HEY, GANG! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A DANCE!

WHEN—This Saturday evening, January 24, from 9 to 1 a.m.
WHERE—At the Mahi Shrine Temple, 1415 Biscayne Blvd., Miami.
WHY—To provide a “gay time” for our students, employees, graduates and friends of the School. Dancing and stuff!

All the Latin-American students will be there, giving free rumba lessons; and many of the British cadets from Clewiston, as well as our instructors, grade, other students and employees. It'll be a good crowd—having plenty of FUN!

TICKETS—Only 50 cents per person, “a buck a couple” . . . tickets sold only at the door Saturday evening . . . get ’em there! And don’t miss it!

REFRESHMENTS—Yep—same as last time . . . remember?

ORCHESTRA—Elmer Novak and his men playing popular North and South American tunes.

DON’T MISS IT!

IT CAN’T BE DONE—THERE’S NO TIME!
BUT OUR GANG DID IT AGAIN—AS USUAL!

Story of the week this week is a feature story, boys and girls—a story of how “Our Gang” at Embry-Riddle get together, cooperate, work like—and do the impossible. Now don’t get the idea that this is the only case on record—similar stories could be written about the flight instructors at the bases who put cadet classes thru “on time” and sometimes “ahead of time” despite weather, or about the purchasing department getting material when the supply houses said there was “non available,” or about the payroll department working all night to get the pay checks out on time, or about our “amanuenses” who

SPECIAL NOTICE
TIME: Friday night, January 23, 1942, 7:30 p.m.
PLACE: Ponce De Leon High School.
EVENT: Embry-Riddle vs. University of Miami Freshmen.

Everybody turn out and give the team the support it deserves.

DON’T MISS IT!

DON’T FORGET!

Class 2, No. 5 B. F. T. S., Clewiston, Florida, U. S. A.
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

By Ad Thompson

Life at the Seaplane Base is getting to be a very comfortable proposition now that we have all the modern conveniences including electricity, running water, new desks and upholstered chairs. Even the old hand gas pump is being replaced with an electric one which will provide gas service to both ramps.

We hailed that old gas pump as a welcome addition to our equipment not so very long ago. It was a great improvement over the gasoline drums we had to wrestle all over the place. Yes, there have been some big changes since back in '39 before the CPTP when I first came in contact with the Embry-Riddle organization.

Reminiscing

Boss Riddle and "Jiggs" Huffman were the instructors and the equipment consisted of a 40 H.P. Silver Cub (that loved the water more than it did the air) and one brand new 50 H.P. J-3 Cub that all the students were proud to fly. Operations were handled by Bob Johnston, perched behind an operations desk made out of an old hatch cover in the shelter of a discarded tool shed. It was always a thrill to see Bob break out of that shed when a prospect for a local hop hove in sight.

The official uniform in summer was tan and shorts, proper attire for working on the ramp which always pulled stakes and threatened to float away with the tide.

"In the Drink"

We didn't initiate solo students then with a toss into the briny because they always initiated themselves by slipping on the ramp. Those were good old days, yes indeed, but let's turn the clock ahead to '42 'cause we have work to do!

Recent additions to the Barnacle Squadron include Hall Graff, working on his commercial and Captain R. F. Cornell who has forsaken the yachting fraternity to get his private vote ticket.

Earl Shuptrine is back at Municipal handling hayseed maintenance and Walter Halledorff is taking over our mechanical division.

"Keep 'Em Flying"

It was a big event the other day when Jean Ogden paid her former family here at the Tech School a visit and speaking of "big events" and "families" reminds me that the big event in her real family will be very soon.

EMBRY-RIDDLE
FLY PAPER
"STICK TO IT"

January 22, 1942

GIVE? YES, GIVE HARD!

It's seldom that we of the School are asked to "give" anything but our hard work and loyalty to the organization—but here is a worthy cause that Ye Editor is mighty glad to endorse... THE COMMUNITY CHEST!

As most of you already know, the Community Chest is a clearing house for all worthwhile charitable organizations in each community—through contributions to the Community Chest you are supporting organizations which have proved to be honest, and doing the work for which the money is contributed.

We're in Competition

What makes it more important than ever to make a good showing in this campaign is the little matter of personal pride for our School—you see, we've been placed in competition with Eastern Airlines, Pan American Airways and Intercontinental Aircraft Corporation... we're in the Aviation Division of the Community Chest drive... and we just gotta show 'em we got the right spirit.

To insure complete success in this drive, and "for the honor of the School," each department head in the Miami area will be appointed chairman of his department, and in a two-day drive, this Friday and Saturday, will endeavor to get every employee into the "I GAVE" ranks. Come on, gang, give... no matter how much—but doggone it... GIVE!

The Last Time

POST SCRIPT: Incidentally, the Community Chest and the American Red Cross are the only organizations allowed to solicit contributions from our employees during working hours.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

When Charlie Barnhardt stepped into the waiting room at the Washington, D. C., airport last week to await the next north-bound plane, whom did he meet but George Wheeler, awaiting the next south-bound plane. Small world, isn't it?

BOWLER'S WIN PRIZE MONEY

In the final round-up of the summer bowling league, Tech School Bowler Jim Pyott came out as second high score man with an average of 161, losing first place by only one pin to Jack Price, Tech graduate bowling with Cunningham. In team standings, Tech was third place, winning $50.00 prize money while the Municipal Base Pilots tied for last place, winning $23.90. The prize money has been placed in a special fund to be used for recreational activities at the discretion of the members of the two teams.
Something to Remember

In fifty years time, when our flying hours have increased in proportion to our waistlines, and we are the centre of a bored group of grandchildren, recapitulating with gusto and Homeric hyperbole our American Odyssey, we shall turn to this unassuming little publication as a proof of our veracity. We shall state with great pride how we landed in Arcadia — “the home of Florida’s cowboy rodeo”; how it came to pass that we were removed to Riddle Field, that oasis of arid palms that blossomed (in due course) like the rose; how we flew to our own and our instructor’s inward marveling; and “what we thought of America.”

We shall cast a watery eye on this yellowing paper, and chortle upon re-encountering Butterfield’s smirk, remembering with senile joy the escapades of the few and the foibles of the many — the little loves of Oscar, the minute moustache of Cassidy, the courts where Baxter gloried and drank deep, the groundshaking feet of Amor, the tremendous verve with which Keady scattered little crumbs of tobacco over carefully swept floors, the many and varied efforts of Arthur Wise to land an aeroplane, and the long-drawn Celtic sagas of one Tribbeck, look you.

We shall remember the cold chill of the checkride, and in our subconsciousness the shapes of Messrs. Hunziker, Johnston, Brink, Frosty Jones, Ray Morders, Cockrill and E. J. Smith, will loom chimerically gargantuan; we shall have to struggle hard to reconcile ourselves to the fact that they were very fine gentlemen, all of them, when they were not checking students. And even, sometimes, when they were . . .

We shall dilate upon our welcome in Fort Myers, in Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Clewiston and Moorehaven, and the excellent hospitality with which we were received. Queer tales of experiences in Miami, (suitably censored, of course, for grandchild consumption); stirring accounts of Christmas Day in Florida, and a New Year’s Eve spent in pursuit of Eros with the crazy aid of Bacchus, will flow from us like coca-cola at baseball games. Many stories will we be able to relate of the habits and the haunts of the Americans, that curious race of people we have been honoured to live amongst — almost as curious as the English, they loved liberty and freedom of speech. Strange Gods, in such a world as this.

And we shall never tire of recounting how proud we were of our training “westward, where the land is bright,” where Democracy is still a cherished ideal, and Freedom is not banished from the minds of men . . .

Words and Music by G. J. Cassidy
Produced by B. H. P. Keady
**CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS**

**Jack Hobler, Editor**

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**WELCOME, STRANGER**

As we sit down today to recount the happenings of the past week, the most important event seems to be the return of our beloved boss, Mr. Riddle, himself, to Carlstrom for a brief visit. After that long stay in England that kept him away from us all so long, it was a real treat to have him back with us once more—if only for a day or so. As it was, he barely had time to shake hands all around before he was collared by Joe Horton to talk business, and we daresay that Joe wasn't the only one who grabbed him off for such talk. The last we saw of him, his Grace's wife was trying to detach him long enough to consider plans for dinner; she, it seems, had already been filled with fried chicken by the Poveys.

**Horton**

**Queen of the Pins**

The second important event of the week occurred in our athletic department. Lovely Ida Cochran, wife of Flight Commander George, knocked Zell Sammons' existing bowling record of 186 into a cocked hat with a blistering 208—the best score that has ever been turned in on our local alleys by a woman. It should certainly appear that Ida's mark will stand a long time, although Kay Bramlett followed with an inspired 194 two nights later. Some day soon we're going to bring our girls' team to Miami to take over any and all comers that branch of our E-R family has there.

**Congrats to Walden and Hobler**

The week also brought two birthdays, our own and that of Larry Walden, head of our Ground School Meteorology Department. Larry's parents came down from Plant City for the occasion, bringing him a cake and two luscious fried chickens. This chicken idea seems to be the thing when it comes to celebrating around here. We were tendered a fried chicken dinner on our own natal day at the home of Miss Freddie (Mom) Lewis, Dorr Field darling. It was quite an affair, actively attended by Paul Dixon and Brents Durance—and we mean actively. We cooked the dinner ourselves. It must have been a comic picture to see Paul and us attired in aprons and paper-bag hats, bending over the kitchen stove with our sleeves rolled up. With pardonable pride, we might say that the menu was a honey-chicken, French fried potatoes, buttered peas, lettuce and tomato salad, home-made pickles, hot rolls and coffee. The cleaning up job fell to Brents, who gave a wonderfully domestic exhibition of washing dishes.

**Metamorphosis**

For a long time we have been receiving requests to put our "line" into print. Since this "line" was first conceived here at Carlstrom, it might be interesting to note the change it has undergone.

Back in our cadet days, we'd say to a girl (under proper circumstances, of course): "Ah, my dear, you're beautiful tonight! I would love to take your chin in my two hands and, with a touch as tender and loving as a mechanic's with a brand-new wrench, to softly caress your cylinder studs; to let my fingers wander up over the delicate shell-like beauty of your nostrils on the morning breeze, to gaze into your magnificences—two whirling poles of shocking intensity. Seeing those crushed strawberries that are your lips, framing the dazzling pearls that are your teeth, I would like to clasp you to my bosom, tightly, so I could feel the pounding of your heart pulsing in the same cadence as my own—one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four!"

**Watta Change!**

Now, however, after teaching ENGINES for a few weeks, it might go like this: "Ah, my dear, you're cooking with gas tonight! I would love to take your cranckcase in my two hands, and, with a touch as tender and loving as a mechanic's with a brand-new wrench, to softly caress your cylinder studs; to let my fingers wander up over the delicate shell-like beauty of your nostrils on the wings of the morning breeze, to gaze into your magnificences—two whirling poles of shocking intensity. Seeing those crushing gears that move your cams and those shiny steel columns that are your connecting rods, I would like to clamp you into a test stand, tightly, so that I could hear the pounding of your pistons in the same cadence as the book gives—one, three, five, seven, two, four, six!"

**Odds and Ends**

Disgusting attitude of Ground School instructors toward cadets who deface the navigation room plotting charts, or who deface themselves with the provision of lots of little wooden blocks and lots of sheets of sandpaper for an impromptu class in furniture refinishing.—A letter each from Lieutenants Walter Mulligan and Dorsey Melton of Carlstrom's first class of 41-H, both new instructors in a twin-engine school on the West Coast. "Give our regards to Mr. Riddle, Len Povey, Jack Hunt, Sid Pfugler, Doug Hocker, Lieutenant Hart and all the rest of the gang, whether they remember us or not. Can't say we envy California weather as well as we did the Florida kind."

A humorous report turned in by Instructor Fredendahl on a refresher student who had just given up his lunch during a session of aerobatics: "Lost all interest in flying!"—Sergeant White palling the worst bridge bomer of the year; ask him about it and watch his face get the color of his hair.

**A New Face**

The Carlstrom Field Ground School welcomes its newest member, Paul DeBor, who comes to teach THEORY OF FLIGHT AND AIRCRAFT to the cadets. Paul hails from Pittsburg Institute of Aeronautics, where he has taught this subject for a number of years. He has also been engaged in practical aircraft maintenance and service work for an even longer period of time, knowing many of the country's outstanding pilots personally. We are sincerely glad to have you, Paul.

**Flash!**

Lieutenant Thomas Bazzel of Class 41-H—Carlstrom's first class of the new Air Corps—just dropped in en route to the West Indies. Lieutenant Bazzel is now flying a bomber and wants to be remembered to everyone who was ever in, or had anything to do with that first class. To him we wish the best of everything and lots of happy landings.

---

"K.O. for Tokyo"—

June McGill took off for Arecaida Monday afternoon for her initial visit to Carlstrom with "Boss" and Mrs. Ebbets to make new identification tags for all the students there. Judging from her effect on a couple of the South-American students, need will be the word. Whether two, she not only "took off" but will probably "take over" upon her arrival at Carlstrom.
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER
Frank Deregibus and Bud Carruthers, Jr., Editors

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR
by Frank Deregibus

In an effort to secure a more complete and more representative coverage of the Clewiston Base doings, Buddy Carruthers has asked me to do the Basic and Advanced news. I will try to send interesting news each and every week and hope that it will help give our base a better column than that which has infrequently appeared in the past.

"Along the Line"

If you can give me a column about calling it "Along the Line," referring to the Basic-Advanced Flight Line.

There never is a dull moment on the B.T.-A.T. line. Class Two, who have virtually grown up with our base, will soon bid their fond adieux to all of us and move on homewards. Class Three, the first all-Clewiston group, is rapidly nearing the completion of their basic training phase. Class Four is rapidly completing its primary training. Clewiston is really rolling now!

The great of the week is Basic Cadet Dixon, who has set new standards of navigation hereabouts. En route to Dunellon on his solo X-C, Dixon took a short cut via Tallahassee. Sort of round about, don't you think?

"No Time for Lunch"

"Keep 'em flying" is the theme of Basic Instructors Morders, Teate and Cousins. During the X-C days, in order to keep the flight going through the lunch period, the boys had themselves a weenie roast right on the line.

An interesting spectator of flight operations is friendly little "Oscar," a white goose. "Oscar" hovers about at an altitude of about 10 feet, occasionally settling in for a perfect two-point landing.

Pretty to watch are some of the nifty five-flight solo formations with which Class Two is winding up its training here. The boys have come a long way since that afternoon they received their preliminary phase way back in September, 1941.

Frosty Jones, Basic flight commander, really looked frosty until he bundled up in his dandy green overcoat.

"On the Beam"

Instructor Jean Reehard had a close call the other day. Spinning his Link from 1,000 feet, Jean recovered to straight and level at zero feet of altitude. Mighty close figuring, Jean.

Boss John Paul Riddle's address at the pilot meeting here last week was closely followed by all present. We appreciate his visit and were glad to hear what he had to tell of his visit to England. Come again soon!

Switch Off!

"Remember Pearl Harbor"

ON VACATION

Bud Carruthers is visiting a "gal" in South Carolina. Keene Langborne is at Miami Beach.

Adventures of Cadet BURPLEBY

by Jack Hart

At the Clewiston School on Monday night, January 12, the Riddle Instructors outlasted a game Clewiston team. The final score was 53 to 25. Taking the lead from the start, the Instructors opened up with a scoring spree in the first half and held their margin for the remainder of the cleanly fought tussle. Sparking the Instructors were Hopkins and Winkler, who respectively netted 16 and 14 points.

The summary:

Riddle Instructors
Hopkins ... 16
Taylor ... 5
Winkler ... 14
Place ... 9
Deregibus ... 9
Blount ... 9

Clewiston
Knight ... 4
Palmer ... 6
Von Mack ... 2
Lang ... 3
Conner ... 2
Waters ... 4
BrenIKE ... 2
Brantley ... 2
Crowe ... 2

Referee-Turk.

By virtue of this victory, the Instructors are now leading the local County League with a record of three victories and no losses.

"Keep 'Em Flying"

Report On Clewiston Cadets In Miami

"Dear Editor--

"A number of the boys came in the week-end of January 10th and 11th and judging by the number of messages and telephone numbers waiting for some of the cadets it looked to me like dates were o.k. for some lucky fellows. The usual dash in, wash up, and dash out, they sure move fast, these cadets!"

"Well, around dinner time Saturday eve, the wife and I were going to dinner and then on to the Hi-Li games. The only boys around were Bassett, Brown and Haughton, so we invited them along with us. They hadn't watched the game before—well what a kick they got out of it! We had reserved seats, a couple of "cokes," lost a dollar—but who cares, a grand time was had by all.

"Cheers,

"Syd Burrowes."
Mentioning Municipal Base
By Lynelle Rabun & Bill Jaster

Hello, friends, once again we meet for that weekly gossip forum on recent happenings. A lot has happened since we saw you last, so, without further ado, we'll dig right in.

First, and More Firsts
Roy Kunkel, you know, was the first of the cross-country boys to pass the commercial flight test, and now Bob Marshall comes along to grab first honors in passing the instructor flight test. All of this first-cross-country group have set an enviable Ground School record which we bet will stand for a good many years. Their average for the commercial written was 96 and for the instructor written, 22. The real news, however, is the fact that Bob Marshall got a 97 and, by doing so, upset an old record of long standing. Jack McKay held the previous record with a 96. All Bob would say is: "Aw, shocks, fellows; it was nothing at all!" The rest of them—Kunkel, Stanley, Pollard, Burch and Sutton—will follow in a day or two. Thus E-R turns out another group of A-1 instructors.

No. 2 Needs Shop Repairs
One afternoon the fire truck on the field started its siren going and everyone dropped their business to find out what had happened. We never realized there were so many people working out here until we saw them all together on the field. It seems that one of our poor little cubes taxied into the prop, wash of Pan American's stratoliner, which was warming up all four motors, and got blown right over on its back. Lester Hudson was "behind the wheel" and seemed none the worse for the wear. The crowning climax appeared on the flight record signed by Hudson. It read: "No. 2 needs shop repairs." That's putting it mildly!

Our friend, Boss Tyson of Clewiston, dropped in last Monday for a short while and, as usual, grabbed the lunch check at the Air Base Chateau. Have any of you others had the same experience? I guess we'll have to go all the way to Clewiston to buy him a lunch. We never seem to get even.

I Love You, Lizzy!
Laugh of the week was on Elizabeth Hirsch who, among other things, answers the phone out here at Municipal. One day the voice on the other end of the wire said: "Hello, Elizabeth, this is Harry." "Harry" is the boy friend, supposedly in Tennessee. After turning three shades of red and then to a ghostly white, "Lizzy" managed to stammer a faint hello—only to find out that it was not Harry but just a practical joker. By the way, Elizabeth has been transferred to Mr. Lipe at Tech School and we are sorry to see her go.

She has been replaced by Mary Harvey, who is causing a minor disruption around here. All the "boys" have been finding excuses to file through the front office in order to get a good look. It's no use, fellows. Her name is prefixed with a "Mrs."

More New Faces Here
We've been neglecting to acquaint you with all our new students and the list is growing daily. Here are a few of the latest ones:


At Municipal we find B. R. Bartlett, Doris Grady, Bill Bedell, Lloyd Wells, C. A. Terry, Bert Strook, Ray Peaceock, E. Le Mire, Clara Livingston (who is widely known in flying circles), Harold Greene and Gordon Gibbs.

In the Ground School out here are Gilbert King, Melvin Tillman, Ben Lamotte, Charles Stahler, Bob Royce and Hall Griff.

Welcome to our family, everyone, we know you'll like it here. Have you ever heard of Ursula Parrott, the famous woman novelist? Yep, she's flying out here, too.

And still more instructors—added to our rapidly growing family are Mary Brooks, whose hubby is Peter Brooks, that champ of stunts; Lieutenant Charles Fator, formerly at Seminole Airport, and A. Lumpkin, down here to help us with the cross-country boys.

Charlie Barnhardt ferried in another new plane this week—a Fairchild trainer with a Warner motor. It will be used on the next secondary program.

Earl Shupertine and Henry Pelton are back with us at the Land Base and Walter Halldorff has been transferred to the dockyard.

Students Please Note!
Notice to all students: Please do not go through the front office and hangar to get to operations office. Use the north gate. Also, there is a pay phone located in National Airline's office and in the city office. Use these for all phone calls. We know you all so well that when you ask us a favor we find it hard to refuse. However, in the interest of efficiency, we must refuse. Just chalk up these two little inconveniences as doing your bit to help National Defense.

"The time to think is before an emergency—not afterwards."

—Remember Pearl Harbor—

Ahern, Bamberger to Clewiston
Transferring from Municipal Base in Miami to primary flight instruction at Clewiston is our old friend, Bobby Ahern, who left Monday morning. He was accompanied by Tommie Bamberger, who, we hear, will apply for a job in the Link Training School at Clewiston.

Andre Again
Just in case you didn't read it last week, David Andre was in Pensacola delivering a new ship to the Naval Station there. We're repeating that here so we can use the "left over" type and picture that follows.

Which makes a swell place for us to use that picture we've been holding for so long—taken at the Embry-Riddle cabana at the Deauville, Miami Beach, last fall, it shows Midge Hudson, David Andre, Betty Hair and Paul Andre relaxing between dips in the good old Atlantic ocean.

—K.O. for Tokyo—

Junior Engine Instructor George Abbots will soon enter the hospital for tonsilllectomy.

DEPARTAMENTO LATINO. AMERICANO

PARA EL "FLY PAPER"
por Israel Silva D. Niearagua
Enero 11/42

El triunfo es algo que se obtiene con la lucha y esfuerzo: felicitado resultado, por la evidencia de los nobles ideales de los medios para llevar a la meta.

La Embry Riddle, Escuela de Aviación, nos brinda tan brillante oportunidad: es un centro, organizado para el bien de los medios para llevar a la meta.

El triunfo es algo que se obtiene con la lucha y esfuerzo: felicitado resultado, por la evidencia de los nobles ideales de los medios para llevar a la meta.

M. Silva D. Neiragrua.

Latin-American League "Goes To Town"

Doing yeoman like work in the entertaining of the Latin-American students at the Tech School is the Miami unit of the Latin-American League, headed by Mrs. Clark Stearns, president. Last Saturday, Mrs. Stearns, assisted by Mrs. Bertha Johnson, entertained the entire contingent at a tea at her home. Another tea will be held this coming Saturday for all the lads who do not already have a date for the Saturday night dance.

Other Entertainment
Thursday evening, the boys will be the guests of the management of the local Jai Alai Frontone while on Sunday, they will be the guests of the Miami Biltmore Hotel at the famous Biltmore Water Show, thus the courtesy of Alexander Ott and Mrs. Chapman, the manager. Saturday evening, of course, is the big dance at the Mah Shrine Temple at 9 o'clock.
THE RIDDLE AMANUENSES
By Marjorie Pierce

According to Mr. Webster, an Amanuensis is “one who is employed to write at the dictation or direction of another; a secretary.” Maybe we all aren’t in the strictest sense of the word, but the girls at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields thought the name pretty cute, and we do have fun at our parties, the last of which was given at the home of Stasia Donitat, Lieutenant Hart’s amanuensis, by Stasia and Edna Poston, Flight Lieut. Pen¬

nel’s amanuensis, last Thursday evening.

After the business matters of the club were taken care of (by the way, girls, remember to be thinking of a new mascot), we gathered around the tables for “Michigan Rummy.” Sally Lambie, our die¬
tician, ended up with the most chips. Hey, Sally, are you a pro¬fessional among all these ama¬
teurs?

Two new members were taken into the club, namely: Jackie Liv¬

ingston and Mary Frances Beverly, both new employees at Carlstrom. We look forward to our next meet¬
ing at the home of Mrs. Maud Dykes, next Thursday.

—Keep ‘Em Flying—

Tech Wins Again (Ho! Hum!) by Howard Beazel

Last night the Tech basketball team ran their winning streak to seven straight wins and having only one loss, that being the first game.

Last night’s score was 41 to 9 against the Dixie Tire Co.

Box Score

Embry-Riddle Dixie Tire Co.
Baldwin 10 Downs 7
Lambliom 8 Derby 9
Leatherman Cadets 2
Broner 12 Hamilton 0
Hamilton 3 Shriber 0
Turnipseed 0
Baroudi 9

MAC’S “GOOSE IS COOKED”

Turning the tables on Jack Hob¬
er, Ye Editor and the rest of us who gave Jim McShane a “goose for Christmas” as a grand joke, is the story that came in Monday ... the goose was cooked—and provided a lovely dinner for the Mc¬

Shanes, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Malm¬
sten and the de la Rosas at Phil’s home.

Said McShane, as he contentedly wiped his mouth on a snowy white napkin, “Tanks, kids. I’ll expect this every year now!”

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TECH TALK AND MAIN OFFICE GOSSIP

By Evelyn (Gawja) Gholston

(Dear readers and friends: You are very sweet to want me to continue my little chatter in this column. I am not an official member of our "big family," just now, so just for your sake I have slipped by the guard, peeped through the same keyholes, and here I am ready to serve you in any way possible.

Old Home Week

Reading like an Embry-Riddle roll call is the line up of aircraft sheet metal workers for the Embry-Riddle Aircraft Corp. Such a busy place with thousands of automob¬
ilies, the fiercest looking guards, and some hundreds of employees, among them our own instructor R. R. Spain. When you walk in the first thing they do is ask about former Intercountry employees: Bosses E. B. Varney and H. E. Richter. It would be impossible to mention just how many Embry-Riddle students are working there, but it would be quite gratifying to any of you who walk through and hear the "hello’s" coming from every department.

Amusin' Though Confusin'

The delightful costume here of calling all the young matrons by their first names has us baffled, now that all the husbands and wives are joining their better halves in the very successful new cafeteria. For instance, the first thought that comes into our heads upon being introduced is that this is Mr. "Grace" Roome, Mr. "Helen" Drabec, Mr. "Jo" Skinner, and so forth. Of course we must apologize to the husbands for even having these thoughts, but you see how confusin' though amusin' the situation is. We are delighted to have the opportunity of meeting the rest of all the very lovely families repre¬
sented here at Embry-Riddle, however, so don’t take this too seri¬ously.

Fair Exchange

Joining our office force is Eliza¬th Birsch, who came to us from Municipal. We are very sorry to have lovely Mary Harvey taken away from us, but we suppose it was a fair "swap," since she has gone to Municipal. Another ex¬change was the transfer of Tommy Whitehead and E. J. Michael Geraghty to the sheet metal stock room.

Latin-America Moves In

And we enjoy them more each day. A never-ending source of amusement is their struggle with the English language, and our struggle with the Spanish. With due apologies for our Spanish, which in every case is terrible, we want to relate a few slip-ups:

William Silvaere Anthony of Uruguay, who looks like a typical Englishman, tried so hard to keep a straight face while talking about a "fat cow" in his English class, but when he came to "horses," he as usual did not pronounce the "If," which proved very amusing to the "American" section of the class.

Romeo Rodrigues of El Salvador in passing a very nice compliment to one of the young ladies here looked up the word he thought best to use in a grammar book, but it came out like this: "I never saw so handsome a woman like you," which was very sweet, really, but gives you an idea of how we must sound to them when we make our blunders in Spanish.

Oscar Albert Varsarsky, who hails from "the romantic Argen¬
tine, the land of gauchos (cowboys) and mate (tea), and," he added, "of nice boys, too," which you will believe when you see how hand¬

some a young man he is.

We have seen our first blond Latin-American among the last delegation. We must all get better acquainted with our "Good Neigh¬

bors," so that we can help them to

know our wonderful United States, and to love it as much as we do.

This 'N That

Don’t be surprised if little Ger¬

trude Luebbert becomes a blushing bride any day now. Little Audrey Thomas was seen at the Olympia listening to "that love of hers" sing "That Love of Mine." Her fiancé has a wonderful voice and is a very talented musician. Having a won¬

derful time at the exciting jai alai games this week were Dot Ciccarelli and her room-mate, Daphne, and Lucille Valliere. Best skater on the floor at the Delta Zeta sorority skating party was Dot Schoolo. Most co-operative keyhole-watcher for your Girl Friday is Tom Davies, who deserves a vote of thanks for helping me keep tabs on your social activities.

Passing Thought

If you listen to the general con¬

versations in the cafeteria, it sounds like an "international jam•

bore," We hope the "fiesta" being given to the new Latin-American students at the Coral Gables Country Club proves a big success.

Know Me—Know My Car

John and Betty Gaughrath, a new black Packard coupé; Sarah Gibes, gray Ford coach; Robert Hillstead, blue Chrysler sedan; Charlie Ebets, Ford station wagon "de luxe"; Lilian Bradford, blue Cadillac sedan.

—Remember Pearl Harbor—

TECH WINS AGAIN

by Howard Beazel

The Embry-Riddle "Shock-Troopers" awarded a gallant North Dade Volunteers quintet to the score of 68 to 18.

Box score:

Embry-Riddle
Baldwin 18
Lambliom 12
Leatherman 10
Broner 11
Trunipseed 6
Abrams 1
Golly 0
North Dade Volunteers
Bancom 2
Apt 0
Fogarty 0
W. Boyer 2
Blackburn 0
B. Boyer 2
Goldstein 10
Donaldson 9
McCord 9

The Richman Clothes also win¬
ning their contest placed Embry-Riddle and Richman’s in a tie for first place again. Each team hav¬
ing lost one game, that being to each other; Richman’s winning the first meeting of the two teams and Embry-Riddle winning the second.

serious Business

TECH SCHOOL—Instructor Jim Poyt shows student R. F. Robinson how to handle a piece of metal in the big power cutter in the Sheet Metal Department.
It Can't Be Done
Continued from Page 1

The day goes on as usual, except that we've been warned to expect a heavy rain the next few days. The weather doesn't seem to have bothered anyone, as the work continues as usual.

The Cafe
The cafe is bustling with activity as the men prepare their equipment for the next day. The smell of coffee and bacon wafts through the air, and the chatter of the workers adds to the lively atmosphere.

The Weather
The weather forecast predicts a high of 70 degrees with a 40% chance of scattered showers. The men are happy to hear this news, as they all welcome a bit of relief from the heat.

The End
As the day comes to a close, the men gather together to share a meal and reflect on the day's work. They are all exhausted, but satisfied with what they've accomplished. The work is far from finished, but they know that with dedication and teamwork, they will see it through.

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

The program for the Riddle "Family Theatre" is announced:

**PROGRAM**

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture

"Queen of the Yukon"

with CHARLES BICKFORD and IRENE RICH

MondAy, January 26th—Dorr Field
TUESDAY, January 27th—Riddle Field
WEDNESDAY, January 28th—Carlstrom Field

"Phantom of Chinatown"

with GRANT WITHERS and LOTUS LONG

THURSDAY, January 29th—Dorr Field
FRIDAY, January 30th—Riddle Field
SATURDAY, January 31st—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge: Ten Cents

Brooks Joins the Pan American

ROOSEVELT Field News, January 6, 1942

R. L. "Pete" Brooks, who made his flying headquarters at Roosevelt Field for many years, visited the airport last Thursday after an absence of several months. "Pete," who used to do his flying around here in his clapped wing Monocoupe, and who instructed on a Secondary Course for Embry-Riddle, has joined the Pan-American Ferry Service. He arrived in New York last Tuesday by Eastern Airliner and left Monday for Miami in the two-place Grumman Fighter purchased by Pan American Ferry Service from James P. Donahue.

Editor’s Note: Congratulations to "Pete". This is a job for which he is particularly well fitted, and we know he welcomes the chance to "do his bit."

Among other members of "our gang" who have signed up for this so important war service are Bill Duff, C. K. Retxrode, Jack Waters, Leo Harrell and Bill Mc Curdy. Good luck to 'em! And keep 'em flying!

—"Mum's the Word: Don't Talk!"