CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE
by Tom Watson, Jr.

There's a man at Carlstrom who has ideas—plus the energy to carry them out—and it begins to appear in this corner that a publicity boom for this Field is near at hand.

Newly assigned as Public Relations Officer, Lt. William Payne is all out for the establishment of Carlstrom's own "Publicity Department," which will be designed to exercise the creative genius of volunteer cadet journalists.

It will also secure publicity for the doings of Carlstrom and the men and women who keep her wheels going 'round.

This is a plea, then, to all you cadets—as well as any man, woman, or child at Carlstrom who has a piece of news suspected of being worth printing—to make yourselves known at what will hereafter be called the "Publicity Department."

Lt. Payne's office will be the headquarters—fifth floor in Barracks No. 1—and the unprinted slogan of the house will be "Abandon Modesty, All Ye Who Enter Here."

We'll want to know all about you and your friends. Maybe you or they were once teammates on the hometown high school football team.

Your hometown paper will want to know that, and they'll be only too glad to print your photograph, snapped while you ponder the mysteries of Mr. Stearns's PT 17.

Come in any time and take over the typewriter. Bang out something for the action at last—results of which are likely to be less complaints and better satisfaction all around.

The new Defense Project houses in Villa Rica Park, little but loud, with their varicolored shutters. The housing situation bids fair to take a decided turn for the better.

Bowling Leagues rolling along, with Drex Poynter pointing the way and keeping track of averages, handicaps, etc.

Inter-Flight competition is sharpening to a razor edge, since company-offered prizes promise to be things worthwhile. In the lead at the moment is the sharpshooting Army team—Maj. Ola, Capt. Clonto, Capt. Hart, Lt. Beville, and Lt. McCormick.

Brought to mind is the reckless challenge from the nearby Abandoned Airport, which is hereby accepted. Pick your team, fellows,

Continued on Page 4

DORR DOINGS
by Jack Whitall

Seems that Gene LeVines borrowed that weapon of Bill Ellard's one day last week to shoot a few quail. Nobody heard the report, much less the quail. Was that the same gun Bill was trying to sell us? Our pal!

We certainly admire the embroidery on Ally Hollingsworth's hat. From what Walter Davis told us, he did it himself too.

Yes, ladies, that little man with the big cigar is none other than "Doc" Rude in person. It's ok, Doc. A certain young lady asked me who you were. Guess she was bashful, and we all know you are.

"Around the Circle"

We wonder what's going to be the outcome of the Bowling Match between Dorr and Carlstrom Fields. Anyway, we believe that we could beat Tom Davis.

Those sweet dulcet notes come from the larynx of Jake Newsome, relief switchboard operator at Carlstrom Field. Jake catches the board from 11 p.m. to 12 a.m. That's all right, Jake, we have a relief-operator over here too, only I think he's got a high "C."

Apologies

Seems that last week we got two of the instructors married by mistake. Gerald Taylor wants to go into partnership with us and form a "Lonely Hearts Club." Anybody having a lonely heart, please contact "Buttercup," phone 46.

Any mistakes we make in this column you can blame on Mr. Hocker. I got to put the blame on somebody, ain't I?

Oh yes, we got a bicycle—Ha, Ha, Ha.

"The Short Snorters"

Another new Refresher, Fred Sisk, hails from Newport, Tenn. Good luck, Fred. Johnny Fredenhall will no doubt look after you, no doubt.

Messers Goodsell, Kelly, Johnson, Sandquist, Wilkins, Howard, and Pettinger are now full fledged instructors.

Badger Langford, Dispatcher, went to Tampa last Tuesday. We want to thank...
Letters to the Editor

Havana, Cuba
24th Nov., 1942

Dear Editor:
Just a line to congratulate you on a well printed Fly Paper. As a printer, I admire it.
Every week I have fun reading the many interesting articles and I always show it to my friends—as a matter of propaganda.
I would like to see the picture of the cadet “Tino” Sequeiro, the Cuban Boy, if you please.

Sincerely yours,
Sandy Ortega

Editor’s Note: We want to thank Mr. Ortega for his nice note. In this issue there is a picture of “Tino” Sequeiro standing between Mrs. James E. Blakeley and the Ecuadorian resident, Carlos Ayroza del Rio, on page 12.

Camp Butner, N. C.
December 2, 1942

Dear Editor:
During the past thirteen months, prior to my induction into the Army on November 3, I was employed by the C. F. Wheeler Company in the construction of Riddle Field.
While at that Field, I made many friends of the employees of Embry-Riddle.
I never missed reading a copy of your Fly Paper, and I should like to receive it while in North Carolina.
If you will send me the amount of a subscription, I shall send the money by return mail.
I am as impatient to receive my first copy as little Junior is for the arrival of Santa Claus.

Hoping to hear from you immediately, if not sooner, I remain
Very truly yours,
Pvt. John W. Jones

Editor’s Note: Pvt. Jones must like us if he is willing to PAY for the Fly Paper, and it gives us sincere pleasure to assure him that there is no charge for a subscription to our little publication.

The following is a letter written to Mr. West of the Electrical Department from Pfc. Quinn Smith, a former electrical student:

“Just a little note to let you know that I surely appreciate what I learned from you and the other instructors. They were all swell fellows, and I hope I didn’t give them too much of a headache.
“I’ve really been getting a work-out up here. Other than a number of larger ships, we have twelve cubs and one L-1A, which don’t give any trouble.
“Taking care of these electrical systems is solely my responsibility. We are short of mechanics, and those here don’t have much knowledge of electricity.

“One DB-7 burned out a transmitter, dynamotor, and blew up the batteries because the voltage regulator was out.
“Now here is where you fellows come in. They wanted the plane to fly so I did a temporary repair on it, and had it ready in an hour.
“It’s been almost a week since I ordered the necessary part and still don’t have it, so you see one needn’t be in Africa to have trouble. The plane is still flying every day—I even took a two-hour ride in it.
The P-40F and A-20B have finger-type regulators and surely are a headache. They seem to get too hot and the fingers curl up where they make contact on the silver bar.
“If you would like to hear more of my troubles, I’ll be glad to write more regarding them. Even a regulator shown in the T. M. Manual has been ordered replaced on all planes affected.

“Tell all the fellows ‘hello’ and I surely wish I could have spent more time down there. Write soon.”

This is a letter written to Mr. Lopinger by Pvt. Lee R. Russell, an electrical graduate, who is now stationed somewhere in the Middle East:

“Received your letter a few days ago. Sure was glad to get it. It was one of the first I got in our first mail call. I would like to tell you all about this place, and the boat trip over here, but I can’t. The Razor Blade would get it. Maybe someday I can tell you about it.

“Tell Mr. Smith and Mr. Brewer hello for me and also the rest of the teachers.

“I don’t fool around as much here as I did sometimes in school, and if I were down there now I wouldn’t fool around any.

“Just tell the boys who are there now they had better learn while they have a chance.

“We got paid the other day, and you should have seen me trying to count my money. They didn’t pay us in American money. It isn’t any good over here.

“There isn’t much to spend money for over here. Of course, they still have those crap games, but I don’t play anymore since I married.

“[You send] all of my money home each month (except 2 or 3 dollars to buy cigarettes with). That way I will have a little money when I get out.

“I’m still a Corporal but I’ll change that as soon as we get started (I hope).
“I guess I had better close and lay it down in bed.

“Answer soon with all the news.”

Your Friend

P. S. “Excuse such a short letter, but since I can’t tell you what we are doing or anything, there isn’t much to write about.”
F I R S T
P R I Z E
$5.00

S E C O N D
P R I Z E
$3.00

Reproduced here are three of the entries submitted for Anonymous' "Caricature of Mr. Riddle" contest.

We are waiting for the rest of you to show us what you can do along these lines.

Hurry! We must close the contest on New Year's Day.

Just send your entry to the Fly Paper office and remember, all personnel and students are eligible.

EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12th
AT THE CORAL GABLES COUNTRY CLUB

DINNER AT EIGHT
$1.50 PER PERSON $3.00 PER COUPLE

DANCING FROM NINE
75¢ PER PERSON $1.50 PER COUPLE

Please Telephone the FLY PAPER for Table Reservations
Hemstitching & Parachute Packing Dept.

General Manager T. E. Frantz

Because of untold tie-ups of the telephone wires and delay in the mails—this is war, ya know—we shall have to pinch-hit this week for friends and correspondents Larry Walden and Jimmy Glover.

The "Bossl"

A bit about the General Manager of Embry-Riddle Field we think would be well in order. T. E. Frantz, better known as "Boots" has been associated with the Riddle "family" since February, 1941 and recently succeeded H. Roscoe Brinton as the "boss" of the Riddle-McKay outfit.

"Boots" is a Virginian, having been born in Roanoke, married a Virginian, Audrey Kennedy, and is a Virginian to the core.

While engaged in the automobile repair business, he took up flying as a hobby and entertained himself, and his long suffering neighbors, in the gentle art of "barn-storming."

"Wing fever" got him in a big way, and in 1938 he organized and started the "Frantz Flying Service" in Roanoke, which operated successfully until he became associated with the Riddle Aeronautical Institute at Arcadia.

Up and Up

There he took up the duties of Instructor, and in May of '41 he was promoted to Assistant Flight Commander under Roscoe Brinton. Dashing up the rungs of the ladder seemed to be a habit, 'cause in August he became Flight Commander and shortly thereafter the title of Stage Commander graced the name-plate on his desk.

In the middle of October, "Boots" stepped into "Curly" Brinton's shoes as General Manager, when that gentleman was transferred to Carlstrom as General Manager of that Field.

To quote one of the Instructors at Embry-Riddle Field, "Mr. Frantz is one of the few men that I have ever met who is all wool and four yards wide."

Ah! Me!

And with that statement, we know we are echoing the sentiments of all members of the Riddle-McKay Company. Oh, me! Wish the clever pens of Jimmy Glover and Larry Walden had written the above! We'll be looking for that "super" copy next week, Larry and Jimmy.

CARLSTROM

Continued from Page 1

and contact D. Povyns. A Carlstrom-Dorr evening at the local unwaxed bowling alleys should be something long to be remembered.

And while there's competition in the air—just to get a word in edgewise—Phil McCracken (Well... one of the McCracken boys. I think it was Phil) wants to suggest a Carlstrom-Dorr golf tournament. How's about a croquet match between George Mackey and Jack Whitnall?

and Hazel Hamilton, first woman parachute rigger in the Riddle family. She qualified just a week or so ago, the first in her class to complete the examinations. The diminishing number of blue and yellow ships on the field—the growing number of newly-covered silver ones—giving us a good idea of the job being done by that bustling, hard-working gang of gals in the fabric department.

The Women at War series should make a stopover at Carlstrom for a real slant on the way the women get things done.

"SWELL TOUR OF DUTY" SAYS OLA OF CARLSTROM

Another of the original Carlstrom Family pulled stakes early this week, and every man on the Field who knows him is going to miss Major George Ola, who has been Commanding Officer of Carlstrom for the past eight months.

Major Ola succeeded Lieutenant Free- man, now a Major and second in command at Spence Field in Mountaine, Ga., in the C.O. post back in the "old days," when the blue woollens of our British cadets were making way for the khakis of the "Yanks."

During the past year at Carlstrom, he has risen three full ranks—from gold bar to gold leaf—not to speak of wooing and winning Ruth Pemberton, now Mrs. George Ola.

Carlstrom has meant a lot to George, principally because George has meant a lot Carlstrom. He's been pampering and nursing it along almost since it first drew breath two years ago.

Much of the credit for its smoothly geared operation and its jealously guarded safety record goes to Major Ola—though, along with every other man who ever walked through Carlstrom's gates, he's taken his share of good-natured ribbing when the hard luck jinx bore heavily on his shoulders.

"It's been a swell tour of duty," said George, when his orders came through at a trifle unexpectedly last Saturday. "There's not a finer, better post in the country, and I don't think I have to tell you how much I hate to leave Carlstrom—but I'm not going to be out of touch with Primary Training. I'll be in the same department up at the central office."

Here's wishing you best of luck, George, from all of Carlstrom.
NOTE FROM "BALDIE"

Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida
December 7, 1942

Dear Unkie:

This is just a note to let you know that "all's well with the world."
The first and best news for everyone concerned, especially those in Flight 2, is
that the eliminee situation isn't so very bad.

Our percentage of losses is smaller than any of the other flights. And, I believe,
much smaller than any of the other classes that we've heard about.

Confidentially, I think that our class, and especially Flight 2, is really "on the
ball."

Last Sunday's breakfast at Dorr Field is really worth writing home about.
The conversation in front of a darkened mess hall ran something like this:

Chef—"As soon as the waiters arrive, we'll be able to feed you."

Cadet—"Ya—But!"

Chef—"No Ya—But! The tables aren't set."

Cadet—"Ya—But! I'm hungry."

Chef—"What can I do about it?"

Cadet—"Couldn't we wait on ourselves?"

Chef—"Well—."

Cadets in chorus (not can can)—"Let's go."

So about twenty or thirty very lucky cadets got to wait on themselves. We had
our regular breakfast, plus whatever else we found in the kitchen to eat.
The cadets were gleefully running from their tables to the pantry and ice box for
"aviation Cadet's Delight" (peanut butter), orange juice, marmalade, milk, eggs
(fried), coffee, toast, cereal, jam, bacon, and anything and everything they could
lay their hands on that looked like food.

Rumor has it that the colored boys got paid last Saturday night. I sure hope they
got paid on Saturday nights from now on,
on account it's just like home to eat a lazy
man's breakfast on Sunday morning. The
only thing missing was the Sunday paper.

Now I ask you, Unkie, have you ever
heard of "rading the ice box" in an Army
camp before? And do you think you ever
will again?

Your loving nephew,

Baldie
Today, Friday, December 11, 1942, marks our first anniversary as an Embry-Riddle employee, and, if you'll pardon the personal angle, we'd like to "look back" over that year.

Our first day at Riddle Field found us with "Frosty" Jones, former Basic Flight Commander, and our friend, Paul Prior, former Primary Flight Instructor, all three fresh from Indiana.

A very small, ragged looking guard house was our first glimpse of Riddle Field, a drive down a very rough road and then to the Administration Building to see G. Willis Tyson, the General Manager.

After a successful interview, and a job, we went about to see the field—and what a mess it was in.

Hanger number one was in its final stages of completion. There were no concrete walks, no tennis courts, no grass, no trees, no radio tower, no ramps, no flag pole.

We began to wonder about this Riddle Field—was it going to be a success? Very frankly, we doubted it, but let's give it a try.

During these last twelve months, we've seen just how wrong we were to doubt. Sure, some of the things that have been accomplished were a little slow in coming, sometimes they were not done just exactly right; but remember, these are war times, it's hard to keep exactly to schedule.

The outstanding thing we have noticed here at Riddle Field is the fine spirit of cooperation and "family feeling" that is always evident.

This spirit is brought about by the very democratic ways of the employers—Mr. Riddle, Mr. Tyson, etc., who are never too busy to speak to you—discuss your particular problem—aid you.

Sure, we have our little difficulties, differences of opinions, but they are always handled in a sensible, logical manner which makes you really feel like "Keeping 'Em Flying."

We can say that we are very proud to have worked for Embry-Riddle, and we hope our services may continue in the future.

And just in closing, may we say to you others at Riddle Field: Keep that old "family" spirit in your work—that's what makes Riddle Field "ahead of the parade."

Co-Pilot's Meet

The first meeting of the Co-Pilot's Club was held on December 3rd at the Instructor's Club. The ladies had a grand time discussing plans for their Club and getting better acquainted.

Activities planned were Red Cross work, knitting, sewing, bowling, tennis, golf, and bridge.

Mrs. W. Reid is the acting Chairman of the organization until permanent officers are elected, and Mrs. A. R. Brink was kind enough to report this meeting to us. We hope she will continue to do so.


Here and There

Occupying the picture spotlight this week are Advanced Flight Instructor Gene Rooney, an oldtimer at the Field, and Lynwood Blount, Assistant to the Chief Link Instructor, who has also been here "a long time."

The Cadets spent last week-end for the most part, at Palm Beach and Miami. There was a party at Clewiston and one at Belle Glade. Both were given for our boys and were greatly appreciated.

Sergeant Harry Platt, who has been stationed at this Post for some time, was called to Washington, D. C., last week. Sergeant Platt acted as Ordnery Sergeant and Physical Training Instructor while here.

He has many friends at Riddle Field and in this vicinity, who all join in wishing him the best of luck.

Personal Message—"Keep 'Em Up"
Geneck, Glass, Best, Widdicombe, Thomas, Hink, Browne, Findlay, Schneider, Emett, and Parfit.

Officiating the game were Commanding Officer Prickett and Squadron Leader Hill.

**Softball**

After the rugby finals Tuesday night, this Field tangled with Coach Grooms' Moore Haven High School team in a softball game.

In a slugfest, with a lot of errors mixed in, the R.A.F. triumphed by a 16 to 10 count. The score by innings:

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<td>011 455 0—16</td>
<td>200 340 1—10</td>
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Then on last Wednesday, these same two teams played a double header at Moore Haven, with the R.A.F. winning both games by 21-18 and 10-7 counts.

In the "grandfather" or all slugging game, this Station overcome a sixteen run deficit to register a 21-18 win in the first game.

Trailing 16-0 at the end of the third inning, the Britishers pounded nine runs across in the fourth and then smashed over five in the fifth, two in the sixth, and five more in the seventh for the win. All the runs in the seventh were scored after two men were out. The score by innings:

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<td>000 952 5—21</td>
<td>727 110 0—18</td>
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The second game was slightly different. The R.A.F. started strong and then had to fight off a late Moore Haven rally to register a 10-7 triumph. The score by innings:

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The following boys played for Moore Haven High in all these games: Harbon, Moore, Atkins, Brannon, Mizzelle, Close, Farnam, Landy, Uzzell, Skinner, Stalls, Bowen, Whidden, Morris, Skinner, and Ball.

The locals' lineup included Bloomfield, Kelly, Periera, Charlesworth, Kennedy, Reinhart, Townsend, Potter, Weir, Hatchwell, Carol, Watkin, and Hopkins.

The R.A.F. won their fourth game in three days last Thursday, the third, by whaling the Riddle Field Mechanics 18-3.

An eight-run burst in the fifth was sufficient, but the Britishers added seven more in the last inning for insurance. The score by innings:

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<th>R.A.F.</th>
<th>Mechanics</th>
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<td>210 080 7—18</td>
<td>020 010 0—3</td>
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Included in the Mechanics' lineup were O'Neal, Meyers, Feldman, Lee Tex, Andrews, Fieeber, Bennett, and Reese, Town-

**NOTES FROM ANONYMOUS**

Ships in the U. S. Army are named according to the following system:

- Aircraft Carrier—after important battles in U. S. history and after famous warships.
- Battleships—after states.
- Cruisers—after cities.
- Destroyers—after Navy and Marine Corps officers—former Secretaries of Navy and prominent U. S. men.
- Gunboats—after islands and cities.
- Mine Sweepers—after birds.
- Repair Ships—after myths.
- Supply Ships—after synonyms for colds.
- Submarines—after fish.
- Transports—after famous battles.
- Tugs—after famous Indian tribes and battles.
- Hospital Ships—kindness and mercy (synonyms).

Upon being President of the U. S.—the "Oath of Office" consists of only 35 words.

**PROGRAM**

The Riddle

"Family Theatre"

* * *

Feature Picture

"COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO"

with Robert Donat, Elissa Landi, and Louis Calhern

Monday, December 14th

RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, December 15th

DORR FIELD

Wednesday, December 16th

CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, December 17th

MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

* * *

Feature Picture

"TRAPPED IN THE BAD LANDS"

Thursday, December 17th

RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, December 18th

DORR FIELD

Monday, December 21st

MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents
To do the Yule Tide Spirit up in fine style, Tom Moxley got into the swing of things and was invited to do a bit of columnning, and with just 15 minutes' notice. He has my undying gratitude and thanks.

Well, the orphans of the Embry-Riddle organization are in print again. If you don't think we are orphans, just ask Don Budge, head of the School's athletic program. I guess we are too good for the Embry-Riddle Bowling league.)

If you haven't been out to Chapman lately, you've missed something. We are running smoothly under the able guidance of Sterling Camdon, who isn't just a "boss" but a friend to everyone coming to the Field.

Well Earned Rest

With the Secondary CPTP finished, Instructor Dave DaBoll, Helen Cavis, Tom Jacobs, and L. Smith are preparing to take a well earned rest.

The Primary is coming along fine with Tiny Davis getting heavier all the time. By the way, when you see the new super charged Cubs, with all that new blue paint on the fuselage, you will know that Embry-Riddle colors are really flying.

We have several new Instructors with brand new ratings such as: Charlie Prest, Polly Nance, Nancy Graham, Charlotte Kyser, Aero Pardee, and Walter Sheehan. As this is being written, K. Loft is going up for a flight test to receive her (1 hope).

Pete Brooks and Carl Baumgardner are now gadgets pilots. It costs you twenty-five cents to touch either one of them.

Watch Your Step

Jimmy Gilmore is now rid of that brace he received in his mishap. He's pretty again, so watch out, girls.

We are working with Pan American Airways helping some of their employees with Commercial and Instruments ratings. Several have already completed and several are well on the way.

It would be a good idea to say something about our Instrument Instructors: such as Jinx Eastman and Robert Woodward. Under their guidance, we have the assistance of Jack McKay and Mr. Mulligan of Pan American. Just try to get a period on the Link if you don't think they are busy.

Coming Attraction

Next issue we will bring you a personal interview with one of our most able employees, Bruce Hadley, who is now the proud papa of a nine-pound-two-ounce boy. So don't miss our next issue.

Well, if you want to have some fun and want to be pleasantly surprised, pay a visit to Chapman Field and see a model organization.

Seventeen more days till Christmas and then Santa will be rapping on your door;

that is, if the wolf doesn't get there first. Barring all such complications, plus the added drawback of rations, Santa should make it by the 25th, so let's drop a word to the wise (and otherwise).

Better take all those bags of sugar and old tires outta the chimney (saves wear and tear on our Santa).

Open Invitation

This week we are running a special contest for all Republicans who have never had a chance to express themselves. The problem before the board is "What to do with all broken down and war-torn Flight Instructors after the war and B.C. (before Chattahoochie)."

Postal must accompany all manuscripts. The manuscripts may be of no use, but the stamps will be greatly appreciated.

Ode to Local Board No. 3: Oh cruel draft, thee is so unkind to take me off and leave me behind. It cannot was. Thanks to J.P.

Winter Tourist

At this point we want to acknowledge the fact that Tennessee, from molasses to its rugcuttin' jitterbuggin', is well represented in our Cross Country Course. Contrary to popular belief, neither subjects have ever won a corn shucking or hog-calling contest, although barn dancing's not too far in the past, Tennesseans Bill Cary and Everett Link want the folks back home to know they're here. H'lo Mom.

Speaking of fanfare, we won't forget the recent visit paid us by the genial Ernest L. Clawson, District Flight Supervisor.

He found everything running as smoothly as he expected. He was enthusiastic in his praise of the efficiency of the office force and proudly displayed his pair of Embry-Riddle wings.

Oh, man, I'm up a tree; another week has gone by and I'm caught without a bit of news.

Things have been dead here at the Seaplane Base; that is, they were dead until our pride and joy came back. Yes, our combination sheriff, accountant, clearance officer, and man about town, Billy Water (Jr.), has recovered physically from his tonsilectomy.

However, his mental condition is still in doubt, not by the doctor's diagnosis, but that is the general opinion of the Base.

All kidding aside—Billy's a swell guy, and we're certainly glad to see him back. He went through a tough time and his condition was really serious for a while—so serious that he had two blood transfusions—one from his Mother and one from his Dad.

He lost a lot of weight, but he really looks swell. We're all glad you're back, Billy.

Well, friends, that's all now—ain't it a shame—but wait till next week and I think I'll have some good news.

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

ARMY

by Pvt. D. Gootrad, Class 5-43-A

Tradition expects every graduating class to present its farewell address, and so class 5-43-A, through its humble reporter, says, "An Revoir."

Since its birth as a class, there have been many men who have helped and guided its various members. We are grateful for this assistance.

We, its members, have enjoyed our stay here, and we are sure that we have not been taught in vain. A big job awaits us, and we intend to do our best to fulfill the expectations of our officers and instructors.

"What's up, Doc?" Fowler wants to be shipped to a place where he can see "Bugs Bunny" shorts. D. D. Diggins did a swell job Saturday at our party. Congrats!

The "choppers" really went to town at our farewell party, and a good time was had by all. I'm sure we're all sorry to say good-bye to soft spoken "Alabama" Jones as we separate. He's a swell guy!

I think we all owe a vote of thanks to the committee composed of Cummings, Leonard, Livingston, Holland, and Gootrad, who worked hard and gave us a swell affair.

Last but not least, the man who always has the last word, "At Ease" Dodge, our very efficient class leader.

And so we go to press. I know every man in the class wishes his buddies the best of luck. Let's go out and "give 'em h----" men.
COLISEUM COMMENTARIES
by Gene Day

At the formerly time-touched and somewhat weathered Coliseum—not so long ago rehabilitated by Embry-Riddle—where comedian Harry Lauder once dispelled himself, where Will Rogers attempted to entertain, occasional laughter is still heard despite the grimness of the War emergency.

Soldiers work the better, study the harder, and learn the more readily as the result of a few rounds of mirth at a time when such relaxation is appropriate. These occasional spurts of fun are not rehearsed but are spontaneous.

A case in point is that of the student who, when asked to name the common coolant used in modern liquid-cooled engines of the Army Air Corps, replied quickly and evidently with little thought, “Nitroglycerine.”

Another soldier, when asked to define “indicated horse-power” replied quicker than you could say seat, “Theatrical horse-power.” Possibly he was thinking about the pony ballets, which used to fascinate him in New York or elsewhere.

No Aid to Liberty

But, confusing theoretical horse-power with “theatrical horse-power” doesn’t aid in producing those eighty-five average grades, which typify Liberty to the modern dough-boys of Coral Gables.

One Coliseum instructor warned his class “not to allow perspiration from your person or water in any form to drip into the ladies of molten lead.” The inquisitive student usually found in any average class both literally and figuratively disobeyed the warning.

He reversed the process and poured the molten lead into a container of water, which precipitated a minor explosion and convinced the amateur investigator that it is better to remain ignorant than to possibly lose your eyesight or produce a ruddy sun-tanned face.

In this case, the Embry-Riddle student was not injured seriously, but he was verbally disciplined in as convincing a tone as “Dad!” ever used back home.

The Coliseum Instructors by and large are doing a good job. Their successes are an accurate reflection of the excellence of the Embry-Riddle schooling program.

It is of particular interest that approximately eighteen of the present staff at the Coliseum were former Instructor Trainees who were seasoned and tempered for their present tasks by the agency which now employs them.

Students but a few months ago are now alumni of what is probably the first experimental training program of its kind in the United States.

War needs have converted former business executives, lawyers, engineers, golf professionals, radio singers, salaried entertainers, automobile dealers, and other skilled personnel into instructors. This country at war dips into Pandora’s basket and pulls out new miracles.

“Mill” of Training

Even the State of Florida has sent its representatives to the Coliseum to determine how the Embry-Riddle “mill” of successful fifty-to-sixty-day training has turned out its satisfactory gist.

These men found the new teachers well qualified and not wanting appreciably in any respect. The Miami and Coral Gables areas have produced a large number of creditable candidates for instructorships in the Embry-Riddle organization—but not enough.

Hence, with the supply of trained manpower running short, the organization has been forced to appeal to women as potential teachers.

At present, the first squad of seven observation instructors is undergoing training, including Mrs. Michael Lojinger, Mrs. Bernard Petroski, Miss Elaine Hollen, Miss Beatrice Pond, Miss Margaret Shafer, Miss Jerry Williamson, and Miss B. B. Jones.

Signal credit is owing these ladies, who are attempting to master tasks which they unreservedly would shun during peace times.

Patriotism Personified

No other motive than extreme patriotism, the desire to serve, could prompt their determined efforts to gain working knowledge of such complicated mechanical devices as the modern aircraft engines of the Army Air Corps.

Victory has already come to the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation. Victory, in this case, is represented by Harold T. Victory, formerly of Syracuse, N. Y., now one of the students in class 10-43-A-2b at the Tech School.

Private Victory, during 1939 and 1940, held the light weight championship of New York State (Amateur Athletic Union).

In twenty-one fights, this Empire State boxer hung up nineteen victories, showing that names sometimes run true to form.

Seventeen of the contests resulted in “knock-outs,” with Victory, the vertical fighter, standing above his horizontal foe in each case at the conclusion of each bout.

Here’s hoping that the coming of Victory is but prophetic of the world-wide victory which is bound to be the ultimate reward of the Allied Forces which are battling a completely ruthless enemy.

What Private Victory did with his fists, Soldier Banks of Class 9-43-A-1a may, in time, accomplish in rhyme. Below is a sample of his amateur “craftsmanship.”

--- THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY---
--- THE MORE PLANES WE’LL FLY---

HE JUST DIDN’T KNOW
by “Flip” Banks, Class 9-43-A-1A

While I was day dreaming in our class
The instructor looked at me and asked,
“Banks, just what are you going to do
About that question I just asked you?”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Burt, I do not know—
My poor old brain is working slow,
I know that one and had it ‘pat’
But it slipped my mind just like that.”

“You know it then, but not right now—
You should be back home behind a plow,
You’ll never make a good mechanic;
You will go down like the great Titanic.”

Every night I study hard
And try to be upon my guard,
The more I study the less I know—
If this keeps up, OUT I’ll go!

Engines here and engines there—
I’ve got engines in my hair,
Carburetors, mags, pumps and struts;
If this keeps up, I’ll sure go nuts.

--- THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY---
--- THE MORE PLANES WE’LL FLY---

Mark Albury, Senior Instructor of the Aircraft Electrical Department at the Coliseum and Captain of the Sightseeing Boat, Orucolo.
TECH TALK

by "The Slave"

A new floor, a bee—utiful new office, but the same old typewriter, and the same old test block. "The boss has been gone. 'Tis supposed to be a mere chant now, but silencers, we must remember, have little regard for the difference between Tannhauser and Brahms.

Music to musings—ah, yes—wonder who the sixth floor executive was who stood in the cafeteria line for ten minutes frantically praying that his secretary would come along before the line moved up to the food? He had found himself, you see, without the necessary thirty-five cents.

Note, F. B. I.

Well, the Little Girl Friday did come along and save the day; but she charged her boss twenty per cent interest for the twenty-four hour loan—and, quote the boss—"That's lazy in my language!" Did you see the F.B.I. on her, Mr. Habib?

Whoa—Wain just signed her name to something. Wain R. Field—I'm takin' me and my typewriter out into the hall right now. Our newest and nearest neighbor, Betty Bruce, assistant to J. Arnold Miura, seems to be quite sane. Hope she'll move over.

Oh, there came the explanation; and it's plausible enough, 'cause I really didn't want to carry this hefty machine the great distance of six steps anyway. Wain had just written "Riddle Field," and it sorta stuck with her.

"Six Lessons from Ponso"

We all know about the numerous regular classes which are held throughout the divisions of Embry-Riddle and its affiliates, but we hear little about the individual "teaching and learning" corners. And they do exist.

One of them is that occupied by teacher Adriano Ponso and students "Jim" Blakeley, Peter Ordway, Marty Warren, and Mary Mitchell. The subject is Portuguese.

So if you hear Marty and Mary rambling at each other unintelligibly, or if "Jim" and Peter greet you strangoically, don't knit your brow—get "in the know." Take "six lessons from Ponso." By the way, Ponso, after a plug like that, you certainly should bring us that story you're writing "muy pronto"!

Louise Hamilton is the new supervisor of the Canteen, and Doris McRimmon now mans the cash register. Louise replaces Fairest "Brownie" Brown, who is now devoting all her time to friend hobby.

Bitter Tears

Tech School deserters, for whose souls we weep, are Minnie Virden and Mary Frances Perner. The former hath forsaken us for the glossy gleam of the Colonnade, while the latter hath cast her lot with the Purchasing Department.

For Truman Gile, Jr., we also yodel "Auld Lang Syng." After a trip to Cincinnati, he expects to join the Navy. We enjoyed him; and so will Uncle Sam.

Ringing in the new, we get the heartiest

day? She would jam the hat onto one instructor's head, jot down something, and make a dash for the next victim.

They brought it on themselves, she says. Most of them haven't worn a hat in twenty years, and they don't know their head sizes. You simply can't order caps if you don't know whose head is big and who's modest.

Man of Action

"Plan for the future" is not just another obselete maxim to Pvt. Richard Rhea. He has bought a new home on N. W. 49th St. and 7th Ave., to which he intends to return after the War. No, he doesn't plan to maintain a bachelor's paradise. The present best girl is the future Mrs. Phenomena of the Week: The memory of Mrs. Grace Simpson of the cafeteria. Not only is she able to remember all the idiosyncracies of all the palates of all the personnel and students of the Tech School, but she also is able to connect you with your particular eccentricity even after unbelievable periods of time have elapsed.

"HE ALWAYS DOES THAT. HE THINKS HE HAS TO LOOK LIKE THE PICTURE ON HIS PASS."

Thanks to "Post Affairs" and apologies to Charlie Ebbets and Art Ruhkins.
So don’t be surprised if you who have wandered to the Colonnade, to the Warehouse, to the Coliseum, or to the wars, should come back to lunch with us some months hence and find eggs coming up for you instead of meat, or buttered vegetables rather than creamed.

The racking has quit, the wondering has ceased, the furrowed brows of the Fly Paper office are smooth once more. We have found out who Dorr Field’s “Baldie” is. “Tis A/C Howard E. McBride.

For a while we thought we would keep our tid-bit on an intra-office basis, but who could expect a newspaper office to “keep mum” about a thing which embodies so darned much news value?

The Aviation Advisor Department had a birthday Monday, and the official snoops can’t find out how many candles. Give, Marty.

EXTRA from the first floor comes from Charlie Ebbets’ office, Charlie has promised to send us something super-special for the front page of the Christmas issue. The good news has us imbued with the Christmas spirit already.

Although we couldn’t unearth Marty’s birth certificate, we did have some success on the seventh floor. The back in front of the typewriter which was pounding out “Bowed Over” belonged to the Miss who is known to all of us as Mr. Riddle’s “right hand man.”

“DEV”: Please note following paragraph before blue pencilling above paragraph.

When one becomes a writer, one also becomes a public figure. As such, one simply has no right to anonymity. What about the writer of this column? We gave that away in the fourth paragraph?

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

WOMEN IN WAR

The independence of women with their new found affluence in war-time jobs need not worry the men in the service nor the men at home.

A recent survey at Embry-Riddle shows that the majority of working women still maintain their same old sentiment for men and their feelings for their own place in the home.

Sixty-eight percent of the women now employed by the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation as instructors, workers in engine and aircraft overhaul, etc., do not believe that there is much danger of a change in the relationship between men and women.

In fact, a number expressed the opinion that employment for women is a good thing. They now have a better understanding of the problems which men face, and the workaday world has given them more in common.

Eighty-three percent, if they have the chance, will continue to work after the war. They also believe that when the guns cease firing a greater number of married women will retain their jobs than ever before.

Women like their work.

MATERIEL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry

The Army has taken another one of our colleagues—yes, R. M. Smith of Post Supply, Dorr Field. Mr. Smith has been with us since last August.

We will miss him, but we know he will do as good a job for Uncle Sam as he has done for us. Mr. Scheuer takes his place.

Nellie LeMora has been transferred from Maintenance to Post Supply at Carlsstrom Field, and a brand new young lady, Betty Stephens, is working with Abbie Mercer learning the ropes on our Inventory Cards for Dorr Field.

Don’t think Abbie crazy, Betty, for we all sound that way at first until you get the hang of things. If anyone can lead you right, it will be Abbie; for she knows her Ps and Qs. Good luck, Betty.

Mrs. Joy Roberts of Post Supply, Riddle Field, has left us to join her husband in Key West. From reports, I know she had to ponder on what to do; but of course where love is, it usually wins out.

But nevertheless, you can’t blame her, and we hope she won’t forget us. Taking her place is Olive Schroeder.

Slighted

It seems that I slighted a newcomer, Sue H. Garey at Riddle Field. So I hang my head in shame, although my intentions were good. So for all our newcomers, if I have slipped, please excuse me.

Last week I made a statement that I was strictly off the Inventory Crew. Well, I got a response from them, and Nick Nicholson told me that they have been kept quite busy going from one place to the other and they didn’t mean to make us angry.

So, we can’t be with such nice persons as Nick and his boys, And I can say this for them, they are always in their work—heart and soul.

Birthdays are always popping up. This week we would like to wish Jean Deringer a very happy birthday.

Gee, it is nice to be young enough to still have birthdays. As for me, I stopped having birthdays quite a few years back.

WAAC

In this day and time, men will say that they think women are impossible; but I say that if it wasn’t for us, where would they be. I know that Mr. Buxton is mighty proud of his daughter. As I stated not so long ago, she has joined the WAACs.

Now I am happy to report that Mrs. Marjorie Myers is back in Miami after finishing her schooling in Des Moines, Iowa, and she is stationed here at the Filter Center.

I must be on my way now, for I’m not feeling so good due to the fishing trip I went on Sunday. Isn’t it awful to be such a sissy? Even though the waves did come up and meet me, I can say it was lots of fun, and I’m raring to go again.

As ever,

Your Girl Friday
ENGINE NOISES
by Gladys C. Goff

We were very pleased with the write-up on "Grafflin and His Gang" last week. Somehow, Paul J. Meiners, Supervisor of Material Control for Engine Overhaul, was overlooked in the rush. Paul heads a very important department. That's how we get all those engine parts, chillun!

Wedding bells rang out Saturday for Mildred Lehman and Walter Barrie of Engine Overhaul. Congratulations and best wishes to you both. May you find much happiness together.

December birthdays in our shop include Oswald Austen, Julius Bayard, Arthur Jones, Charlie Phillips, George Walden, and Harry Woolworth. Birthday and season greetings to you all.

I wonder how many people besides me are really bothered with the Christmas present problem: What to give to whom and what to use for money. Thank goodness Christmas comes only once a year.

People are interesting. How many of you know that Frank Perry is writing a book? I won't tell you the subject, but I can guarantee that it won't be "The Hard Life of an Inspector."

Harry Woolworth is the new foreman of the Spark Plug and Wiring Departments. He is making good in his new job, and we wish him the best of luck!

Ah, ha! Listen to this! Mr. Grafflin received a bouquet of flowers from two—not one, but two—feminine admirers the other day. How come? Who? What, why?

Among other interesting people in our shop is the man who—God bless him—helps his wife with the weekly laundry.” (He’d annihilate me if I mentioned his name!)

Wally Tyler, Adonis of the Timekeeping Office, is having trouble getting back to Miami, because of transportation difficulties. The powers-that-be think he isn’t important. The girls really miss Wally.

Contribution from Ethyl Casson, Departmental Inspector: "Hats off to our handsome new 'guard of the guards,' 'Shang.' "'Tis Margaret Dale's lovable Chow puppy, our official, identified, mugged, and paw-printed mascot.

"Don't be envious, girls, but it is the opinion of our boys that he is the best-looking thing within those portals."

Mr. Foote, Mr. Pelton, Kenny Borden, Bill Twitchell, Kenny Alsdorf, Lena Cochran, Jimmy McGlofin, Edith Kirtland, Pat Drew, Frank Perry, James Mulkey, Hilary Collins, Walter Carter, Meade Shepard, Edmond Youmous, Jim Nordin, Harold Kercheval, and Morris Dunn represented our Department at the bowling tournament last week.

We expect an even greater showing of Engine Overhaul faces this week, so get those muscles limbered up and we'll be seeing you at the Playdium!

WING FLUTTER
by Catherine W. Kerr

Some of the boys at Aircraft Overhaul had quite a time this week-end as they went abunting. The luck was sort of against the boys again and no choice meats such as wild turkey or venison were haggled.

However, Jack Holt had the first experience of the day when he was about to be struck by a Cotton Mouth. They say that Jack froze at his gun for about five minutes and then fired a shot just about the time that the reptile was ready to strike.

"I Got Him"

Jack just couldn’t say a word for several minutes and then, much to the surprise of the gang, he shouted, "I got him."

Mr. Wool found that it always pays to read signs after he discovered that he was on a rifle range and was about to be shot himself.

He took to his heels and ran for one solid mile without stopping as the gang clocked him by car. Even though he does lean a bit on the heavy side of the scale, Wool really can run.

RadioGram

While we are on the subject of game hunting, you might get in on a Radiogram that was sent to Mrs. Samuel Ebbett's way back in June, 1927:

Arrived Pinecrest ok. Rough as heck. Made inspection of roads with the cook. Have some wonderful pictures. Plenty of game. Had our lifted by derrick over canal. Will try to make Fort Myers tomorrow. Going to oil well. Wildcat hunting tonight. Regards to Mother, Sadie, and all the others. Sleeping with the Indians. With love,

"Big Chief Charlie of the Everglades"
Blazed Trail

Papa Ebbett's sure is proud of the fact that his son Charlie was the first to blaze that trail in search of wild life. How about it Mr. Ebbetts?

While we’re on the subject of hunting, what happened to the venison that Jack Steward brought down from Boise, Idaho? Are you saving it until meat rationing goes into effect, Jack? (Not a bad idea.)

All Work and No Play

Who said, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy?" Well, we have one young lady at Aircraft Overhaul who works all day and then goes to school half the night, five nights a week.

The birthday party was a real surprise to Mac. The whole building turned out to wish him a happy birthday and to present him with a lovely pen and pencil set. He also received many, many cards.

We now have women in the Sheet Metal Department. With their masks on, they resemble octopi, but they handle those drills like Bag-Pipes.

So, so long for this week, and Keep 'em Flying.
A DAY AT
EMBY-RIDDLE

by Philip E. Paine, Aircraft Dept.

After burning the midnight oil and getting up early and arriving on an overcrowded bus—rather upset, worried, and tired—you are greeted most graciously by the guards who seem interested in your well-being.

The elevator girl greets you with a cheery smile; you check in, and the associate instructors seem almost worried about your feelings, health, and welfare.

Then you walk through two large, dark rooms of sleeping soldiers and are reminded of the Overland Building in St. Paul, where you were trained under the command of the then Major, now Major-General, Walter R. Weaver, who turned out tough, well-trained aviation mechanics.

Different, Somehow

As you enter your class-room, the soldier students stand at attention until given the order to be seated. They seem a little taller, bigger, tougher—and above all a little keener, a little more alert than the outfit you were with 25 years ago.

Well, they are! They have to be to absorb the mentally fatiguing schedule you are required to give them. But there is less griping, less criticizing than there used to be. I guess most of them have learned that "any fool can criticize, most fools do."

On their first day, you are required to give them twenty-nine pages on the theory of flight and airplane aeronautics. You also assign them an additional twenty-five pages, describing the construction of the modern military airplanes they are to service.

Can They Take It?

You feel badly about the mental exhaustion and fatigue you know you are causing them. No wonder you are worried about whether they can take it.

Some of them almost can’t, and couldn’t except for the help of their own buddies, who not only buoy up their spirits but help them out in those first few mentally fatiguing weeks. It is the cooperation of the American soldier of today that makes one thrill.

After four hours of mental gymnastics, you get in line for chow at the Cafeteria. There you are both relaxed and rejuvenated by the feeling of friendly fellowship exuded by fellow instructors and Embry-Riddle employees—from the highest to the lowest.

That Friendly Feeling

Office boy, shop worker, executive, show the same fine friendly feeling. Your mind goes back to that wild money-mad era, a decade or so ago, when gold was both God and social position, and you wonder what has happened in this world of strife and struggle.

After a long but seemingly short wait in line, you fill your tray, for thirty-five cents, with the finest cooked food you have ever eaten. Probably the chefs and cooks have also been imbued with that spirit of service and cooperation you see shown about you all day long.

After Chow...

After chow, you take a few minutes stroll about the school building and demonstration planes in the back yard.

Yes, you feel refreshed, and you return to your class better able to give to them the best there is in you. This four more hours of association and instruction with the toughest and most intensely interested soldiers in the world.

Tomorrow...

Although you have been greatly disappointed that age and a slightly crippled leg have so far kept you from again becoming a member of our armed forces, you are thrilled at having been privileged to again almost be one of them, and for having helped a little to prepare our soldiers for the grim tasks that lie ahead.

When the day is ended, you realize that you have been in close contact with the friendliest and most cooperative group of people you have ever met. You leave with a feeling of regret, but look forward to tomorrow.

LIBRARY FLASHERS!

The library’s new hours are 8:00 a.m. to 11 p.m. Mrs. Marie Seacord, a native of Michigan, but a Miamian by adoption, is the Night Supervisor of the Reading Room.

Military Engines! Military Engines! We like the sound of it. Two words. They symbolize the mighty machines of war. As the fighter compresses his lips before delivering the knockout blow, we say, "M-Military Engines." We like it. It sounds important. It is important!

As one enters Military Engines here at the Tech School, he is immediately impressed by the colorful scene before him—a veritable beehive of activity.

Under myriad fluorescent lights, groups of men, alike as peas in a pod in their fatigue coveralls, are busily working over the gleaming engines that are in various stages of assembly—the parts racks are loaded with shiny "inwards."

A strange cacophony greets his ears. The hum of work bench motors, the low drone of male voices, and then a cheery whistle, the intermittent strident voices of instructors, and the loud hisses of the air hoses in the cleaning room are mindful of a nest of folklore dragons.

We are "geared" to our country’s great War effort to the last "tooth"—and with tooth and nail we are fighting against time to put the axe to the axis—as, fighting with powerful weapons—mechanical knowledge and American youth.

These fine young men are coming to us in ever increasing numbers, with a seemingly irrepressible desire to master the intricacies of the big engines.

From all walks of life they come, but with the same grim, steadfast purpose—to keep 'em firing—to keep 'em flying. God speed every one of them!

WE MAKE MECHANICS
by George C. Burt

INTER-AMERICAN STUDENTS WELCOME CUBAN PRESIDENT

President Fulgencio Batista y Zaldívar of Cuba is seen greeting some of Embry-Riddle’s Inter-American students during his short stay in Miami. Seated from left to right: Rino Bono of Argentina, George Robertson of Chile, Pedro Gustavo Flores of Ecuador, Gonzalo Lopez y Garzen of Argentina, Belfar Areya of Chile, Lofahoe Guerrero of Nicaragua, who is shaking hands with the President, and Samuel Boddle of Nicaragua. President Batista was on his way to Washington and will tour the country on an inspection of our War Plants.
"Bowled Over"

by Your Pin Girl

When I volunteered to cover the first night of the new Miami Bowling League for the Fly Paper, I was in a merry mood. I felt strong, young, and healthy. I went to the Playdium, scene of said activity, with light heart.

Between bowls, I was here and there jotting down amusing incidents, bright sayings, familiar faces, etc., and what with everything I had a wonderful time.

The next day (yesterday), still feeling full of the spirit of the gay event, I wanted to write my story; but somehow the day slipped by—no story. Today the deadline loomed, and so I sat (with difficulty) down at my typewriter to knock out the aforementioned jottings.

I am a tired, sore, bowlweary correspondent. I can’t quite remember if it were just the Embry-Riddle Bowling League I covered, or the Seattle to Miami Marathon. Maybe it was just the League.

Maybe I was there all alone and all those 137 people were just Gremlins. Maybe I knocked those thousands of pins down myself—the more I think of it, the more certain I am that I did. Else I wouldn’t—couldn’t—be this disabled. Herewith the jottings—not presented with the joie de vivre I had intended but, nevertheless, presented.

Following Mr. Riddle’s opening roll, and a good one it was, the Embry-Riddle employees took over the 16 alleys with one great sweep. All the departments and divisions in Miami were well represented.

We saw Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Blakeley—Mr. Blakeley, incidently, in a very “striking” sport coat. A great number of the Tech School instructors turned out and took top honors on the score boards.

All the Transportation Department was there, from “Papa” Webster to the prettiest station wagon driver. The Sales Department was well represented by Mr. Ordway, Mr. Davies, Marty Warren, and one of our lovely new girl guides.

Mr. and Mrs. Habig were there—Bob caught his thumb in the ball on his first roll and caused a bit of commotion but made up for it with a strike next time.

Mr. Wheeler, our Executive Vice-President, rolled a mean game (guess how I mean that, George?) and...but gosh, I’ll just list the scores and you can tell who was there and how they did.

**Men’s Event**

The men’s event was won by George Uffenorde of the Military Engine Department. His score of 198 barely nosed out Milt Roberts of the Stock Room, who rolled 197. The women’s division was not quite as closely contested.

Anne Buchanan of Instrument Overhaul had a total of 171, for a margin of 17 pins over Leotta Hoehn of Aircraft Overhaul, who had 154.

Harry LeRoy was highest from the Instructor Trainee Department, with 148 pins. S. Conlon of Aircraft led that department with 125. Sheet Metal was well represented by Howard Bezel and Malcolm Slocum. Bezel’s total of 175 earned him fourth place, and Slocum was in eighth position with 153.

J. T. Hickey led the Instrument Department with 149, and was closely followed by J. D. Setzer with 139. Floyd Williams of Experiment Research had 178 and finished third. Engine Overhaul had a close contest for departmental supremacy, with W. T. Twitchell nosing out W. R. Carter, 136 to 154.

**Inter-Americans**

The Inter-American boys bowled consistently well. Their high man was Ramon Prado, and his 151 put him in a tie for tenth place. He was closely pressed in his department by Sam Bodden, Guillermo Colonias, and Eric Stundstrom with scores of 144, 135, and 134 respectively.

The Administrative and Accounting bowlers were led by Peter Ordway with 152, Gordon Bowen with 151, Paul Miller with 157, and Bob Habig with 135. The Stock Room only produced two bowlers, but they both did quite well: Milt Roberts with 197, and his assistant, Charles Shepard, with 160.

Carl Woodard of the Laundry Department rolled a score of 165. Ross Jim MeShane of Aircraft Overhaul led the way in his department with 150 and was closely followed by Messrs. Pyke and Kerr, with scores of 145.

R. C. Pooley led the combined squad of Military and Civilian Training Departments, with his score of 164, which earned him sixth place. He was closely followed by K. C. Smith, who ended in a tie for tenth place with the score of 151.
LADIES' DIVISION

The ladies' division ran off smoothly. After the winner, Anne Buchanan, and runner-up, Leotta Hoehn, the standings were: third, Evelyn Doane of Military and Civilian Training, with 137; Janet Silverglade from the Athletic Department, with 124 for fourth place.

Edna Callahan, Purchasing Department, with 123 for fifth place; sixth place was taken by Willie Todd, Civil Engineers, with 114; seventh place by Catherine Dick of Mineograph, with 103.

Elaine Devery, Mr. Riddle's private secretary, was eighth with 100; ninth place went to Ruth Fisher, Transportation, with 99; and Laurie Ebbets, Transportation, took tenth place with 97.

Note: Salve, Ointment, and Canes are now available in the Clinic.

1943 PLATES & LICENSES

The Charles V. Baumgardner Auto Tag Agency, 1360 N. W. 36th St., Miami, will remain open until 9 p.m. nightly in order that you may get your 1943 plates and licenses.

There will be an agency charge of $1.50 on plates and $.25 on licenses.

Contact R. W. Nelson, Student Counselor, at the Tech School for any further information.

THEY D O O D IT!

The Budgie Brothers have done it again! They have found still another sport to interest the employees of Embry-Riddle. This time it is badminton, and there will be a court available to us every Monday night from 7 'til 9 p.m. The place is Miami Beach, and, yes, there will be transportation.

Rackets will be furnished for us and also the birds (these are the little things that take the place of balls in this game, as if you didn't know).

So all it takes to have a lot of fun is a pair of rubber soled shoes, a challenging spirit, and one quarter, for the use of the 'jernt.' So let's see some action!

"THE GIRLS IN BLUE"

by Patricia Drew

This is a note from the "girls in blue." To tell you about the work we do. We are told "keep 'em flying." And toward this end we all are trying.

The engines come in every day. Dirty and worn in every way. After the boys have done their work, we start on each section and never shirk.

With careful inspection before they get by, we wheel them out "Perfect and ready to fly.

Jack Hale is our leader—Dick Elam our boss.

With Cassie and Margaret there's little time lost.

With bright, smiling faces and hands that are busy, we all feel we are helping to knock the japs dizzy!

The men are many—the girls are few—Embry-Riddle is proud of the "girls in blue."

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RIDDLE-ETTES

by Janet Silverglade

From now on, there are going to be more athletic "doings" for the women of this organization. So far, we have had a grand turn-out for bowling, and we really expect to show something in this league.

Now at last we have found one of those rare and hard-to-get things—a basketball court. Not only have we found one, but it is ours every Thursday night from 7:30 until 9:30 p.m.

Transportation Provided

This "find" of ours is on the Beach, and through the cooperation of the Company, we will be furnished transportation to and from the court.

There are many of us who would like to play, but won't because we feel a little rusty and clumsy, especially on throwing those ringers. But don't feel that way. For the first few weeks, there will be coaching and technique study; that is, until we find our "sea legs."

Got a Budgie?

Then there will be games scheduled with other teams to give us a chance to show what we Riddle-ettes can do. And remember, there will be no smirking, masculine faces to make us feel self-conscious!

It's going to be a lot of fun and wonderful exercise, especially for those of us who are beginning to discover bulges here and there.

Let's Have Action!

So let's see some action, gals. Come in and sign up at the Athletic Office, in the Tech School, and ask all the questions you like.

P. S. I forgot to mention that there will be a small charge for the use of the court; but it's only 10c per person, and I'm sure that we will get our money's worth. Let's get the ball started!

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Athletic Director Don Budige, center, shows courier Jacqueline Dillard, left, and chauffette Dottie Walls, right, "how it's done" at the Playdium the first night of the Embry-Riddle Bowling League.
One thing we’ve decided after attending last Saturday’s dance at the Coral Gables Country Club . . . we’re all in favor of having our little parties there from now on . . . or at least until we strike a more permanent locale.

That nice large dance floor, soft lights, and garden atmosphere really sold us. The only thing missing was the crowd. For one reason or another—probably due to short notice . . . and perhaps cash (it was the day before pay day), few guests showed up.

But those who did had a splendid opportunity to practice all those intricate dance steps they’ve yearned to do for years, for the floor was spacious and uncrowded.

**Lovelines . . .**

Those two lovelies, Connie Henshaw and her sister, Helen Dillard, were there. Helen, looking just darling in Kelly green, was somewhat at a loss when the call of duty deprived her of her escort just as she arrived at the party.

However, the ever-friendly Syd and “Tibby” Burrows made their two little girl cousins feel right at home all evening and persuaded R.A.F. Cadets Terry Thomas and Dick Chalk to join the party.

Ernest and Mitzi Culp came, blonde Mitzi looking mighty keen in a black ensemble. Fairiest and Carroll Brown seemed to be having a great time, as usual.

Hidden talents came to the fore when Mrs. G. T. Richards, Wain Fletcher’s sweet little mama, Waltzed with Carroll . . . but Good.

**“The Webster Family”**

Myllion and Phyllis Webster have become regular attendants, we’re pleased to report—and we think he should be very proud of his office family . . . Elaine Chalk, ever faithful in attendance, was at the Burrows’ table . . . Dottie Wells came but stayed only a short while . . . and Jean Duncan, looking like a little “Buster Brown” in a rolled black sailor hat and white wool frock, came with “Red.”

Adriano Ponso, Brazilian student-diplomat, came with Miss Thelma Elliott. Only two of the Brazilian Naval Officers, Lt. Robert G. Freitas and Lt. Alvero Rocha, attended, but they reported that the others will be on hand again for the next party.

**See What We Mean**

They say that nothing but a very urgent engagement could keep them away. Why don’t more of you Embry-Ridderites come and see what they mean?

George Wheeler dropped in for a while with Miss Louise Wheeler and Ben and Mrs. Turner. Bud Youngman escorted Betsy Pratt, and the Army was represented by Lt. Donald Williams and his attractive wife.

With such a fine large dance floor (even larger than Deauville), and with the best in dance music, it was too bad not to have had a larger crowd on hand . . . but we know that the situation will be remedied come this Saturday.

**THESE ARE YOUR PARTIES, BOYS AND GIRLS . . . so gather all your friends about you . . . share your cars . . . and come out to the Coral Gables Country Club for a really good time!**

**The Tariff Question**

Due to conditions that are beyond our control, there is a re-adjustment in the tariff for the Saturday night parties.

Dinner—and we need not tell you about the fine food served at the Club—followed by dancing will be $1.50 per person, or $3.00 per couple. A delicious repast will be served from eight to nine.

For those just attending the dance, from nine to one, the charge will be 75c per person, or $1.50 per couple.

You’ll swear you never spent your money more wisely in your life . . . and you’ll be back again and again . . . we guarantee you.