Former Barnstorming Virginian
Now Chief of Landplane Base

STERLING W. CAMDEN, JR.
General Manager of Chapman Field

Chapman Field, home of W. T. S. (War Training Service), formerly C. P. T., home of commercial pilot trainees, male and glamour girl alike, home of future combat pilots, of budding flight instructors, of ferry pilots and airline captains, has, like Lucky Strike Green, "gone to War".

Since last August, Chapman Field has carried on the activities of the Miami Landplane Division of the Embry-Riddle Company, formerly located at the Municipal Airport.

Chapman has completed the year 1942 with the satisfaction of a job well done, but tempered with the grim determination that the job will be better done during the year 1943.

Chapman Field, together with its sister, the Seaplane Base, is the nucleus from which our vast Embry-Riddle organization has grown.

Remember?
Chapman Field remembers John Paul Riddle's executive office in the hangar leanto.
Chapman Field remembers the bookkeeping office which consisted of George Wheeler and two ledgers, entitled "Who do we owe" and "Who owes us". Chapman now gazes with awe upon the Colonnade building and its General and Administrative Offices.

Chapman Field has watched the Technical School grow and outgrow, has witnessed the restoration of Carlstrom and Dorr Fields to a magnificence unthought of in World War No. 1 days.

Chapman has watched Riddle Field develop amidst the Clewiston Sugar Cane, has heard glowing tales of the Embry-Riddle Tennessee Field, and has been duly impressed by the Miami Aircraft and Engine Overhaul plants.

But what of Chapman Field. Has it sat idly by sucking its thumb with its nose out of place while its friends and relatives applauded the new brothers one by one? Has it let priorities and rationing, mishaps and misadventures get it down? Has it sat moping in a corner because the task to be done looked bigger than its ability to do it?

Indeed not! Day after day, week after week, month after month, Chapman Field

Continued on Page 3
Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

For the last week I have been visiting my Dad at Stewart Field, West Point, N. Y. During that time, I have had the opportunity to talk with some of the service men. I was surprised to find that many of them have heard of Embry-Riddle, even as far north as this. They all have nothing but praise for the school, and that makes me rather proud to be a student at Embry-Riddle.

The purpose of this letter is to have you place my Dad on the mailing list of the Fly Paper. I wish the men here could have it too, but there are so many that it would be impossible.

Dad has been reading our little publication ever since it has been printed, and he would like to keep in touch with the school.

Dad and I would appreciate it very much if you could send him the Fly Paper. Thanking you very much, I am

Your lowly correspondent,
Johnny Carruthers II

Editor’s Note: We’d be glad to send the Fly Paper to some of the men at Stewart Field, Johnny. Just have them send their names and addresses to this office, and it will be done. Give our regards to your father, and hurry back. We miss you.

334 Service Squadron
Hunter Field
Savannah, Georgia

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate it very much if you continue sending my Fly Paper to me at my new address.

I have missed it very much during the four weeks at my new station, and I shall really be glad to see it again.

There are about eight or ten Embry-Riddle students up here with me, and I know they will be glad to hear all about the friends they left behind them at school.

The good times we had in Miami with the Riddle “Family” at the Macadden Deauville Hotel weekend parties are something we talk about quite often.

Sincerely yours,
Sergeant E. F. Lynch

P.S.—I would rather this didn’t make the Letters to the Editor column, because I am not the best letter writer in this country.

Editor’s Note: It’s grand to hear from you, Eddie. Congratulations on your promotion to the rank of Sergeant. We really don’t feel justified in withholding your letter from publication. It’s not the style of writing that counts—it’s the person behind it.

Chipping Norton
Oxfordshire
England
November 25, 1942

Dear Editor:

In the early part of this year I was a primary student at your Carlstrom school, at which I experienced my first solo, among other things.

It was during my course there that I first became a reader of the Fly Paper, which I found really a “gen” publication.

I should therefore be pleased if you would forward the Fly Paper to me, as it comes out, as I should be very glad to carry on reading it now that I am back here.

Our class graduated, as you may know, in August (42-G) at Turner Field. It seems a long way back to the Stearman. She is a nice ship, and I wouldn’t say no to a trip in one now.

So, hoping that you will be able to oblige me with regard to your paper, I am

Yours sincerely,
George G. K. Gray

Editor’s Note: We are very glad to send our former students the Fly Paper, and we are always glad to hear where they are and what they are doing. Write again soon, George.
stormer pilot at Danville, Va., in 1929, said "I learned to fly by the seat of my pants".

For seven years he barnstormed through the Eastern and Southern states and then gave up "cowpunch" flying for an instructorship with the Eastern Air School at Salisbury, N. C.

In 1937 he became operations manager of the Lynchburg Air Transport and Sales Co., Lynchburg, Va., where he remained until he joined the Riddle "family", two years ago next month, as one of the first flight instructors at Carlstrom Field.

Sterling Camden was born October 20, 1913, on a farm in Pittsylvania County, about six miles from Danville, Va., and claims to be "just a country boy", having received his education in a village school at Massies Mills, Va.

Seven years ago he married Jean Jones of Des Moines, Iowa, and is the proud father of three sons—five year old Sterling III, 15 month old William Duncan, and James Berger, whose age is still counted in weeks.

Camden would protest vigorously if we said that he was "tall, dark, and handsome", so we'll just say he stands well over six feet and suggest that you glance at his picture on the front page.

Flying is the hobby of the new General Manager of Chapman Field, but when he has the opportunity, he plays "a sick game of golf". We asked for a statement on the future of aviation, but he said "it is so big and unlimited in scope that it can't even be visualized".

Mr. Camden insists that due credit for the smooth operation of Chapman Field be given to the maintenance men, flight instructors, and all other personnel.

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

CHAPMAN CHATTER
Continued from Page 1

has been giving to men and women, boys and girls, a new life with wings. It has been cramming their heads with knowledge, their eyes with new visions, and their arms and legs with something called coordination.

It has been making them a new people, a people whose feet are planted firmly on the earth but whose heads are erect, whose gaze is always skyward and whose souls commune with the blue heavens.

And when these people, their transformation complete, their certificates of competence and pilot ratings in their pockets, their wings over their hearts, go their various ways, they take with them memories of Chapman Field.

A memory of the Instructor who cut their bonds and sent them aloft alone; a memory of their first realization that the ineradicable laws of gravity will not surrender to human frailties; a memory of new words, new sensations of ailerons, and agonic lines—of the earth spinning at them or standing up like an overturned table.

It is the knowledge of those memories that makes Chapman Field proud of its existence, proud of its endeavors, that overcomes its problems, its dissensions, and all those mundane petty differences so common to civilization.

What of these people who come to Chapman Field? Who are they? What is their aim? Where do they go?

They are just a group of representative Americans: doctors and lawyers, druggists and grocers, farmers and mechanics, playboys and students, housewives and debutantes, office girls and glamour girls.

But the majority are fledglings, an inquisitive lot of hardy souls who wish to disprove the old axiom, "You don't have to be crazy to fly, but it helps"!

Their aim—a determination to fit themselves for specialized duty in the field of aviation, a field in which the highest degree of physical fitness is mandatory, a field increasingly essential to the successful prosecution of the War.

Some who come, old time barnstormers and hedgehoppers, need no initiation to the flight game to get rejuvenation and modernizing. Others are sportsmen pilots of yesterday who marvel that they "got away with it" for so long.

Where do they go? The Army-Navy boys, those CPT's of old, who have taken on a new dignity along with enlistment? They go to the far corners of the world after graduation from their respective services, some never to return, others to receive medals and plaudits for feats of heroism, but all to be remembered as winged Ambassadors of Democracy and Freedom.

The others, the Flight Instructor, the Ferry Pilot, the Airline Pilot, and Flight Officer, each and every one, man and woman alike, are carrying on day after day at their appointed tasks, training more and more pilots—pilots for combat, pilots for Airline and Ferry, pilots to become Instructors, pilots to ferry bombers to Africa, to England, to Australia, and Alaska, pilots to get the mail and freight through—thus serving the Armed Forces at their appointed tasks.

Heroes all, unsung perhaps, but heroes nevertheless, because they too are winged Ambassadors of Democracy and Freedom.

Yes, Chapman Field is proud of what it stands for, proud of what it has done, proud to belong to Embry-Riddle Company.

Chapman Field salutes the Embry-Riddle Company, salutes its President and founder, John Paul Riddle, whose foresight and perseverance has made a reality from a dream, salutes its Officers and Personnel.

Chapman Field resolves that 1943 will be a year of greater endeavor, a year of unselfish determination to do its utmost as its contribution to the winning of this War, because Chapman Field wants to be prouder than ever of itself in 1944.
Dear Fly Paper Pals:

Last week saw the arrival of another class of Cadets with a yen for flying written all over their countenances. We all look skyward and pray for clear weather so flying can be continued and the new fledglings can feel the presence of space beneath them for the first time in many cases.

But that's not what we want to ramble about just now. No, it's the Parachute Department, with Melvin Carlton at its head, that we're primarily interested in this week.

Mr. Carlton

Mr. Carlton, now 19, was born in Nocatee, Fla., near Arcadia. His folks made cattle their business, and in earlier years we might have found Melvin a right young "cow-puncher"! Horseback riding was his hobby, and we imagine he's doing just that now that he's back in Florida on vacation.

After the completion of his High School career, our friend went to Clewiston where he became connected with the Parachute Department. By hard work and study he earned his Parachute Packing license under the careful supervision of our friend, Johnny Frudette.

"Hit the Silk"

All of us feel that Melvin's Department here at Embry-Riddle Field is the best we have seen. He has a swell set-up, and his staff is composed of two young local fellows, Joe Harpole and Roy Wehman, and a young miss, Helen Bond, of Martin.

"Hit the silk" is a common expression heard 'round most Army Air Forces Flying Posts, but as yet this has only been a literal expression here and no one has taken it seriously.

We give all of the credit to the competency of instruction and the linemen who keep their babies "perkin". We do feel though that should the occasion arise, the Caterpillar Club would have another member intact and all in one piece as we have that much confidence in Mr. Carlton's "packin".

"Manna-from-Heaven"

I do think, however, that the term "manna-from-Heaven" would be taken too seriously by the ever-on-the lookout for Nylon (or any other kind) hose females around here or elsewhere, and the poor fellow would be mobbled by these after he hauled out. But don't rush, girls, for Uncle Sam wants every piece of his silk intact!

We were glad to have Major Osborn and Captain Aubrey Halsell as welcome guests at the Post and in Union City for a day. They arrived mid approaching darkness from Brooks Field at San Antonio.

Major Osborn is Director of Flying at Brooks and Capt. Halsell is Senior Chaplain there, having been Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Union City previous to his being called into service at the beginning of the War.

The Pilot's club at long last is back in operation and several parties have been held there lately. Seems as if most everybody had a gay Christmas.

"Shirt Sleeves at Christmas"

After the graduation of another class of Cadets, many of the instructors were able to catch up on much of their needed sleep. And believe it or not, the weather was so perfect that we were able to go around here in our shirt sleeves on Christmas Day and the day following.

Your writer almost fainted the other day when someone walked up to him and asked for permission to write for his column. Well, miracles do happen these days. A regular contributor has been A/C Carl Hardy, and we introduce in the column a bit of rhyme from him.

"Americans All"

Before we joined the Army, we had never heard of the Civil War or the Mason-Dixon line, except in History books. Then sooner than we realized, we were addressing one another by "Hey Yankee" and "Hi Rebel".

There was much kidding about who won the Civil War and other matters. Also, it seemed as if Yankees were sissies as far as heat was concerned and Southerners were the same toward icy weather.

Mr. Howard of Post Supply and Miss Ernestine Mathis of Dept. of Buildings and Grounds.

Clannishness Taboo

When Open Post first came, there was a little bit of clannishness shown. Along about this time, all of us got to know each other better and the next time we hit town, it was in one big family.

As we advanced in our training and had little problems that came up every now and then, we found that Northerner or Southerner, a buddy was a buddy.

Now after Pre-Flight school, we are finally flying and have come to realize all the more the fact that "It is not where a man is from, but what he is himself that counts!"

Our enemies would like nothing better than to have us quarrel among ourselves. Even friendly fusses may end in fighting. So it is for the purpose of advising those who follow that this is written.

Yankee, Rebel, All . . .

We all hope sincerely that the day will come eventually when all mankind will be free and equal; and to attain this, we must all unite—"Damyankankee", "Rebel", and all of our Allies.

This is not a generation of the past. Ours is of the future, and no matter where
CARLSTROM CAPTION

by J. L. Downend

The interests of Lydia Sammon and Flossie Pemberton blend toward the same tall, dark Cadet... both offered a Coke, with arsenic, should the story be told.

Major Ola has spent the holiday week with us at Carlstrom Field. We hope that we can welcome him back soon.

"Willie the Weeper"

Every class of Cadets has lost little time in going to a shoe-shine concert of "Willie the Weeper". He whistles and sings for the Cadets while putting a Sunday polish on their G. I.'s.

Such rhythm with a slap-rag just hasn't been written in the annals. Start makin' with the brushes, Willie, it's Sunday morn.

Lt. Payne of the Intelligence office has found a worthy tennis opponent, Capt. Porter. They turned up the court Saturday afternoon to the super delight of watching Cadets. Capt. Porter ran straight for the back fence, overtook Lt. Payne's speed-ball... slapped it back over his shoulder and across the net to score the point.

Athletically Speaking

Football players walking around with loss of memory from knocking themselves out are progressing as usual. The officers are winning.

Lt. (Wolverine) Hoffemeyer is still able to block three men at one time.

Lt. Bobo comes out for athletics every day in gray sweatshirt and long trousers, said to be fur lined. It is January, isn't it? He is from way up north in Alabama.

On to Them

Capt. Porter had on a pair of Lt. (Dodge)* McCormick's white trousers. *Dodge, because the Goldbricks know that he is on to them.

Capt. Porter ripped the white duck trousers and couldn't play center any more.

Capt. Hart was missing all week. Lt. McCormick, isn't that your pet peewe?

Pvt. Johnny (Red) Murray—you should hear him play the piano. He really gets in there and digs. Fur flies and someone goes down on a cow meadow, hard. Every player blames the wind when passes are incompletely.

Best... After Carlstrom

Battling the breeze with Dorr Field Personnel Saturday night over a good dinner. Heartily agreed that Dorr is the best field, next after Carlstrom Field. We went to the Silas Green Tent Show that was in town for the evening.

The blind violinist often seen on the streets of Arcadia left to tour with the show. Was wonderful that even this pathetic blind person could find an essential position playing with the show to Army camps and industrial sections of the South.

The grand finale was a stage full of colored folk singing to the glory of the American flag.

Credit and Criticism

The cover of the New Year's Fly Paper was a wonderful photographic job. We congratulate Charles C. Cebbes for the bouncing baby in an aviator's helmet. But when, may we ask, does the musical staff contain six lines? It does not read true with either the top or bottom line removed!

The picture is true to the fact that the entire country has become aviation conscious. 1943 sees the accomplishments of the Riddle Flying Schools placed in the service of our Country for Victory.

Funny....

Joke we heard; An American soldier in England was impressing an Englishman on the extent of the United States. "In America", the doughboy said, "you can get on a train in Texas in the evening and in the morning you're still in Texas ..."

"I know", the Englishman said, dryly, "we have trains like that here also!"


"Son", he said, "You let that radio alone or there won't even be a Noise".
Another big improvement this week accomplished by Alton English and his crew is the placing of rocks around the drive at the Administration building and Canteen. Mr. English, take a bow.

We understand that Mr. Peck’s favorite song is none other than “Oh where, oh where has my laundry gone”.

Four of the adorable fair sex report that the dance held at the auxiliary field was the most enjoyable they have ever attended.

**Dorr Doings**

*by Jack Whitnall*

Lt. and Mrs. Dekle from Fort Bragg visited the Post last Wednesday. Mrs. Dekle will be remembered as Frances Parker, who worked as Mr. Cullers’ secretary. Needless to say, the Lieutenant was impressed with Dorr Field.

We wonder why George Proctor likes oysters so well.

**The Short-Snorter’s Log**

Flight Commander Thorne is the winner of the Form I errors contest, the prize being ten dollars. P.S. That doesn’t mean that he made the most errors!

Ruthie sporting a new wrist watch, and it runs, too! Be sure to ask her the time.

Charlie Barclay transferred to Clewiston.

“Buttercups” smoked a cigarette last week. Have you noticed the shade of green that has overcome his complexion?

John E. Harper back from his vacation—he got himself engaged to a Charlotte, N. C. girl while up that way.

Jack Doyle did bring a wife home with him from his vacation. We couldn’t get much out of Annie Laurie Clark. She just kept repeating “Got a letter, got a letter, got a letter”.

Have you read the story “18 Men and a Boat”? The newest one is “18 Instructors and a Duck Hunt”.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Miller and Charlie, Jr., Cadet at U. S. Naval Academy, a fine looking fellow too—wonder how Charlie can have such a good looking son.

**Watch those Planes**

Greetings to Dorr Field’s first lady dispatcher—Dorothy Lind. OK, all you mugs, watch those airplanes. Miss Lind has a private pilots’ license, too.

Be it resolved that: Mike Bove ain’t going north next winter; Ray Moates—eats only six meals a day during 1943; Degan—to donate one dollar to the guard at the front gate every time he forgets his pass; Mihkle—bonds are not deductible from taxes.

Also, Watson—not to remove his long underwear until summer comes again;

Pink—to join the Arcadia Fire Department; Shaw—not to drive over 15 miles per hour around the circle; Pike and McCoy—not to go squirrel hunting; and G. T. Parker—to have at least one date in 1943.

**Streamlined Canteen**

The addition of the new cashier’s desk in the Canteen is a big improvement. Besides speeding up service, by the girls not having to wait until the customers pay their checks, it clears a lot of congestion. Again Mr. Cullers’ department comes to the front by making and installing this fixture. What that Department can’t do we have yet to find out.

**Suggested New Year’s Resolutions**

*by X, Y, & Z*

Jack W.:—Stop using “I’ll put such-and-such in Fly Paper” as a means of blackmail.

Mr. H.:—Will not stay in office so much but will get out and around; also will continue to take excellent care of the “Red Hose”.

Archie Franklin:—By hook or crook will someday find a seat on the bus.

Freddie:—Have more and even better Cadet dances.

Joneg:—Find a twin so I can be in at least two places at one time.

Peggy W.:—Take Saturday p.m. off.

Frances M.:—Ask for a real desk.

John Fredendall:—Devote all spare time to warming self after the 10 degree below vacation weather.

Taylor:—Try smoking all those cigars. Ben Meege:—Hire more pretty girls!!

Hazel:—Embarrass Jack W. sometime during 1943.

Mr. Hoten:—Put a chain and padlock on our typewriter.

Mr. Rockett, W/O:—Gain 30 pounds. All Dorr Field:—Treat all Carlstroms kindly—after all they are our Allies.

Tolably yours,

Jack.

P.S.—All the Guards will be happy when Horace Cross changes his brand of cigars.

**Did You Know That**

Cadet Jackson of Squadron 1 waited a very long time at the “Stage Door Canteen” New Year’s Eve?

**ENGAGED!**

The new “gate” at the front entrance reminds one of the guards on those pesky draw bridges here in Florida?

The way to get Mrs. Walter Blake of the Accounting Department a little angry is to call her “lefty” or “southpaw”?

Lou Place has Florida sand in his shoes? Advanced Instructor Place left for another position at his home in Indiana, but came
THE FEMININE SIDE

Standing from left to right are Annie Louie Clark of the Time Department, Dot Deckle of the Farm Room, Margaret Lightfoot now Chief Farm Clerk at Bates Field, Mary Edna Parker, Mr. Cullen's secretary, Freddie Lewis of Army Supply. Seated are Mr. Maugers' secretary, Ruth Campbell, and Mrs. Dickie Walker of the Time Department.

back saying, "You can't beat Riddle Field for a place to work?"
A "branch office" of the Canteen has been established in the Transportation Department for civilian use? Sandwiches, coffee, cold drinks, etc. will be served?

CADET CHATTER
by A/C P. J. Kirkland

Flight II, Class 43-E's past has not been too bad. To start with, we were all pleased when we first saw Dorr Field. Sort of away from everything, but a beautiful Field. We are learning to like it even more as time goes by.

Highlights of things that might interest someone:
The 20's are being passed, but look out for the 40's.
One poor fish, meaning B. T. Movnahan, or was he smart, was married a while back. A pretty bride, too. Congrats, B. T.
Well, one thing certain—Lt. Weisheit can swim. He proved this after his solo. Ask him!

Something new to most of us was swimming on Christmas Day. Great fun!

Well, about all for this time.

The Army Side
Dorr Field now has three M.D.'s; namely, Lt. Palmer, Pincus, and Harris. It's rumoured that they roll the "hones" every morning to see who does the doctoring.

Warrant Officer Rockett and Mrs. Rockett back from a furlough spent in Gagga and Mississippi.

New Year's resolutions:
Capt. Bentley—to get at least 2 birds out of a box of shells, (he hopes).
Lt. Frank—to get at least 25 birds out of 2 shells, again.
Cpl. Lofgren—to tell nobody nothing.
Cpl. Martin—to buy a bigger and better car—we understand that he sold the Ford for $98.89—kesh to you my fran'.
The enlisted personnel—that they are going to beat the officers at least once in 1943, even if the officers have to spot them 20 points.
Margie Pierce—to flip a coin without dropping it.

The Lynx Boys
We finally got Sgt. Jacobi off on his way home for a short furlough. Ain't it fine. We won't have to smell that gosh awful pipe for a week or two!
We wonder who owns the door that Cpl. Lofgren and Pfc. Hampton claim they ran into? Pvt. Bond must have relatives in Tampa. He visits there often enough.
Pvt. Reed and T/S Dobberpahl should quiet down a bit. We know this night life in Arcadia is very trying to us all.

 Mussolini and Hitler were in close conference, and weighty problems were under discussion.
"Herr Hitler," said Mussolini, "when this war is over you and I will be the greatest dictators the world has ever seen. We'll have everything we want; of course we won't want everything there is!"
"Righto!" said Hitler, as he patted Mussolini on the head. "Now go ahead and shine the other shoe."

EMBRY-RIDDLE WIVES
by Mrs. Floyd M. Brewer

This is to announce that the wives of Embry-Riddle men have begun to organize a club to do some constructive work toward the war effort.
The first meeting was prompted by a suggestion from Mrs. Truman Gile that the women get together at home for ideas concerning the work.
The meeting was held late in the summer, and the plans were discussed whereby we could do either Red Cross sewing or make Bundles for America.

Mrs. Berry, who is active in Red Cross work, called the second meeting and invited us to sew Triangle Bandages, for which we have received the following note of appreciation:

To Embry-Riddle Wives
Care of Marcia Finn

Dear Friends:—
As Captain of Casualty Station 31, Division 9, I am pleased to acknowledge receipt from the Embry-Riddle Wives, through Mrs. Ralph Finn and Mrs. Louise Berry, of Triangle Bandages, for which our Station was sorely in need.
Under such circumstances, it is impossible to express adequately our thanks. But I am sure that you understand how grateful we are.
We hope that we shall never have use for these bandages except in practice, but it is a source of satisfaction to the Station personnel to know that we have them in case of real trouble, in which event you can feel that you have contributed beyond measure to the first aid rendered any victims.

The Athletic Office,
Mrs. Roy Johnston,
Captain, Station 31

This note was read by Mrs. Perry at our last meeting, held at the home of Mrs. Kirby C. Smith.

Mrs. Smith for the past half year has been sewing Bundles for America; and at her suggestion this last meeting, we took part in assisting with the sewing of these Bundles, which are in demand at this particular time.
We feel that we have advanced enough to extend our invitation farther and to ask all Embry-Riddle Wives who wish to partake in this interesting work to join us at our next meeting.

Our December meeting was in the form of a Christmas party at which we all exchanged a 25c gift.

We sincerely hope that you will feel entirely welcome to come and help us either to sew bandages or Bundles for America. Until the time arises when we can improve our undertaking, we will continue along these lines.
Beginning this week, and continuing for the next several weeks, we, with the aid of our Associate Editors, shall attempt to bring you some R.A.F. expressions, their meanings, and explanations.

Like every other military organization, the R.A.F. has expressions that are known only to the R.A.F. We hope, in this series of articles, to bring these expressions to your attention and give them the proper explanation.

**Boredom . . . . . .**

This week, we shall discuss three words which have the same meaning. They are: cheesed, brassed, and browed—all synonyms. These expressions are used to express disgust, boredom, etc.

For example, after flying double schedules for an entire week and then being confined to camp for a week-end, an airman might say, “I’m certainly cheesed off with this Course”. Invited to a party that is particularly dull, he might say, “I’m getting browed off with these doings”. Get the idea?

Along these ideas, we print herewith an essay entitled “Cheesed”, which was handed to us by an Airman. It will conclude our discussion on this week’s subject, but further questions will be answered gladly if sent to the Editor of this column.

I have stepped along on many points of jotted rock, through many a place and year. Until way to the south of the mighty U.S.A. I came upon a haven where the weary traveler may rest.

There where the rich dark earth of the Glades, misty and mysterious in the light of dawn, brings forth a crop of hundredfold, also dwell folks as white as the earth is dark.

Here where so aptly a gentleman of no small repute called this center of the Glades the Crossroads, I find so in many ways myself wondering whether to go forward, or turn off into the uncertain, the unknown. But whilst I ponder thus, my life of many phases moves slowly to its close. There must be many homogeneous people such as I who take that turning into the unknown, having found this world a Hippodrome, or as Shakespeare said in one of his plays, “All the world’s a stage”. Then to be forgotten, but will I wonder.

**Cheesed**

**Co-Pilot’s Club News**

The election of officers was held at the Club’s last meeting on Wednesday; but since this is after our copy deadline, we shall have to wait until next week to give you the results of the election.

The ladies want to call attention to the fact that this organization is for the wives of all the Instructors, Flight, Ground School, and Link, and they would like to see some of the ladies present who have not as yet been in attendance.

There are big plans in the making and all the wives of all the Instructors are cordially invited to come and take part. The meetings are held each Wednesday afternoon at 3:00 p.m. at the Instructor’s Club.

The Club was very well pleased with the results of their Christmas Party and they hope to have more “get-togethers” in the future.

On every Tuesday afternoon as many as possible of the Club members are going to work at the Red Cross room in the Clewiston Community Center to help make surgical dressings. There is a lot of work to be done, and it is hoped that everyone who possibly can will be present every Tuesday.

The Red Cross room is reserved on Tuesday evenings (7:30 to 9:30) for working women. A number of girls from the Engineering and Sugar offices have been giving their services regularly, and we understand that a special invitation is issued to all girls at Riddle Field to join them.

**Riddle Field Alumni News**

We are very happy to acknowledge holiday greetings from two former Riddle Fielders—Aviation Cadet Warren Button of Maxwell Field, Ala., former mechanic here, and Melvin Carelton, now parachute man at Embry-Riddle Field in Union City and formerly in the same department here.

A Christmas card and a fine letter was received from Sergeant Pilot R. O. Vaughan, who graduated with Course 6. Ronnie says, in part, “Please convey my very kindest regards to all the Link and Ground School Instructors and remember me very kindly to Messrs. Behard and Day, the gentlemen who had the unenviable task of teaching me to fly!”

Vaughan is on twin engines now, along with Syd Slaip, another Course 6 graduate, who also sends his best to Riddle Field. Ronnie’s address is R.A.F. Little Own, Church Eaton, Staffs, England.

**Sergeant Henley**

Sgt. J. A. Henley, who has been the Sergeant in Charge of Accounts for the past eight months, left this week for a new posting, which he believes will be home, to England.

Sgt. Henley was very efficient in his work and has many friends here at the
Field and in Moore Haven where he resided. Everyone joins in wishing him the best of luck.

Before leaving, Sergeant Henley handed us this letter, which we reprint in full:

Dear Jack:

This seemed very easy on the surface, but then, most things do. Here goes, old man. I hope it'll not "bind" you too much.

As you've already heard, this little piggy is going wee wee wee all the way home, and I think it should be one of my last pleasures to tell you how much I've enjoyed this short interlude with the "Riddle Family".

In the first place (about four weeks before I actually arrived), I crossed all my fingers and mumbled sweet nothing about "anywhere except Florida". As p.r. the Air works did those things that they thought ought not to have been done and here I was.

To save lots of paper (and binding) I refer you to almost any of the Listening Outs to get a general idea of how my thoughts wandered and how much I did appreciate 'y'all in a very short time.

I've actually had a grand time all round, met far too many good people (what I actually mean is that I couldn't, and still can't, understand why so many came to the same place to do a job).

I do so wish that all the Cadets would realize what a wonderful outfit this Riddle Field is (Sgt. Chappell says that that is flannel).

I am hoping to get my chance to take the pilot's course soon after I get home, and to know that Riddle Field was to be my training ground would help relieve that nervous strain that I know will "get" me eventually (you know, wings exams, and all that).

And so, Jack, to save repeating myself (as I surely will if I go any further), I'll close this letter with a meek kind of thanks to everyone. It will be impossible for me to shake everyone by the hand and say cheerio.

Even as I write this letter I have that stupid and embarrassing lump in the throat, and my only wish (and hope) is that the folks have understood my way of handling things and people (mostly things) and that they hold me in the same high esteem that I have for all of them.

A word about my successor. He's a grand type of chap. I imagine that it will not be hard for you to get to know him. Be as patient with him as you have been with me and you'll discover one of the grandest persons you've ever met.

Cheerio, old fellow, lots of luck to you, and we hope to meet up with you sometime later on.

Yours sincerely,
John A. Henley
P.S. My home address is at the top so that the Fly Paper can be forwarded.

You can be sure that we will send you the Fly Paper, Sergeant.

Cpl. E. L. Price has succeeded Sgt. Henley as Clerk of Accounts in Charge of RAF Stores.

Here and There

Flt. Sgt. J. Woodward has been added to the RAF staff here and will teach Signals in the Ground School program.

Let us appeal once again to our Flight and Course correspondents to send us news. And a word to you Cadets and Flight Instructors. If you are not satisfied with the manner in which your Flight or Course is being covered in the Fly Paper, help your correspondent to get the news—give him some "gen"—or make some.

Cadets Perkins and Collins of Course 4 can certainly pour out some excellent renditions of four hands on one piano. These two gents, who have presented some programs while stationed in Canada, can also hold down their own individually.

Howard Kemp, former Nursing Orderly at the Infirmary, sends best wishes to all his friends at Riddle Field in a recent letter to us.

Another excellent meal was served at the Mess Hall New Year's Day when a turkey dinner with all the trimmings was "dished up".

The Air Commodore who was to have presented the Wings to Course 9 could not be present; so Wing Commander Kenneth J. Rampling, former Commanding Officer here, presented them.

John Paul Riddle was present at the ceremony and presented the graduation certificates and also a graduation remembrance from the Embry-Riddle Company.

Commanding Officer Prickett Flight Lt. Nickerson, and George "Witch" Mevers, Assistant to the Superintendent of Maintenance, were among those attending the Orange Bowl football game in Miami on New Year's Day.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Clay of Atlanta, Ga., announce the engagement of their niece, Miss Frances Weeks, to Cadet Derrick But-
WHITECAPS

by Bob McKay and Bill Waters

It has been a dull week down here at the Base, with our chief entertainer, John Carruthers, being up in the Yankee Country. He is expected back in a week and then, undoubtedly, life will brighten up again.

There was a very wet ducking down here last week, when Arabelle Leonard received the customary reward for her first solo. Ad Thompson, always doing something, and Floyd Stefferman, he's not innocent either, did the honors.

Wet Little Girl
She certainly was a wet little girl when she came out of the bay; however, nothing daunts this girl. She went home, changed her clothes, and came back to fly again.

Clarice Woods is another who has just soloed, but she has not received her ducking as yet. After all, the boys have to have a little time.

Ad Thompson, after four months at Pan Am, finally got to sit in a twin motored ship. He was so excited that he forgot to ask the name of it. Pretty soon, if he is a good boy, they will let him watch the ships take off and land.

Flash
Clarice Woods just received her reward for soloing, and as usual a good time was had by all—all but Clarice. In an exclusive interview with Clarice, she said, "It's freezing—lawn't worth it". Clarice was a good sport about the whole thing, even about posing for a picture. Nice going, kid.

About these pictures, we hope in the near future to run all the shots of our dunks. We know that this is a form of blackmail, but they really are too good to keep to ourselves.

On our list of new students, we find James Patterson from Personnel and Mike Lojinger from the Electrical Department. Come on down, all of you Riddle-ites, let's have all of the gang learn to fly.

Coming Along Nicely
Last week we were glad to see, "Boss" Riddle, "Bob" Habig, and "Joe" Horton, as they came down to visit the Base.

After looking around at the new ramps and all of the pretty new shrubs, they all seemed pleased with the way things were going.

Enuff for now.

FROM UNION CITY

8:00 A.M. - FLIGHT LINE

Thanks to A/C Mel Williams

Wing Flutter

by Catherine W. Kerr

Back to say hello, and to wish you a very happy New Year.

Everyone here at Aircraft Overhaul settled right down to work after the Christmas holiday, and so on into the New Year without very much news.

New Year's Day was just a fine working day, and the folks down here made no mention of any New Year's Eve, just as though there never was one. It's marvelous how people adapt themselves to the times.

We did manage to scrape up a little news—our famous Uncle Jim has started a duck farm; and, believe it or not, he has built a house for them, and enclosed a yard and a small pond.

Mac says that they make the finest pets, and he is starting a real honest to goodness hobby. To start with, he has one large duck to police the yard and several small ones.

Pete Prince, General Foreman of our Final Assembly and Sheet Metal Departments, would like to know why they haven't heard anything from the Chapman Field boys? Look out, Chapman—maybe Pete intends to challenge you. Take our advice, he's a wolf.

This week we have welcomed Mrs. Ruby Boseley back from the hospital and to work. Ira Andrews' eye is better and both he and Jack Pepper are back on duty after having been absent for a while.

And now, one last wish: Would that we could find out what "Five A Day Means". Anyway, it sounds good.

So long folks, Keep 'em Flying.
AND A PARACHUTE TOO
by Jimmy Gilmore
Chapman Field Instructor

Beside the line of yellow trainers, near the
Waco's shining wings,
Stood the boss man Sterling Camden, gaz-
ing on a wondrous thing.
Watching too, were female linemen; Watch-
ing were the brave instructors:
Male instructors, females too, watching
with the office crew;
Maintenance force was all aghast, a start-
ling thing had come and past.
Then the boss man spoke this story, a tale
of wonder and of glory.
In the season of the hurricane, back the
year of twenty-one,
A lady who we shall not name, had a baby,
had a son.
Tall he grew unto the clouds, the mother
saw and she was proud.
She saw him growing very tall and then he
heard the airport call.
She saw him seeking out his runway, saw
him trodding down the lane,
Saw him looking strangely skyward, gazing
on an airplane.
The boy is here before you now, he's done
this thing we know not how.
Moxley is big, the cub is small, this fact
matters not at all.
For Tom got in and more to boot, he took
along his parachute.
Then as the crowd began to wander, we
saw the rain cloud, heard the thunder.
Saw the droplets falling earthward, heard
them strike the roof resounding.
Safe behind the hangar door, we saw the
rain, we heard it pour; then we heard
the awful cry.
"Someone help! I'll drown, I'll die."
Each one heard Tom's pleading shout! "I
got myself in but I can't get out!"
We add the moral, one line more, Tom was
built for a DC-4.

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

CHARLES A. WILLITS, JR., WINS
EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOLARSHIP

Building model airplanes gave Charles A.
Willits, Jr., the inspiration to go places
in a flying world; but winning a scholar-
ship has given added impetus to the future
aviation ambitions of the 18-year-old Su-
perior, Wis., youth, who was sent to Miami
for his technical training.

Young Willits wrote an essay last sum-
mer on "The Part Youth Can Play In
America's Air Defense" in a nation-wide
contest sponsored by Air Youth, a division
of the National Aeronautical Association.
He was among 11 winners in the country.

His scholarship award entitled him to
an eight-month aircraft and engine course
at Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, pre-
sented by John Paul Riddle in co-operation
with the contest.

The Wisconsin youth, who advocated
training in all high schools as the keynote
of his 500-word essay, has been building
model planes since he was twelve years old.
Willits said he learned to fly a cub train-
er plane while working at odd jobs at the
municipal airport in Superior after school
hours. He explained that his log shows six
solos hours of flying.

"I enjoy piloting a plane, but I want to
become an aeronautical engineer and make
aviation my career after the War," he re-
marked while adjusting a carburetor in the
engines class.

SAFETY MEETING

The next meeting of the Safety
Committee will be held January 13,
1943, on the fourth floor of the
Technical School at 2:00 p.m.

TO MR. LIPE

I have some little problems, Sir;
To solve them, is no "pipe";
And so I have to seek the aid
Of gracious Mr. Lipe.

I know that you are rushed for time—
Ten minutes, though, I need—
If you'll devote them, Sir, to me—
'I'll be a noble deed!'

And for your time—thus given me—
Of minutes—just a bunch—
I will be glad—to treat you sir—
To one nice filling lunch.

SEVENTH SERVICE COMMAND MISSIONS

SERVICE

"Make difficult things simple for troops quartered in service command posts, camps and stations."

"Expedite the conduct of business?"

COOPERATION

ONLY WITH THE COMPLETE COOPERATION OF EACH INDIVIDUAL,
MILITARY AND CIVILIAN, CAN WE ATTAIN THE OFFENSIVE ACTION
THAT WILL BRING VICTORY.
Athletically Speaking

by Janet Silverglade

Bowling-itis

Everyone was out there ready to go this week, after having to pass up our bowling night last week due to the hustle and bustle of Christmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick were both there, and Mrs. Dick changed titles, from Mimeograph to Chaufferette. She assisted the Brunette Drivers in their two game victory.

Gene Bryan and Elaine Devery were also giving their all—Gene was on the winning Flashes team (leaders of the league, no less); and from what I gather, their captain, Billie Todd, must be a good (and willing) instructor, because I heard more than one person say, “Find Billie. She will show you how to do it.” Dev rolled for the Killers, and I mean rolled too. She had 120 in the first game.

Instrument Overhaul

Anne Buchanan was back with us again after pulling a disappearing act the last time we bowled. Now she is practically starting a league of her own from the Instrument Overhaul. Anyway, they planned to have a little fun on Thursday afternoon after work; and they are going to use our bowling tickets. Have fun gang!!

Nellie Diamond came out to give it a try last week. She bowled her first game, and a mean very first. Ethyl Casson and Margaret Dale took her in hand, and I will have you know that they won both of their games.

Ethyl Casson is still high scorer, with 163; but in averages, she is followed closely by Billie Todd and Ruth Turner.

Harry Rinehart, Arnold Mims, and Malcolm Byrnes surely had a good time. Arnold really pulled those spares in; and “oh the gleam in his eyes” when he made them.

Sgt. Graziano still holds that record of high game for the league with his 212; but he is followed closely by Mel (notice I said “Mel”, and not M. J.) Goecke, who trails him by only six pins.

Stole the Scene

James Blakeley joined the crowd this week and brought along his wife for moral support; but I think Mary got more attention than did Jim’s bowling.

Paul Miller gave out with his usual good game, and Tom Moxley rolled a beautiful 205 to join the ranks of the Riddle 200 Club. Sgt. Graziano improved his former high score of 211 by one point.

For more technical details, see your Bowling Bulletin.

P.S.—We now have a new team in our 9-30 League, known as the Seaplaners, from the Seaplane Base, naturally.

Riddle Regulars

Our boys invited Eastern Airlines to have a practice game with them at the Y last week. The boys do not mind admitting that they lost; but, please don’t ask the score!!

The regular game is scheduled for next Thursday, January 14, at the Miami High School, when we will meet the Airplayners. We think some of you people might go out and give the boys a little rooting. After all, they are in a tiff for first place in the Industrial League; and have been turning in good performances.

BOWLING ANNOUNCEMENT

In forming the Embry-Riddle Inter-Departmental Bowling Leagues, starting play Wednesday, December 16, it was necessary to limit entries to bowlers in departments large enough to form purely departmental teams.

Some of our enthusiastic bowlers work in departments too small to afford teams. In order to give these people an opportunity to bowl, the Athletic Office will supply a list of teams and captains, on request, and will try to help such bowlers find a place to fit into the league. If there is enough demand, an attempt will be made to form another league.

The Company is also providing a special bowling pass, available either at the Athletic Office or the Playdium Bowling Lanes. These passes will permit employees to bowl three games at a cost of 50c.

The Company will pay the other 25c and will contribute 25c to an Open-Game Prize Fund. This prize fund will be cumulative to the end of each month and will be distributed among the participants.

If your name was listed as a bowling enthusiast and it was not possible to include you on the teams forming the first leagues, it will be appreciated if you would inform the Athletic Office of your problem.

EMBRY-RIDDLE SPEAKERS

Just before going to press on Wednesday we heard that Assistant Athletic Director Lloyd Budge would speak before the Greater Miami Airport Association at the El Comodore hotel, that afternoon.

Budge said he would talk of the importance of recreation in the great industrial plants and would hold forth on the sports program set up for the Embry-Riddle Company and its affiliates.

Last week Emmett Varnes, head of Personnel, addressed the same gathering on the need for instructors and instructor trainees. That morning he also appeared at the 99 Breakfast Club where he stressed the importance of instructors schools.
RIDDLE ROUND-UP
Continued from Page 9

ton of Squadron 1. Congratulations! Derrick, incidentally is one of our Associate Editors.

Miss Mary Ann Brannan, former waitress at the Canteen, visited here a few days last week.

E. P. Rooney, Advanced Flight Instructor, left for his home in Buffalo, N. Y., last week. Good luck—Gene.

COMMANDING OFFICER T. O. Pritchett with Mrs. Pritchett and their pet.

A late news flash—Keene Langhorne, Assistant Flight Commander of Squadron 3, and Miss Jane Skillern of Philadelphia, Penna., were married in Ft. Lauderdale, January 1, 1943. The newlyweds are residing in Clewiston. Congratulations!

New Cadet Officers
With the departure of Course 9, the new Cadet Officers are as follows:

Senior Under Officer—Cadet A. C. Hicks.
Under Officers—Sq. 1, W. B. Ward; Sq. 2, H. J. Jefferies; Sq. 3, M. B. Campbell; Sq. 4 (upon arrival), D. O. Miller.


WE WANT BOOKS
You’ve heard the old joke about the boy who gave his best girl a book and was met with the unappreciative response: “But I have a book”!

Well, if you have a book how about contributing it to our Library drive? If each member of the Embry-Riddle Company and its affiliates gives only one volume, just think of the shelves and shelves of reading matter we will have!

With our Library at Tech and new ones to be opened at each Field, the demand for books is urgent. Dorothy Burton will gladly be the recipient of all contributions.

Our students, instructors—in fact, everyone, has access to the Library, and to the ones in the making; so please, each one of you give just one book. (The more recent the better—so snop around and give up one you like.)

FIRST BIRTHDAY
by M. W. P. Clarke
Course 6, Riddle Field

Deep down in the Everglades,
Far from the life of man
Work at Riddle Flying School
A year ago began.

Where once the swamp and cypress trees
Held undisputed sway
Now rows of gleaming barracks blocks
Reflect the light of day.

The rooms have water “il. and C.”
(But all of it is cold)
Its taste is foult—it smells of eggs,
When eggs are very old.

The water in our swimming pool
Has been a muddy green
Since not so long ago they built
The “Sewage farm machine”.

The surface of the tennis courts
Stand out a blazing red,
A landmark clear that green flight men
May never be misled.

We always fly from other fields
As Riddle Field’s too wet,
And many veteran pupils have
Never used it yet.

Riddle Tower is very high;
On top it shows a light
To stop us lads from bumping it
When we’re about at night.

By day it has its uses too,
For (when it’s on the air)
It checks the locking of our wheels,
Tells when to land and where.

Momentous house with tower and globe,
The mainspring of that CASTRA!
O! “ADMIN”, Thou dost symbolize
“PER ARDUA AD ASTRA”.

The dining hall has waiters here
That’s why it’s not a mess.
You dine in style (if you wait a while)
At Five B. F. T. S.

This School, though groaned up in a year
Has much achieved, is aiming high.
What once was waste is now a field
Where fledglings learn to fly.

But yet in spite of all its works
One drawback mars its fame.
Though ponds and scrub have disappeared
Mosquitoes still remain.

COLOISEUM
COMMENTARIES
by Gene Day

In the late fall of 1925, before the Coliseum was completed—it then boasted but half a roof overhead, while the flooring of the auditorium was only partially finished—the Chicago Civic Opera Company, pro-

selyted temporarily, entertained the first audience ever assembled in Coral Gables’ largest building.

The cast included Mary Garden, supported by Charles Marshall, popular Amer-

ican tenor, Rosa Raisa, preeminent Polish soprano, and Claudio Muzio, Italian so-

prano.

Sour Note
A huge tarpaulin which raved one of the Ringlings’ big tops was imported from Key West as a decidedly unique roof-tree to plug the voluminous void in the Coli-

seum’s half-completed crest (roof to you).

The first sour note of that entertainment was tossed into the ring by the federal meteorologist. Southeastern Florida’s custom-

ary fair weather was fouled by sting-

ing winds from the northwest which caused the thermometers to dive like an American bomber chasing a Messer-

schmitt.

The Coliseum, with its canvas-crowned top and its amply ventilated bottom, was comparably as comfortable as the refriger-

ated room wherein Armour, Swift, or the Cudahy brothers age the quarters of prime beef which subsequently yielded this country’s finest beefsteaks.

Bundlers
A touch and tinge of that frigidity which Admiral Byrd learned to dislike in the polar regions welcomed Florida’s first opera. Dowagers and the socially elite, bundled in furs, blankets, downy com-

forters, and homemade crazy quilts, huddled together like rabid fans at a football game played in a blizzard and produced the closest approximation to a Pennsylvania Dutch bundling party ever found in deepest Dixie. It was surely one of the strangest sights ever seen in the Coliseum.

And another, almost as bizarre, was enacted recently in the confined space be-

tween the first and second roofs of the old Coliseum. This time it was an owl chase, a madcap scramble by carpenters, elec-

tricians, maintenance crew, and volunteer helpers to put to flight the hoot-owls which had established what seemed like permanent abodes under the Coliseum’s roof-

tree.

Owl Trouble
It would take an ornithologist to reveal how long the big hag-eyed owls, a dozen or so in number, had been where they were found. Air Corps aircraft, on occasion, may have dangerous oil trouble, but the Coli-

seum nowadays has owl trouble, drat it. Wanted at Once—sure-shot remedies for hoot-owl extermination.
filed by Agnita Mullin. One of the Gremlins tossed a cold germ in her path last week, but she conquered it and all hands are on deck once more.

That fine bit of writing in last week's issue entitled "Against the Storm" was written by Joyce Booth, Purchasing. We hope she'll contribute to the Fly Paper more often.

Sheldon Wells, head of the Drafting Department, is back from his trip to Niagara Falls, where he inspected the Bell Aircobra Plant. But we'll let that little bit of news rest right there; for Sheldon has promised us an article about his trip and we hope to have it for you next week.

**COUNTRY CLUB CAPERS**

by Lucille Valliere

Old 1942, with all its trouble and disappointments, was already two days on its way into a well-deserved oblivion, and little ole 1943, rarin' to go, with plenty of optimism, was attending his first Embry-Riddle party... and seemed to be making the most of it ever.

Those who were smart enough to forestall their appetites and wait dinner until their arrival at the Country Club were nicely rewarded with a delicious sizzling steak, complete with fixin's.

By the way, we have been taking quite a bit of kidding about our juicy descriptions of steaks, chops, ham, etc., since it so happens that we're a little vegetarian of years standing.

Of course, we do have the most reliable authority for above statement regarding the steaks. You see, we even count some confirmed steak-eaters amongst our very best friends.

Since most of the girls turned out in full regalia, there were any number of beautiful gowns whisking about the dance floor.

We always feel like we've accidentally dropped in on a fashion show when so many of our fair damsels turn out in their floor-sweepers. We personally, wish they'd formalize every week.

One big table had seated around it several first-time visitors in the persons of Senator and Mrs. Claude Pepper; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Webster of Tampa; Mrs. T. P. Webster of St. Pete; and Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Snyder of Deland—all guests of Myl- lion and Phyllis Webster.

In the same group were Syd Burrows and Tibby; Mrs. H. Obermeyer of New Orleans; Major Herman of Sebring; Mrs. G. T. Richards; George Wheeler with Louise Wheeler; and Mr. Hutchinson Scott of Philadelphia.

At a nearby table we spotted Tom Monks and Gloria Brown of Chapman Field. We were surprised and pleased to meet Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ricou (Theresa, formerly our PBX operator). They were accompanied by Officer Candidate Clyde Smith, whom you will all remember as the used-to-was tall blond Sergeant Smith of the Army office at Tech.

Three of our British Cadets, Johnny Potter with Jackie O'Connell, Michael Carroll with Ellie O'Connell, and Fenwick Charlesworth, stag, came down to the party after an absence of three or four weeks.

Lois Wheeler, courier, came with Buck Swenson of Instrument Dept. It was the same table that recently engaged pair, little Adel Heiden and Johnny Howard of the Fifth Floor Bathrooms Club. They were observed from time to time cutting a neat rug (figuratively speaking, of course).

The treat of the evening was a rumba and waltz exhibition by Helene Hayes, courier, and Lt. Commander Roy Callahan, U. S. Navy. Helene looked simply stunning in a powder blue and pink chiffon with sequins on its little pink fitted jacket, and a sequin Juliette cap to match.

Brazil was again well represented by several of the Latin-American Cadets, including Pedro Barros with two of his friends; Adriano Fonzo with Thelma Elliott; and Senator "Happy" Arruda with Mary Frances Quinn.

Several Brazilian Naval Officers were on hand again, after an absence of a couple of weeks. Among them were two new arrivals, Lt. Joao da F. Ribeiro and Lt. Jose Goosens; also Lt. Jose Goyano and Lt. W. L. Vampre, who have been frequent guests in the past.

One first-time visitor to Miami, Lt. Osvaldo Coelho de Souza of Brazil, was the most interesting guest. He had heard many nice things about Embry-Riddle and about our dances from our four former Brazilian students who are now Aviation Cadets at Chanute Field, where Lt. Souza studied until his recent graduation.

By the way, the Lieutenant stated that he enjoyed our party so much that he intended to repeat his trip next Saturday if he has not by that time returned to Rio. That should awaken some of you slow folks who promise yourselves each and every week to come to the dance... yet never get there.

One of the gayest groups in the room was celebrating an occasion... Anne Elrod's birthday. Helping Anne celebrate were her escort, Willie Rivas of Nicaragua; Eric Sundstrom, Latin-American Co-ordinator and Dotty Seagrove; and FredericoirezisofVenezuelaandhisyoungladyfriend.AnneElrod did indeed look like a little china doll in her dainty blue taffeta frock.

Another little girl in blue was Rachel Lane, chauffeurette, who was pretty as a picture in a lovely shade of light blue tafetta with tiny ruffles on jacket and skirt. Dee Harrison, another little skipper of the highways, looked charming in wine velvet as she rhumba'd expertly with Paul Miller of Accounting.

Come what may, and come Saturday, all you little boys and girls hop into your best bibs and tuckers and he yourselves out to the Coral Gables Country Club for a bang-up time.
As the saying goes, "In unity there is strength", and so with "the class of classes", 1-43-B. There were rumors that an average of 85% was the aim; well, in this class, 90% was the passing grade.

From Henry (Pro) Andrzejczyk (his fellow classmates called him "Alphabet") to Jay (Gunner) Williams, we studied like---we were always in bed by 11:00 p.m. nightly, but nobody ever told us that we had to be asleep by then.

The first show would usually go on at 11:05 p.m. Danny (Telephone) Bush would give his description of his goings on. The boys always wondered where he dug up his dates.

We can still remember the night Mike (Lover) Homack came in with that evil look in his eyes; he told us he had had 3 chocolate malteds, but we still think it was Coca-Cola.

**Lost "Cord"**

Those two nights Cornelias (Corny) Murphy lost his voice really were a pleasure. We could make all the noise we wanted and "Murph" couldn't talk back. Many times the boys were tempted to stick a pin in Martin (Polka) Mulligan; they were just curious to see if he was solid, or if a "hiss-ag noise" would be heard.

We were always proud to have Frank (Chow) Macaluso in our company. Why? Well, he's the only soldier who wears suede shoes. He is also the only fellow who can get sparks out of a knife and fork. Walter Przybylak had the fellows worried; they thought he'd never finish those onions on time. (Oh! Walter.)

Joseph "Private" Kollar really was the "biggest" man in class. Jimmy (Pepe) Lyons kept the class in high spirits with his "Personality Smile"; Bob (Curly) Michael is slated to be a "Kavodet"; and "Gentleman" Jim Fogarty, an O.C.S. product. Everybody remembers the day Tom (Mother's Little) Helfer bucked the wrong rivet. We thought he'd never smile again.

Those "Babston Boys", Mike (Where is it?) Crowley, Mike (The Face) Byarnowitz, and Frank (Goody) Goodhue really did their share of boasting about Boston College. After that Holy Cross disaster, Crowley removed his moustache. Byarnowitz was at a loss for words, and Goodhue lost his "Head" 3 weeks later.

**Bill (Youngstown) Herman, Joe (My Sister and I) Cattadoris and Eddie (Mickey Rooney) Dernoga really had the class believing that they knew where they were going. Hut in the end, Fred (Doctor Kildare) Johnson had the class guessing about his activities at night, but we soon found out. We must say, "He's the only fellow who had a hand carved gun".

The "Gold Dust Twins", Hebert and Flanagan, really had some good times during their 15 weeks stay at Embry-Riddle. Herbert (Breek) Hutton kept the class in great spirits with his rendition of "When The Lights Go On Again".

Tony (Mr. Five by Five) Forlenza had the boys worried when he told them he had T.B. The gang didn't know he meant Three Bellies! Leon (Little Caesar) Kevoikian, the only fellow we have ever seen whose legs bent both ways.

Introducing Warren Fritta, the only man in this "Man's Army" who has his own roller skates. He's a "good skate", too. Be ware of Orie (Killer) Kueusa. We heard he really was terrific in a bout. (You brute!)

**Toothless Comb**

The boys in the class always wondered if Fred (Drool) Duel combed his hair with a washrig. P.S.—They found out in the 10th week—Yes, he uses a toothless comb. Marty (Murdock) Fuchs did some swell enlarging for the boys. Anybody wishing a "Wedding Ring" please see Marty. Is it true that Edwin (Brother) Crawford was vaccinated with a victrola needle? He's really a swell fellow.

Charlie (Banjo) Fetters had plenty of trouble during his stay down here. There were rumors that he was seen with a truck, but we knew he had no driver's license. We thought that maybe he was in the milk business.

**Charlie "Horse"**

Here comes Pete (New Jersy) Friedman, better known as "The 31st Street Casanova". This boy really loves this Florida climate. Herman (Brooklyn) Gutoff had the class roaring when he explained to the "Drill Instructor" that he had a "Charlie—Horse".

Say, (Bronx) Levy really moved around on that basketball court. He was a great money-player—He couldn't get off a dime!

Bill (Well, well.) Evans better not roam around these dark roads without a flashlight. We know one soldier who really injured himself doing that.

Arnold (O.C.S.) Bender finally bought a package of cigarettes and has been sitting in dark corners smoking them. The "O.C.S." stands for "Our Cigarette Smoker". After that "funnel trick" the boys are wondering if Art (Noisy) Lessard likes to be "cool" at all times and all places.

Anybody wishing to see Ben Gulling can find him any night of the week looking for a cold Coca-Cola! During his stay at Embry-Riddle, Eddie (Baron) Seiffert did a great deal of research work on fish. He spent most of his time at the "Aquarium".

Kenneth (Whitey) King took that "Fatal Step" on December 12th. Lots of luck, Ken. It sure looks like you'll be fighting on two fronts now.

Latest reports have it that Joe (Kee-Wee) Dickey is trying his hardest to take off a few excess pounds. The reason? He wants to fly that Link Trainer. Wyman McDonald and Joe McLaughlin have really paired up to turn out some excellent projects. Two grand fellows. Spring came into the life of Jack (Smiley) Drexler.

Sam (Slugger) Nixon will have his better half down for the "Grand Finale". Our hat's off to Nils Nelson, who really did a great job in class and in shop.

**Fore!**

We wonder what happened to Pete (Hel en) Silakowski about the 2nd week in December. He looked like he had lost his last friend.

We all remember Oliver (Alabama) Parker rushing home to see his new-born son. Congrats again! Also introducing Carl (Golfer) Drobotzka; this man really hit that little pellet a long way—Fore!!

As classes before have said, "We hate to leave this place". So say we, but as everyone knows, there's a War to be won, and with what we have learned at Embry-Riddle, we know darn well that it won't take us long to get "right in there" and "Keep 'em Flying".

We thank you for everything.

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**Draft Dodgers**

I am writing this short letter, and every word is true; Don't look around, draft dodger. For it is addressed to you.

You feel at ease and in no danger. Back in the old home town; You cooked up some story, so The draft board turned you down.

You never think of real men, Who leave there day by day; You just think of their girl friends, Whom you'll date while they are away.

You sit at home and read your paper, You jump and say "We will win"; Just where do you get that "we" stuff? This war will be won by men.

Just what do you think, draft dodger, This nation of ours would do; If all the men were slackers, And scared to fight like YOU?

—Just a soldier
Feature Picture
“THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS”
with Bruce Cabot, Binnie Barnes, Heather Angel and Randolph Scott

Monday, January 11th
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, January 12th
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, January 13th
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, January 14th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

Program...
The RIDDLE FAMILY THEATRE

For Exact Time and Place,
See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents

Feature Picture
“RHODES”
with Walter Houston
and Oscar Homolka

Thursday, January 14th
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, January 15th
DORR FIELD

Monday, January 18th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE
SATURDAY, JANUARY 9th
AT THE CORAL GABLES COUNTRY CLUB

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DANCING FROM NINE
75¢ PER PERSON $1.50 PER COUPLE

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SEC. 562, P.L. & R.

Beware the Double T. L.
Too little, too late. We’ve heard that phrase used in a lot of ways—and it fits into our message like a glove. Don’t have too little training, too late. The kind of training you need doesn’t take long and it isn’t costly. It will pay big dividends the rest of your life.

Do you want to build ‘em, fly ‘em, or keep ‘em flying? Would you like to be an instructor? No matter which, out of 41 different courses, Embry-Riddle has exactly the right one for you. Get all the facts. The sooner you enroll, the closer you’ll be to a permanent, successful career.

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