ENGLISH TENNIS STARS ON TOUR

Dorothy Round Little and Ruth Mary Hardwick, world renowned English tennis champions, will entertain Embry-Riddle Cadets and personnel with a series of exhibitions this week-end and next week. They are touring South Florida in conjunction with the Physical Fitness Committee of Washington.

After each match, the girls will play mixed doubles with Lloyd Budge, Director of Athletics of Embry-Riddle, and Lt. Campbell Gillespie, AAF, native of Miami.

Saturday at 1:00 p.m. after Wings Parade at Riddle Field, a match will be held.

Sunday at 2:00 p.m. will see the players at Flamingo Park, Miami Beach, where the Air Force men stationed there will have an opportunity to witness some top notch tennis.

On Monday Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women, will entertain Miss Little and Miss Hardwick at luncheon before their 4:00 p.m. game at Tech. Tuesday they will play at the Bath Club, Miami Beach, as guests of John G. McKay.

Carlstrom and Dorr Fields will be visited Wednesday, Carlstrom at 11:00 a.m. and Dorr at 4:00 p.m. Double headers will be played at both Fields.

TAKE YOUR TIME BEFORE TAKE-OFF IS ADVICE OF AAF

Have you ever watched a top-drawer pilot before and during preparations for take-off? Such a pilot as Jimmy Mattern, famous barnstormer, air mail pilot, movie stunt flyer and now chief test pilot for Lockheed? If you have, you might be surprised.

Mattern and all the rest that come up to his class are men of precision when it comes to flying an airplane. Men who have no faith in any airplane unless it is properly handled and treated with the respect that any complex piece of machinery demands.

Alert

Despite years of experience—thousands of hours in everything from cranes to creations of the latest and safest production design—these men are always alert to make haste slowly when it comes to going somewhere in an airplane. As a result, they have gone somewhere and back again more times than most of us can duplicate in one lifetime.

A real hot pilot is never in a hurry. In a casual yet cautious manner he checks his airplane, finding out for himself if there is sufficient gas, if the form 1A is clear.

He knows for himself the exact condition of his airplane just as a doctor knows the temperature of his patient. And before take-off he utilizes the services of the men that are there to help him, chatting with the operations officer, weather observer, ground crew and fellow flyers to get all the last-minute information.

Expert

After all the glamour is stripped away, a pilot is fundamentally the operator of a highly complex machine under highly variable conditions. He must know everything possible about his airplane and the conditions he will fly it in to reach top pilot efficiency.

Just as a lawyer would enlist the aid of medical men before preparing a brief on an insanity case, so the pilot should stop by and see operations, find out about

Continued on Page 14
Letters to the Editor

925 Lenox Avenue
Miami Beach, Fla.
January 17, 1944

Dear Editor:

I am a member of the Civil Air Patrol and I have been receiving the Fly Paper regularly. I have come to like each issue immensely and I often read news about my friends in the aviation field.

For the past two weeks I have been getting two issues of the Fly Paper, and both are read and re-read by my friends until each is ragged.

But because of the paper shortage, please send only one issue. Thank you and keep up your work on the Fly Paper.

Sincerely yours,

Ellen Ravitz, C. A. P.

Editor’s Note: Your thoughtfulness is appreciated, Ellen. We would like to hear of your C. A. P. activities, so please write us again.

6 Barbara Street
Malone, N. Y.
January 27, 1944

Dear Editor:

I greatly appreciate and enjoy the Fly Paper, which I have received regularly since its birth by Lt. Paul Immun-Moomey, left Carlstrom Field, after instructing there fifteen months, to accept his commission.

I am enclosing a clipping which was printed in our daily paper, Malone Evening Telegram, after the writer had read an edition of the Fly Paper. I think it will interest you as it speaks of work done by civilian instructors.

Another clipping describes the work done by Lt. Moomey and I do feel that his success, to a great extent, is the result of his work at Carlstrom. I always shall be proud of the fact that he was once affiliated with the Emby-Riddle Company.

I am sure he would appreciate the Fly Paper, if it isn't asking too much; therefore, I have enclosed his address.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. Walter L. Moomey

Editor’s Note: The clipping enclosed in Mrs. Moomey’s letter was an article by Lucille Audette commenting on “Credit Where Credit Is Due” which appeared in the Fly Paper on October 8, 1942, telling of the trials and tribulations of the civilian flying instructor. The other clipping was a story by Peggy Tavernier in which the activities of Lt. Moomey were described.

After leaving Carlstrom Moomey joined the Air Transport Command at the Romulus, Mich., Air Base. His ability soon was recognized and he was made an instructor of Ferry Command pilots, on military planes from fighters to four-engine bombers. We want to thank Mrs. Moomey for sending the articles to us and to congratulate her on the obvious success of her son.

Class 44-E
Gunter Field, Ala.
January 23, 1944

Dear Editor:

I’m writing this letter on behalf of the fellows in my squadron. We haven’t been here at Basic too long but there is one thing we all miss a great deal since leaving Carlstrom Field—that’s the Fly Paper.

We all enjoyed reading it so much and want to keep on enjoying it. Would you please send me the Fly Paper so we all can keep up with the news? I know all the fellows would appreciate it as much as I would.

Yours truly,

A/C John Buchanan

Editor’s Note: You will receive the Fly Paper regularly, John. Please keep us posted regarding your changes of address.

If any of the other cadets in your squadron want it sent to them, all they have to do is drop us a card.

A/C CHARLES J. LANDRY of Dorr Field, of whom Joseph Landry’s letter speaks

348 Hildreth Street
Lowell, Massachusetts
January 15, 1944

Dear Editor:

In your Emby-Riddle Fly Paper of December 31, 1943, Vol. VII, No. 11, we were surprised and joyfully glad to catch the picture of our son parading at Dorr Field. He is first left air cadet on page six of the Fly Paper.

We should like to inquire if it is possible by paying charges to have prints made of this picture? Or could we borrow the film?

Naturally we do not know how we could get a half dozen finished prints of this grand picture.

For your courtesy in answering our request we thank you. The name of our son is A/C Charles J. Landry, Squadron 2, Dorr Field.

Respectfully yours,

Joseph A. Landry

Editor’s Note: We regret that the negative of the picture you mention, Mr. Landry, is not available, but we are endeavoring to locate a print for you which you can have copied. In the meantime, we are publishing a cut-out of your son.
Letters from England

P/O J. Jones, R.A.F.
50 Trinity Road
Booth
Liverpool, 20, England
December 20, 1943

Dear Jack:

I suspect this letter will make you think quite a lot trying to remember who P/O Jones really is. Well, let me try to refresh your memory. I was a member of the celebrated Course 7. Remember the first course to have no failures in Ground School? I graduated in September, 1942, as a Sergeant, and after 12 months I became a Flight Sergeant. I have been commissioned just a little over two months.

After my O.T.U. training I went to a Spitfire Squadron where I have been for the last nine months. One of the first persons I met on the Squadron was Everill of Course 6. I have met several ex-Clewediston boys back here. P/O Hayes and James of Course 3, Stewart of Course 1 and Walker of Course 5, I think. He is a ferry pilot now.

At present I am home awaiting posting for training as an instructor. I have had a little share of the fun, but I would like a little more. However, the powers that be have decided that I shall be an instructor, and that’s all there is to it.

Please give my regards to Instructors Richard, Taylor and Walker, and also to the Flight Commanders. They all gave me grand instruction.

I am afraid the ranks of Course 7 have been considerably thinned during the past year. The only ones I have definite news of are “Boy” Loch and G. Williams. The latter I know is doing a grand job on Whirlwind fighter bombers.

It was with great regret that I read the obituary of F/L Nickerson or “Nickey” as we all used to call him. He was well liked and loved by all who passed through No. 5 B.F.T.S.

How often I wish to be back over there with you. I did have a grand time. Please remember me to the Hendricks in Moore Haven. They were very nice to us all. My regards also to Syd Burrows.

I’ll promise to write again soon. Please thank the editor for our copy of the Fly Paper which arrives regularly, and change the address to the above, however. Thank you.

Well, cheerio, Jack.

Always remembering you,
Johnny

P.S.—I’m very proud to see No. 5 B.F.T.S. doing so well in the exams, following in our footsteps. If you remember, No. 7 were the first to give No. 5 top place in all the B.F.T.S.’s.

P.S. 2. Is there any chance of an anniversary booklet? I should love to have one.

Editor’s Note: Jack Hopkins has sent us your letter for publication, Johnny, and we are changing your Fly Paper address. We are also sending your request for an anniversary booklet to Clewediston, and we are sure they will send you one. Lots of luck to you and the other Riddle Field boys who are doing such a grand job “over there.”

Dear Editor:

I fear the time is long overdue for me to write to thank you for my weekly tonic in the form of the Fly Paper, which has been arriving with unfailing regularity at my home since I was graduated way back in August 1942.

Please accept my apologies for not writing before and I would like to take this opportunity of saying what a priceless link the Fly Paper is between those of the “Family” over here and those of you over there. Every issue is of great interest to me and contains news of someone I knew personally—so keep up the good work, please.

I have before me the Fly Paper of November 5, which arrived today, and in it is an article by Suzie Bryan who should remember me (also Freddy Everitt and Dicky Beeva of Course 6). Maybe she’ll find time to write me one day—perhaps you can persuade her, Editor.

I am enjoying a spot of leave at the moment, and can think of no better place to spend it than Palm Beach—if only that were possible! Just now, over here, it is difficult to believe that such a glorious climate as that of Florida really does exist, although today’s Press proclaims that Florida has had its first snow since 1898. Must have shaken the locals a bit!

Incidentally, I have been flying the famed P-51 Mustang for the last six months—a wizard ship. F/O Jimmy Neild of Course 2 and P/O Paddy Brooks of Course 7 are flying them too. Paddy Everitt of Course 6 is still flying Spits and is now overseas.

I have been very interested to read of late of the adventures of William A. Watkins, the American who graduated with Course 6. He was a good friend of mine and I would be grateful if you could help me to contact him. Can you supply his address?

My letter would be incomplete without a word of thanks to those whose task is a pretty thankless one—the flying instructors. Those who strove hard (and they needed to) to teach me the elements of the art I have since joined the U.S. Air Corps—Joe Blodgett and Tommy Teate—and I still hear from them occasionally. My kindest regards to those of the summer of ’42 who still remain—Mr. Johnson, Mr. Perry and Mr. Cousins in particular.

I feel inclined and could very easily reminisce at great length on the wonderful time we had during our all too short stay in Florida. The Everglades Club and the Bath and Tennis Club at Palm Beach are still very vivid in my memory—and the Macadden Deauville was the place to go in Miami in those days.

I desist with difficulty and will conclude in the hope that the day may not be far off when we over here shall all be able to renew acquaintances with you all over there and then—“Look out, Florida, here we come!”

Yours very sincerely,

Frank Recs
Flying Officer RAF

Editor’s Note: We’ll keep your “tonic” coming, Frank, and we believe Suzie will find time to send a little news from the “land of sunshine” too. Of course, you realize that any notice of snow in Florida is purely propaganda, probably trumped up by enemy agents. May your return to our country not be far off, and in the meantime may you find much time to write us more news of yourself and your classmates.

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, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

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Cay Silcocks, Seaplane Base

OTTO F. HEMPEL, Special Correspondent

APPLIED RELIGION
by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt, Dorl Field

Religion is of the stuff of Heaven—ideas, ideals, faith, hope, love, courage and sacrifice. Those things are intangible and invisible. We call them spiritual qualities. But don’t jump to the conclusion therefore that religion is impractical for this world of hard facts.

True religion of every creed is realistically applied to the experiences of our workaday world. I would call it applied religion.

You have no religion if it is not used to overcome the fear that would defeat you, to guide you in choosing the right, to give you courage to tackle the difficult task, and to provide the faith which enables you to scale otherwise unattainable heights. It is like an airplane with a powerful engine but which cannot leave the ground until that engine is put to use.

Do you feel that your religion has failed to give you that sense of satisfaction and happiness that it should? Perhaps it is as some have said, “Religion has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and never tried.”

If God only visits your church on Sunday and is not a daily companion; if faith is only the subject of a sermon and not the ladder by which you reach life’s ideals; if courage is only a virtue of the saints of old and not a power to conquer modern Goliaths; if sacrifice is the subject of a beautiful hymn of the past and selfishness is the song of the present; if Christ never steps out of the stained-glass windows to lift the burden of suffering humanity; then that religion is out of touch with our world today.

Ancient lore has it that Hercules and Antaeus were engaged in a desperate battle. Antaeus was successful so long as he kept his feet on the ground, but when Hercules...
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

The Carlstrom "Blue Devils" really showed all Embry-Riddle-ites which field was the Auxiliary Field last week when they wallowed the Dorr Field five by a score of 55-20. The Carlstrom boys just couldn't be stopped and the score would have been much more one-sided if Coach Weiner had sent in the Carlstrom reserves to play a good part of the time. Congratulations to tiny mites "Scotty" Seres and "Dick" Roberts who soared into the scoring bracket with a goal each! It seems that the Dorr quintet thinks they'll lick Carlstrom in a return game—how about that, Blue Devils?

Welcome back to our much-missed Postmistress, Lula Mackie, who was out most of last week with the flu.

"Grandfather"

Eva Mae Lee spent last weekend in St. Petersburg visiting her "grandmother"! However, it seems that she brought Margaret Reeve and Peggy Brown some "hush" candy, Hmmm!

Congratulations to Squadron Commander Sam Worley and his Instructors and Cadets of Squadron 6, Class 44-F, who were awarded the $50 prize in the Squadron Efficiency Contest!

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Otto have a new member in their family, a 7%4-pound girl born on January 11. Congratulations!

Rod Vestal says that the newcomer to his house is a "Howling Success"—especially early in the morning.

Former Cadets

Last Saturday saw another B-17 land on the Field with two Carlstrom graduates as Pilot and Co-Pilot. Lt. Edward F. Smithwick was Pilot and Lt. Joseph R. Konieczny the Co-Pilot. Both boys were in Class 43-G and are now stationed at Lakeland.

Word received from Charles E. Woolford, former Flight Instructor here, reveals that he is at home at 101 Treaty Road, Drexel Hill, Penna., and would like to hear from any of his old friends here at Carlstrom.

Welcome back to Joe Daddino of the Infirmary and to his wife who has moved to Arcadia to be with Joe.

From Union City

T. E. "Boots" Frantz and Major Fred McNally of Embry-Riddle Field in Union City, Tenn., visited for a very short time on the Field last week. We hope you folks will come down again soon!

Mr. and Mrs. David Anderson, Jr., of Cleveland, Fla., announce the engagement of their daughter, Jane Patricia, to Lt. W. L. Crosby (better known as Bing) former Instructor at Carlstrom Field, who is now of the Army Air Forces and is stationed at Brooks Field, Texas.

The young couple are planning an early spring wedding. The engagement was announced on the 22nd wedding anniversary of Miss Anderson's parents. Mr. Anderson (better known as "Pop") is Superintendent of Maintenance at Dorr Field.

Blue Devils Win

Playing their fourth game in seven nights, the Blue Devils registered their third consecutive win and their fourth victory of the season last Friday in downing the DeSoto High School Bulldogs of Arcadia 34-27 in a highly contested tilt.

The contest was close throughout with the victors leading all the way except for a few moments in the fourth quarter when the Bulldogs grabbed a one-point lead only to see it vanish before the determination of the boys in blue and gold.

The Blue Devils were a tired lot, having been in three torrid games during the previous six days, but had enough stamina and intestinal fortitude to come through when the chips were down.

Scrapy Team

DeSoto High was a scrappy outfit, fighting to win the game until the final whistle. Carlstrom was playing without two members of the starting line-up as Sgt. Earl Steward, regular guard, was on furlough and Cpl. Clayton McPhail, Blue Devil high scorer for the season who fills a forward post, was on the sideline with an injured arch.

The game was a far cry from the Blueclads' easy victory over the Dorr Field quintet the previous Wednesday. Carlstrom led the blue and white 18-13 at the half and 24-19 at the end of the third quarter.

Wally Morgan paced the Devils with 9 points, followed by Joe Simon and Bill Fuge, team captain, with 8 each. Harold Treadway tallied 5 while Dick Roberts garnered 4 markers in the scoring column.

The win brought the Carlstrom five up to a won 4 lost 5 season record, and they can thank their top physical condition for their fourth win. The Blue Devils had squared off with the Bulldogs twice previously in the season, dropping the initial fracas 20-26 in an overtime and copping the second tilt 26-12.

Scores

The individual scoring record for the Blue Devils to date is as follows:

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<td>Treadway</td>
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<td>Morgan</td>
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<td>Golomb</td>
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<td>Simon</td>
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<td>Hasselbach</td>
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Totals

Carlstrom total points: 328.
Game average: 36.4.
Opponent total points: 343.
Game average: 38.1.

BLACKOUT INSURANCE

Mrs. Smith: "So you're sure it won't hurt the baby to feed him garlic?"

Doctor: "No, a very little wouldn't hurt him."

Mrs. Smith: "That's fine—we want to be sure we can always find him in a blackout."
WIVES OF THE INSTRUCTORS OF THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL OF THE BRAZILIAN AIR MINISTRY, now in operation in São Paulo, meet at the Tech School. In the upper left hand picture are John Paul Riddle and the Brazilian Vice Consul, Alberto Lopes, who is being presented to Mrs. Theodore Treff. Upper right are Mrs. Donald Sprague (left) and Mrs. James Lunnan (center) whose husbands already are in São Paulo. On the right is Mrs. Edwin Stahl, wife of the Director of the Tech School, who also is in charge of the Brazilian Foreign Office. Upper insert is Mrs. Maurice Brayton and the lower is Mrs. Eugene Duncan, who hope to join their husbands very soon. Center left is Mrs. Merle Lang, a "Brazil widow," and Mrs. James Hodiack who is a parachute instructor on the Brazilian program. Middle right: Mr. Riddle addresses the "better halves." Lower left shows another part of the group. At Mr. Riddle's left in the lower right is Mrs. Treff.
COURTESY OF THE BRASILIANS
AND BEAUTY OF THEIR CITIES
 Praised by "Rocky" Le Gaye

São Paulo, Brasil
January 1, 1944

Dear Family:

Somehow it seems ages and ages ago since I left, instead of a few short weeks. I know you are all anxious to hear about the things that have been happening to me since I left, so I will start and tell you everything I think the censors will pass. I hope at least some of it gets through.

I will start with my impressions of Brazil as I felt them. To begin with, the immensity of the country left me a little breathless. It is true, even on a map, but looking at maps and viewing with your own eyes are two different things.

Dreaming

We had a very exciting trip down the coast from northeast Brazil—ran into some really foul weather on the way to Rio. I stayed about a week there, resting and sight-seeing. I sometimes had to pinch myself to see if it was really I and to make sure I was not just dreaming.

We stayed in one of the biggest hotels on Copacabana Beach. I went on the cable car up Sugar Loaf and rode the cog-wheel railroad to the summit of Corcovada, where the huge statue of Christ stands.

It is a stirring sight to stand on the streets of Rio and see the statue there thousands of feet above the city, standing with outstretched arms as though to protect and guide each person there.

I think Rio must be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. I don't mean the tourist attraction part but the setting that has been provided by nature.

I did most of the things people are supposed to do—swam at Copacabana (boy! is that water cold), went to the Urca Cassino and sat in the wicker chairs sipping coffee in the sidewalk cafes of downtown Rio.

Fine People

I really like São Paulo better than Rio, but I can't say why. Maybe it's because, not being a resort city, São Paulo has an air of stability. It isn't possible to say how much I like the Brazilians. I didn't know there were so many warm-hearted and courteous people in the world. As an example—the other day two other fellows and I were trying to find a certain office building, but only succeeded in getting ourselves royally lost.

With many misgivings, we finally approached a police officer and asked him the way in our best Portuguese. Of course, he could hardly understand us and we could not understand him, so after a few moments of embarrassed gesturing he motioned us to follow.

Believe it or not, he walked six or seven blocks with us, not just to the building but up the stairs to be sure we found the right office. I ask you where in Miami you could find an officer who would do so much for a newcomer who could not speak the language!

Last night, New Year's Eve, I was entertained at the home of a prominent São Paulo businessman. There were three of our boys there, I wish it could be possible to express my heartfelt appreciation for the way everyone has tried to make us feel at home and assure us that we are not just foreign guests but really belong.

Folks here seem to appreciate our coming down to teach at the school, because to mention that we are "professores" at the aviation school seems to be an "Open Sesame" everywhere.

Sumpuous

January 3: Golly, I hope you'll forgive the delay—I was house hunting and moving. We found a really lovely furnished apartment not too far from the center of town. We have the entire 8th floor (not as big as it sounds)—2 bedrooms, living room, bath, kitchen, back porch, laundry, maid's quarters and an overhanging balcony on the front. The bedrooms and living room have high sliding doors that open onto the balcony. It's beautifully furnished.

The weather here is very pleasant. It's cool at night and not too hot during the day, considering the fact that it is summer here. There is always a cool breeze blowing, so that a coat is a distinct pleasure at night.

There seems to be a great abundance of flowers. The floral pieces made those in the States seem small in comparison. Most of them are great masses of flowers, containing not dozens but hundreds and hundreds of the most gorgeous blooms you ever looked upon, and very reasonable too.

Breath-Taking

The dahlias, roses and carnations literally take your breath away. They must have a different type of gladioli here as the stems and blooms are much smaller than at home. There are of course many types I don't recognize. The Norfolk Island Pines that people nurse so tenderly at home grow to be tremendous trees here.

I don't understand how the rationing system works here—our cook-maid-housekeeper takes care of those headaches, but

Continued on Page 11

UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letters addressed to the following will be found in the Tech School Mail Room: Jabbo Briley, Addie Callaway and Mrs. Curtis W. Roberts.

BRASIL EM MIAMI

by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

It is just a matter of days now until the rest of the first group of instructors will have finished the required Portuguese and will be off to join their associates in Brazil. It is for those that the interim is so difficult, but with the time devoted to study it will pass quickly and before they know it they will see their names on a list to report the next day at 11 a.m. sharp, ready to leave.

In the meantime the second group of instructors is beginning to arrive to start their preliminary training before going to Brazil. We bid them a most hearty welcome and turn over to them all the days of study, the anxious hours of expectant waiting, the rumors and all our other most cherished possessions.

Adieu

For us this is a moment of some sadness. We have been writing various and sundry columns for the Fly Paper since our first Wing Flutter in May, 1942. We have done many since then including several editorials.

We have tried to write on subjects of everyday life and of current importance. It has been a source of great enjoyment and satisfaction to us. We have been the bane of Wain and Vadah's existence as far as meeting deadlines goes, but somehow we always managed to make it eventually.

After "Wing Flutter," "Brasil Em Miami," "Tech Talk," and our series on Latin American countries, we turn over the reins of associate editorship to others. It was with regret that we were never able to fulfill a promise to Helen Pennoyer and Maxine Hurtt to write the Colonnade column for them. Another regret is that I won't be able to show Jack Hopkins how a man can eat when he has a good appetite.

WAR BONDS AND STAMPS—A GOOD BUY FOR YOU—A GOOD BYE FOR THE AXIS.
HOURS OF RELAXATION AT THE EMBRY-RIDDLE DORMITORY IN CORAL GABLES INCLUDE WRITING HOME, hot dogs, pillow fights and scanning the comics. In the upper left hand picture Edith Bubas (center) discusses her flying schedule with the House Mother, Mrs. Sessions, while Jo Sessions adjusts the radio. Jeanne Sessions, upper right, was the Duty Girl that night and answers one of the many incoming calls. Middle left: Flight student Blanche Sevick and Radio student Edith Chapman are on their way to the reception room where the weekly dormitory meeting is in progress. Janet Williams, who is taking Link instruction, and Bonnie Bonner, who aims to be a flyer, study the funny papers. In the lower left hand corner Frances Rich is a "coffee" guest of Mary Amonak, whose flight hours are steadily mounting. How Flight student Topsy Gaston remains serene during the antics of Robbie Jelmaek (also a potential pilot) and Ruth Rich remains a mystery.
DORMITORY LIFE

by Suzie Bryan

Mary (quiet as a mouse) Amanek is studying so hard at Ground School these days that one sees very little of her. Some of the new students are full of pranks and general mischief. What girl puts an alarm clock under the bed of some innocent character? Of course, the clock goes off and the innocent one dashes around in great fury trying to get dressed in the dark, only to find she has been the victim of a hoax. Said character begins to see red and immediately seeks revenge, and so on it goes in a vicious circle.

Topsy Gaston has been seeing quite a bit of a certain cadet at Chapman Field. They both seem happy about the whole thing so all is well. By the way, Mary, again I apologize for tagging you Mary Gaston when it should have been Mary Gilman.

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Carne Lee Cook

If this column falters or fades out in spots, attribute it to the condition of yours truly after the basketball game of last night. I was the horrible example of everything a basketball player is not supposed to be. They begged me to quit and when I refused, they went all out to run me to death, at which time I found myself playing for both sides. You know how blood and sweat will mar the vision. A little more wing span and I could have flown. The battle cry at this stage of the game was "Substitute Cookie." I resigned by popular demand.

This little episode just proves that you too can play basketball. Come out to the Miami High gym on Monday nights at 8 o’clock and join in the fun. I believe Lloyd Budge has prizes lined up for the winners (something to place on your grave, you know).

It was really great welcoming old Instructors Jimmie Gilmore, Hal Ball and Bill Rich back to the Field for a short howdy-do this week. And it was an additional pleasure meeting Jimmie’s comely wife, Hilda. Lots of luck, you two.

I have learned through reliable sources that the rough superstructure on the banks of the CAP canal is not a boathouse for fishermen Narrow, Moxley and Young. It is our firehouse and holds hose and pumping machinery in case of fires, incendiaries or just plain carelessness.

Edith Benson, who is taking instruments here at Tech, sported a very glamorous hair-do last week—very, very nice indeed.

Monday evening the Dorm buzzed with excitement when a Life photographer came to photograph our damsels. Afterwards everyone scouted off to play basketball, which Lloyd Budge said was a nip-and-tuck affair in the first three quarters.

Helen Allen scored 12 points for the Dormitory, beating Betty Bonner’s and Betty Moffet’s scoring powers. Capt. Rusty Shethar did very well for herself in the first half. On the opposing team Nellie Diamond scored 10 points, Lona Cochran and Lueke Allison 6 points each, which was not bad at all. The game ended 32 to 22 in our favor.

We have two new Flight students who will be at the Dorm on Menores avenue. They are Madelyn Fite and Ann Bradcliff.

More about them next time. Skip Selby is back with us and we are all mighty glad to see her—just stay off bicycles—that’s all we ask. Bye now.

Don’t Forget the Tennis Matches

C. A. P. DANCE

A graduation dance for C. A. P. cadets of the Miami Squadron will be held Friday, February 18, from nine o’clock till twelve at the Coral Gables Country Club.

Servicemen and civilians are invited. Tickets priced at 55 cents per person may be obtained at the Tech School Stock Room.

Nancy Graham has a new “perp,” a duplicate of Lil’ Linda except that this type comes in a delicate shade of rusty tan. The pup was christened Liechem, but knowing nothing about German answers more quickly to a coaxing whistle or “comm-eure dawg.”

Before I sign off, I would like to extend warm thanks to all those who so patiently bides with Dave and me as we juggled the final plans. We’ve set the date for February 12, so if you fellows can last till then, we’ll squeeze this war of nerves.

WASTE PAPER

Did you get your prize? If you haven’t, you surely will in a day or two.

Engine Overhaul was the leading department in the January waste paper drive, while individual taking top honors were: Lois Mills of Mimeograph, Kay Weideman of the Colonnade, Margaret DePamphilis of Tech, E. L. Stone of Engine Overhaul, Myrtice McCook of Aircraft Overhaul and “Red” Kesterson of the Mess Hall.

Now get set for the February contest. More prizes—more paper—more power to you.

Instructions for saving waste paper for the February drive are as follows: Turn in all waste paper to your receiving or shipping department. Put a tag with your name on the bundle.

To the receiving and shipping departments: Save all waste paper. Put it into empty cartons. All cartons not so used should be flattened and saved for the paper truck to pick up at regular intervals.

Prize are offered to the department and to individuals making the best showing.

Further questions will be answered by George DuBois. He may be reached at Tech, extension 107.

Servicemen’s Pier

There will be an entertaining program at the Miami Beach Servicemen’s Pier on Sunday, February 6. The 404th Training Goup is putting on an hour’s show featuring an orchestra under the direction of Sgt. Putting and a chorus of voices directed by Pvt. Shane. There is dancing after the show.

Monday night is Navy Night—soldiers too, of course. A Navy band will play for dancing.
Dear members of the Deadlier Sex:

Here are the Bachelor Officers stationed at Dorr Field. Lt. Cailey. We're not sure how single he is; there have been rumors to the effect that he might be contemplating the fatal step. His merits? Just ask any cadet.

From the athletic side we'll take both those men with whom little Red Riding Hood had such a time—Lt. Finston and McLaughlin. One of them we know has an old and decrepit automobile that is the light of his life. We see him each morning putting air in the same tire. This has been going on for the last two months.

If the lieutenant will contact the Finance Officer, we're almost certain he can get an advance of 50 cents to get the tire fixed.

Sighs and Murmurs

The other person in question—we'll hear certain people in the Canteen sigh and murmur, "Ah, short but sweet.

Then there is the newcomer to the Field in the person of Lt. Boyd. He just won't commit himself, but we did hear him mention something about finding a rich widow about 67 years old, very feeble and with one foot in the grave so that with a little bit of push he could get the other foot in. For your information, Lieutenant, we refer you to the Intelligence department.

Then there's the man about whom all the GIs ask each other, "What's he got that I haven't got?" Well, for one thing, he's got the girls that you all ain't got. We're speaking of Lt. Weaver who also holds forth in the Commandant of Cadets office.

Prima Donna

Over at the Auxiliary Field the latter part of the week we walked down toward the Flight Line and heard a familiar voice caterwauling. Looking up, who should we see but Johnny Fredendall up in the Operations Tower making frantic motions for us to hurry and hollering something about "He's goin' to croon soon.

We took the elevator to the top floor of Operations and whom should we find but Harold Sheppard clearing his throat and going through all the preliminaries that prima donnas go through before taking a deep breath and bursting forth in song. We might also mention that Clem Wittenbeck also was present, fingers in ears and a pained expression on his face. With a sweet smile, Harold asked us if we wouldn't like to hear him sing, quite expecting both the Dorr Field personnel to say yes. Ah, but we from the Main Field are honest to the point of being brutal. Knowing Harold from days of yore, we both said "No," Ah, me, 'tis a cruel world.


We would like to express our sympathy to Virginia Gillian of the Canteen whose husband, Tommy Gillian, was killed in action in North Africa on January 11. Tommy was a former employee at Dorr Field and was liked by everyone.

Third Anniversary

Celebrating her third anniversary with Embry-Riddle on January 31st is Kay Bramlift. Gee, Kay, you don't look a day older than you did when you first came to Carlstrom. (We shall be over to collect a coke for that nice plug.)

I swore to gran'maw Mondays sure do come around regular like. This week we're short on news. At last we have found "Pop" Anderson a parking place. Also Lt. Hand. We're thinking of summoning Lt. Hand up in court for reckless driving around the circle.

To fully yours,

Jack

DON HERRARA, Flight Instructor at Dorr Field

Blue Devils

Down Dorr

Displaying a deadly offensive last Wednesday night, the Carlstrom Blue Devils registered their third win in eight starts to trounce the Dorr Field quintet 55-20 in the DeSoto High School gym.

Taking the lead at the outset, the Carlstrom enlisted men were never headed or endangered. It was a hot night for the boys in blue who threw baskets from every direction to pile up points before a tired and bewildered Dorr Field five.

S/Sgt. Harold Treadway, Blueclad towering forward, paced his mates in the scoring column with 23 points to account for a larger score than the entire Dorr Field team. Treadway's running mate at the other forward post, Cpl. Clayton McPhail, swished the nets for 13 tallies in addition to playing a beautiful passing and rebound game.

Third in the scoring column for the victors was Cpl. Bill Fuge with eight markers.

Fuge, Blue Devil captain, returned to the fold after 10 days of inactivity so far as basketball was concerned and played his usual driving and dynamic game, the type of performance expected of a team captain.

Carlstrom's guards, Sgts. Earl Steward and Joe Ferry, each dipped in three points and displayed brilliant passing and defensive performances to aid the cause of the blue and gold.

From the Bench

With his starting line-up building up a comfortable lead, Lt. Roy J. Weiner, Blue Devil coach, turned loose the Carlstrom substitutes to have their say in the final outcome. The boys from the bench had a little field day of their own as three of them broke into the scoring column for the first time this season.

Cpl. Scotty Seres, in the game as a reserve forward, registered a field goal in the second period for his initial tally of the season; while Sgt. Dick Roberts, also in a replacement role, chalked up a bucket in the third quarter for his first contribution to the scoring bracket; and Cpl. Harry Ball, substitute guard, made good his first scoring opportunity with a successful free throw.

Encouraging from the victor's point of view was the snappy teamwork and passing performance they unleashed. Dorr consistently fed their only hope, their six foot three inch center, Able, who tallied nine points. Second to Able in the losers' scoring column was Banfield with five markers.

Score at first quarter: Carlstrom 14, Dorr 1; at the half: Carlstrom 23, Dorr 8; at third quarter: Carlstrom 45, Dorr 20.
**44-F BANQUET**

by A. C. W. E. Stokes

Class 44-F’s graduation banquet is being held tonight in the Mess Hall with Cadets, Instructors and Field Officers joining in the program and festivities.

Lt. Clair McLaughlin, Dorr’s Special Special Officer, whose direction insured a successful banquet, changed the original date from January 28 to February 4 because of night Ground School classes.

W/C Fernie Wood is in charge of the program which features the 44-F music makers (“Four Hits without the Miss” since one is from Carlstrom). Major James L. Carnutt and Capt. Palmer, representing the officers, will speak, while Director of Flying Carl N. Dunn and Field Manager Gordon Mougey will represent the Embry-Riddle Company and the civilian personnel.

The menu and seating arrangements are in charge of Paul V. Haddix, director of the Mess Hall, to whom special appreciation from the Cadets is offered for his cooperation.

**MEN OF THE WEEK**

by A. C. Dahlberg

There are probably twice as many men at Dorr Field more worthy of mention in this column than the conglomerate we have chosen to present this week. Since, however, the author is among them and quiet and serenity will soon again reign over Arcadia, here’s to the Class of 44-F, the most amazing, the most awesome of them all.

“Split S” artists de luxe, punctuated by a few ground loops, many eager lads have worried and flown the local Mythtas for the last time. On looking back at various accomplishments we have had swamp landings, fields under and undershot, stalling her in from thirty feet (!), wrong traffic patterns, right traffic patterns and, in most cases, new traffic patterns! But Dorr Field training finally has brought us through with flying colors.

Best All-Round

Through the efforts of the V.F.W., the new Cadet Club received its initiation from the men of F and a dozen parties were held there. Our class also set the highest record for attendance at the Women’s Club Sunday dinners. We predict with merited pride that our issue of “Dorr-Way” will be the best classbook ever published.

Yes, a great class was 44-F. And now languidly we look back, eager look forward, saying not “On To Basic” but “Look Out—Here We Come!”

*War Costs $2.00 per Day per Capita—Every Man, Woman and Child in the United States!*

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**Dorr’s Keyhole**

by A. C. W. E. Stokes

**Transition:** The Cadets of 44-F have finished their flying hours in the PT-17 and are ready for the trip to Basic while the happy lads of 44-G are beginning their first solos. In but a few short days most of the “G” will have had their 25-hour checks and a new class will arrive at Dorr.

The upper class will hold its banquet in the Mess Hall tonight, February 4, when Instructors and Cadets will find new subjects for discussion rather than the “old line” of flying. The Class Dance will be held on Monday.

**Hypnosis**

“The News” from the Squadron Reporter: Mr. Frank Brookings diligently practiced required maneuvers while soaping at two thousand feet, a cylinder-head burst and oil flew out of the engine in every direction.

Using “cool-headedness, clear-thinking and intestinal fortitude,” Frank succeeded in making an excellent forced landing directly in the middle of a marsh. The wheels sank in the mire and when Cadet Brooking attempted to determine the extent of the damages, he went in mud up to his ankles.

**With Regret**

Finally, roosting on top of the gas tank in an attempt to attract attention. Mr. Brookings sat for over an hour before his plane was noticed. Since he also happens to be the official Dorr Field bugler, however, there are those among us who regret that Mr. Brookings was found so quickly.

*Life’s Little Moments: For those who wish to turn in any news for this column, our office hours are from seven-thirty to ten-thirty each Saturday night on the Flight Line, and on Sundays from eight to twelve and from one to five on a much-traveled circular path just west of the main gate.*

**WAR CHEST DRIVE**

The 1944 campaign of the War Chest of Dade County is on—a prompt and generous contribution is the least you can do—a thousand services, a million kindnesses will be wrapped up in your gift.
First Lieutenant Frank D. Harrison, Commandant of Cadets, will leave Monday for Maxwell Field, Ala., where he will be tactical officer in the pre-flight school. He will be succeeded here by Lt. Burdette.

Lt. Harrison came here January 10, 1943, and was assigned to the following duties: Assistant Adjutant, War Bond Officer, Summary Court Officer, Inspecting Officer, Officer in Charge of Training Aids and Supervisor of Ground Training.

He was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant on July 20. Several weeks ago, Lt. Harrison was made Commandant of Cadets.

During their stay here, Lt. and Mrs. Harrison have resided at 731 East Exchange Street. They were married in Union City on January 25, 1943. Mrs. Harrison will accompany her husband to Montgomery. Good luck to you, Lt. Harrison. Your many friends here at Embry-Riddle Field will miss you.

Wanderers

Mrs. Marcus, Supervisor of PBX Operators, spent last week-end in Memphis visiting her mother and other relatives.

T. E. "Boots" Frantz and Major McNally are off on a little trip to Florida, and are expected to return to the Field the first of next week.

Eivind H. Boe, an auditor connected with Franke, Hannon and Withey, Miami, Fla., arrived at the Field today and will be with us until about February 5. When Mr. Boe left Miami, he was told to bring all of his heavy clothes. Upon arrival, he found what fine weather we were having here in good ole Union City—so if you people in Miami want to know where summer spends winter—come up and see us sometime.

We’re glad to have Capt. E. Stanley Cromwell back with us after several days’ illness.

Just Imagine—

G. G. Lohdell without a “weed” dangling from the corner of his mouth.

Tommy Teague not talking about the women all day.

Mary Lou Huffstutter not figuring income tax.

Baker without his pipe.

Maurine McCord not constantly at work on the pay roll.

“Luscious K.” driving a horse and buggy instead of his station wagon.

Sam Sparks without his mustache.

Thorton Emory Frantz without his nickname, “Boots.”

Tuck not griping about something.

Mr. Body of the Parachute department is “under the weather.” Here’s hoping that he will be back to normal and back to work soon.

The newest addition to the Parachute department is W. J. Sugg of Union City, who has been busy during the past week sewing name plates and field insignias on the instructors’ jackets.

We join the rest of the gang in welcoming the Stearman P’s back onto the Field. Really looks natural to see the old bi-plane floating down on the Field again.

Someone Special?

There is very little gossip this week, only that no one can figure out just why Maureen Smith simply loves the South Hangar ready room. We have cadets up here too, you know. Maybe there is a special one there.

One bit of drama that we cannot forget is Hop’s Canteen. The crowd is always pushing there, especially in the early morning. I suppose that everyone else does as yours truly does—gets up 5 minutes before the bus, catches it and rushes to Hop for a bit of breakfast. More excitement than a circus.

There are two local boys in the upper class, 44-F. James MacAodo and Roy Wehman are both about to finish their 60 hours and we wish them all the luck in the world.

Roy was a former employee of Embry-Riddle.

Yep, folks, it’s a girl! Sorry, we forgot, it’s a 9-lb. baby girl. Is that better. Instrucotor Lewis Dixon, who has just become an extraordinary proud and happy father? It was swell of you to pass out the cigars to us. We hope that Dispatcher Grace Dietzel and others didn’t get too sick while smoking them. Congratulations are extended.

Restricted Area

Tillie Cloar is welcomed to the restricted area where things really “hun in a big way.” She was transferred from Army Headquarters to Army Engineering. You’re a lucky girl, Tillie, working with all of those good-looking fellows.

Sincere sympathy is extended to Instructor Johnny Orr who is away to attend the funeral of his grandfather.

Flight Line

by Marie Burcham and Louise Cashon

It seems that some instructors think David Moore is so sweet that they call him “honey.” David, would you like to publish an article of explanation in the next issue of the Fly Paper concerning the reason for that endearing word?

Evidently Jimmy Cleveland had some sort of an escapade on his ferrying trip but we can’t find out just how or what happened. We will, Jimmy, and when we do . . .

Two of our most gad-about bachelor instructors are about to sign a Contract of Marriage. Robert (dilly-dally) Watts, Squadron Commander of Squadron 4, has stayed single long enough (he says) and is going to bring his home town girl to Tennessee as his wife. And, folks, James E. “Wolf” Cleveland has finally set a date for his forthcoming marriage. From all reports, it will be in September. Now you know, girls, you won’t have to worry anymore.

Color Blind

We thought we had gone color blind last Tuesday when everything we saw was purple, but looking closer we discovered it to be the purple sweaters on the Administration Building cuties.

One surprise and then another. A romance has been bubbling for many months but now the deep dark secret is out. John Shamp, Flight Instructor in Squadron 8, presented Louise Cashon with an engagement ring on the night of January 28. Miss Cashon would make no comment to the press as to the date for her forthcoming marriage.
We are indebted to Dr. Franz Polgar for a very interesting demonstration of telepathy and hypnotism. Dr. Polgar’s ability to receive mental vibrations (something like a built-in radio receiver) is very admirable. But we can imagine it could be inconvenient at times—who would play poker with a man who reads your mind?

We wondered if Mrs. Polgar finds her ability handy. She can say, “Franz, your clean shirts are in the third drawer from the top,” and never open her mouth.

A hidden War Savings stamp was found by Dr. Polgar as easily as we might have located a misplaced collar button—easier perhaps. He told of an even more difficult feat: A stamp was hidden by a friend somewhere in New York City. Dr. Polgar found it within an hour, in a restaurant, on the person of an attractive young lady.

The demonstration of hypnotism was notable for its lack of embarrassment for the subjects. Twelve volunteers were put to sleep, taken for an airplane ride, and given harmless suggestions with amusing reactions. All were awakened after a half hour or so, feeling very fit and thinking they had been asleep for only a few minutes.

**Course 17**

Course 17 has been very quiet this week, especially so at the moment. Spurred by the great results of Course 16’s “Wings” examinations, we entered our Pre-Wings with great hopes. We even told W/C de Grayther that we intended to carry through our boast of being “the best Course ever.” Our examinations have proved as great a shock as we are afraid the results will. By the time this is in print we will know.

Anyway, we send our congratulations to the 16th. They have done a grand job, upholding the high standards of the British Flying Training Schools, which No. 5 has always led, and we wish them the very best of luck for the future. But we still intend to be the best Course!

Last week we flew on the longer cross-counties with fellow cadets in the back to tell us where to go, and these get-togethers have had good effect, since as navigators we have been able to check our flying against our pilots and find out whether we are as average as our instructors say we are. Now as we improve we can have a constant check to insure that we remain with the rest.

On Friday we were visited by Dr. Franz Polgar of Budapest University. No words of mine can do justice to his entertainment. To describe it would be to say that he demonstrated thought-transference and hypnosis. To report it would be beyond my powers. We were all as impressed as his "subjects."

Next week, after graduation, we are promised a tennis display by Mary Hardwick and Dorothy Little. Their kindness is much appreciated and we understand from Jock Gillies, our expert, that all the enthusiasts are ready with notebooks.

**Course 18**

By the time these words reach print we will have finished with the Primary Wings Examinations or they will have finished us. (The editors are inclined to place their bets on the latter contingency.)

Our Primary night flying over Course 18 would like to give tribute to those members of the Canteen staff who, with a smile, have placed ham and eggs and other delicacies before famished cadets in the small and hungry hours of the morn. Thanks a lot!

Course 18 in its fledgling way would like to say good-bye and good luck to the chaps of Course 16.

**Welcome**

We take this opportunity to welcome F/L W. J. Lingard to Riddle Field. We hope his stay is pleasant and not too tame after 75 sorties looking for subs! F/L Bill Lingard will serve as Navigation Officer.

After receiving his training in Scotland, Bill flew as navigator in Sunderland on the anti-submarine patrol. His first assignment in this country was to Grosse Ile, Mich.

When asked for his first impressions of the United States, Bill remarked about the friendliness and the ease with which one strikes up acquaintances while traveling. He likes our flying weather, the lack of blackouts, and the fact that he no longer is served carrots every day for night vision.

This is Leap Year—but, after all, every year is Leap Year for pedestrians.
Under ordinary circumstances libraries are harmless places. And I'll even say they may do you some good. My experience was both happy and profitable, and it's not because of an unusually good looking librarian, although it does help.

I went whole hog for "book larin," spending hours, day after day in our library at the Tech School. In fact, I could even lay claim to the unofficial title of third assistant librarian. I've had the honor of being locked in the "sanctum sanctorum" of the technical section during the lunch hour—and more than once, too.

**Lovely Spot**

It's a lovely spot, the library; its advantages are many. Topping all is its location—next door to the Canteen. On warm days it's cool and on cold days it's warm. And on all days it's quiet. Perfect for sleeping.

But my devious and scheming mind thought of other and more subtle advantages. There's an air about a library that gives you an intellectual lift. It's exhilarating, after an hour's sound sleep in my favorite corner, to step into the outside, breathe deeply, and thrill to the mental stimulation of the experience. Then again, if you go in and out of the door often enough some of the powers-that-be are bound to see you. As they smile and nod on passing, you can almost hear their thoughts: "Now there's an enterprising chap. I must keep an eye on him."

**Psychological Effect**

Then you can't discount the psychological effect on your fellow workers. (Great stuff, this psychology. I'll have to look into it one of these days I can't sleep.) Day after day I'm seen going in and out. And several have even come in and seen me there. It does no harm to be seen in the right places, and then that old saying about a man is judged by the company he keeps. It doesn't do any harm either, when you leave classes, to hurry by the office and holler in that if anything comes up just call me in the library. Then hurry away or you might spoil the effect.

There's another angle. (If you play your cards right you can get away with this one indefinitely.) After awhile folks begin to think you must really be gaining some wisdom with so much exposure to it and they will ask you for an opinion or advice on certain things. You frown a little and cross your arms. Then speaking slowly, say something like this, "Well, that depends. The army has one idea of it and the airlines another. I'm inclined to think the army's right, don't you?" Then before he gets a chance to ask just what, exactly, the army's idea is, you see an imaginary caller behind your companion's back and holler, "Be right with you!" And to your friend, "Nice chat. We'll finish this later. Sorry."

But all this I now must leave behind, I've concluded that to live a full and well-rounded life one must develop one's aesthetic nature. It came about suddenly. I had just settled into my favorite corner when one of our cohorts hurried into the library. She had two large pieces of cardboard under her arm. To my scientific nature there was immediately a question raised. I trotted to the door muttering something about the latest copy of the Congressional Record. There on the desk were two beautiful paintings. They were the work of Mari West of the Drafting department. Later investigation proved her to be a former staff artist of the famous Fleischer Studios. Why don't people tell me these things!

**GENERAL ORDER**

Edwin P. Stahl is now Director of the Technical School and is in charge of the Brazilian Foreign Office. John D. Kille is Manager of the Personnel department.

U. J. Hiss is responsible for the Cafeteria and Canteen at the Technical School. All Mess Halls and Canteens will operate directly under the supervision of their respective Field Managers.

**Art's The Thing**

And I say here and now that art's my hobby from hence forth. Those two pictures gave me a bigger jolt than three months of "intellectual exhilaration" in the library. They are destined for the ladies' lounge, which hardly seems fair. But until a couple of days ago they had not got past Dr. House's office. So I suggest, boys, before they go into oblivion, stop in and see the Doc. Any excuse, bunyon, sore throat, myopia.

**Home To Me**

I must say I'll miss the library. It was home to me. But then there is my future to consider, and the library's loss is art's gain. Thinking of the possibilities, I can see nothing but happiness and contentment ahead. For instance, if I get depressed on a rainy day, I could just paint myself some sunshine and things to go with it. If I get lonesome or bored of an evening, I could just paint myself a little companionship. Why the possibilities are limitless. Who knows where it may end. Look at Schicklgrubber.

**TAKES OFF**

Continued from Page 1

flight conditions and the weather. Then, and only then, is he a professional such as Jimmy Mattern and other experts of the flying profession.

It may be more dramatic to ignore all this and lope out to an airplane, take a jab at the throttle and buzz into the clouds. But it is not conducive to old age. If you want to be a live pilot, if you want to be a hot pilot, emulate the oldsters with their thousands of hours and take your time before take-off.

from AAF Office of Flying Safety

**APPLIED RELIGION**

Continued from Page 4

broke that connection, Antaeus went down in crushing defeat. That is a modern parable of religion.

If your religion doesn't work, perhaps it is because you haven't worked it. Invite you to try it. Give it a fair chance. Experiment honestly for a week or a month and I promise you will never want to quit.

The Master teacher, Jesus Christ, expressed it this way: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Lay waste to the Axis with wastepaper!
ARCADIA OVERHAUL
by Bleeka Kister

 Hats off to Don Anderson, Cleo Dunn and Joseph Grahlwohl for their unusual record of perfect attendance during the past year. These men were not absent or tardy a single day during the year, and for this perfect record each was awarded a War Bond by the Company.

Don, who works in Final Assembly, long ago won the title of “Faithful Don,” which speaks for itself as to his character. Don came over from Sarasota soon after the start of Overhaul and, by the way, is single and good looking too.

Cleo works in the Woodworking department and when it comes to repairing those wings or putting in a spar, he’s really there. Cleo comes from down Nocatee way and is a married man with quite a family.

Joseph Grahlwohl hails from Sandusky, Ohio, and also works in Woodworking. During his time here he has proven he is very capable of doing any kind of work that comes to him.

We are proud of these fellows and hope that many will try to follow the pattern set by them.

In case you haven’t heard about the swing shift in the Doping department, there are Jeanne Mack, Esther Wallick and Louise Devene who, after their day’s work is done, “don” slacks and grab their dope buckets and brushes and begin their rhythmic strokes on the swing shift. Lee Hill reports they are doing an excellent job.

Greetings to Betty Stubblefield, who recently joined our happy family. We hope you will be happy here with us. The Inspection department has asked me to extend best wishes for a quick recovery to Wilma Holloway, who has been ill for the past week. It is hoped she will soon be back on the job again as all miss her very much.

We shall miss Helen Scarborough, who expects soon to join her husband in Tampa. Good luck to you, Helen, wherever you go.

GET ACQUAINTED

Monday, February 7, has been set aside as “Get Acquainted” Day for the A and E Division, and Aircraft and Instrument Overhaul will be guests of Engine Overhaul.

There will be an inspection tour throughout the division which will be followed by what is promised to be an exceptionally interesting talk by a gentleman who recently escaped from a Japanese prison camp.

This program will then be topped off with an exhibition tennis match by the British women titlisses, Mary Hardwick and Dorothy Round Little. There may even be a bit of community singing interspersed among these high lights. We’re expecting everyone to have a very wonderful day.

WING FLUTTER
by Don Martin

We had an unexpected surprise Thursday afternoon when Mr. Riddle and a large group of friends visited the plant. We hope that they will all pay us a return visit soon.

That sly crack about Cliff Root’s polo shirt certainly paid dividends; he came in the next day wearing his flowered pajama top, or was it a shirt?

A delayed word of greeting to Lt. Manuel Canamero and Sgt. Azucy, members of the Cuban Air Force, Lt. Canamero and Sgt. Azucy are here to study our methods of repair and overhaul of planes. May your visit with us be a long and happy one, boys.

Mr. Miller’s Lascombe has flown at last. We suggest that a day be set aside for special celebration of this gala event.

For the benefit of the very few men who have not asked already—the new streamlined number in the Accounting department is Jackie Grose. Now, don’t clutter up the space around the Timekeeper’s desk.

The flurry of brushes and smell of fresh paint reminds us once more of Spring. Anyway, the place surely looks brighter.

ENGINE NOISES
by Wally Tyler

It behooves me to write this article in answer to Dick Hourihan’s touching and remorseful bit of pleading, not that my literary ability is so consuming, but due to the fact that we missed the proverbial “boat” last week.

The feminine entourage of Engine Overhaul has been given quite a boost with the addition of May Sandidge, new Timekeeper, whose very neutral accent would never belie the fact that she is from Alabama. Ruth Nichols, transferred from Instrument Overhaul, now graces the Army stockroom.

In the Machine Shop, A. M. Bagley and William Brum are newcomers; Herman Popkin and Charles Swestyn are new in the Propeller department; and Lucien Lasier recently has started on our Disassembly line. Alvin Katzf is busy in the Welding department, while John Ross, Bruce MacCarthy and Gilbert Davis are all recent arrivals in various other departments. In the Cleaning department Hattie Wiggins and Raymond Ellis have been added.

The entire Embry-Riddle Company wishes to express sincere sympathy to Laurice Anderson of the Brazilian program and her father, E. C. Anderson of Engine Overhaul, on the death of their brother and son, Lt. Bob Anderson, as the result of a flying accident in Sardinia, Italy.

The recent movies shown out here in connection with the War Chest and Bond Drive were very spectacular and we could easily see the terrific performance the pilots expect from our aircraft engines.

When more meager columns than this are written, no doubt Dick will once again call on me to take care of them, so until that time you may read this column with the usual assurance of good coverage.
COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Anne Park

Hello, Folks—back again and with little or no news at all for this edition.

The new Mrs. Myllion Webster (Kay Dean) has been visiting us, and she's the same old Kay even if her name has been changed.

One of our extra-special favorites has left this old stomping ground. Betty Light-holder of Personnel is the gal, and her hubby has been transferred to New York—so goodbye to you, Betty, and hurry back—you're always welcome here.

Lil Hardman had six officers from India visiting her the other night—she's still a little dazed at this point, and we're hoping she won't leave us for an Indian.

Pat Pratt is expecting a friend from Hawaii whom she has never seen. Seems "he" saw "her" picture and they've been writing to each other for five years. Now—that's really a beautiful friendship.

And while I'm on personalities, Virginia Levoy, a former employee of Embry-Riddle Company, sends the following greeting to all in a letter to Glen Kuhl of Insurance.

"My husband was T/Sgt. Herbert E. Levoy, Jr., of the Permanent Party at Embry-Riddle. I certainly miss the School and all our friends very much.

"We hope to make our home in Miami after the War is over, but hope to see you all before then if possible. We are very proud of our small son, who is doing very nicely, and we wish you could see him. Please remember us to all at both Tech School and the Colonnade."

Virginia, and you too, Herbert, come to see us upon your return.

Connie Odette has been under a terrible strain—worry, worry—and when asked what the matter was, she'd only sigh and shake her head. Then today, Connie came to work with a great big "Ipana" smile and thankfully announced: "Joe received his Christmas present."

No more worry for Connie—and while we're on the subject, Connie is sending the Fly Paper to the Kaiser Ship Yards in California, her old hangout.

The most wonderful addition has been made in Instrument Overhaul. Seems Bill Beckwith hadn't room for his huge combination radio and record player—so it is installed in the I. O. department for a short time. Of course, the only time we can hear all of his super records is between 11:30 and 12:00 noon, 'cause that is lunch time. I'm all in favor of a jive session some day with Mr. Beckwith as my partner—but he's some jitterbug.

Did you all know that Gertrude Bohres' sister Claire is now a permanent fixture at E.-R.? She works in Instrument Overhaul. You really can tell that they're sisters—such a resemblance—talking, walking, etc.

I saw Maxine Hurr not long ago, and she asked to be remembered to all of her pals here. We sure do miss you. "Max," no kiddin.

Enough for this time, boys "n" gals—will see what I can dig up for next week.

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