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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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DON'T MISS THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CHRISTMAS PARTY!

EMBRY-RIDDLE Fly Paper
"STICK TO IT"

Vol. 3 No. 7  PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY EMBRY-RIDDLE  December 3, 1941

AT LONG LAST

After months and months of promising you a big story about the Seaplane Base, -- at last it's here.....Lieut. Van H. Purgin gave us official clearance on it this morning and now we can tell you that they are going to rebuild our dear old Seaplane Base!

Any of the new comers to the "family" who don't think that is a BIG story, listen a minute: those little shacks on the County Causeway in Miami were the beginning of our present multi-million dollar company. Three years ago, that was the Embry-Riddle Company, - just those shacks and an idea!

As we began to expand so rapidly at Municipal Base, the Tech School and Arcadia and Clewiston, the little ole "Duck Pond" got shoved into the background, - but not in the hearts and minds of all those "old timers" who first began to work and fly there...and that's what makes it such a good story for our "gang"...

Construction, already begun, will include new landing facilities: super-duper 36 by 13 foot building containing...
FLY PAPER

"Stick To It"

Published weekly by
The Embry-Riddle School of Aviation
Miami, Florida
Riddle Aeronautical Institute
Carlstrom Field,
Arcadia, Florida
Riddle-McKay Aero College
Riddle Field
Clewrston, Florida

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, PRESIDENT
F. C. 'Bud' Belland, Editor

* * * *

EDITORIAL

KINDNESS

'Twas a gray, sunless, rainy day until
someone gave us a compliment on the
efforts of the Fly Paper staff,—it's
amazing how those few kind words
changed everything! All of which goes
to prove that human life is sustained
on more than food and shelter,—it
takes liberal doses of the "milk of
human kindness" to make life worth
living.

This thought inspires us to make the
plea here that we try using more
human kindness in our relations with
our fellow men. All of us, from the
Big Boss to the "fourth assistant
office boy", have our worries and
troubles,—a little word of praise
here and a kind word there make these
troubles and problems easier to bear—it
will not only make the recipient
happier,—but watch,—you, too, will
feel better for having made someone
else happy.

SPARK PLUGS!

Just a word about what we like to
call "Spark Plugs",—not the kind
that go into engines, but those
"spark plug" people,—the ones who
have a knack of making things "go"!
Whether it is organizing a sporting
event, running an aviation school or
doing a weekly column for the old Fly
Fly Paper,—certain people stand out as leaders,—those willing to give
and do just a little bit more than is required of them. To these people who
"do" come more jobs to be done, more responsibilities and more honor and
(Cont. to top of page 3)
EDITORIAL (Cont.)

respect from their fellow men, - to say nothing of growing salary checks. Take a look at yourself, - are you a "spark plug" in the organization, - or are you merely coasting along on your minimum r.p.m.???

AT LONG LAST (Cont. from page 1)

club room, rest rooms, lockers and flight operations office...along the front of the building, and facing the channel, will be a screened coral rock veranda, complete with deck chairs and tables and everything for the comfort of our flight students and personnel. The present buildings will be remodeled into a shop for maintenance and repair work. Swell going, Seaplane Base, --keep growing!

Only sad note around the Seaplane Base is the knowledge that C. K. Rexrode is leaving us for an important mission the nature of which he doesn't want divulged as yet, - taking his place will be Clyde Ellis, transferred from Municipal. Ad Thompson will be the base manager...Seaplane Base graduate Bob Iba, now an Ensign at Opa-Locka, came in Saturday to "chin" a while, - and told us that Bob Shelly, Ruth's Brother, has been assigned to a fighter squadron at the Naval Air Station at Opa-Locka...

DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
por Philip A. de la Rosa

El sistema eléctrico de un avión se hace cada día más y más complicado. Los nuevos diseños de aviones cuentan con un sistema de distribución de fluido eléctrico que representa un estudio especial. Comprendiendo esto la Escuela de Aviación Embry Riddle, siempre alerta, acaba de establecer un Departamento de Sistema Eléctrico de Aparatos Aéreos. La persona que toma este curso estará capacitada para la instalación y mantenimiento satisfactorio del sistema eléctrico de cualquier avión. Si
Ud. tiene inclinación para la electricidad, sirvase escribirnos solicitando detalles de este novel curso, los cuales le facilitaremos inmediatamente. Aquí tiene ahora la oportunidad de especializarse en la rama que más le gusta y asegurar un puesto en la industria de la aviación, que es la industria del porvenir.

** * **

Con la arribada de la estación del invierno a Norteamerica, nos es grato comentar que la parte sur del estado de la Florida, y en particular la ciudad de Miami, donde está establecida la Escuela de Aviación Embry Riddle, con sus divisiones técnicas y de instrucción de vuelo en aviones terrestres y en hidroaviones, es la única región del territorio de los Estados Unidos de Norte América, que cuenta con un clima tropical. Esto significa que podemos continuar dando instrucción de vuelo sin las interrupciones ocasionadas por los cambios bruscos de temperatura y demás estado desfavorable del tiempo. Si Ud. tiene pensado el adquirir su licencia de piloto, no pierda tiempo, pues puede venir a esta sin las preocupaciones de un invierno en climas del norte.

** * **

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL
by Lynelle Rabun

This past week hasn’t been so good from the flying standpoint. Bad weather, so uncommon to Florida, has reduced the aviating program out here to a bare minimum. Still, enough happens to warrant printing and we’ll try to make it as interesting as possible. We’re sorry about letting you all down last week, but a fellow doesn’t get a chance to pass his Private License tests every day in the week, nor every week in the year, so we had to take time out and devote our concentrated efforts to the business at hand.

** * **

The whole gang is wearing a long face as our instructor corps is
"sabotaged" by the loss of two of our best loved Pilots. The fun-loving and irrepressible Roscoe
Brinton, Jr. leaves us to instruct at Clewiston, while handsome, youthful Clyde Ellis goes down to the
Seaplane Base to take Charlie Rexrode's place. In tribute to these boys' respective characters, we say "Heaven
help Clewistoneers without a sense of humor," and "Mermaids, here's the answer to your prayers." Best wishes
to you both, fellows, and please come back to visit whenever you can.

***

An old friend from 'way back dropped in to see us the other day, and then
hopped off for Arcadia. Never members of the family probably won't recognize him, but HOWARD WADE is well known to the older boys. Howard got his instructor's rating with Embry-Riddle, went up to Washington to
teach flying, traveled out as far as California, and still didn't find a place he liked to work at so well as with E-R. Now he's back in the fold, and we're plenty glad to have him.

***

An Open Letter to Miss Gene Smith

Dear Gene: Having been with us for some time now, and being made aware
of the soft spot we have in our collective heart for you, we'd like to
ask a favor of you. Charming, lovely ladies like you are hard to find—even in Florida—so, when you are an intimate friend of a similar beauty
like Marion Foley, why not try to talk her into a flying course so we
can see more of her?

***

Clewiston granted a twelve-day vacation to two of our old gang and they
promptly came over to stay with us. We speak of none other than the
witty George May and the laconic Jimmie Cousins. This is a treat, boys;
why not do it more often?

***

The Family grows this week with the addition of Thomas H. Lindsey to the
Line Crew. Tom, a magnificent exponent of the crew hair-cut, takes our
place now that we have been moved to Operations as Flight Dispatcher.
We're taking Julian (Slick) Stanley's old job while he takes a month
off to concentrate on his Instructor's Refresher course. And, take it from us, this new job is a baffling one; our two hands are nowhere near enough to take care of the numerous demands made on our office. How did you do it, Slick?

***

Fifteen-Minute Melodrama

Scene: The Municipal Stockroom

Night Foreman: Andy, I want a reed for a rudder horn on the Stinson "105".

Stock Clerk: Sure, Charlie, but I'll have to look around for one.

N. F.: Okay. Let me know when you find it.

(Two hours pass)

N. F.: Andy, haven't you found that part yet?
S. C.: No, Charlie; I guess I'll have to order one.
N. F.: Well, mark that order "RUSH!" and make sure the reed is an "A"-key one.
S. C.: Okay, Charlie, I'll write all that down on the Purchase Request.
      (He does.)

(Enter the villain, M. Chenault)

M. C.: Hey, Charlie, don't let him send that Request in to the Main Office that way!

N. F.: Why not?
M. C.: Heh, heh, heh, - they might order it!

***

A sad little boy was the pride and joy
Of the crew that "Keeps 'Em Flying",
When his threat to get married so cruelly miscarried;
For, how could we know he was lying?

This short limerick, friends, completely covers the most elaborate and successful hoax of the week. We can't mention names, but the "little boy certainly sweated blood when his "threat" was almost materialized
for him in the shape of a phoned request from a local florist for his "bride's" address.

Incidentally, Slick and Maston O'Neal went hunting last Monday, ostensibly to snag a little bird meat for Thanksgiving. The nearest they got to a turkey was a poor little buckshot-burdened quail that Slick had to look for with six-power binoculars, after he'd cooked it, so he could eat it.

And that just about finishes us up this week. We're told we're going to have some help hereafter in writing up this column. Boy, we need it!

---

CARLSTROM NEWS
by Arthur Lee Harrell

BIG NEWS OF THE WEEK here at Carlstrom is the completion dance scheduled to be held this Friday night in the open-air patio. Each dance to date has surpassed its predecessors in both grandeur and attendance, and advance preparations indicate that this one will further top previous records.

Our dietitian, Miss Lambie, is in charge of reservations and can be reached through Extension 12. Sally, speaking statistically, (wow!—what means such words), informs us concerning the dance that the:

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<th>PURPOSE:</th>
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<td>PLACE:</td>
<td>MESS HALL PATIO</td>
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<tr>
<td>DATE:</td>
<td>FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12th</td>
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<td>TIME:</td>
<td>7:30 P. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PRICE:</td>
<td>$1.50 DRAG</td>
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<td>.75 STAG</td>
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RESERVATIONS: ACCEPTED UP TO AND INCLUDING DECEMBER 10th.

Frankly, after missing out on the swell dinner served at the last dance,
you can bet our reservations will be in early.

Dorr Field, it seems, intend to hold their own completion dance at the Lido in Sarasota on the same date leaving sufficient facilities to properly handle the unusually large class.

Class 42-D, if the washing machine has not been grinding too steadily during the past week, will probably finish the largest percentage of Cadets yet to win their wings at Carlstrom Field. It has been an eager bunch of lads, willing to work and try a little harder to prepare themselves for the task that lies before them, and this extra effort and determination is written in the "Record" they will leave behind. Congratulations, brother pilots, and who knows, perhaps before so very long we might have the opportunity of flying in that No. 1 wing position with you.

As grim as the thing we are preparing for might be, it nevertheless isn't always so serious during flight periods. Take, for instance, the conversation of a group of instructors over at Parker Field supervising accuracy stages. With ten or fifteen young solo fledglings shooting 360's for that well known spot marked X, some shooting low and some high and some having difficulty getting her down, it remained for Bill Duff, veteran RAF pilot of the last war, to make this statement: "All auxiliary fields should be equipped with a wind sock and tee, a set of signal flags, AND A STAGE GUN to shoot these high birds down."

The Pilots Club is becoming more popular every day and already over half the RAI pilots have become members. There is something doing practically every night but more particularly on Friday and Saturday nights. It's a nice way to enjoy companionship with a swell bunch of people, and inexpensive too, although some of the boys have found a couple of ways to make it just a little more expensive. The founders are still putting in a lot of labor on the club house and we bet they would surely appreciate a little help from some of the rest of us.
SPEAKING OF CLUBS, who should form a club now but all the lovelies that work out at the two fields. We understand that the "REDBEAD" is president and they intend to bowl and have parties and everything. Why, we should like to ask, with all the bachelors sitting around twiddling their thumbs, should such a group of pretty girls want to spend their time like that.

CARLSTROM FIELD will finally come into its own next week (December 20), when Dorr moves over to its own field, and the new class of UKers move in. We will be just 30 cadets short of full quota and one new flight will be formed to round out the organization. Dorr Field will complete its flight and organization from its own personnel, leaving our flights intact and in position to settle down to a little more steady routine. Each new class has shown a higher percentage of efficiency and completions and even further increases in efficiency should be expected after the flights have had an opportunity to work together as a solid unit, that is, perhaps, if someone will lend us a PT for about an hour a month so we can keep up our own flying.

TECH SCHOOL DOPE ROOM DOPE
by Sam Paetro

We recently enjoyed taking a trip to Clewiston, and suggest that anyone who wishes to spend a pleasant day do likewise. We were treated like a long lost brother there and the letter of introduction from "Bud" Belland opened all doors for us. Among the many former Tech Schoolers who are now helping there to "Keep 'Em Flying", are Capt. W. F. Button, Earl McMurray, Mort Feldman, Bob Reese and the brothers Concannon. The boys are brown as berries from working outdoors, and all look disgustingly healthy.

Instructor Dave Abrams is soon going to take ground school instructor's exams in navigation, instruments and meteorology. That's a mighty big job, Dave, but we all have a lot of confidence in you, and wish you the best of luck. By the way, we are always glad to see "Moose", but never were we so happy to see him as we were the night of the Miami
Alabama football game! It's too bad we can't print why...

Charlie "Happy birthday to Youse" Colley, "Ol' Man Mose" Baroudi, and Instructor Jim Pyott among many others, want to start a basketball team. They can't do anything to start the ball rolling, so how's about a little support from you Belland. All they need is a little encouragement and a basketball.

Boy, did we have fun the day that those bathing beauties came up to school to have some pictures taken! You never saw classes disperse so quickly. We're not mentioning any names, but there were more interested instructors present than students! We'd like to see the look on student Hal Boudreau's face when he finds out what he missed!

NOTES OF A ROVING CORRESPONDENT
or MAIN OFFICE - MUNICIPAL MIXTURE
by Jack Hobler

FLASH!!! We bring tidings of great joy! Let the heavens resound with the echoes of loud and hearty cheers as we herald the return of our prodigal son! But wait... Get moving, friends; hop into your cars, planes, buggies, and buckboards - make your way out to Municipal - disembark from your various and sundry vehicles - tiptoe softly into Operations, and behold ---- BILL JASTER! Yes, indeed, he's a wonderful sight for sore eyes. After three months away from us - ninety days of enjoying home cooking - Bill returns to the scene of his former activities, twenty pounds heavier, fit as a fiddle, and even more likeable (if possible) than before. The old author of MENTIONING MUNICIPAL is here to take Roy Kunkel's place as Chief Flight Dispatcher and to collaborate with Lynelle Rabun in putting out a column that will really be a column. When these two birds get their heads together, Lord help the unwary!

To those who haven't had the pleasure yet of knowing him, we'll describe Bill as one of the finest guys under whom an Operations swivel chair...
ever squeaked - a grand fellow, all-wool, a yard wider, and a flying Lord Chesterfield. By the time he reads this his arm will be so sore from shaking hands with so many of his old friends that one of them will have to hold the FLY PAPER up for him so he can see what it says.

Mr. Jaster, we hear that you will take over some of Max Marvin's old duties, and we hope that this addition to your work will not keep you too busy to turn in some of that swell copy you were so faithful with, not to stop once in a while for a little chat with us about how you've enjoyed your "vacation". Please don't construe this as a "No compliments without asking a favor" set-up, but how about starting in on next week's issue, Bill?

***

The laugh of the week was on Phil Stiles and us last Sunday night. Invited to spend the evening with the Misses Colleen Breslin and Laura Bentz at the latter's home, we donned clean shirts, shaved, and shined up in general for the occasion. With each of the lovely ladies taking our immaculate arms and telling us they had a little surprise for us, we were led into the darkened kitchen. Our hearts leaped, our pulses quickened, and romantic visions flashed through our minds. Bewilderment crept upon us as something light and fluffy was slipped over our heads - increased as nimble fingers drew something tightly about our waists. Then---disillusion burst upon us as the lights were turned on. Before us was a sink piled high with dishes and filled with hot, soapy water! The girls' delighted peals of laughter only added to our discomfiture in the unaccustomed attire of gingham aprons. Oh gosh,-- a beautiful, moonlit night, strains of Johann Strauss' Viennese waltz emanating from the radio, two pretty girls, and there we were - with a dishrag in one's hands and a tea towel in the other's! Will we ever learn to keep our big mouths shut about our kitchen prowess???

* * *

By the way, we'd like to congratulate Lynelle Rabun on his promotion
to Operations as Flight Dispatcher. Nelly is a grand guy, and we’re glad to see his willingness to work rewarded. You’ve got the stuff, boy; give out with it!

Speaking of promotions, our esteemed friend and former boss of the Main Office stockroom, Bill Jacobs, has been transferred to Clewiston, where he will have charge of the Post Supply there and be Assistant Purchasing Agent to Messrs. Brannen and Durdon. Quiet but efficient Tommy Hilbish takes over Bill’s job in running the Tech Stockroom, and will have the full cooperation of Norman Bennett and Clif Hyatt in turning in a good job. Clif, a Private flight student out at Municipal, has just started to work for us, and shows all the signs of being as good a man here as he was a student there. Good luck and more power to all of you.

Enjoying the company of the Misses Colleen Breslin and Laura Bentz (previously mentioned herein) at the Deauville Sunday afternoon were our old friend Grant Baker and his buddy, Howard Boston. Both are now instructing in the Army Primary school at Carlstrom Field. Grant took his flying training out at Municipal in the C.P.T. programs and received a special tribute from Charlie Barnhardt when the latter remarked, "In a year that kid has gotten all the ratings I have." Keep it up, Grant; we’re all for you.

This ’n’ That:— Jim McShane taking orders around the Tech School for everybody’s Christmas bird.— Elaine Devery showing up in a glamorous new hair-do that makes her seem taller and even more sylph-like.— Steve Anderson losing a match-for-cokes contest when he didn’t even have a coin to match with in the first place.— Bob Ahern laying a siege on the Municipal front office.— Ye Ed trying to make reservations for the inaugural "bus trip" to be set up between Miami, Clewiston and Arcadia by the company for employee and mail service.— Charlie Bostoso confessing that the inspiration for his poetry comes while accompanying his wife on her weekly shopping tours.— The Main Office carpenters, Frank Marshall and "Scotty" Hope taking offense at our non-union shelf-building labors in the Municipal Stockroom, and showing us their Sylvan Symphony in the new paneled wood enclosure they’re installing for
the fourth floor offices.---Interrupting Senor de la Rosa's Spanish class to borrow a typewriter so we could print our copy this week.

Well, it's getting late now, so we'll close up shop and take leave of Ralph, the "Night Superintendent". So long, for a while. We hope to be back next week if the Draft hasn't got us yet. Hey, there, Tubby Owens, we may be seeing you sooner than we expected!

DORR FIELD BULLETIN
BY Jack Barrington

Things are popping at Dorr Field these days, what with one class of students finishing, another starting and Re­freshers doing both, we don't know just where to begin.

The apprentice instructors are starting their courses and many a hopeful is looking forward to the day when he will become a full fledged member of the Riddle staff. We can't resist the temptation to do our practice over toward Dorr Field in order to keep a close check on the building progress. From our upstairs view it looks very satisfactory and we are anticipating the day when we land over there and call that Home.

The Pilots' Club, now in it's second week, is going great guns; it is certainly a well organized and well-conducted place of retreat. The boys have done a wonderful job of Carpentry and decorating; if we are ever in demand of a carpenter, manager, bartender or bouncer, we will certainly put out a feeler to the Sharman, Mahrt and Fruda combination. Most any afternoon will find them hard at work on improvements to the club.

A pleasant surprise the other day was the announcement that a few days' vacation was to become a reality --- that is, if weather and other conditions permit the flying time being up to that which we would normally put in during that period. KEEP 'EM FLYING, BOYS.
Arcadia is taking on the aspect of a Christmas town and slowly transforming her show windows into homes of Santa and his workers—which brings on the thought of Christmas shopping. Woe is me!

As the end of a Cadet class draws near, there is always a little tension and feeling of anxiety among the cadets. This probably accounts for the cadet who had a different date for Friday and Saturday nights—everything went well until the Friday date happened to appear at the same dance to which he took the Saturday date. Probably due to losing a few nights' sleep, the Cadet, after a dance with his Friday night date, proceeded to spend the remainder of the evening with her and then escorted her home forgetting the date which he had brought. Believe it or not, the Cadet claims he did not realize what had happened until the next morning. Relax, boys!!

THAT YOU MIGHT FLY

By Charles Bestoso

You blithely call for "Contact", with never a thought or a fear;
With never a qualm of forboding, nor a thought for the Pioneer;
The thought never strikes your conscience that you do not fly alone;
That the spirits of men before you, guard every ship that's flown.

So, consider men who dreamed their dreams, the Unknown to defy;
The men who gave their very lives, just that you might fly!
Think, too, of scoffing blind ones, who greeted their dreams with jeers;
Who laughed in scorning derision at their sweat and toil and tears.

Think of the torch, (with failing hands), that they have tossed to you;
The right of men to fly like birds, and tame the mystic blue!
Their scroll of fame is long and bright, (their names engraved in fire);
Each one a daring dreamer, who willed to be a flyer!

The things you do so casually, in modern, easy flight
Are dangers that they conquered - and you don't have to fight!
For, theirs was the noble spirit which makes men try and try,
With courage never-faltering, though called upon to die!

Though passing from our memories, can you doubt that up on high,
They still are ever watchful, o'er you who love to fly?
Can you think that their guiding spirits were snuffed like candle fires
When their last flights were ended? Nay! In spirit still they're flyers!

So, remember when you're Solo, alone up in the blue;
That shades of greater souls than yours are riding on with you!
Remember, too, when up aloft, a'winging through the sky,
That those courageous, hardy souls gave all--that YOU might fly.

---

CLEWISTON NEWS
by H. M. "Buddie" Carruthers

Big news this week about our Cadets seems to be the Class 1 graduation
dinner-dance held last Saturday evening at the Quarterdeck Club in
Miami. Unable to attend the affair ourselves because of a Saturday
flying schedule, we understand from all reports that the Cadets and
many members of the School had more than the "super" time they had
anticipated. Up at Clewiston, we gave our own little party for the
boys, a typical American Thanksgiving turkey dinner with all the
trimmings, or was that chicken? Anyway, it was plenty good, and
this is a good spot to introduce our new Steward at the Mess Hall,--
he is S. C. Nethery, the twin brother of our gay Captain "Doc"
Nethery at Carlstrom Field in Arcadia. Welcome in!

In the Kick Department, we are still hearing from GRADY MASTERS to the
effect that he hasn't been "in" the Fly Paper, oh, yes you were, last
week, but we'll repeat here that he is an "old" employee transferred
from Carlstrom and now working on the inventory crew at Riddle Field.
Incidentally, Main Office runner Ralph Johnson went to school with
Grady at Punta Gorda and is anxious to renew old friendships. Song of
Woo being sung around the Base is that "$21 a day, once a month!"
ditty being featured by Charles "Tubby" Owens, who has been drafted
and is leaving us soon.

Buffalo, N. Y., has sent us three new instructor refreshers, Gene
Rooney, Roy Velie and Francis Winkler. Coming from Miami and Municipal
Base where he just finished flight training is Johnnie Gewinner who will also take the refresher course. Among other new employees at Riddle Field are Bill Jacobs, transferred from the Miami stock room, and R. P. "Doc" Snow, male nurse, and his assistant C. R. Ferguson—both of whom deserve much praise for their "on their toes" work on the field during the night flying phases.


SPECIAL TO JACK CRUMMER—your old friend TOM SLADE from Orlando is now Catering Steward at the MacFadden Deauville Hotel,— and is always asking about you.

Laugh of the week is on Kenny Woodward,— towards evening, after flying all the previous night and all that day, Kenny came into the Pilot's room, dropped his 'chute on the floor and said,— "You know, I've had the darnedest dream! I've dreamed that I was flying all day today!" ...Sleepy, huh?

Visiting Riddle Field last week was old friend Pearsall Day who flew up a Taylorcraft, returning Thursday afternoon to bring back Ed Turner to attend the wedding of Bill Ellington and Virginia Witters at Coral Gables that evening. Pearsall, an old time flight student, is still...
head usher at Sonny Shepard's Lincoln Theatre, but is working on his commercial and Instructor's rating, and gettin close. Keep going, Keed!

Right happy over their well earned 12 day vacation before the new class starts, many of the Clewiston instructors have 'hauling out', Mr. and Mrs. Lee Heffron went to New York City as did Frank Derigibus, Charley Bing and Mr. and Mrs. Woody Edmondson went to Lynchburg, Va., Betty and Ray Morders went to Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehman went to Alexandria, Va., and George May and Jimmie Cousins went to Miami.

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ELEMENTARY CPTP NEWS
by Ray Waddington

We're wondering how many of the primary students were lucky enough to receive two turkeys because of the recent double Thanksgiving. We hear that George Hollahan decided that Buzzard meat is much better than turkey. Oh well, everyone to his own taste.

Bill Pawley and Paul Ropes have already completed their flying for the primary course and now all they have to do is pass the ground school C. A. A. examination in order to receive their private license. Congratulations, fellows!

Instructors Ahern and Ball were seen trying to get some free bids from Jimmy Hamilton for the "Queen of Clubs" dance that is going to be thrown at the Miami Biltmore on December 12. We don't blaming them as it will be a good affair. Jimmy is in charge of it.

Unfortunately, Ray Gorman, Miami University football player, injured his leg and will not be able to fly for a while. Also, Clyde Stoddard has been drafted and thus couldn't finish his flight course.

All the primary students are expected to attend the "All-American Air
Maneuvers" show which will be held January 9th, 10th and 11th. It will be a fine exhibition of real flying.

We take it all back about Tyler and McCormick looking alike. They didn't seem to think so. What we really meant was that they act alike. Also, we make formal apologies to Betty Hair for saying that she wore pumps. She is afraid that people will think that she is too sophisticated if they find out that she wears shoes.

Mickey Lightholder, who is going out for his instructor's rating, seems to be taking more than a passing interest in "that" pretty girl.

EMBRY-RIDDLE TECH IMPRESSES A NEWCOMER
by Evelyn (Gaw-ja Cracker) Gholston

My first advice upon arriving in Miami was to "get in with Embry Riddle." "What is this Embry-Riddle?" I asked, since we poor ignorant Georgias never hear of the progress being made this far south. "An Aviation School," was the answer.

Having never heard of an Aviation School, my curiosity got the best of me, and out I came to investigate. To say I was amazed at first sight would be an understatement. After being accustomed to tall, stately skyscrapers like the Rhodes-Haverty Bldg. in Atlanta, which is 22 stories tall and so narrow it leans in the wind, I was astonished to see the picturesque towers of the most unusual building rising above the surrounding structures. It seemed to spread out literally "all over the place" and the many, many windows beckoned invitingly to investigate its many wonders.

Dozens of automobiles add a splash of color to the scene, since the predominating colors seem to be bright red, blue, green, yellow and black. Almost every state in the United States is represented in the tags, which made me think that perhaps this was a "melting pot" of
Americans such as New York's famous "Melting Pot" of every nationality in the world.

Wide verandas represent hospitality, and certainly the "Tech" school veranda is the widest I have ever seen. Once inside, I was pleasantly surprised to find a well equipped and efficiently run office. The constant buzzing of the switchboard, the "pecking" of typewriters, the many private offices, and the elevator constantly in use added to the thought that this was a "booming" business, whatever the nature of it was. After crossing my fingers for luck, I was finally asked to report to work. Now I would find out what it was that made this "the" company to work for.

It is the people who really make a place, and let me tell you that is as true here as in other parts of the world. Mrs. Gailbraith received me as graciously as a "hostess" and Boss Richter of the Sheet Metal Dept. seemed very congenial and nice to work for. His instructors Beaty, Pyott and Beazel put on their "Sunday" manners and made an equally nice impression. Patience and cooperation were shown me on my first difficult assignment by Registrar Gish and his girls, Miss Hill and Mrs. Starke. No one could surpass the efficient Mrs. Room in courtesy, and my hat is off to her and Dot Schooly both. The company wouldn't be the same without them. A nice word here also for Mr. de la Rosa, who hails from Spain, but personifies Southern hospitality. Then there is "Bud" (Scoop Belland who has honored me by dubbing me "His Girl Friday" on the delightful publication the "Fly Paper". His activities in keeping things moving full speed ahead here at Tech School are too numerous to mention. You all know them better than I, anyway,-- 'nuff said!

There isn't an "old" employe in the place, and possibly it is the youth of the office force and instructors that keeps up the reputation that this is a very pleasant and interesting place to work. Every form of public entertainment, -- football, movies, dances, etc. find a goodly number of Tech people present. There there is a bowling team, a golf
tournament each year and nearly everyone knows, or is learning, how to fly. The company parties are swell, so I hear, and I am really looking forward to the first one, which will be the "Big" Christmas party this month.

Why should you work for Embry-Riddle? I can answer that now. Because it is the fastest growing business in Greater Miami; because there is an atmosphere of hospitality and cooperation; and because there is never a dull moment, something is always happening -- believe me! You can't go wrong by joining our "Big Happy Family".

DE LUXE HITCH-HIKER!

As a hitch-hiker BOB HILLSTEAD "takes the cake!" Driving in from Clewiston the other day, he broke an oil line just 25 miles from the nearest gas station on Route #26! Well, with the mechanical experience gleaned from taking his Private Pilot's course and the aid of an old shoe string, he managed to make temporary repairs and was trying to decide which way to start walking to get a refill on oil when he saw a nice, big, shiny gasoline truck approaching. We can just see his eyes lighting up with anticipation as he flagged down the truck and asked to buy 5 quarts of oil,---Said the driver,-- "Sorry, fella, I ain't got no oil, but," proudly, "I got 3,000 gallons of gas!" But the Hillstead luck held good, for about this time Bucky Buxton came past and pushed Bob's car the remaining 35 miles into Miami!
MORE NEW EMPLOYEES

In our round-up of recent new employees we find several names that cause these comments: --- Main Office switchboard operator is SADIE GIBBS, reminding us of Katie Gibbs School, that place where Vassar graduates go to get educated... Gordon Gibbs, of that School, flew with us last winter and we all hope he'll be back again this season...then there is assistant ground school instructor NORMAN T. BAILLIE, Art Gibbon's brother-in-law, Norm published a technical aviation journal up New Jersey way, and we're counting on him for some Fly Paper copy... at Carlstrom Field we discover the reason why all the lads are so interested in a "Balanced diet"; it's Sara Adelaide Lambie, the new dietitian, and we don't blame the lads for hanging around the kitchen door...Laugh comes in the error putting Bernard Geraghty as elevator operator at Municipal Base, How come, Van?... With all your other improvements do you now have an elevator running from the "Ready Room" up the three feet to the Dispatcher's Tower?...Such luxury!

Anyhow, here's the list of new employees, and Welcome to 'em:


CHALLENGE!

It's the way a challenge is met that marks the qualities of a nation or a man. Aviation -- aviation in defense and aviation in the future's world -- is a personal challenge to every young American. Meet it with courage and vision. . . . get the kind of training the industry demands. . . . enroll with EMBRY-RIDDL for technical or flight division courses.

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