EMBRY-RIDDLE Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. V

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HAPPY NEW YEAR 1943

KEEP 'EM FLYIN'
Letters to the Editor

Training Detachment
Army Air Forces Technical
Training Command
Embry-Riddle School of Aviation
Miami, Florida
December 23, 1942

Dear Mr. Riddle:
At this season I wish to express, on the part of my staff and myself, sincere appreciation for the cooperation extended by you and the members of your company in carrying out the ambitious program which we are directing here.

Since each of us is unable to personally say it to each of yours, I will appreciate your accepting, for all, the Detachment's wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Francis B. Clements, Jr.
Major, Air Corps Commanding

Editor's Note: Mr. Riddle requested that Major Clements' greeting be passed on to all members of the company through the medium of the "Fly Paper."

% Stinson Aircraft Co.
Wayne, Michigan
December 19, 1942

Dear Editor:
I have been receiving the Fly Paper for the past two years through our New York office, and although at times it has a tough time catching up with me, I have always received it.

I have since been transferred to the above address where I am conducting acceptance flight tests for the Army and the British Navy.

It would make me very happy if your office could arrange to have the Fly Paper sent to this address instead of New York until further advised.

A great many people look forward to reading this news sheet, for so many have friends in the great Embry-Riddle organization at its different bases.

I expect to spend the holidays in Miami, and I hope to pay the outfit a visit. Happy New Year to the oldtimers of Embry-Riddle in particular and to the whole outfit in general.

Airmindedly yours,
Donald R. Beardsley
Flight Engineering Inspector
Civil Aeronautics Administration

Editor's Note: We have changed your address on our mailing list, Mr. Beardsley, and we should like to say "thanks" for the kind words about the Fly Paper. A Happy New Year to you—from the whole gang. Do try to drop by and let us extend that wish in person.

Dear Editor:
I would like to take this opportunity to write you and thank you for putting me on your mailing list.

By the looks of the two papers I have read, Embry-Riddle certainly isn't lying down on the job this Yuletide season.

It thrills me to read all the news about the Tech School, especially about those whom I knew in the past.

I expect to be in khaki in about two weeks; but the sooner we all pitch in together, the sooner will arrive that day of Victory that we are all so earnestly striving to attain.

May I thank you again, and please remember me to all my Tech School friends.

Sincerely,
Bob Lipkin

Editor's Note: This is the second letter we have received from Bob, and we're looking forward to hearing from him regularly. Good luck, Bob. Keep us informed about your "progress in khaki."

% Stinson Aircraft Co.
Wayne, Michigan
December 19, 1942

Dear Editor:

My name evidently was marked off your mailing list when I left the employ of R. A. F. to join my husband in Jacksonville.

I resent that, for I am still very much interested in hearing from all the Fields. Since almost everyone is too busy working to write, the best way I know of to keep up with the Embry-Riddle news is through the Fly Paper.

Please put me back on your mailing list, and give my regards to my former "boss men", E. G. China and A. E. Carpenter.

Wishing all of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

Yours for Victory,
Mozelle Cross

Editor's Note: You were taken off the mailing list, Mozelle, because we didn't have your new address. But it's all fixed up now, and you will receive your Fly Paper regularly. Drop us more notes when you have time, and accept our very best wishes for a joyous holiday season.

THE FRONT PAGE

This week's front page is the work of Charles C. Ebbets, official photographer of the Embry-Riddle Company. Charlie did a fine job for us; and we want to thank him and extend to him our wishes for a New Year of continued success.
A New Year Editorial

by Willard Rodney Burton
Chief Instructor of the Instructors' School

This is the last of 1942. It has been an eventful year, eventful in the history of the world and in the history of every nation on the face of the globe. Almost without exception, it has touched with the grim wand of war the life of every individual in America, and many it has swept away into new and undreamed channels.

From the military standpoint, 1942 has been for us a year of both victories and defeats. It has been a year of trial and test and learning.

On the production front, much of the same has been true—trial and error, success and failure. There has been some waste, a little disension, but from it all has come a wealth of return in unprecedented production for war, and particularly in vast knowledge acquired of how to continue to increase that production; for increase it we must if the victory is finally to be ours.

On the home front, where we have been fighting, many things have happened. Gas rationing, food rationing, promises of more rationing to come. Taxes and promises of more taxes to come. These and similar things have caused great argument. They, in the end, are trivial.

The biggest thing on the home front in 1942 is that we seem finally to have got into our stride for this war. We have got ourselves over the first dramatic wave of patriotism—the flag-waving, name-calling, but notably unproductive kind of patriotism—and over the first sickening wave of fear and uncertainty.

We have settled down to the realization that this War is just a terrible job that has got to be done, and that can only be done by clear and sober thinking and hard work. Perhaps, too, we have acquired a little of that precious commodity, humility.

We found out that we were not so smart that we couldn't be fooled, and that American courage and individual resourcefulness was not always a match for superior numbers or superior arms.

We've had some victories, but let us not forget that we've taken some rights to the jaw that jarred us to our shoe soles. We underestimated the Japs, we underestimated the Germans; but in 1942 we discovered our mistake, rubbed our jaw, and rolled up our sleeves.

A great many things happened to us in 1942. A whole lot of them were not bad at all; and from many that were bad, we have drawn a lot of good. Kung-fu-Tze said, "It is a sin to stumble over the same stone twice". Whatever stones we stumbled over in 1942, we shall not stumble over again.

Here at Embry-Riddle we have been able to see a small cross-section of the larger struggle unfold throughout the year. We saw the Technical Division grow from a handful of classrooms and machines into the giant that it is today.

We have had many successes and some setbacks, but we have gone ahead to make Embry-Riddle the finest institution of its kind that America has ever seen.

It has been a year that has passed with unbelievable swiftness because of activity, but that in retrospect appears long because of the seeming impossibility that everything which has happened in 1942 could have taken place in the span of twelve months.

It has been a year of satisfaction, of pleasure in hard and worthwhile work, of building and rebuilding, of constant improvement and progression.

And what of 1943? Its history is yet to be written, but this we know, that each of us will play his or her part in the writing of that history. Let us approach the coming year with our sleeves rolled up and with our heads and hearts held high. Let us

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THE advent of the New Year affords me the opportunity to express my gratitude to each of you for the fine spirit of cooperation that has made it possible for us to fulfill our obligations to these United States during the past year.

The loyalty and high aims of the employees of this organization will enable us to render unequalled service in the War effort during the coming year. May it be a happy one for all.

John Paul Riddle
PERMIT me at this time to thank all the employees of Dorr Field for their extreme kindness and cooperation which has permitted Dorr Field to become one of the finest flight training centers in the entire United States within the short period of one year.

I accordingly extend best wishes for a happy New Year.

Gordon Moushey
General Manager of Dorr Field

The show put on by the Cadets last Wednesday night was a big success, according to all the applause and encore.

The show should have gone on all night; but the master of ceremonies called time about 10:30, saying that all good soldiers have to be in bed by that time or Santa Claus won't come to see them.

**Airplane Maintenance**

What everyone is trying to think up is an appropriate name for the girls flagging the ships on the line. Believe you me, they certainly are doing a good job of it too.

Starting Tuesday, a night cleaning crew comes to work at 6:30 p.m. and is off at 2:30 a.m. They are all colored help. Good luck to them in their new work.

We heard someone ask “Pop” Myers where he had been keeping himself the last month or two. “Over at Carlsstrom Field,” says he right proud like. The rejoiner was, “Oh yes, Dorr Field’s smallest auxiliary field. Well, we hope you don’t get lost finding it.”

We're going to let George Mackie buy us a coke next time we come over just to show we're big hearted and ain't proud who buys our cokes. Tol'ably yours,

**Dorr Doings**

by Jack Whitnall

Walter “Slow Roll” Davis wished the other day he had four or five arms instead of the usual two. The reason was that someone took him up and Walter wanted a real slow roll. Well—he got a real slow one.

Mary Edna Parker and her evening in Paris—m—m—m—m.

Mr. Callers was presented with a sure enough rod and reel from the gang for Christmas. The very next hour Gene Levines was down in Mr. C’s office wanting to lend him his bird dog. We just wonder what Gene has up his sleeve, knowing Gene likes to fish and Mr. C likes hunting.

Was it Miss Summervill who was telling us about the boy friend who put his hand in her glove while she had it on and then couldn’t get her hand out? Such a nice pair of angora mittens, too—Well—we can’t say we blame the guy.

**The Short Snorters’ Log**

Did you see Sharkey and Roach all dressed up last week? Sometimes it’s hard to recognize these fellows when they don civilian clothes. We almost said “Good morning, Reverend” to both of them.

We know Ruthie got a box of candy in her stocking, but would she open it and offer us a piece? No sir. We just hope she finds a piece with half a worm in it. Then we’ll know what happened to the other half.

Have you seen “Buttercup” dispatching in the Arcadia Drug Store during the Christmas rush? Wim, wiger, and vitality—that’s “Buttercup”.

We wonder when the Bee-Farmer, Errol Morgan is case you couldn’t place him, is going to bring some bees out here. A hive of bees placed 10 feet apart along the fence would be as good as an army of soldiers.

Next week we’ll tell you more about what we did during the holidays.

We're in it—let's win it!

**Morr Dorr**

As the holiday smoke clears, Dorr Field finds three new officers in its midst. They are 2nd Lieutenants Jack C. Austin and Melvin Kahn, recently graduated from Advanced Flying School at Craig Field, Alabama, and 1st Lieutenant Earl F. Harris, recent graduate of the School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Texas.

Lts. Austin and Kahn will be connected with flying instruction and operations, while Lt. Harris will become an assistant to Lt. Palmer of the Medical Department.

**The Army Side**

Kinda lonesome around the Post Christmas week—so many of the Army personnel gone. Lt. “Broadway, here I come!” Revere finally got off to his white Christmas.

Lt. Webster is spending the holidays in Washington with his family, plans to bring them back with him. Warrant Officer Rockett, after keeping his fingers crossed for weeks before, (seems he’s kinda pessimistic about Army leaves, wonder why?) is way down in Mississippi.

Sergeant Lambeth of Operations baked in the sunshine of Miami during Christmas activities. He’s holiding for the home front, not talking much about what he did, but we believe he rather enjoyed his sojourn. He’ll be leaving in a few more days to spend a late Christmas in Milwaukee—you know, that suburb of Chicago.

Corporal Landau is already up in that territory. He’s holidaying in Detroit. Pvt. Thompson was the lucky guy in the Link Department, spending his much envied furlough in Virginia.

On the home front, festivities for those not so lucky to get away included a delightful party given by Major Boyd for the officers and their wives on Christmas afternoon, and an after-dinner party Captain and Mrs. Phillip had honoring his uncle, who entertained all the guests with his Scotch brouge.

**Announcement**

Wayne did it at last!! Anyone who has been on the Post for a while knows what that means—but to newcomers—Ruth Campbell has consented to be Wayne Martin’s blushing bride!!
Chapman Chatter

by Cara Lee Cook

With kind assistance of Marry Schonegewel

We're in again, those who weathered the holidays!

Home for Christmas was our General Manager, Sterling Camden, with our favorite pilot, Dave DaBoll, as co-pilot.

Left over from Christmas—Light hearts but weary bodies, (remember Mr. Noonan), a bedraggled Christmas with everything on it but the kitchen sink. Mr. Sebring's oranges. Many a well wished but delinquent Merry Christmas. A fond memory of what a swell person Mrs. Riddle is. A nifty party given by Mr. Woodward and attended by scores of Chapman Fielders.

To you, my co-workers at Chapman Field, I take this opportunity to wish each of you a prosperous New Year, knowing it will be a happy one for you as you do your part toward National Defense.

Sterling W. Camden, Jr.
General Manager of Chapman Field

Mrs. Quillian has learned to jump with delight from table to chair, and vice versa, to avoid her silly daughter's determined efforts to make the most of her newly acquired tricycle.

Santa Claus distributed a large variety of dogs: a Spitz to Betty Schulte, who promptly named it Muffy; a Terrier for Fritz Cook, Gerry's wife; and last but not least, an unknown variety, and as yet unnamed dog, for Mr. "G".

Gone to the Dogs

Speaking of dogs, we went Monday; Mr. Camden, Tom Moxley, Gloria Brown, Dave DaBoll and Theron Riddick, (see, only a small minority of Chapman has got to that stage). It is for the sake of those who are as stupid as I about dog racing that I pass on this bit of information.

To impress the general environment around you as to how much you don't know about dog racing, here is a sure fire receipt. Make a note of the official consensus of opinion and don't play any of them.

Instead, take the favorite dog and play him to run last. Self confidence has ruined him for the night. On the other hand, the 67 to 1 shot should do something, providing he doesn't die at the post, cause that is a lucky number and anyhow he will attempt to clear this honorable name.

Last but not least, don't feel bad if you're the only one hollering for No. 8. He appreciates it even if those 5,000 other people don't.

"Windy" Wells is back from New Mexico, where he's in Glider school. He sure looks swell in his staff Sergeants' uniform. Hmmm, those newly acquired Glider wings are cute too!!!

He Wears A Pair of Silver Wings

Mr. G and I sure gave the X-C and Instructor course boys fits Monday. We're whipping them into condition for new C.P.T. uniforms. Upon completion of this community project, getting sized and such, we ceremoniously presented them with silver wings.

Orchids and many thanks to our extemporaneous painter, F. J. Rollins, the friendliest man in the world, who has painted us several beautiful placards, the least of which hangs in the canteen wishing everyone the season's greetings.

Still Smiling

Another dozen orchids to Mrs. Jones and the Canteen Crew, Texas Stalecup Chefs, F. C. Hansen and Walter Carlisle, Fane's Grant, Francis Lowe, Loretta McDonald, Juanita Riley, Lorine Harper, and Dorothy Walter, who have held up like heroes and heroines through the conventional mad rush. They're still smiling too. Amazing!!

We wonder what Tiny Davis, Mac Daniels, and Herb Muller were all in a fog about Thursday????

May we express our deepest sympathies to Mrs. Bertram and Baby Dumpling and wish both a speedy recovery.

Next week, dear readers, we're running first page, and we promise something extra special. There's no additional cost, so don't miss it.

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

Whitecaps

by Bob McKay and Bill Waters

Our famous columnist, John (the great) Carruthers, being out of town, we, the smart guys of the Seaplane Base will undertake the job of following such a famous fellow. Of course our column will not attract any offers from AP, but we know in our own hearts that we are well qualified for such work.

Good Chow

Well, enough about us. We will now try to tell all the important news from the Base. Probably the most important thing was our Christmas party. It was a huge success (and I ain't kidding).

Our menu consisted of Spaghetti a la DeMarco, and Chili a la Carrigus. Any first class place would be proud to have either item on its menu. Everything went off without a hitch, and a fine time was had by all, at least we had a good time. Besides leaving the Seaplane News in our care, Johnny also left his gal friend. We had quite some time at the party keeping the wolves away from her; but after many heads were bashed in, we succeeded in protecting her. To prove that she likes the Base very much, she brought us a present, which certainly made very good eating Christmas Day.

The Worm Has Turned

What is this we hear about Ad Thompson taking up the study of engines? He certainly is a changed man, staying out late at nights and coming over to the Base late in the afternoon. (Wanted by one of the editors, a new alarm clock so morning appointments will be kept.)

Ad is in a spot; as his Instructors over at the Link School, he has two former students. Winnie Wood and Carol Losch are remembering the days when Ad was their Instructor, and they are certainly taking him for a ride. (Let this be a lesson to all Instructors—be good to your students, for you can never tell when the worm will turn.)

Happy Landings, Girls

We have some birds down here who will soon be kicked out of the nest to do their first soles. They are Arabelle Leonard and Daphne Banks, both from our own Purchasing Department.

Arabelle had difficulty proving that she was a citizen, but after two weeks she succeeded. Good luck, girls, and get it over in a hurry.

Through the courtesy of Miss Norton, SeaplaneSusie, our mascot, has a beautiful crib, rubber sheet, mattress, and blanket. It is really a sight for sore eyes to see this large four ounce, five week old puppy waddle around. We hope to print a picture of Susie in the next edition.

Enough for now.
CARLSTROM R.A.I. NEWS

Tom Watson, Jr., Editor
J. F. Downend, Associate

At this time the management wishes to extend New Year's greetings to each and every employee of Carlstrom Field, through whose hard work, cooperation, loyalty, and ability, there has been established a record of which we all may be extremely proud.

H. Roscoe Brinton
General Manager and
Director of Flying of Carlstrom Field

An unsung hero of the town of Arcadia comes to mind during the holiday season. George Stonebreaker of rib-roast fame. Did you know that he is a veteran of the First World War?

He is doing his part in a big way in this War, too. General Royce has been a guest at rib-roasts at the Stonebreaker orange grove and thousands of Cadets have enjoyed his hospitality.

His lovely daughter, Peggy, not long ago received roses from an English Cadet now in Scotland. Letters arrive every day from an aerial gunner, Bill Meyers, soon to be stationed overseas. Bill is a brother of "Witch" Meyers, who works for Clyston Field.

Dorr Field has long been boasting about its large Canteen. Flossy Permiberton has announced that she understands the "cozy skupskoffy" spot of Carlstrom is to be enlarged.

It is not to be a great place that echoes because there are no people (reflection for Dorr Field if they like). Carlstrom is a large field, many people. There will be no echo when we say, "Skupskoffy, Flossy".

We see by the paper that a man in Washington walked into a restaurant and laid three dollars on the table. The waitress very sweetly said, "Sorry, Mister, but we do not serve coffee and doughnuts".

Which reminds yours truly that it was B. C. (before Christmas) that he saw three bucks all at once. All Christmas presents were on cash basis, so this is the first year without hills coming in the first of the year. And the Army is paid the day after New Years... Army life is fun isn’t it?

The Christmas party at Carlstrom Field (please note how often the name Carlstrom comes into conversation) started off with turkey dinner the noon of the twenty-fourth.

Mr. Javette passed cigars to all comers and Sgt. Major Burrows played Santa Claus to the Army office. Miss Tucker received a handkerchief and wore it in the pocket of a lovely green dress last Saturday night. She is quite new to our official ranks.

Wilda Smithson was busy all afternoon unwrapping a package and found a "worry-bird" at the bottom of yards of paper. Cpl. Jones got a shoe shine kit, and the mail orderly received a Christmas card from post-mistress Roberta Dudley, a pleasant surprise.

Miss Dozier had boxes and boxes of candy given her. 1st Lt. Beville was smiling because it was Christmas and also because his foot injury from a hunting accident is well on the way to recovery.

The Katzenjammer Kids of the office, namely Pvt. Arnold Ornson Wells and Pvt. Jim (Scotty) Sears, were last seen Christmas Day driving a mule and delapidated but gaudy buggy down West Oak Street in Arcadia. No. "B" card for their Chevvy.

CARLSTROM CAPTION

by J. F. Downend

Overnight passes have been withheld from Cadets—they are now allowed a thirty mile radius from the Post for their weekends. Each must report to his station by 2:00 a.m. Sunday morning. They are again able to come into town on the first bus Sunday morning.

This has presented a new problem for the City of Arcadia as these "Misters" must find entertainment and relaxation right there.

Arcadians answered with a lusty shout. Class 43-E Cadets from both Carlstrom and Dorr Fields were met at the bus station their first Saturday night in town by the DeSoto High School Band. Everyone joined for singing, refreshments, and Russian Folk dancing, Mrs. Mitz, wife of a Dorr Field Cadet, procured the authentic Russian costumes.

Cadets went back to camp shouting, "Home was never like this!!!"

A successful dance was held at the Tourist Camp on the outskirts of town on Christmas Eve. Which was as great an event as those held Thanksgiving and Halloween.

The Women’s Club of Arcadia started a swell Sunday dinner at the price of fifty cents. One Sunday proved that it could be done.

Thanksgiving Sunday, Cadets found a home touch to their dinner and the unit has won admiration from all service men. At the Sunday dinners the people of Arcadia discovered talent among the Cadets; singers, radio announcers, masters of ceremony, concert pianists, and musicians.

Given the opportunity to entertain themselves, they also entertain others and sing praises of the experienced cooks who serve them.

The U. S. O. Club of West Oak Street entertains every night in the week, twice as much on Sunday and the weekend. Facilities for wrapping Christmas packages were placed at the disposal of the Cadets. A new barbecue pit has been erected in the rear of the Club, where servicemen may eat spareribs and drink good hot coffee.

Public relations officers of Carlstrom and Dorr Fields have made known to proper authorities the religious denominations of Cadets.

Ministers from Arcadia visit at both Fields saying, "The homes of Arcadia are open to men of the Air Force. Through the churches, any number of men can find home life and a pleasant day."

Christmas Eve marked the arrival of three new Flying Officers at Carlstrom Field.

Lt. John F. Connelly, who, previous to induction in the AAF, served in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Lt. Forrest Varner is no stranger to Carlstrom. He obtained his Primary training here with the Class of 42-J.

Lt. Bert E. Thrasher is the third newly arrived Flying Officer, all of whom came here from the Central Instructors’ School at Maxwell Field.
Pet Peeves From Carlstrom

by Norma Tucker

The girls in the Service Records Department hear the “pet peeves” of the officers and men, so they thought it a good idea to jot down some of them and let the rest of the “world” know what they are.

If you have a pet peeve send it to Lt. Payne for publication.

Lt. Stanley Greenwood says there is nothing that irks him more than to make a careful selection of a sentimental ballad on a “juke box”, only to have it play back a “jumpin’ jive”.

Cpl. R. M. Jones of Headquarters says: “What could be more irksome than to know just where you had filed an important official paper and when you go back to look for it you find that the Gremlins have beat you to it”.

“The men that wear O. D. uniforms when not in any part of the armed forces”, says Lt. George Hoffmeyer, “and when I am trying so hard to buy one, that’s my pet peeve”.

Draft dodgers in zoot suits is Lt. Charlie Gillo’s pet peeve.

Lt. Wilson M. McCormick can tell us his “pet peeve” in one word—goldbricks.

Next week your reporter will interview more of the officers and some of the Cadets and will have more pet peeves for you.

TO all Employees of the Riddle-McKay Aero College I extend my personal appreciation for their efforts in 1942 and sincere best wishes for a happy and successful 1943.

G. Willis Tyson
General Manager of Riddle Field

January 1, 1943—another year starting, and with its beginning come the customary New Year Resolutions.

This new year is not just another start of another year. It is a period which finds the world at war, and we must consider that condition when we begin to make our resolutions. Among these resolutions, let us include our full determination to do just a little more in helping with the War effort. Let’s all work just a little harder, a little better; cooperate just a little more with the various rationings; contribute even more to scrap drives; increase our bond purchases to more than 10% of our incomes.

If we will make these Resolutions and then conscientiously keep them, we will be doing our part in making 1943 a winning year for our United Nations and in bringing us ever nearer to Peace and Victory.

Mr. Walters Gone

Mr. Karl Walters, Mess Hall Steward, left this week for a position with a Jacksonville hotel.

Mr. Walters has been at Riddle Field for over a year and has very efficiently operated the Mess Hall. With food shortages and transportation difficulties, he has done an excellent job of feeding the boys during the last few months.

At times, because of the aforementioned difficulties, the food has not been of the variety Mr. Walters would like to have had it, but he always managed to have a good, balanced meal.

Mr. Walters’ many friends here and in Clewiston wish him continued success in his new position.

Course Nine Leaves

Today, January 1, 1943, Course Nine will receive its wings, and thus Riddle Field will have graduated some more “Wings for Britain”. The brief, impressive ceremony was held on the ramp in front of the Tower, with Air Commodore H. T. Lyford presenting the Wings.

The Listening Out Party for this Course was held last Wednesday evening at the Instructors Club and was quite a success.

Last week’s Listening Out Edition was a splendid effort, and its editors, Mr. R. Lacey, J. L. Kerr, B. L. Partridge, and G. Smith, can be well proud of their work.

Lacey and Kerr, of Mr. L fame, had served us as Associate Editors, and we want to take this opportunity to thank them for their work.

It is always a pleasure to be able to say to you Sergeant Pilots and Pilot Officers in the making, on behalf of all Riddle Field, that it has been grand knowing you and that we wish you the very best in your future.

Here and There

Miami and Palm Beach attracted most of the fellows during the Christmas holidays, although several of the fellows visited with friends in Clewiston and Moore Haven.

The Bath and Tennis Club and the Everglades Club in Palm Beach were scenes of parties for the local lads, while Miami
Continued from previous page

Individuals invited many from here to their homes. Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Riddle and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McKay entertained ten Cadets from Clewiston.

After spending these fine holidays with the Riddle's and the McKay's, this party of Cadets brought their vacation to an end with a breakdown on their way back from Miami.

The automobile in which they were travelling blew a gasket, and all the water in the tank was lost. Dick Patterson, Squadron 4, made a good temporary repair with material from the first-aid box, however, and F. Charlesworth, Squadron 3, braved snakes and other species of the Everglades underworld to procure water for the tank from a nearby canal.

Thanks are also due to Goff Burgess, without whose generous assistance the work would have been completed in half the time.

The Christmas party given by the Copilot's Club at the Instructors Club last Saturday was a tremendous success. The ladies had gone to great lengths in arranging the decorations and preparing the buffet luncheon.

Dancing and a Christmas gift exchange at the Christmas tree provided plenty of entertainment for the huge gang that was present. Included on the menu of the luncheon was roast turkey, baked ham, roast pork, potato salad, olives, pickles, etc., cakes, pies, and cookies.

The ladies are to be thanked for this fine effort, and we hope that parties and "get-togethers" of this sort may become a regular thing.

The prize remark of the week comes from Mrs. C. J. Bivonna, "Doc" Bivonna's wife — "What is the difference between an Instructor and a Link Trainer?"

Distinguished Visitor

A distinguished visitor at this Field was Air Marshal D. C. S. Evill, who inspected this Station last week. Another visitor here recently was Squadron Leader MacLachlan, who gave a lecture on Fighter Pilots and Fighter Planes.

Squadron Leader MacLachlan had the misfortune of losing an arm in one of his many operational flights, but he is still quite capable of handling an airplane, as evidenced by his take-off from Riddle Field.

Mr. Bob Fowler, Ground School Navigation Instructor, is going to assist in getting photographs for our column, so we are making him an Associate Editor.

This Station's dance band played for the United States Sugar Corporation's New Year's Eve Dance in Clewiston. Cadets Pendragon, Edwards, Smythe, and Partidge, and "Doc" Foss, Radio Department Head, are members of the Band, which did a nice job of playing.

Pictures this week are of the recent swimming meet held here.

Graduating with Course Nine is a fellow who deserves some recognition. We are speaking of Senior Cadet Under Officer L. B. Foskett, who, as the first Senior Cadet Under Officer at this Station, has done a grand job.

Notice

The following notice appeared on the bulletin board this week, and we think it a masterpiece: You Need A Good Camera! Here, in the midst of scenes of great historical interest, surrounded by this panorama of everlasting beauty, you have a wonderful opportunity to submit photographs to the Fly Paper! Don't Delay—come and see Partridge in Room 4. He offers an excellent April P.B. 20 Viking Camera for sale. Remember, a good snap helps you to shoot bigger and better lines.

P.S.—The camera was sold two days after the above notice was posted.

Athletics

Lt. J. Ewart of the Army Air Corps is the new Physical Training Supervisor, succeeding Jack Hopkins. Lt. Ewart will be assisted by Sgt. J. F. Kitchen, R.A.F. Physical Training Instructor, Hopkins will continue as a Link Instructor.

LETTERS FROM OLD FRIENDS

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. John C. Coaf of Delray Beach thanking us for his Fly Paper which he receives regularly. The paper was sent to him originally by Cadet Twelftree of Course Seven.

Mr. Coaf wishes us a "Happy Christmas and for 1943—a Victorious New Year," Thank you for your kind letter, Mr. Coaf, and may we return your greetings.

We have received some more information about some of our Riddle Field Alumna, Pilot Officer S. F. McMaster, Course 4, is on twin engines after recovering from a broken collar bone suffered in a Rugby game.

Three other Course 4 boys, Reeves, King, and Pickard are reported to be on fighters, twin engines, and an instructor, respectively.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

To all of our readers, may we take this opportunity of wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year filled with continued success for our United Nations.
Country Club Capers

by Lucille Valliere

There seems to be no doubt about the fact that good news travels fast, for last Saturday we had the best attendance of recent weeks as our weekly party held forth at the Coral Gables Country Club.

The delicious array of vittles in the form of fruit cup, cream soup, filet mignon, green beans, whipped potatoes, hot rolls, chef's salad, mince pie, and coffee, had completely vanished along about 10:30; and from there on, the girls and boys devoted their entire attention to rhumbras, foxes, etc.

Fashion Show

We heard so many comments on the gowns and that the girls might just as well have been sitting in on a fashion show. Girls, you certainly did it up right for that Christmas Party!

Mr. Riddle entertained some twenty-odd Latin-American cadets and their feminine guests at dinner. Included in this group were Elaine Devory and Lt. "Bud" Belland, USNR (Former Editor of the Fly Paper); and Sterling Camden, Jr.

Virginia Goodrich, formerly of Embry-Riddle and now teaching Spanish at Moravian College in Pennsylvania, accompanied Eric Sundstrom, our Latin-American Coordinator.

Latin-American Guests

Petite Adel Heiden and Radio Student Johnny Howard, who "upped and got themselves engaged" a week ago Saturday at our party, were also in this group with Johnny's Latin-American cronies from the Fifth Floor Dorm.

In the same party were also: Adriano Ponso of Brazil with Thelma Elliott; Mrs. Phyllis Murray of the Pan American League; Sertorio Arruda, also of Brazil with Mary Frances Quinn of the Colonnade Offices.

The Chilean cadets were well represented by Sergio Ebershardt with Betty Cole; Jorge Robertson with Charlotte Dewey; Bill Bustamente with June Creager; Chester Galeno with Eloise Patterson; and Belfor Arraya, who came stag.

Uruguay was represented by Bill Silveira Anthony with Mary Kay Pittman, and Adolfo "No More Macfadden" Sasco. Willie Rivas of Nicaragua was accompanied by our own Anne Elrod, looking lovely in black velvet.

Sorry To Go . . .

We noted that two recently graduated Ecuadorians, Fernando Naranjo and Pedro Floress, who seem reluctant to leave us, were on hand with two pretty damsels.

It is indeed gratifying to see those good folks from Chapman Field attending in large numbers week after week. Incidentally, they claim they wouldn't miss an Embry-Riddle party for anything. (Keep it up, Kids!)

In the Chapman group were: Tom Moxley and Gloria Brown; Cara Lee Cook and Dave DaBoll; Helyn and Davis Narrow; and the Tinsneys.

Transportation Strats

Transportation was there in all its splendor . . . and indeed we mean splendor . . . Phyllis Webster was perfectly lovely in turquoise crepe and gold sequins; Elaine Chalk ravishing in black velvet and sequins with an orchid in her hair; Phyllis Hester, sweet in white with royal blue polka-dots and an upsweep hairdo; Rachel Lane, so sophisticated in bright red with orchids; and tall, blonde Jean Duncan could well have been modeling the stunning black sequin creation which she wore so beautifully.

Escorts Beam . . .

We know a couple of other lads besides Myllion Webster who should have been very, very proud of their smartly gowneds ladies-fair . . . Syd Burrows fairly beamed with pride as he squired his pretty, blonde, black-velveted "Tibby". Little cousin, Connie Henshaw, one of the famed Dillard Sisters, was a vision indeed. Her lovely black velvet gown was topped off by a sheer black gossamer veil and a big white gardenia . . . Sensational!

Page From Vogue

Little sister Helen Dillard was perfectly stunning in black with as smart a little flower-and-veil creation as we've ever laid eyes on. She was escorted by "You know who" . . . Lt. Jordan "Pete" Penmoyer. Captain Donald Stetson's Mrs. Ross was a page out of Vogue in a gorgeous ivory with gold sequins.

Just Wouldn't Miss!

Wain Fletcher's lively little mama, Mrs. G. T. Richards, who wouldn't miss one of our parties for anything less serious than a "broken leg", was gowned in a pretty black velvet with sequins . . . and we noted that she was mighty proud of the striking gold and red evening purse which we understand was a very special Christmas present. When she was joined by the Dave Hendricks', we had the pleasure of meeting the attractive Mrs. Dave.

Little Patsy McGuirt, who left Embry-Riddle in the fall to return to school, returned to the fold for the evening with her fiancé, Merle Lang of Instruments.

Come Saturday

The popular sister-team, Helene and Betty Hirsch, both looking perfectly keen, were on hand with Officer Candidates Edward Pietrzak and R. B. Schmahl.

Those two super-colossal terpsichoreans, Harry LeRoy and Maxine Bare, came through with first prize in the rhumba contest.

We could just go on and on raving . . . but we could never do justice to that aggregation of loveliness that surrounded us on all sides last Saturday. After seeing all those smart gowns and pretty girls, we felt as though we'd just spent a couple of hours with Mademoiselle.

Well, Boys and Girls! . . . let's get together again come Saturday eve for the big New Year special doings . . . same place, same time, same tariff . . . and same fun.

EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2nd

AT THE CORAL GABLES COUNTRY CLUB

DINNER AT EIGHT-THIRTY
$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

FORMAL
ENGINE NOISES

by Gladys C. Goff

Happy New Year to all youse guys and gals. I hope your Christmas holiday was merry and bright. Whether it was the result of tire and gas rationing or not (probably so), I heard more people say they spent Christmas at home than I ever heard before, including myself.

The shop employees in Engine Overhaul got together and gave Mr. Grafflin, General Manager, a good-looking suede leather jacket for Christmas. Bill Ehne, Superintendent, was the recipient of a handsome hunting jacket.

Believe It or Not

Mr. Grafflin said that in all the years he’s known Bill, that’s the first time he ever saw him get flustered—when the employees gave him that jacket. Did you ever see a superintendent blush?

The 24th was really Bill’s day all right. He came out top man in the big gambling syndicate established out here before Christmas. The employees made up a “pool” and drew names for two winners.

Put Up Job

Lona Cochran, ex-runner and now a typist in Mr. Meinert’s office, picked the winning slips; and since Lona is to be Bill’s secretary at some future date, many of us wonder if it was a put-up job when Lona drew Bill’s name first. Harry Seymour was the lucky second-place winner.

Engine Overhaul has another nickname. Call it the “Match Factory” now. Wedding bells will ring out again, this time for Trixie Woods and Joe Henry. Joe is the owner of the out-of-this-world welding helmet pictured in this column several weeks ago. All the best wishes go from us to this grand couple.

Ring In the New

Some new employees in our Department include Sam Rubin, Robert Duff, Folk Hatton, Delmar Haughn, Buford Jackson, Mervin Magee, Michael Schaeffer, and Hadley Smith. Welcome, and we hope you will like our Embry-Riddle “family”.

Paul J. Meiners is the new head of our Production Control Department. We know Paul will be a success in his new job, because he is a hard worker and a pleasant fellow to have around.

The Engine Overhaul Department girls have had the best turn-out of any Department for basketball practice. We’ve had a lot of fun at these practice sessions. Any other girls who are interested will be welcome to come out and practice with us. The next work-out will be on January 7th. Come on, girls, we’ll see you then!

Harry Back!

Lars Lundgren, one of the employees in our Crankease Subassembly Department, had a bad attack of appendicitis the day before Christmas and is now recovering at Victoria Hospital. Best wishes for a quick recovery, Gus!

Also joining the sick list are Katherine Bruce, Mr. Horton’s personable secretary, and Fleurette Geiger, switchboard operator. We certainly miss these two and hope they’ll be back with us soon.

Everyone is casting envious eyes at the A-20 Douglas bomber the “King Bee”, Mr. Horton, has on his desk. His brother, who is in charge of the testing laboratories at Douglas Aircraft Corporation in California, sent it to him. Sounds like an air-minded family to me.

Resolution Solution

Hear ye, hear ye! Also, heed ye! Made your New Year’s resolutions yet? I have a first-class resolution for all Engine Overhaul Department employees—“I hereby resolve to contribute at least one news (or gossip) item a week to the Engine Overhaul column in the Fly Paper”.

I’d better hurry this stuff up to Wain or she’ll chop my head off. Not many days left to be writing “1942” on memos and such, although I’ll probably be writing it just the same for another month at least.

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

CIVIL ENGINES

Hello Folks. The spirit of the holidays seems to be with most of us. According to the conversation around the shop, everyone in the Department seemed to have a very good time Christmas.

The writer did not attend all the parties, but Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Burrin had several over and everyone had a swell time. Seems that everyone in the Department saw someone else in the Department at one time or another.

Our hat’s off to Henry Wells, our youngest instructor. He seems to get around with the ladies. Seems that Henry always stands under the mistletoe.

It is rumored that our bachelors, Richard Harding, Jimmie Wilson, and George Cotton, had quite a party. Mr. Wilson is going to PAA. Good luck, Jimmie.

Our new machine shop instructor, Mr. Don Lee, reported for duty last week. Mr. Lee comes well recommended and is doing a swell job.

While all of us are wishing everyone a happy New Year, why not get down to the serious business of New Year’s resolutions. Seems that each of us should ask himself, “Are we doing all we can for ourselves, our country, and those boys that are trying to preserve this swell world in which we live?”

Wing Flutter

by Catherine W. Kerr

We are back for our usual chat and just have to tell you about our Christmas tree. We all expected Mr. Mac to be Santa Claus and present the gifts, but that would hardly be fair—he couldn’t give himself gifts!

So, our Santa was none other than George C. Wool of our Sheet Metal Department, who made an extra fine appearance as Santa. He is rather robust and the beautiful red and white suit fit him to a tee, to say nothing of his boots and moustache.

Well, good old Santa gave everyone at Aircraft Overhaul a real treat. He brought the largest grab bag anyone did see and huge stockings packed with many gifts.

To name a few of the lovely gifts we will have to start at the head of the family: Mr. Mac was the first one to receive his stocking, and we just couldn’t begin to tell you what was in it.

No Geese

You know Mac usually gets a goose for Christmas, and this year the crowd had the same idea, but there seemed to be a scarcity of geese in this locality.

A couple of our folks decided that he must have a reasonable facsimile; so he received a beautiful large white duck all dressed up with a red bow. You should have heard it quack!

Still more gifts for Mac! The Sheet Metal Department at the Tech School sent him a beautiful present which they made with their own little hands.

Jack Steward received the mate to Mac’s stocking.

Everyone had his hand in the grab bag, and all received useful, as well as funny, gifts.

Too bad we can’t have Santa more often. It was plenty of fun, and I am sure everyone enjoyed his Christmas holiday.

Essay Winner Gets Aviation Training

Charles A. Willitts, Jr., 18-year-old aviation scholar-ship winner of Superior, Wis., was an attentive listener as James E. Blokeley, General Manager of the Embry-Riddle technical training division, explained important details of an airplane engine. Young Willitts wrote a winning essay in a nation-wide contest among model plane builders.
Athletically Speaking

by Janet Silverglade

What with the Christmas rush and all the excitement of the holidays, I am afraid that this correspondent does not have too much to say this week.

Last Sunday the tennis courts were put to good use, and a friendly tournament was held by some of our Embry-Riddleites. It seems that Ben Turner, Peter Ordway, and Arthur Carpenter got together with Don and Lloyd Budge for several sets of doubles.

Mr. Turner teamed up with Lloyd and beat Mr. Ordway and Mr. Carpenter to the tune of 6-2, 7-5. Then, with Don Budge he played Mr. Ordway and Mr. Carpenter. The latter team out-did themselves, and the game went to 9-6 before they were downed.

Then Don teamed up with his lovely wife, and they beat the team of Mr. Ordway and Lloyd. It seems that everyone had a good time, and a good work-out!

Golf

The holidays brought a lot of activity to at least one sport—our golf tickets were at a premium. We were glad to see so many of our Civil Engineers people out to enjoy the game, lead by Billie Todd. Zelma Cawthorn and her husband also enjoyed some fun and exercise on the links.

The rest of you had better be getting some practice too, because it won’t be long until a golf tournament will be in progress.

Bowling Bulletin

There will be bowling as usual this week at the scheduled times; but I just thought I would like to tell you about the Bowling Bulletin that has been planned for all of you enthusiasts.

It will be a small paper, showing team scores, team standings, and “bowling chatter” concerning the different leagues. Keep up on your bowling through your Bowling Bulletin!

The weekly badminton and basketball games will be resumed this coming week at the regular times. For further information, call the Athletic Office.

Noontime Fun

Our Dart-Bowl has really proved quite “the thing” for noontime fun. Among its ardent players are Eric Sundstrom, David Beatty, and Dolores Wainscott.

Almost any noon hour will find someone “bowling”—so why don’t some of you come on down and throw those darts. We even convinced Mary Mitchell to try it—and she puts her stamp of approval on it!

Basketball League

Seems that Don Budge is planning a little competition in basketball among the various departments—it will not be long before an inter-departmental basketball league will be in full swing. That is, just as soon as a court can be obtained for the games.

This coming Sunday, there will be a Pro-Amateur tennis doubles tournament, right here at our own Tech School courts. There will be quite an imposing array of participants, including: Mr. Riddle and Lt. Chaffee, George Wheeler and Don Budge, Ben Turner and Lloyd Budge, Peter Ordway and Bill Hardie, Jack McKay and Colonel Storck, Fred Mesmer and Steve Zacher, Emmet Pare and Buzz Carpenter, Lt. Gillespie and General Evans.

These teams will play a round-robin, each playing the outside four games, and the grand prize consists of two turkeys.

There is absolutely no charge, and everyone is welcome.

The Athletic Office wishes everyone a very Happy New Year.

Dear Techite

When the Company laid out the plans for a recreation program, it wanted to give consideration to all sports. At that time, tennis court material and the necessary labor was available.

Although tennis will not play as big a part as bowling in an Industrial Recreational Program, it still has enough followers to make it the third or fourth popular sport among workers in defense plants.

Question of Priorities

The Company also considered putting in bowling alleys and even received bids on several sets for immediate use. However, there was a question of priorities on building materials and the labor necessary to complete such a large size building project.

Neither the cost of the tennis courts nor the location had anything to do with the inability of the Company to be able to provide bowling facilities on the premises for its employees.

Open Game Bowling

The only other thing that could be done was to provide outside facilities, at a special rate, to our people. This has been done in our open game bowling program at the Playdium Bowling Lanes.

Although this is not as nice as being able to bowl in “one’s own back yard”, it does give the enthusiasts who are really interested a chance to participate in a great sport.

Sound Investment

It would seem like “cutting off one’s nose to spite one’s face” to exchange the sound investment of the tennis courts for the long distanced probability of converting them into bowling alleys.

P R O G R A M

The Riddle

“Family Theatre”

Feature Picture

“CAPTAIN FURY”

Monday, January 4th

RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, January 5th

DORR FIELD

Wednesday, January 6th

CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, January 7th

MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

“WELCOME DANGER”

Thursday, January 7th

RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, January 8th

DORR FIELD

Monday, January 11th

MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

“COOPERATION”

Submit by W. Bruce Houghton

Coordinator of

Supervision and Safety Engineer

Two Missouri Mules . . . say, get this dope. Were tied together with a piece of rope, said one to the other. “You come my way while I take a nibble at this new mown hay.”

“I won’t,” said the other, “you come with me, For, I too, have some hay, you see”. So they got nowhere, just stomped the dirt, and, Ah, By Golly! How that rope did hurt. They faced about, these stubborn mules, and said, “We’re nothing but two human fools. Let’s pull together; I’ll go your way, then you come mine. We’ll eat your hay and then eat mine”. So they ate their hay, and they liked it too. And swore to be comrades, ever true. And as the sun went down, they were heard to say, “This is the end of a perfect day.”
TECH TALK
by Gloria Meyers

One fine day in September shortly after I joined the Embry-Riddle gang, Dorothy Burton, Library, asked me if I would write Tech Talk sometime. I hesitantly agreed.

As time passed and I heard no further word about said scribbling, I blissfully convinced myself that my promise had been forgotten. Then, lo and behold, the telephone rang and my time had come! So here goes—

Dan Cupid worked overtime Christmas day, Mary Ella Kirkpatrick of the PRX Department and Carl Fleming, a guard, were married at ten o'clock in the morning at the home of Rev. Daniel Iverson.

John Paul Riddle was best man and Mrs. Billie Mahry the matron of honor. Also attending the ceremony were George Wheel-er, Dotty Seagrove, Mary Frances Perner, Corp. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Engine Overhaul, and the Overhaul mascot, "Chang".

Betty Hall, Charlie Ebbet's secretary, now answers to the name of Fitzgerald. Quietly and with no fanfare Betty and Thomas were married last Saturday evening at the Grace Methodist Church.

Henry Holland, Jr., electrician, have made Henry Holland, Jr., electrolyt, have made their engagement official with the ring.

A general spirit of merry-making filled the Technical School all day on Christmas Eve. Everyone was dashing about distributing gifts and wishing everyone else a Merry Christmas from 7:00 a.m. on. Christmas trees and parties flourished.

Mimeograph and Purchasing made merry. The Technical offices of Messrs. Smith, Gish, and Ireland had a joint celebration. After distributing their "name out of a hat" presents, everyone had lunch in the Cafeteria from 1:00 'til 2:00, and what a banquet that was. Certain last-minute shoppers (no names mentioned) spent their lunch hour battling the mob on Flagler Street.

From left to right are Attilio Bachetti, Carlos Ehrke Montenegro, Eugene Josh Müller, and Clodomiro Bloise, who were Latin-American students at the Tech School before they went to Chumute Field, Ron- toul, Ill., on Engineering Aviation Codes. Included in last week's Letters to the Editor, was the Christ- mas greeting the boys extended to Mr. Riddle and his "family".

I AM happy to have this opportunity to express to all my associates at the Technical School my heartfelt and sincere appreciation for their cooperation and loyalty to me and to our Company.

May the New Year bring the realization of the victory for which you are all so earnestly working.

James E. Blakeley
General Manager of the Technical Division

Santa Claus was kind to the various Department heads. To my boss, "Chief" Euler, he gave a desk pen stand with an onyx base.

To Mr. Brewer of Military Engines went a complete fishing tackle.

Mr. Burton of the Instructor Training Department received two albums of records. And desk clocks went to Mr. Blakeley, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Ireland.

George Wheeler, at his Open House on Christmas Day, proudly displayed the electric train Santa brought him. Speaking of Open Houses, how many were at M. K. C. Smith's?

Who won the turkey? That is what everyone is asking today. Thank you, Messrs. Budge, for introducing that novel dart-throwing game. Few there are who have not enjoyed a bit of sport outside your office.

And now it is time to ring out the old and hail the new. May the coming year bring more happiness to the world than 1942. And may the spirit of friendship and good fellowship continue increasing with each addition to the Embry-Riddle "Family" and with never a sign of growing pains.

WAVE AT TECH

Dots and dashes have become important symbols to Geraldine Meyers, Miami advertising copy writer, who recently shelved her "ad" ideas for the duration when she joined the Waves.

Miss Meyers' sudden interest in dots and dashes is her desire to learn radio communication at the Tech School while awaiting orders to report to the Waves' officer training school at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Miss Meyers, who resides with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Meyers of 2255 S. W. Third St., has lived in Miami since 1926, being graduated from Edison High School in 1934.

She attended Florida State College for Women at Tallahassee, receiving her home economics and bachelor of science degrees in 1938. For the past year she has been connected with the advertising department of Richards store, resigning from her position when she enlisted in the Waves in October.

"This is a woman's War just as much as a man's, and I was determined to do my part in active service," she said. "My parents were aghast when told I had enlisted, but now they approve of it wholeheartedly."

MATERIEL CONTROL
by Joan Lowry

Now that our holidays are over, I know that everyone is ready to settle down and see what can be done in 1943.

Betty Stephens has finished her training at Carlsstrom and, with Abbie Mercer, she will set up housekeeping at Dorr. Let us know how you get along, Betty.

Nell Wade has resigned and will join her husband, who is in the Navy. Taking her place is Roslyn Bergstein, a bride of two months.

New Face

Dave Kilpatrick has left Tech School stock room to join the gang at the Warehouse. W. D. North has replaced him. Another new face at the Warehouse is that of G. E. Guth, who is replacing Mr. Bowman.

Evelyn Auslander has been away. Yes, it seems that a certain young man in the Merchant Marine couldn't make it to Mi ami; so Evelyn packed her little bag, and away she went. And I may have some news about this young lady, but I promise to be a good little girl and not tell all.

"Butterflies"

It seems that Norman Bennett of Purchasing had never been to our Field at Carlsstrom; so he made the trip a week or so ago. I was quite interested to hear his opinion and was surprised when he told me that he was very much impressed with the "Butterflies".

I thought it sorta out of the season for butterflies, but maybe I'm not up on my seasons, or maybe he did see something unusual. Who knows.

It looks as if I am slowing down, but, kids, I guess this is all for this week. Happy New Year to all.

Your Girl Friday.

TWO KINDS OF WAVES

Both the other and Navy Waves hold the attention of Geraldine Meyers, 2255 S. W. Third St., these days, as she masters the radio communications course at Embry-Riddle School of Aviation preparatory to entering the WAVES' officer training school at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.
COLISEUM COMMENTARIES
by Gene Day

What manner of men are these, this cross-sectional slice of modern America, these youth and "middle-agers" of the Army Air Corps who daily are undergoing educational training at Embry-Riddle's Coliseum?

That was the question which recently caused our bump of curiosity to itch like a chronic case of eczema and which eventually led us to stage a still hunt and to undertake more than considerable sleuthing, prowling, and querying.

Through the kindly cooperation of Mr. M. Lojinger, supervisor of the Coliseum training program, and with the consent of the military authorities, the facts upturned by our ferreting are now presented for the perusal of Embry-Riddle personnel, the soldier student body, et al.

Guinea Pig

The class selected as the guinea pig is now engaged assiduously in mastering the mysteries of engines at the Tech School. Recruited from many widely diversified walks of life, and from ten different states of our cherished and matchless land of freedom, these men are renewing their school days.

This outfit of hand-picked manpower is fairly representative and conservatively typical of the soldier flow through Embry-Riddles educational channels. Twenty-four years had elapsed since certain of these men had entered a class-room prior to their matriculation at the Coliseum.

Yet they were as avid and ambitious as some of their much younger mates to wrestle with mechanical subject matter. They were anxious to vie against engineering technique, and by eye-to-hand-to-brain reflexes accumulate a wealth of fundamental knowledge, stepping stones to ultimate achievement out on the line somewhere around the world.

Fairly alike, they started from scratch; the finish will find the best out in front. In a democracy like ours—and praise God, it may always be thus in these United States —the race for top honors is a free-for-all contest unfettered by either caste or class distinctions.

Average Class

Four of the men in this average class hail from Pennsylvania; four come from Georgia; two each from New York, California, Alabama, and Missouri; and one each from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and North Carolina. Soldiers from the deep South are pals and buddies of Yankees from the North.

The educations and occupations of these soldiers before the dawn of their military training were as different as the geographical areas whence they come. One man in civilian life, for example, was a steel fabricator, another a foreman and make-up man for a legal newspaper.

A third earned his livelihood as a cleaner and spotter in a dry-cleaning establishment; a fourth served as a paint sprayer in a locomotive foundry. Others were engaged in such varied and varied activities as utility operator in a large industrial plant, farming, scenic and fiction writing, cheating cutting, apprentice metal worker, and engine tester in an airplane manufacturing plant. We find a former stock clerk in a department store, crane oiler, tool-maker, stock clerk for assembly lines, railroad clerk, woodworking machine operator, lumber inspector, shipping clerk, employee of a hydro-electrical plant, and advertising man for a bottling company.

One soldier is a high school graduate, who also has enjoyed a half year of night school where he studied machine-shop drafting and design as well as commercial photography. Another who before his military affiliation was correspondent for the Associated Press is a seasoned actor; has sold several scenarios to Hollywood producers, and has supplemented his interscholastic training by several years of university work.

Every Walk of Life

Another soldier has studied chemical engineering for one semester at the University of Pennsylvania and also has taken a 100-hour course in auto maintenance and repair. One man in addition to finishing his high school work has also attended an automotive trade school and completed Government defense courses in machine-shop practices.

Yet another soldier had attended high school but one year and had also gone to night school for two years. Four of the men are high school graduates. Another, a high school graduate, had been a lineman in the Signal Corps and not so long ago was transferred to the Air Corps.

One of the group is a high school graduate, who also had attended military academy for 3 years and spent one year at a business college. The final man is a graduate of a recognized high school, has been enrolled at a successful night school for two years, and recently had been specializing in radio study.

How have these soldier students been faring at the Coliseum school?

The class has not broken any scholastic records to date but it has done tolerably well. For illustration the class average during its first week in basic was 86; the second week the unit did a little better and chalked up an average of 87. The three top men in the class during the two weeks of basic had individual averages respectively of 96.75, 94.25, and 93.5.

The good academic pace was maintained during the two weeks that the class studied elementary engines. The practical average the first week of that course was 86; the second week it slumped slightly to 84.7. The class average in the first Saturday engine examination was 80.4. The first week ratings of the three top men in the class were respectively 92.5, 90.5, and 89.5.

It was with keen anticipation that this group shifted during the current week to the Tech School. Various of these soldiers were rash enough to predict that "they really were going to town" when they were given opportunity to devote full time to the disassembly and reassembly of single and twin-row radials and the liquid-cooled Allison and Merlins.

Tech's Turn

They but typify the earnestness and enthusiasm of the Air Corps soldier who bi-monthly are milled out from the educational maws of the Coliseum training school and transported to the Tech School.

We hope that this rather sketchy little piece will set the ball rolling and that the Tech School will shortly follow through by narrating in the Fly Paper about how an average class progresses in that establishment.

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

TWENTY MEN TO WATCH
by One Of Them

Here are 20 men from almost as many states and callings. Twenty men in whom burns a deep hatred for Fascism in any form. Twenty men whose greatest desire is to see a world in which freedom is applied equally to all alike.

Among these 20 men we have those who, in civilian life, were milk-men, dry cleaners, ship fitters, gas station attendants, and even a Hollywood screen story writer.

There's Danny Mathis, a little fellow with the big ambition to become the best engine mechanic in the Army Air Corps. Malarkey, Keller, Thomason, Stevenson, Schram, Wettengell, and Wright whose love for engines and things mechanical is infectious.

Heintze, Powell, Jones, Norrell, Recke, Hughes, and Nesbit, silent men whose enthusiasm for military engines is no less great.

Then there's Okrent and the volatile versatile Smyth, the "babies" of the group. Pichl, the experimenter of the outfit, and Stewart, formerly of the Signal Corps who detests eggs in any form.

The class philosopher who will, given the slightest opportunity, denounce Fascism and tell you in detail why it must vanish from the earth is Kelton.

20 soldiers — yet all but with a single thought. To get all they can out of their 15 weeks at Embry-Riddle in order to be better equipped to take their part in the struggle against our ruthless, perfidious enemies. 20 men who bear watching.
FROM Tennessee to sunny Florida we send the warmest greetings for a happy and victorious New Year. To Embry-Riddle Field—thank you for a year's work well done. May we meet 1943 pulling together in our determination to bring about a peaceful 1944.

T. E. Frantz
General Manager of Embry-Riddle Field

1942 is gone, never to return. For that, many of us are thankful. The past year has seen fathers and sons killed, family life disrupted, and billions of dollars lost at the bottom of the sea.

But 1942 has produced an “America Awake”. It has given us a bitter taste of the business of War, and it has dulled our appetite for more.

The guns of the gangsters of yesteryear are succeeded by far more deadly weapons, weapons that are being used, not at the drop of a hat, but for a far-reaching and now universal business—the business of War.

Pull together—those are the words we must live. Those are the words that must be the most important egg in the wheel of Victory.

Pull together—you of Embry-Riddle Field, you of Embry-Riddle Co. and its affiliates, you of these United States of America. Pull together, and pull hard, that we may be blessed with a White Christmas this New Year.
UNION CITY S.O.S.

In our various typographical ramblings of last week, we brought to the fore the matter of the elusive Gremlin.

The Gremlins have proved the scourge of all Cadets at this Field, and even our enlisting the aid of the F.B.I. has failed to remedy the deplorable situation.

What They Do

For those of you who have had no contact with the miserable little creatures, we can tell you this:

Gremlins are the things that mess up your bunk and pull your tie out of killer when you go to see your best girl.

To Whom They Do It

Especially do they like to plague Aviation Cadets, and most especially do they like to concentrates their unwelcome efforts on the Cadets of Embry-Riddle Field.

They have a nasty habit of tossing mud puddles in front of landing airplanes, and they take sadistic delight in gathering out on the left wing during stalls—the extra weight naturally causes the plane to spin.

What To Do About It

To date, the only defense against this intangible foe is the hex. (The boys from up Salem, Mass., way can tell you more about the hex than your columnist can.) The best way to launch a hex is by changing your brand of cigarettes. If this brings no results, you had better quit smoking.

If any of the other Fields have had Gremlin trouble serious enough to cause the establishment of a special research department, we should be endlessly grateful for information concerning their findings.

Yahouli Exonerated

In relation to the same topic, we have been asked to spike an ugly rumor to the effect that Yahouli has given up his work in the refrigerator industry to work with the alien elves. Just before this publication went to press, in an exclusive interview with your columnists, Yahouli made the following statement:

Quote. “As co-ordinator of shutters-off-refrigerator-lights after the door is closed—what with the midnight snackers and all—I have a 24-hour-a-day job. I feel that my work is vital to American defense, and until I can see where I can assist the defense program further in other fields, I shall retain my present position.”

“The assertion that I am joining the Gremlins would be as absurd as saying that Joe Louis was joining the WAACs.” Unquote.

RIDDLE FIELD
MAN OF THE WEEK

Squadron Leader Hill is our Man of the Week this issue.

Mr. A. C. Hill was born in Belfast, Ireland, “too many years ago”. (Confidentially, it is believed that he is somewhere between the ages of 20 and 60.) He was an agent for the Joseph Lucas Ltd. before joining the R.A.F. in 1939, when he was made a Pilot Officer.

At the beginning of the War, he was sent to France and was there all during the battle of France. He then served in England for a time and was promoted to Flight Lieutenant.

In June, 1941, he was sent here to the States and was in charge of the R.A.F. Cadets in training at the Air Corps school at Albany, Georgia. At this time, he was also advanced to the rank of Squadron Leader.

Mr. Hill also served at Air Corps Schools in Dothan, Alabama, and at Cochran Field in Macon, Georgia.

In October, 1942, Squadron Leader Hill started his duties at this Station, where he is in charge of the Ground School work and Cadet discipline and activities.

Mr. Hill is 5 ft. 10½ in. tall and weighs 165 pounds. He has blue eyes and black hair, beginning to streak with gray, and believe it or not, is a bachelor.

When asked if he were an eligible bachelor, he replied, “I suppose so, but most bachelors are eligible, aren’t they?”

He is quite active in sports, being a very good tennis and golf player and also plays a good game of Rugby and cricket, although he hasn’t played the latter sports recently.

FEMININE “FLAGGERS”

Doing a man sized job, and doing it very well, are Alta Brannan and Beatrix Harward, the first women at Dorr Field to undertake the work of flagging airplanes.

Dorr Field welcomes its two “five-star” girls and wishes them continued success in their new vocation.
Ga-Ga-Goo-Goo . . .

HAPPY NEW YEAR, FOLKS!

Charlie "Baby" Ebbets, child wonder of the Embry-Riddle "Family" who holds down the job of official photographer of the Embry-Riddle Co., mustered up a ferocious tantrum when "Baby" Ruhnke stole the front page limelight this week.

To salve the injured feelings and to be fair to all concerned, we present Charlie as our second "spirit of the New Year".

We see him bursting through the art work of Ernest Robb, sign painter of Engine Overhaul.

The model bomber, which Charlie clutches, was snatched from "Baby" Ruhnke. "Papa" Ruhnke, in fear of life and limb, snapped this masterpiece.

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SOME KNOCKS CALL FOR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION!

Never has Opportunity knocked as long and loud as it is, right now, in the Aviation industry. The demand for trained men in every branch of Aviation is unprecedented—and it will continue during post-war years.

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