AVIATION CADET FRED W. POOLE IS CREDITED WITH BEING THE CADET WHO FLEW THE HALF-MILLIONTH HOUR AT CARLSTROM FIELD LAST MONTH. Cadet Poole, who is shown above with his instructor, John W. Duris, is a son of Colonel and Mrs. J. H. Poole of Kingston, Pa. Further details of Carlstrom's outstanding record will be found on page 17 in this issue.
Letters from Britain

7 Sutton Way
Heston, Hounslow
Middx., England

Dear Sir:

With reference to your very excellent publication, Fly Paper, and your letter of some months ago; I very much regret to inform you that my son, Anthony Salmon, was killed in an air crash on November 7, 1944.

My son was very ambitious in the air service and had already gained a fine reputation both as an instructor and Flying Officer. He often spoke highly of his experiences in your capable hands.

Whilst we deeply mourn his passing, I felt that you would like to be advised.

Yours sincerely,
John L. Salmon

Editor's Note: On behalf of Riddle Field and the entire Embry-Riddle company, we extend our sincere sympathy to the Salmon family. Anthony was a member of Course 10 and earned his wings at Riddle Field in February 1943.

Morero Terrace
Taumarunui
New Zealand

Dear Sir:

Some months ago we were asked to forward news of our son Ian, but our answer has been somewhat delayed on account of the report received shortly after the receipt of your request.

F/O Ian Robertson McK. Weir left New Zealand with the Forestry Unit in 1940 at the age of 19. He transferred to the RAF and earned his wings at Riddle Field, Clewiston.

On returning to Britain he was given the job of a Pathfinder Halifax and finished his tour over Germany and France some time near D-Day. Instead of returning to New Zealand, Ian decided to fight on to victory; but he was shot down at Blainville, France, on June 29 while on his 34th Op.

You will understand how thankful and elated we are now that we have received the news that he is a prisoner of war at Talag Luft—his number is 19402.

His Wing Commander gives him very high praise and we know that his training at Clewiston stood him in very good stead when his bomber was last seen going down end over end.

I think he lived up to the words written about him in the Listening Out issue of his Course:

"Shall we ever forget the staid Ian Weir, A New Zealander knows not the meaning of fear."

Ian had a great regard for his instructor. If he is still there I would be grateful if you would give him our sincere thanks for making our son into a first class pilot and so saving his life and those of his crew.

Wishing you all a happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year.

Yours sincerely,
Gladys M. Weir

Editor's Note: We wish to thank Mrs. Weir for her very interesting letter and assure her that we, and Ian's fellow cadets of Course 10, hope that he soon will be released and will return to his beloved New Zealand.

Ratmalana
RAF, Ceylon

January 15, 1945

Dear Editor:

I must apologize for not having written to you before now as I do want you all to realize that I have not forgotten the good friends I made at Riddle Field and Clewiston.

The photograph of the Course you so kindly sent to me arrived in good condition and is greatly appreciated by both my wife and myself. We also wish to express our appreciation for the regular arrival of the Fly Papers, which provide us with so much pleasure.

Please remember me to Mr. Perry, Mr. Cousins, "Captain" Taylor and Mr. Mulholland. Tell them I am going onto four-engined types. I am sure they will be interested. Please remember me also to those kind canteen ladies who are no doubt still serving those luxuries which I remember so well, and best regards to all the rest of the kind and helpful people on Riddle Field with whom I made friends.

I am very much afraid that I have lost touch with most of my former colleagues of Course 12, but I can give you the "gen" on at least three up to a few months ago. Jack Davis was then an acting Flying Officer on Halifaxes, Ros. Smith a primary instructor and I think "Gillie" Potter is on Bostons overseas somewhere.

Well, folks, I can't tell you anything else at present, but will write again if and when I get more news myself. I will close this short narrative now and hope to hear from your end soon.

Yours truly,
F/S H. N. Beer

Editor's Note: We have sent Henry Albert Beer a note with as much information as we could gather about his course, and hope that it will call forth an answer from his end with more "gen."

MORE THAN 1700 CADETS

The Fly Paper wishes to correct a typographical error that appeared in the last issue. Not a mere 100, but over 1700 cadets of both British and American Nationality have passed through No. 5 B.P.T.S. at Riddle Field.
Letters to the Editor

Gwen Field
Boise, Idaho

Hello Folks:

Yesterday I was thinking it was just about a year ago that I soloed at Carlstrom Field, 20 December 1943. Since then I’ve been getting a lot of time in. I was graduated with 44-F and was on single-engine until they decided that my six foot stature was too much. I now have a crew, flying first pilot on B-24 Liberators, in combat training.

Thanks for sending the Fly Paper and since I’ll be moving around, please have my copies sent to my home, 163 Elford Terrace, Spartanburg, S. C., and I’ll get them quicker that way.

Carlstrom will always be a pleasant memory to me.

Best regards to Embry-Riddle!

Guion L. Phillips
2nd Lt., Air Corps

Editor’s Note: From PTs to B-24s in a little over a year is quite a record, Guion! Without a doubt your height has not hindered your training.

3190 Pine Tree Drive
Miami Beach 40, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I have just received word that our son, 1st Lieutenant William Douglas Pawley, Jr., has arrived in the United States from India, after a year’s service as a pilot in the India-China Wing of the Air Transport Command.

As “Bill” was one of your early students I thought you might be interested in hearing about him. He volunteered at the outbreak of the war and later received his wings at George Field, III. He was stationed at the Homestead Base of the ATC before going overseas.

Lt. Pawley has completed 450 combat hours over the “Hump!” He wears the Distinguished Flying Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Air Medal and Presidential Citation, all received as an ATC Pilot in the India-China-Burma—or, as I should say, the C.B.I.—Theatre of War.

“Bill’s” brother, Clifton, who is 18 years old, also was a student of Embry-Riddle’s pilot training and engine schools. Clifton, a pilot with some 300 hours, is now in the V-12 of the U.S.N.R. at the University of Miami.

Clifton and “Bill” have much to say of their Embry-Riddle training. The latter always called it the best life insurance a very young pilot could have prior to entering the Army or the Navy.

I too feel grateful to the Embry-Riddle school for its splendid instruction which made my ambitious sons capable war-time pilots.

Your publication, the Fly Paper, is a source of so much pleasure to the many boys in the Services all over the world. I especially know how the English lads enjoy it, because about fifty of the Royal Air Force cadets of Riddle Field, Clewiston, have been my guests during the past twelve months.

We receive many letters from England as a result of their spending week-ends in our home. All of these boys speak happily of the Fly Paper as the little Ambassador of good will and friendliness which finds them in their far away war stations over the world.

Very sincerely yours,

Annie-Hahr Dobbs Pawley
(Mrs. William D.)

Editor’s Note: We are sincerely grateful to Mrs. Pawley for the news of her two flying sons. We are justifiably proud of the records our boys are making and we could have no higher compliment than to have one of them call our training “life insurance.”

1123 Turner Avenue
Dallas 8, Texas

Dear Editor:

We certainly appreciate receiving the Fly Paper and would thank you to note the change of address, so that future copies will come direct to us here at Dallas.

You will undoubtedly be interested in knowing that our only son, Harry Louis Leyda, Jr., who was graduated from your school at Miami in July of 1943, was reported as missing in action over Burma as of June 28th, 1943. He was a member of a four man crew flying C-47s over the hump to Chungking, and to date further communication from the War Department have failed to give us any additional definite information.

We trust the above will be of interest to you, and we wish to thank you for your continuation of our names on your mailing list.

Sincerely yours,

Harry L. Leyda

Editor’s Note: We wish to thank you for your letter, Mr. Leyda, and hope by the time you read this you will have received good news of your son’s whereabouts.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, Post Office Box 668, Miami 30, Florida. Requests for papers to be mailed to servicemen overseas must be signed by the addressee.

Name: 

Address: 

Page 3
Embry-Riddle FLY Paper

"Stick To It"

Published Monthly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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HILTON I. ROBINSON, Riddle Field

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It" January 15, 1946

By HILTON I. ROBINSON

The first of January arrived without any great evidence of new resolutions yet, under the surface, we feel that each department and each individual connected with the operation of this training unit has taken a more firm hold on his responsibilities.

Occasionally we have the privilege of visiting the various departments on this field and of particular interest is the Field School under the able direction of C. E. Bjornson. Here all cadets assemble to receive instruction in Navigation, Recognition, Airmanship, Theory of Flight, Meteorology, Signals and Armaments.

The class rooms are conveniently arranged and the schedule enable students to merge from one class to another with the precision of a State University.

Lectures and demonstrations intermingled with periodic tests prepare the cadet to be qualified to meet the final examination set by the RAF in Washington. The results of these tests are very complimentary to the instruction given here as No. 5 BFTS enjoys the honor of being the highest ranking RAF School in America.

Going 'Round

A visit to the expansive Maintenance department, L. M. "Keep 'Em Flyin'" Hutson as Superintendent, reminds us of a well organized general repair garage in peace time. Repair work is departmentalized and each crew takes a pride in doing its work efficiently. An item of particular interest is the standard of cleanliness which prevails from the wash rack to the instrument section. This, in itself, is commendable feature and no doubt has a decided effect upon the volume and quality of work turned out.

Wandering about the Field we see—Lt. Schuber just leaving or just returning to the station—Dennis Racener back from a brief visit to Indiana—Joe Garcia arranging his night flyin' schedule—General Manager E. J. Smith wearing a Stetson hat—Mark Kenson looking over the needs of visiting aircraft—Harold Curtis laboriously climbing the stairway to the control tower—Rushing business on "BCs" at the Canteen.

Other Courses

Christmas in New York means snow and scarves and noses as red and raw as that of the Tennysonian Marion. Christmas in London means rain and umbrellas and mackintoshes. Christmas in Florida, we discovered, means bright sunshine, white clouds, waving palm trees, green-purple against a dark blue sky, and an ocean packed with sun-brown humanity.

In a word, the two junior courses had the Christmas of their lives in a land of milk and honey—or should I say turkey

Continued on Page 18
twenty one
Patience is a virtue, virtue is a grace,
The Editor had neither, not the smallest trace,
For every contribution placed upon the shelf,
He found he had another written by himself

J. K.
LISTENING OUT
JAN. 1945

Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Long expected one and twenty
Ling’ring year, at length is flown.

FROM the time Mr. Meadors gave us our first welcome to Clewiston to
this our date of departure, we have never ceased to wonder at and admire
American hospitality. We have been dined, wined and, if it were not for
the double entendre, bathed at Clewiston’s exclusive Cadet Club and Palm
Beach’s most recherché hideouts.

We have been given lifts in everything from Cadillacs to jalopies,
from furniture vans to the station dust cart. And now the Editors, having by
these dubious means attained Palm Beach, knock at the ever open door of
Mrs. NeSmith to present to her the gratitude of a well tea-ed Course: and
to our other hosts and hostesses of a few legitimate and a hundred surrep­
titious week ends, many thanks.

To all of our instructors who, while we groundlooped with more
thoroughness than taste, sat like “Patience, on a Monument, Smiling at
Grief” . . .

To Rainbow, whose pancake out followed the storm of more than
one peculiarly trying instrument period . . .

To all of our instructors at the ground school and Link . . .

To the canteen where every prospect pleases . . .

To our RAF Officers and NCOs . . .

We tender not solely our gratitude but our sincerest appreciation for
the invaluable guidance they have given us during the past six months.

And now the time has come to say to all of these, Farewell.

There will be as large a welcome for everyone of you in England as
there was for us over here. We can say no more. In fact, as Montaigne so
aptly said:

“Partir c’est mourir un peu”

— J. K.
MAC and MURRAY are leaders,
KILICK FOSTERs the young.
By SCOTT, KIDMAN and BENNETT
Bells are endlessly rung.

THE life of RUSSELL is puzzling
To the eyes to which HUTLEY reads.
And WARRINGTON, through his moustache,
Enjoys silvery words to dark deeds.

"WHAT, no solo ships!"

HOLLAND is swimming for victory.
ECCLES dives into the POOLE.
FUDGE swims under the water;
KINGSHOTT sleeps there, as a rule.

WITH songs of a dubious nature,
The Palm Beach special brings
HIGGINS and STAPLEY quite sober,
But my God, how ROBINSON sings!

"Boy, credit that guy with three landings"
WATERWORTH, captain of Rugger, McKay-Forbes one of the wings. Leading the pack, Henry Morgan, like a wolf, to the telephone springs.

Each wing interlocked completely Llewellyn and Myres, on PTS, found life a trifle hectic, like the man on the flying trapeze.

Swannie and Channon groom wildly their moustaches with creams and oil. Dimeow and Denner the drowsy for slumber endlessly toil.

No drill or PT for Herrick and Biggs has no cause for complaint. Davies, with an interest in weather, likes his curves with restraint.

"Hullo, Rainbow, this is AJ ready to zigzag on instruments"
HOLTON's a vicarious pleasure
And DIERDEN pense avec son coeur.
When FRANCIS has lost his bacon
LOVATT changes his rôle d'inspecteur.

To Clewiston's Cadet Club BRADLEY
Merrily conveys his drum
And REID tingling the ivories
Makes his boogie woogie hum.

DEVALL prefers steering his ground speed.
TRAYLER's an apostle of skive.
And HANDFORD enthusiastically follows
Chris STAFFURTH's elaborate jive.

YOUNG DRAKE runs the church committee,
He may be a DEAN quite soon.
WALLENS prefers his slow rolls
By the light of the silvery moon.

"Hullo, Rainbow, this is Zigzag"
WILLIAMS is a Welshman, now look you. Still MULLINS and DEWFALL remain. And they demonstrate all too clearly That twenty rehashed is no gain.

McKAY comes from the LAUGHLAND, DARE is Devon bred. We have lost all our mosquitoes, But we have our BUGGS instead.

OLD FREND has no fears for EDWICK Since psychology killed the cat Can he tell us why BLACKBURN went flying, With his pitot tube wearing its hat?

WE hoisted the jolly ROGERS When LANDEN shot his LYNE, Under the hood I lost seven Thousand feet on a climb.

"Hullo, Rainbow, can you dispense with my services now?"
Some talk of ALEXANDER
Others talk of WREST
RATCLIFFE's lost sink, line, and HOOKER
When he surveys RAFFERTY's chest.

P ALM Beach and Miami are near us
But MADDISON's avenue's far,
While swallowing many a soda
DRYSDALE yearns for a car.

NOW FRASER in every direction
Would take off across the FIELD,
While FARTHING and FAULKNER sat frightened
As the barber their scalps revealed.

ROBINSON's all out for glamour
A subject for a LEWIS Cartoon.
While CROSBIE has a hidden ambition,
Like Sinatra, to make the girls swoon.

"I always have a carburetor fire at night
so I can see what I'm doing"
JORDAN prefers his wheels up,
LAINÉ likes his on its nose.
Flapper WINCH selects bathing
To receive his cracks and blows.

ENGLISH beer is for BUSWELL,
Guinness for CLAYTON and CLOCKS.
Twenty-five dollars a fortnight
Soon leaves them all on the rocks.
This the song of twenty-one
Slow to a finish flows.
REES is all that’s left with us,
Both in poetry(!) and in prose.

Ep pluribus vigenti
Et unum is our creed.
To close this touching ditty
We your indulgence need.
This only goes to show, that there ain’t no good in men,
They were our Course, but they done it wrong.

"Twenty-one Course is a bad Course"
DEDICATIONS

To Course 21

Pin up your flight-plans on your Bigsworth Boards
And fly, fly, fly.
Match up your airspeed with your D.R. Time,
Fly boys, don’t be shy!
What’s the use of worrying,
You can map read, if you try;
So, pin up your girl friend on your Bigsworth Board
And fly, fly, fly!

To Course 22

There was I waiting by my kite,
Waiting by my kite,
Waiting for a Flight.
There was I waiting till the night,
My, how it did upset me!
All at once my instructor sent a note,
Here’s the very note,
This is what he wrote:
“Can’t get away, to circuit you today,
RAF check won’t let me!”

To Course 23

P.T., P.T. Give me your answer do,
I’m half crazy,
Bumps made me black and blue.
It wasn’t a stylish landing,
No laurels the CO’s handing,
’Twas the fault of the jeep, that made us that heap
Of a Stearman made for two.

To Ground School

A long thin streak of . . .
“Well, class, I, er,” never did quite know
That your carburetor iced below.
“Tut, tut and tut,” in “fluffy wool packs.”
“Everything away! mental D.R.!”
“All right, Johnnie,” you’ve gone too far—
Use compass correction to alter tracks.
“Flight leaders, you have ’em!” for all I care
Take ’em to Link, Tech, or the Folies Bergères!
“When I was in Africa,” and that sort of stuff,
With radius half, deflection ten,
We bagged five or more, “chaps,”—that’s the gen;
So sign on the pad, blokes: “Fair enough?”

To Long XC

Columbus discovered America
By chance, the chronicles tell.
We have discovered Columbus,
And it’s not a bit like heav’n.
CHAPTER XXI

1. Now it came to pass that divers men, known as sprogs from the land of Raf, did journey forth into Floridian fields to take unto themselves wings and fly over the earth; yea, even unto the heavens.

2. As the time drew nigh for them to go forth into the night, many were the instructions given unto them, lest they become lost and prang in the wilderness.

3. Men spake unto them in strange tongues and said unto them, Lo, watch thy D.I. and A.H. and trust not the seat of thy pants, and hearken not unto the evil spirits that say unto thee, thy instruments lie.

4. For many are they that harkened to the evil spirits and pranged. And great was the pranging thereof.

5. But some there were from the land of Raf who heeded not the words of the wise men, and privily spake among themselves, saying, What manner of men are these, who say unto us, Lo watch thy D.I. and A.H. and harken not to the evil spirits? Know they not that we have flown many hours, yea, even unto nine score and ten.

6. But when they that had laughed the words of the wise men to scorn, journeyed forth into the night, the evil spirits spake unto them, and they did panic and were uncertain of their positions.

“Of Wisdom and Folly”

7. And there was a great weeping and gnashing of teeth. And they said unto themselves, Verily, Verily, I am lost and know not where to land my ship.

8. And there was no health in them.

9. Some there were, that went unto the Beach called Vero, and some unto the field of Morrison. Yea, even unto Stuart and Connors.

10. But they that heeded the words of the wise men did perceive a beam which is likened unto a guiding hand and did, after multitudinous bracketings land at the field, which is known to all men as Riddle.

11. When they that were lost did return, he who is known as the Commander of the Wings did send for them and said unto them, Thou fools, why didst not ye heed the words of the wise men and wherefor didst ye panic.

12. Verily, Verily I say unto you, lest ye cause thy ears and eyes to hearken, ye will be cast into the outer darkness, wherein men fly not, neither do they spin. Cursed be thy name and thy seed forever!

13. Get thee hence and harken unto the words of the wise men, lest they rise in their wrath and smite thee on the head with the stick that is known as Joy.

14. They went forth from his presence and were greatly chastened, and did walk with constant speed forever.

— F. H.
AND THESE ARE THE LADS OF TWENTY-ONE COURSE

1  J. A. Maccormack (MAC)
20  R. J. Morgan (HENRY)
39  F. G. Handford (JOE)
48  T. G. Williams (FARMER)
57  F. Faulkner (TED)

71  Glenoe Street
70  Church Street
69  Albert Drive
68  Widbrook
67  Liverpool
66  Wall Road
65  Stockport
64  Barnet
63  Nurse
62  Scots
61  Cheese
60  Black
59  Milk
58  Lads
57  Home
56  Herts
55  Gloucester
54  Old
53  Devizes
52  Devizes
51  Winchester
50  West
49  Wallace
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Fifty-Seven Years of Flying
Is Time Logged at Carlstrom

Fifty seven years of continuous day and night flying by a single ship is the time logged entirely by the old reliable PT-17s at Carlstrom Field. Measured at the rate of 90 miles per hour, 39 classes of Carlstrom cadets have flown more than 45,000-000 miles, equal to 1,600 times around the earth at the Equator, or 12,000 flights from Pearl Harbor to Tokyo.

Another Milestone
Carlstrom Field, which holds the record of the safest flying field on earth, with only one flying fatality in almost 4 years of primary training, passed another milestone on December 28 with the completion of the 500,000th hour of flying, according to the Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. E. G. Cooper.

Luck played some part in attaining this unique safety record. However, major credit is due to the Army personnel and the personnel of Embry-Riddle who exercised care and provided the students with thorough training. The ideal climate and terrain in this section of Florida also must be recognized as an important factor.

Since activation in March 1941, this the largest primary field in the eastern part of the United States has graduated 922 Royal Air Force cadets in eight classes and 5,932 American trainees in 32 classes. These pilots are now playing an important role in the Air Forces' activities against the Axis nations throughout the world, as is evidenced by the many citations and decorations they have received.

Half Millionth Hour
Receiving his primary training at Carlstrom, before going on to basic and advanced fields in the Army Air Forces Eastern Training Command, is A/C Fred W. Poole who is credited with having flown the half millionth hour. Cadet Poole, son Col. and Mrs. J. H. Poole of Kingston, Pa., is shown on the front page of this issue with his instructor, John W. Duris.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL
Treadway lately, it's because he is attending a two-weeks' course in Physical Training at San Anton.

That's the story for this time.

Graduate of Class 43-1
Returns from Overseas
Lt. Norman W. Berg, Carlstrom graduate of Class 43-1, now home after completing a tour of duty in England, really has had quite a career for a young man—he's 20 years old. After his graduation from high school in 1942, Lt. Berg enlisted in the Army Air Forces and was commissioned on November 3, 1943 at Blytheville, Ark.

He flew to England with a crew that remained with him most of the time during his 31 missions over Festung Europe. On invasion day he made two complete trips across the channel.

Lt. Berg, who was a pilot on a B-17 upon completion of his tour of duty, wears the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

During his furlough home, Lt. Berg acquired a motorcycle and expects to take it with him to Miami, where he will be stationed for a short time before reporting to Yuma, Ariz., as an advanced instructor.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS
Flight Dormitory

The Embry-Riddle flight dormitory, perhaps unique in the nation, where female fledglings live while winning their wings, is located at 222 Calabria st., Coral Gables. Young women from all parts of the United States have come here to study and train to become pilots. Many who have received the pass have served in the WASPS, ferrying planes of all types to all parts of the country for the Army Air Forces. Others have remained on the ground as Link instructors.

Today, the majority of the girls at "the dorm" are working for their commercial pilot licenses and instructor ratings with the intention of becoming flight instructors. Others, however, want their wings for their own use in an aerial future when they hope to be piloting their own planes for pleasure and for business purposes.

Aviation Lingo

Discussions of hair-dos and clothes styles, while not forgotten, have become secondary in the dormitory to discussions of take-offs and landings, of banks and stalls, as the girls swap experiences in aviation terminology after a day of flight at Chapman Field or the seaplane base on MacArthur Causeway.

Some of the girls have husbands in the service, such as Margaret Deaton Van Over of Wooton, Ky., who shares her enthusiasm for flying with her husband, Lt. James Henry Van Over, of the Army Air Forces. After the war they hope to have their own plane and do most of their traveling by flying. She now has 90 hours in the air, and plans to become an instructor. Before her marriage, she was a social science and art teacher.

Most of the girls have just returned from home where they spent their Christmas vacations, but once again have climbed into their planes and with the New Year are off to a flying start.

A and E Angles

by MARY E. PINAR

"Home" here at A & E is growing bigger and better all the time. Everything is alert and alive and the shop is bee-you-tee-ful to see with all the aircraft that has been rolling in. Residents in this section were alarmed at the sight of the sides bulging and wings coming out the windows; they thought the place would soon fly away!

Seriously, some aircraft has to be worked on out in the yard as there is not enough room in the shop. The latest rumor that has reached my ears is that an elevated trolleyway will be erected to handle these on-coming planes!

And who is Who's-Who behind all this? None other than our splendid staff of officials, supervisors, and workers. Charlie Grafflin, in charge of the A & E Division for almost a month and a half now, is in there pitching as ever before, and he hasn't even had to threaten with his "production whip"—his words are enough.

We have had a few changes and additions in personnel, too, which I'd like to tell you about. Let's get the bad news off first—Jan Klint, former Sup't. of Aircraft, is now strictly G. I., and we were very sorry to lose him to Uncle Sam. Good luck, Jan. We miss you and hope the speedy end of the war will bring you back to us.

Two Congrats

Jack "Jake" Hale has been promoted from Engine Superintendent to Assistant General Manager—congratulations, Jack—and we know you are the man for the job. While on the subject of Jack, better ask him for one of those cigars he'll have to be passing out pretty soon!

We are glad to welcome into our employ Leonard Hendrix, former Chief Inspector of the Army Detachment 'way back when, and O. T. Austen, a former "man" of ours. Mr. Hendrix is now Expediter, and Mr. Austen has taken over our brand new stock and tool room. Sometime this month, we will greet at our door Pete Prince, who will return to us as General Superintendent of the Division.

More Cheers

Further along the line of congratulations we have Harold Malcolm of A & E Accounting, who has been promoted to Accountant of Accountants, or er, a Accounting — Delmar Haughn also is due for tabs as newly appointed Supervisor of Engine Overhaul, from his former position as Foreman. We could just go on and on about our personnel... .

That's not all the news around here but guess it will have to do for this time—come over and see us and we will let you in on the ground floor, unless you'd rather take the trolley ride to our expectations for the future!

The Dade County Community War Chest's 1945 campaign is under way. This is one of the most humanitarian efforts of the year and we hope that Embry-Riddle employees will again come to the fore.

NEW TECH TALK

by RUTH WESTONHAVER

Upon the arrival of that particular time to meet the Fly Paper deadline, your Tech School correspondent becomes a little panicky... what to tell you readers this time becomes the all important question of the day. Then, after innumerable unsuccessful attempts to begin the beginning, so to speak, I finally decide just what will interest you Tech School well-wishers.

New Instruments

The instructor's staff has been increased to include Bartley "Pete" Caldwell, taking over the Instrument department, which, as most of us are aware, is a renewed department at the Tech School. Welcomed along with Mr. Caldwell are four new students, Guy Lanier, Harry J. Greene, Richard Foster and Leonard Rodberg.

Gaining further knowledge and experience in the chosen career of Aircraft Engine Mechanics are Clark Ingalls and Ardis McCants, of the U. S. Navy.

Additional Veterans of World War II who have enrolled in our Radio Communications course are James Wilson, Robert Brown and Benjamin Goldberg. All branches of the service are well represented, the students being formerly of the Army, Navy and Marines.

Fortunate Fellows

These men who now are enrolled in the Embry-Riddle Technical School, and those who will join us in the future, are included among the fortunate aviation students of our country. They are on the ground floor of a development which will offer attractive earnings and highly fascinating work in postwar years. There will be few, if any, other jobs in the United States which promise more interesting careers.

When studied, practical and applied, aviation mechanics will enable each and every graduate an unlimited field of opportunity... the inevitable climb from their first assignment to that of supervisory capacity of their respective type of mechanics.

COURSES

Continued from Page 4

and cranberries?—with the most hospitable hosts and hostesses, for Mrs. NeSmith and her corps of friends, now our friends, found accommodation and fun for all. Many thanks to all of you, and a happy New Year.

Course 22 had the advantage of a few weeks leave extending over the New Year, which was of course brought in with customary jollification; and we all sang Auld Lang Syne, linking arms with total strangers (one's friends always seem elsewhere at midnight) in the usual manner.

As this is Course 21's Listening Out, we would bid them God speed to England and the best of luck in the future.

D. K. Freeth
Studies American Way

Aviation will unlock the future of Central and South America and bind them closer to North America, believes a Central American boy who arrived recently in Miami to study flying and take his part in the expansion of aviation Southward.

Robert Rapalo, 19, of the Republic of Honduras, enrolled as a ground school student at Chapman Field and recently started flying lessons.

"Aviation is most important for the development of Central America and is being used extensively by big banana and coffee plantation owners who must make business trips to other cities," he said. "Most businessmen travel by commercial airlines, since flying is the best and quickest way to get over the mountains. A few own private planes, although private flying is just in its beginning stages. As it expands, it will contribute vitally to the country's progress," he believes.

Importance of English

"Aviation will strengthen the relations between South, Central and North America, and make good neighbors of the three countries," he said. He feels there will be so much communication between the countries after the war that it will be necessary to know English. The desire to learn English as it is spoken in the United States, and to get the North American slant on aviation, prompted him to study here rather than to attend the government schools in his own country.

Upon first arriving in the United States, he spent three months at Hinds Junior College, Raymond, Miss., learning the fundamentals of the English language, and customs of this country. He says he likes the United States very much, finds the people most friendly, and would like to live here if he ever has the opportunity.

He will study at Chapman Field for his private pilot's license, then for his commercial license with an instructor's rating, after which he plans to go to either Central or South America as a flight instructor.

His father is a physician, Dr. Jose Ines Rapalo, of San Pedro Sula, where Robert was born.

CHAPMAN CHATTER

By THE GALS IN THE DORM

Christmas is over—and we've all made our resolutions—by this time most of them have been broken, but that doesn't matter, the fact remains, we have tried.

Esterlouise Cochran and Deaton Van Over kept the home fires burning in the girls' dorm during the holidays. Now the place is coming to life again—Robbie Je Powell and Lois Brown have come back and Syl Kaytis got in Thursday morning. Savannah was wonderful, George is wonderful (so is that new diamond, by the way) and there was something about a New Year's Eve party at the Officers Club that was interesting to say the least. We're still waiting to hear reports from the other girls to see how they made out.

Nothing like a good cross-country flight to make life worth while. We're all so glad to get back to Chapman all in one piece that we're willing to accept most anything. George Johnston (the only fellow ever ducked in the shower at the girls' dorm) had an encounter with some "pelicans" that proved to be B-24's, forcing our friend George into several maneuvers not recommended for long life for Piper Cubs, or pilots either for that matter.

Only Three Legs

"Black Sheep," our guardian angel, went with Estherlouise Cochran to Lantanna. He go so excited he broke three legs and had to be patched up twice before they were able to come back.

Then there is the little incident of the "ground fog" that was actually chemical smoke that Deaton Van Over dove under in the Stinson. So, Ann Grizzell seems to be the only one who got by without some wild adventure.

Absolutely the most exciting thing that has happened in weeks was the arrival of several Canadian planes on a short visit. The pilots were really HP's and told plenty HP tales. But as Estherlouise said—"French Canadians are so sweet!"

Marge no longer graces the canteen and "Shep" has left us for a new job—best of luck to both of you. However, it's nice to have Mr. Stokes driving the bus to Chapman again.

Whoever started that old gag about burning the midnight oil didn't know the half of it—or our New Year's Resolution that we intend to keep—I mean the one about Chapman Chattering on and on in the night.

Drummer Phil Gallagher Gets Commercial License At the Age of Eighteen

Believed to be the youngest boy in the United States to get his commercial pilot's license with both instructor's and instrument ratings, a Miami Beach boy, Phil C. Gallagher, at the age of 18, has just received his license and ratings at Embry-Riddle.

Working as a drummer in local night club bands in the evenings while he was still in high school, Phil earned the money to pay for his flying training. He has been studying flying before and after school hours, and on vacations, but was required by law to wait until he was 18 before he could receive a license. He now has more than 300 hours in the air.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phil J. Gallagher of Miami Beach, would not permit him to work and fly unless he maintained a B average in his high school work, so he kept up his school work by studying between dances at night. He was graduated from Miami Beach Senior high school in June.

Land and Sea

His first 100 hours of flying were at the Seaplane Base, where he worked one summer as a ramp boy. Later he went to Chapman Field for a land rating, and was studying there when he reached his eighteenth birthday and received his license and ratings. He also has a zero to 270 horsepower rating on single engines—land and sea.

For a while he was a flight instructor in the daytime and in the evenings beat the drum with a well known orchestra. He has been employed as a drummer since he was 13 years old, and joined the Miami Federation of Musicians at 14.

Phil recently obtained an appointment to the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps at Pensacola, Miss., where he is now a midshipman.
COLONEWS

By Joan Korn

The last strains of "Auld Lang Syne" have faded away and the "shopping days till Christmas" will lose count again until next year. Yes, everyone in the Colonnade is enjoying a quiet life again with no expressions of anxiety for the immediate future. Nevertheless, our memories are still fresh with the activities of the holiday season.

We recall very vividly the gayly trimmed Christmas tree, the holly wreaths and streamers that decorated the lobby. There was a table piled high with gifts, all of which were distributed at the Christmas party and luncheon the Saturday before Christmas.

Fun and Food

The gifts added a great deal of fun to the party, for example, Bob Davis opened a huge box only to find a tiny box of Johnson's baby powder buried in the bottom. Ed Zwicker was seen with a bottle of leg make-up while Ben Turner sported a 1945 "Over-Age" Wolf License. The highlight of the party was the buffet lunch of delicious sandwiches, potato salad, etc., and even those dainty pastries which are especially popular at Christmas.

Befitting the occasion, there was a solemn pause while our president, John G. McKay, made the presentation of a four-year service pin to Bill O'Neill. Sincere congratulations were extended to Bill, who displayed a broad and happy grin as he very eloquently voiced his thanks.

The following Saturday, all of us gathered together again to bid farewell to H. T. "Gramps" Carpenter. As master of ceremonies, John Kille very cleverly, but with a serious note, voiced our sentiments and presented "Gramps" with a scroll bearing our signatures and wishes for good luck in the future. Margaret Missio also presented him with a marble desk pen set as a token of appreciation from all of us.

Just Across the Street

Before leaving to attend a luncheon in his honor, "Gramps" assured us that we will be seeing him frequently, since he is just "moving across the street" with J. P. Riddle Company. We learned recently that his office and duties have been entrusted to our most efficient and capable Chief Auditor, Bill Liversedge.

Since the coming of the New Year, there already have been some changes made, not only in resolutions, but also in the familiar faces here in the Colonnade. Our vivacious little Emma Carnevale has returned to the main office of our Insurance department in Miami, while our mimeograph expert, Frances Tolman, has left for Biloxi, Miss., to be with her husband. We miss both of them but expect our other divisions to miss Frances especially, now that the future of the Mimeograph department depends on Emily Conlon and the writer. Due credit should be given Emily for knowing how to make the machine run under its own power. The rest is simple, we keep telling ourselves.

Bright Ash Trays

Speaking of New Year’s Resolutions, the word in itself has become a threat as well as a promise with some of our habitual smokers. It is a definite fact that never before have we seen so many empty ash trays on all of the desks. Yet, to those of us who resolved to give up smoking, may we say their task is no more difficult than the ones who resolved to scare up a pack. Here’s to cleaner, brighter ash trays!