to No. 1 field as yours truly did; then going for a check ride and when asked for your note book, haul out Zola’s “Nana.”

Back in the classroom the boys are glad to learn that some day we will fly twice daily since we have eight hours of classroom lectures. The only thing is we are afraid we learn too much! Can't digest it. We noted a couple pals playing Battleship and tic-tac-toe.

Also we had an excellent lecture on parachute care and use with full demonstration the other day, and after talking with one of the seven men who bailed out of the Army Transport over the Everglades, I should say we ought to take heed.

It was well done.

Ground School Personalities

Surprise, or perhaps not so, was Ralph Grifien, “Crankcase Charlie” a grad of M.I.T. and a pilot, leaving to become a cadet. Good luck! And then an old schoolmate from Rensselaer Polytech up in Troy, N. Y.—Dick Osehner, taking “Crankcase’s” place at the blackboard on engines. Dick has a lot of experience on motors, too.

No one knows where our amiable Navigation Instructor got the name “Rhumb Line”—maybe it’s because he’s often seen walking alone down the street of Arcadia—then again no one knows what a rhumb line is either.

Were all happy when “Theory of Flight,” “Personality” Hooker commented on his lectures. He’s well liked and we surely hope he remains with us “experts.”

On the “Fright Line”

On the flight line we note packs of fun—Don Mallet, whose brother sports wings, is doing his stuff, only we heard he lost his “cookies” once or twice. Wasn't it George Schube who forgot his safety belt and almost came to realize it?

The “Flying Lieutenants” all student officers, Second Lieutenants William Dolan, Edward McGuire, William Buchan, Robert Hickman, Herbert Davis and Keith Cloe are doing well. Seems as though the last three have been in the blue alone and are swapping dollar bills.

This 'N That

Then, too, we like our gym class—especially with Champa out in front. He's hot in volleyball also and earned the name “Give it to Champa”—that's a sure point for opposing team. We like, too, our comrades in arms “Mae”—the absent minded prof. Macomber. Mae is likely to be found wandering around anywhere, anytime looking for anything with his head in the clouds.

Now that the upper class is gone we have a new bugler—but we kinda miss the old Gunga Din.

Will wind up this week, now that the new class is in and hope that this upper class handles the induction situation in the same manner and spirit that our predecessors did.

The Air Corps Staff at Dorr Field

Touring the Bases
Continued from Page 1

the Handbook into the air on a flight, so, as he said, "he could see how he did it on paper, anyway."

With Jack Hunt, while we were talking to him, were R. S. Beckley, Washington, D. C., Chief of the Flight Section of the Civilian Pilot Training Program under the C. A. A., and Harrison Doyle, Buffalo, Flight Supervisor for Region 1, both visiting on "official" business.

The Wages of Sin

Still looking for a British Cadet to write Carlstrom Cadet News for the Fly Paper, we finally located Harry F. D. Lay, Cadet Captain of "I" Squadron, who promised to get one of his men to do the job. We had located Mr. Lay in the Pay Formation line, and can't help repeating this remark we heard Mr. A. Brodie, U/K, make as he came out from the paymaster, clenching his money in his hands—"Ah, the Wages of Sin."

Sally Feeds Jack Hobler

With the heating system working overtime, dinner in the Mess Hall was a pleasant affair, with the exception that we had to see Jack Hobler "sweet talk" pretty little dietician Sally Lambie out of half a cucumber—so that's how she keeps such a nice "figer". Others around the festive board included Uncle Joe Hiss, Flight Instructor Kevin Harkin, Officer of the Day, and Harry Koehler.

It Gets Light, Then Dark!

We checked in at the Plaza Hotel where we met Russell Daimwood, father of Alice Daimwood Towsen—hence to the bowling alleys where "Quaint" Peland and Dudley Whitman were trying to work up enough exercise to keep warm—said Dudley, "What are you doing here when you could be in Miami?" At this point, we were wondering the same thing.

It remained for Lee Harrell, tho, to top off the evening—discussing the new seven-day-a-week training schedule, he said, "It was a little confusing at first, but everything is all right now. When it's light we fly—and when it's dark we sleep. Simple, huh?"

It Could Be Worse

As cold as it was in Arcadia, about 37 degrees, we realized that it could be much, much worse. O. D. Kevin Harkin told us of talking to his mother in Connecticut—and the weather at that time was ten degrees BELOW zero! And we thought it was cold!

Dorr Still Growing

Dorr Field, our "baby," the newest of the fields, continues to grow at an amazing rate... since our last visit all the fundamental buildings have been completed and the hangars are nearly ready for occupancy... Dorr is on its way to becoming as beautiful a flight station as Carlstrom.

Squire Tom Gates introduced us to Captains Bentley and Boyd, and then took us on a hurried tour of the base... finally turning us over to Doug Hocker, Chief of the Dorr Ground School.

Gates

Doug's Delightful Department

Doug, a transferee from Uncle Syd's School at Carlstrom, is the only one of those lads who is mighty proud of his department... bursting with pride, and promising "bigger and better things to come", he introduced us to Sam Clawson, new Theory of Flight Instructor from California, who told us he liked Florida weather better than California... whatta gentleman!... and he does cartoons, too!

Other newcomers to the Ground School are Bob Fowler, navigation, Dick Oechner, aircraft engines, and Eddie House and J. L. Huggins, meteorologists... new Director of Physical Education is Russell Charles, whose job it is to keep all the Cadets physically fit for their hard training schedule.

A Flier on a Horse

Having nothing to do with betting on a horse race, despite what it sounds like—but we did see a flier on a horse—in fact several of them... Coming into Carlstrom, we stopped at "Jook" Field, where all the primary flight instructors were waiting around for their students to return to final solo cross country flights to Punta Gorda and Immokalee... among the galloping gentlemen riding the Guard's horse were Correspondent Carruthers and Johnnie Gwinn.

Bob Johnston was there, with his promise to send us more of his so good "Safety Thoughts"... and introduced us to Harold Clark, a new instructor at Carlstrom, but an old-timer to the Emby-Riddle organization... Harold took his first training at our Seaplane Base in Miami, these many long years ago, and has been since teaching at No. 1 B.F.T.S., Terrell, Texas... he is originally a Miami Beach lad.

And so—back to Miami to get warm!

Cleovston Cadets Greet

New Year in Miami

By Syd J. Burrows

DELAYED—Here we are again, and the Cadets from Cleovston visiting the Colony Hotel for over the New Year number over 50. They got set in their rooms at top speed, and in no time at all were cleaned up and "out" to celebrate the arrival of 1942. It was the fastest "in and out" movement of guests I've seen in years of hotel work.

New Year's morning, some of the braver boys took a swim, but the majority of them slept until mid-afternoon. During the day, many of the boys were the guests of Mrs. Riddle and her friends at the Orange Bowl football game. Some of the boys, who didn't have tickets, went to the game anyway—and at the half were given free admission to this great game! Not bad—and an excellent example of the splendid good-will felt towards the Britishers training in "The States.

Entertained New Year's Eve

On New Year's Eve, the guests at the Colony appointed themselves "hosts" to the visiting R.A.F.'ers. The Club Lounge was decorated as befitted the occasion, with a plentiful supply of free food and refreshments for the chaps as they dropped in. Instructors Bing, Langhorne, Carpenter and Davis and Cadets York, Dixon, Wigmore, Jenkins, and a few others stayed the whole evening with us, eating, dancing and singing—and a good time was had by all.

A List of the Visitors


"K.O. for Tokyo"

CARTOON SUGGESTION

(Cartoon showing Uncle Sam with one black eye standing over Yap, in bloody heap.) "Getting in the first blow does not always mean victory—Ask Tony Galento or Max Baer."

Questions of the Week

Who was the amorous Cadet that went to Dunell by way of Talahassee? Could he have been giving her the "stick"? And this is still an age of penguins. If you think not, ask the three Basic Instructors who spent the night in the Everglades!

We Have A Team, Too!

Our basketball team has been required to pass a written exam given by Coach "Tubby" Owens. This is to prove that they have memorized his theme—"He's a wonder—he's a dream, He's the coach of the Instructor's Team!"

These earnest athletes have commissioned this writer to issue a challenge to the Tech School Quinsett—so here goes—

We, the Riddle Field Basketball Team, hereby challenge the Tech School to a three game conference! Best out of three games to be the unquestioned champions, and we might add, our team hasn't been beaten yet!

Frosty "Sticks to the Ship"

Did "Frosty" (how cold I am?) Jones feel as the captain of his ship does when it is sinking—or could he have been influenced by the mocassins around the boat? At any rate, he couldn't be budged from his cold but snakeless position inside the boat!

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

Riddle Field Maintenance News

By Russell V. Domer

WHY MECHANICS GO NUTS

Says the pilot to the crew, "This crate'll never do; The engine won't rev up, The trim tab seems to be stuck, The tailwheel tire is flat, The rudder won't turn, I'd be afraid to make her roll, Lost all the world behold, A ship without any wings, Now how in the HELL Can a guy keep well, And fly much devilish things?"...So, on they race, For days and days, But we TRY to do what's fine, To keep 'em happy and keep 'em flying."

—"Remember Pearl Harbor"

Hangar Inspector Ferril Cochran and O. Songer will take their exams for Aircraft license next Monday. Good luck, boys.
And Still We Grow,
More New Employees

There seems to be no limit to the size of our Embry-Riddle "Family." That man in the payroll department, Ray Lipa, gave us a list of the new employees most recently added, and told us that we have about 1,000 people working for the School. That's a lot of people!

Here are the new ones, and a most hearty welcome to them:

**Administrative:**
- Leonard W. Brown, auditing; Joseph Liver- sedge, accountant; Mary Harway, file clerk; James M. Roberts, material control.

**Technical:**
- Adam S. Sites, Lloyd G. Barker, carpenters; William B. Grindell, Horace Taunton, Herman Gurin, Frederick H. Moore, guards; John F. Peterson, Walter Abbott, watchmen; Lucille Valliere, secretary; Gerard W. Murphy, student counselor; H. Van Buskirk, steward.

**Field:**
- Robert C. Chaffee, William Lee Lamy, Summer A. Knight, Robert F. Wudtke, Thomas G. Kuykendall, flight instructors; Lucille Badar, Brown, landscape; Luther P. Gardner, linemen; R. Watford, Williams, man; R. Howald, patchers; Karl John David D. Blanton, A. Rauluson, chief radio mechanic helper; George Australia, chief radio mechanic helper; Charles Gardner, George L. Brown, colored cleaners; James D. Hampton, radio; Colby A. Foss, chief radio operator; Daniel H. Carlisle, help machine shop; Samuel J. Wheat, supt. main, power plant; David D. Blanton, supt. of field maintenance; Dana Verner, cook; Karl John Walters, steward; Rich- ard C. Gordie, canteen kitchen help; Jonnie L. Draughon, waitress-con- 
teen; Eugene Hildebrand, fountain attendant; John F. Peterson, watchmen; Frank A. Haynes, supt. yard and grounds; Grover Strickland, David Shaw, William Hooker, Samuel R. Luckey, Carl Arnold, Pete L. Coleman, Henry H. Brown, guards; James Tobias, color- ed janitor; James C. Sweat, truck driver; Calvin O. Willis, fence rider; Thomas S. Gowin, resident physician; Frances Hardy, steno-
grapher.

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**Tech Talk and Main Office Gossip**

_by Evelyn (Gawja) Gholston_

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**An Orchid To The Sales Department**

It's about time somebody took off his hat to the splendid work being done by our Tech School Sales Depart- ment—or hadn't you noticed how many new students we have around the building each week?

Here's the list of new students who came into our group in just the last week, a splendid tribute to the "on their toes" work being done by the salesmen who do the "signing up."

**Aircraft and Engines:**
- George Hal Estes, Felton Causey.

**Instruments:**

**Sheet Metal:**
- Leland Ralph Tol- bert, Byrl King, John W. Brown, Conrad J. Ermattinger.

**Welding:**

**Riveting:**
- Richard S. Hickey, Vincezio Portulfo, Ralph Miller, Guy Kenneth Young.

**Celestial Navigation:**

**Engines:**

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**Hard Working New Year**

An "all out" ef- fort was urged by Boss Riddle in his inspiring talk to the Tech School employees upon his return from England recently. "We didn't think Japan could do what they did," he said, "but now our main objective must be to WIN the WAR."

It is to be hoped that he continued, "and men must be taught how to run it. We don't have enough space available to accom- modate the hundreds of people who will want to learn all that we can teach them. We will fill the building, and run 24 hours a day when three shifts per day."

"We must be careful what we say, and every man, woman and child must work, suffer and give all they have toward beating the enemy. Get busy, have a Happy New Year, but let it be a hard working New Year!" Three rousing cheers for Grace Riddle who carried on so cheerfully and well while hubby boss Riddle was over seas.

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**Do You Hable en Espanol?**

Because if you don't speak Spanish, it is your own fault. The new class, under the capable teaching of Senor Del Valle, is proving a big success. One of its most aspir- ing pupils is Boss Varney who seems to pick up the new words as fast as we come to them without even looking at a book. Other star pupils are Mr. and Mrs. Jim McShane, who rate a "good" from the teacher for everything they undertake.

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**Me Alegro de Que Estes Aqui**

Which in so many words means that the new Latin American boys are more than welcome. They have proved themselves intelligent, well- bred, and representative of the most cultured families in the Latin American countries. Outstanding among them is Lieutenant Francis- co Medina Perez, who if you will remember flew an on 20,000 mile flight from Los Angeles to Cuba, and had quite a bit of publi- city at that time. We wish them all the very best of everything.

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**Gawja Gal**

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Did You Know That

One of the Sheet Metal students is the brother of the very famous orchestra leader Novak? His name is Elmer Novak and he has a nine- piece orchestra of his own which just finished an engagement at the Pony Club.

Two Heads Are Better Than One

An the two heads we see together so much these days are those of Boss H. E. Richter and "Gunner" Boss Riddle. That keen-eyed invention of theirs has proved a big success with the aviators and they are turning them out as fast as possible.

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**This 'N That**

A recent tour of the Engines Depart- ment found Boss Ripped very well satisfied with the neatly laid out division of his, and he had a good report on the students now enrolled. They do some very effi- cient work on those very important engines which are sent to them for overhaul and repairs, and our main employees at this time are students for the fine work they are doing. Henry Wells, of the Engines Stock room, has evidently been hiding from the ladies, for he is certainly the answer to some of your prayers.

Occupying a new trailer in Bel- sott, 27th Avenue at 23rd Street is a new addition to our "Big Happy Family" is Thelma Bickerstaff who has taken over in the Auditing Department. Recent visi- tor to Tech School was Lieutenant Bernard Charles of New York City who is stationed at West Palm Beach.

**Post Mortem**

Due to some unforeseen circum- stances Your Glo Friday won't be seeing you any more. Orchids to my especial pals, Boss Richter, Editor Belland, Boss Varney (who is a swell guy), Boss de la Rosa, Register, "Captain Bill" Williams, Dottie Schooley and Cleca- relli, Gertrude Luebbert, and all you other swell guys and gals who have made my stay here with you so memorable and pleasant. That southern hospitality you hear about is good in any state, so won't you drop by to see me? Instead of good bye, then, shall we say Hasta la Vista?

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"Keep 'Em Flying"---

**"SKINNY" GILE VISITS**

Visiting the Tech School this week is Truman "Skinny" Gile from Cincinnati. An old friend of many Riddle's "j Itch" friends. He is stopping off to fly with him at Old Carrieston Field "way back when." All who have met him express the hope that he'll come gack to see us often.
LIFE of a SCHOOL TEACHER

Another week has passed and brought with it attendant novelties that are the never-ending source of interest to the pedagogue. This being our first venture into the realm of the school teacher, we were no little bit impressed by the enjoyment one can have in this field of endeavor. And it really it a field of endeavor, for we are faced with the task of familiarizing our charges with the intricacies of navigation, meteorology, engines, and the theory of flight.

Tough on U/Kers

To many Americans, this may not sound too hard, particularly in the engines part. However, we must remember that automobiles, small planes, and other similarly driven vehicles are not the part of the Englishman's life that they are of an American's. Most of these British Cadets have never really seen a gasoline engine up close, and have had no training in its principles of operation. We therefore have not so easy a paraphrase our lecture notes, plain language, omitting the technical and mechanical terms that are so commonplace to most every boy of 12 years old and up in the U.S. These U/Kers have not had the opportunities of taking apart an old Model T and putting it back together again with a faint idea that it will run. The chances for a British boy to get this informal, but often effective, mechanical training are far less than our own boys have. But they are holding up rather well under the barrage of lectures we throw at them, and it's safe to say that they will have a pretty good working knowledge of what makes an engine run when we are finished with them. After all, they are venturing into a comparatively new field—for them—and whatever they learn is to their credit.

What, No Prestone?

Only once this week did the Engines department fear its well-laid plans were going to miscarry. After an exhausting lecture on the construction and operation of liquid and air-cooled engines, one bewildered student got up to ask the question, "Where do you put the coolant in a radial engine?" Mr. Sterling, the Engines chief, says that they have never been observed with gray hair, but if many more such questions arise, he won't have any hair. You see, a radial engine is one of the most common of the air-cooled types.

 Cadets Doing Well

In other subjects of our Ground School, however, the boys are taking things right in their stride. The study of the weather isn't too difficult for them, nor is the study of the theories that govern the flight of an airplane, while most of them have had previous education in navigation that rivals our own school system in the pursuit of subjects like arithmetic, history and geography.

Personnel Notes

As usual, most of the laborers in this section of Mr. Biddle's vineyard are still contributing by word and action to the news. In the athletic department, Lydia Sammons is hot on sister Zell's trail at the local bowling alley with a blistering 174, and close behind her is the thorahair'd Kay Bramlett with 172. It's nice to take these girls bowling; you never have to pay for their games as long as the alley grants free ones to women making 150 or over. Dale Fishel returned from a week-end in Sarasota doged by a ghost that kept demanding in eerie whispers, "How long do I have to wait?"

Letter from Old Grad

Sterling Cameron received a letter from Lieut. Bill Griswold, one of our old classmates somewhere on the Pacific coast, that told of going for orders to leave for Hawaii or the Philippines. Bill wants to be remembered to all the rest of the boys, wherever they may be. Jack Hunt complains that whenever he sees a close shave in traffic it lessons his interest in meals, even such delicious ones as are served in the Mess Hall and Canteen.

Weather Men Guessing, Again

Meteorology instructors of Carlstrom and Dorr Fields are vying with each other in predicting the end of the present cold wave. And it's really cold out here, too; at nine o'clock this morning it was 42 in the sunshine. Mrs. Sid Pfueger has just returned from a brief stay in the hospital, feeling much better. We wonder how well she must have to keep up with that dynamic husband who, we are told, is one of the most consistent golfers in this part of the country.

This 'N That

Sally Lambie voiced disagreement at the chilly atmosphere of "Sunny Florida," on the grounds that she has not yet grown able to use that stunning new Fifth Avenue bathing suit creation. Warren and Vee Button just dropped by enroute to Tampa from Clewiston; Vee is heart-broken that she can't keep little Woo-Woo in her office desk any more. Well, she wouldn't have wanted to spend the rest of her life in a crib or baby carriage either.

We got a little dual on the mimeograph in the Administration building from Jack Hart and Kay Bramlett; next week they're going to let us solo. Uncle Joe Hiss all strapped up in adhesive tape; it seems he spun in while scrubbing down in his bath tub. By way of closing, we'd like to commend Charlie Bentoso of Mu...
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

By Ad Thompson

Due to the recent cold snap, the gang have just about decided to change their nickname from “bar-nacle pilots” to “frost-bite fliers.” Hardy snow-birds from the north woods, like New York’s Leon Pick er and Wisconsin’s Tom Cassidy, have been gleefully taking to the air in an effort to prevent Instructors Ted New and Ellis from becoming themselves in front of a battery of electric heaters.

Commodore Ed Turner has the transportation situation between the Quarterdeck Club and Miami well in hand now that he has arranged for an Embry-Riddle seaplane to fly him to the city every morning.

Guy Pagano, who kept the boys at the base all agog last season with his fine selection of photographer’s models, is back with us again and hard at work on his private ticket.

SLIPSTREAM GOES SEAPLANE!
A cordial welcome is extended to Albert McKesson and George Am erman recently employed as ramp men. Earl Shuptineen has been transferred from Municipal and is now trying his hand at saltwater.main. The boys, constructing an all-weather workshop designed to permit working on seaplane power plant and fuselage sheltered from wind and rain.

SEA COWS GRAZE ON SPLASHWAY!
There are still some folks who seem to doubt our reputation for truthful reporting when it comes to the familiar subject of sea cows. In spite of the fact that we are continually spotting them from the air and have even had to shoo them away from the ramp—we, too, began to doubt our eyes. A bit of hurried research between the covers of Webster’s Dictionary uncovered the following data: “Sea cow, manatee—

“Any of several aquatic herb voyorous mammals which constitute the genus Trich rhus. The American species inhabits the waters of the West Indies and neighboring mainland coasts from Florida to Yucatan. It is about ten feet long, nearly black in color, thick skinned and almost naked.” And that’s that!

“Be Alive When You Arrive”

VISITING CUBA

Captain Len J. Povey, General Manager of R.A.I., and Philip de la Rossa, head of the Latin-American Department, left Monday by Pan American Clipper for Havana where they will confer with Cuban Navy officials.

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL BASE

By Lynelle Rhunon & Bill Jaster

Atten-shun—The Municipal gang is “falling in!” to carry out the boss’s edict to “go all out” in our attempt to help the United States win this war. The seven-day-week has already been started here, and cooperation is the password of the day. New regulations and even more work must be issued that must be carried out to the letter and they are being carried out to the letter. Everyone realizes now that all those little privileges are “out for the duration,” and we are taking any discomforts with a smile. The field is under military rule and we are trying to make our base as militaristic as possible in order to secure maximum efficiency.

Romance In the Making?
So far this column has reported no romances and we don’t wish to spoil our record, but, we can’t resist asking who started the rumors about Ad Thompson. There is someone down at the duckpond who has such a big drag that Ad goes around half the time without his watch or automobile. Must be trying to make our base as militaristic as possible in order to secure maximum efficiency.

“Keeps ‘Em Flying”
Ready for License

Old Timers on Cross-Country

The second cross-country course has started and is busting out flying time at the rate of six hours a day. Members of the new class are: Jerry Cook, Pearsall Day, Jimmy Gilmore, Tom Mosley, Mas ton O’Neal and Warren Reid. These are all familiar names in Embry-Riddle flying circles and we are glad to see them “going places.” Since Jack Wantz has left us, C. W. Tinsley is doing all the instructing so he, too, deserves a bunch of posies for his “double duty.”

We must admit that this “Betty Hair—Mickey Lightholder combination” is rapidly accumulating all the earmarks of a heavy romance. By the way, Mickey is flying again and we’ll bet it will be a long time before he strays off the straight and narrow path again.

The M.A.D.S. in Action

The Miami Air Defense Squadron made another mass flight to West Palm Beach Sunday morning and also collaborated with their Army in trying out the air-raid spotted system. Acting as the enemy, they flew over various parts of Miami and were “spotted” and reported to the filter center. This helps to illustrate the growing usefulness of civilian defense fliers.

Charlie Barnhardt is back from the cold, cold North where he ferried his Stinson Reliant, just recently sold. It was his first glimpse of snow in four years and he hopes it will be his last in forty years.

Oh, oh, douze your lights, here comes old man blackout.

A Letter from “Benny”

Editor: Fly Paper
Miami, Fla.

Will you let a new employee of Embry-Riddle Co., at Carlstrom Field say a little piece? Thanks, Bud!

R-A-1 and some of the things it stands for as seen by a cracker:

Reliability, A-and, I-integrity

Altho’ the basic functions of our school at Carlstrom is to teach those who are to fight for Democracy how to fly, there is also taught the principle of Reliability and Integrity.

Resist, Aoll, Invasion

This may well be a slogan for every citizen of the United States and others who are opposing Japanese and Hitlerism, Resist All Invasion.

R-recreation, A-and, Inspiration

Here at Carlstrom there is plenty of recreation and inspiration. There is every sport for recreation and churches aplenty where the Cadets may go for their inspiration, Recreation and Inspiration.

R-refuse, A-any, Imitation

Since we nations who have known the Democratic way of living is the best, we are going to the rather than accept any imitation of that way of life, Refuse Any Imitation.

There may be others who have some things in mind that R-A-1 stands for, so why not let’s hear from them. And thanks a million for listenin’ to “Benny.”

-K.O. for Tokyo—

Okeechobee Well Represented in Embry-Riddle Organization

Herbie Nix, an Okeechobee lad himself, just came in to our office to point out, with considerable pride, that the little town of Okeechobee had supplied a great many of the members of our Embry-Riddle Family.

Leading off the list is Flight Instructor Johnnie Davis, formerly at Municipal Base and now at Clewiston, then, on the line maintenance crew, we find Quint Sellers, Russell V. Domer, Harrison Lee, Renee Padgett, Chester Paulerson and Harvey Hamrick. At the Tech School in Miami are Herbie Nix and Pat Hampton, students, and back in the office at Clewiston are Jerry Grace, Roger and Sallor Waterford, with “Tubby” Owens as "man about the field.”

An excellent showing for Okeechobee, and we don’t blame Herbie for being proud of his “home town.”

Okeechobee Base—Lovely Gene Smith, looking lovelier than ever in this pose of Municipal, is just about ready to go up for her private pilot’s flight test. Gene, who has been working on her flight training for several months, has become a capable little flier, and should make a useful, as well as beautiful, addition to our family of flight graduates. Good luck to her on the Flight Test!

ARE YOU A CAD?
No, therein not fighting words these days. C.A.D.S. are members of the Civil Air Defense Service—a volunteer organization to which all of us should belong. John Hay, in the Register’s Office on the 4th floor at the Tech School, has the application blanks, and everyone is urged to get one of these forms and “join up.”
United we stand. The full importance of the motto of the United States of America is brought out by recent happenings. The formal declaration of war against Japan Monday, December 8, 1941, should bring closer together all of the free republics of this American hemisphere.

Americans—and by this I mean all of those people who are citizens of continental areas, from Alaska to Patagonia—should remember that such men as George Washington and Simon Bolivar, Abraham Lincoln and Benito Juarez, although born of a different racial stock and speaking a different tongue, had the same high ideals and worked incessantly for the freedom of mankind, which made them true brothers.

In the Pan American conference held not long ago at Lima and Panama, intellectuals from the United States of America and from the Latin American republics got together to discuss closer collaboration and friendship among the nations of this hemisphere. A lot was said on this subject, but like our great Benjamin Franklin once stated "everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."

Here, we are doing something about it. One of the most important steps taken has been the granting of scholarships to Latin American students. These American made pilots, administrative engineers, instructor mechanics and airplane service mechanics, represent the forging of one of the strongest links that will unite the Americas, and will be of great value in making possible that, quoting out immortal emancipator, "the government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

—Remember Pearl Harbor"

"Nuestras Impresiones En Miami"  
Por Bill Rivas V.

Miami 10 de Enero de 1942  
El tiempo pasa, y pasa muy rápidamente por sierto, y a medida que se aleja mas y mas, nos deja siempre el recuerdo de sus inolvidables momentos de felicidad.

Que yo recuerdo, desde que salí del colegio donde la composicion era mi mayor agraedor, nunca mas hasta el momento tuve la oportunidad de escribir para otras las impresiones de mi vida; pero basandome en ese transcurso del tiempo, en ese vuelo que damos cada dia que pasa, me imagino la felicidad que sentirán en este momento culminante todos los que como yo, han sido favorecidos con las becas de Aviación que el Gobierno de los Estados Unidos, facilitó a nuestros repetivos paises; para hacer de nosotros las alas del futuro y damos así un titulo de inestimable valor.

Desde que salimos de Managua, capital de Nicaragua, nuestra tierra natal, comenzamos a contemplar; Centro America, a vuelo de pajaro desde la confortable seguridad de un Douglas, Fiestas en el Palacio Hotel de la Tipica Guatemalana, Rumbas y muchachas Cubanas y mas tarde New York con sus famosos rascacielos, su Estatua de la Libertad y su frio invernal, que nos hacia envidiar a los que lejos asi, estaban sintiendo el calor del terruño. Ahora mas como compañeros y no mas Nicaraguenses hemos sido enviados a esta "Magica Miami" donde cursaremos nuestros estudios de Instructores Mecanicos de Aviacion. La Embry Riddle a la cual hemos sido asignados nos hizo a nuestra arribo un recibimiento digno de verdaderos embajadores de la Democracia y por la defensa Continental, tuvimos una radiolocalizacion en que cada uno de nosotros expreso sus impresiones del viaje su reconocimiento al Gobierno de los Estados Unidos y su admiracion por las bellas muchachas de Miami, ya que esa había sido nuestra primera impresion al ser saludados al bajar del tren y fotografias junto a estas encantadoras muchachas, todas ellas escogidas para al recibimiento entre el ramillete de rosas Embry Riddle, que siguen cursos de aviacion.

Ahora ya completamente establecidos en el amplio edificio que ocupa el colegio nuestro dormitorio se ha ido llenando de dia en dia con la venida de todas los estudiantes Sud Americanos y Cubanos, la alegria ra aumentado y los estudos van avanzando tan maravilloso oamente que todas llegamos al Weel end con la seguridad de parar encantados de la vida en esta riquisima escuela Miami Beach, en el Hialeah Park, Miami Jockey Club o en el famoso fronton "Jai Ali", siempre bien acompaños.

Nuestra vida es pues de verdaderos Universitarios, y pensando siempre en el mañana y en el titulo que despues ganaremos; estamos afrontando el estudio como si estuvieran en un campo de batalla donde el triunfo depende la gloria.

En resumen ya que tenemos anando nuestro motor con la pende rosa "Spark Plug de la Rosa" aprobado la oportunidad de felicitar a nuestro activo director Latino Americano, dandole las gracias por todo lo que ya ha hecho por nosotros y deseandole muchos triunfos mas en sus grandes ideas y en su carrera. A la bella y encantador señorita Evelyn Gholston le dedico un titulo "Los muchachos y yo todos Nicaraguenscs"

Our "School Bus" Schedule  
A lot of the gang still don't know that the Station Wagon, or "bus" if you will, has begun its daily trips between the bases. Leaving the Tech School every morning at 7, the station wagon stops at Riddle Field, Carlsstrom Field, Dorr Field, then Riddle Field again—returning to Miami at 4:48 in the afternoon.

Running seven days a week, the "bus" is available for transmitting mail, packages, etc., between our bases, as well as any of the employees traveling on company business. Hollis Andrews is the driver.

—Keep 'Em Flying—  
News from Andre  
FLASH—We just got word, via Betty Hair, that our old flight grad, David Andre, now in the Navy, is in Florida for a short time. He flew a plane in from the "west" and is staying with his friends at Pensacola—all will not be able to visit his many friends in Miami, but sent a telegram saying "Hello" to all the gang.