CARLSTROM AND DORR PILOT-OFFICERS’ CLUB OPENS IN ARCADIA

After several weeks of feverish preparation, the new Carlstrom-Dorr recreation club on West Hickory Street in Arcadia opened with the proverbial “bang” last Saturday night, and, while the opening itself leaned to the informal side, those in attendance lost no time in formally accepting all of the facilities provided.

The club proper has been in more or less complete readiness for the past couple of weeks, but those in charge of the project had held up the opening pending the selection of an operator. The decision finally fell to F. G. “Carry” Garrison of Fort Myers, a man who has had considerable experience in this line of work, particularly in the serving of food, which is to be made one of the prime attractions.

Housed in a building known in Arcadia for many years as the “Arcadia Woman’s Club,” a building which lends itself admirably to the present project, the new club is provided with an immense ballroom, a screened-in and glassed-in porch of ample dimensions, kitchen and store-room facilities, plus living accommodations upstairs for the operator.

The large porch on the east side is fitted with ranch-type furniture, gaily upholstered in red and blue. Dart games, badminton, ping-pong and other games are on hand for use at all times. A record player and piano have also been added, and arrangements are under way to provide an orchestra for weekly dances on Saturday nights.

Twenty four-chair tables, plus the added seating capacity of the lounge room, were taxed to capacity at Saturday night’s opening and a “Standing Room Only” sign would have been in evidence had there been one to place in evidence. Additional table and seating capacity will be provided for the formal opening which is now planned for this Saturday evening, January 22nd.

Mr. Garrison advised the committee Monday that if his present plans carry through and commitments from dealers are fulfilled, his menu will be complete by the end of the week and luncheons and dinners to fit any appetite and pocketbook will be available. Prices are being held to a minimum—quality of the food and drink to be served will be of paramount importance.

The club is to be known as the Pilot-Officers’ Aero Club, Inc., and papers of incorporation are being drawn up. By a process of election and appointment, the following committee was placed in charge some weeks ago, these men acting as a

Continued on Page 11

ANECDOTES ARE EXCHANGED IN A CARLSTROM-DORR STAG HUDDLE at the new Pilot-Officers’ Club. Left to right are Gordon Maugy of Dorr and H. Roscoe Brinton, Harry Hess and Robert Davis of Carlstrom.
Letters to the Editor

Antilla Hotel
January 17, 1944

Dear Editor:

Please excuse me for popping these notes at you, but I have received some more letters from former Cadets at Clewiston and I know the gang at Riddle Field will be interested to hear about them.

Late Christmas cards came from F/O McKay, Course 7, who is now on operations: Dave Blackhall, who was with Course 13, and who sends regards to "all my friends at Riddle Field"; Sgt. John Henley, former Clerk of Accounts, who reports that he was married on December 20—Congratulations; and Freddie Amos of Course 11 also remembered me with a Christmas greeting.

A letter was received from Eric Denham of Course 13 who has just finished a "get fit" course. Many of the other boys in the Course have been posted to A.F.U.s and several of Course 14 and F/O Keesh also at his station, but Eric has not seen them yet. He sends "regards to Messrs. King and Leftwich and all best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to everyone."

Maurice Martin, formerly of Course 6, also wrote an interesting letter, and I am enclosing it so that you can print it in full when convenient.

Hoppy

Editor's Note: Thanks, Hoppy, for the latest news of former Riddle Field Cadets. Keep up the good work!

1910 N. W. 68th Ter.
Miami, Florida
January 7, 1944

Dear Editor:

I want to thank you for sending the copies of the Fly Paper to my son, Sgt. D. H. Carlstrom, who attended your school in 1942. He is now attending Gunnery School in Idaho.

I have been forwarding the paper to him and he in turn passes it on to the other boys. I understand they enjoy it very much.

In the future, please mail it to his address: 802 Bomb. Group, 470 Bomb. Sqn., A.A.B., Mt. Home, Idaho.

Wishing you every success in the future.

Very sincerely,

(Mrs.) R. Carlstrom

Editor's Note: We are glad to comply with your request, Mrs. Carlstrom, and if your son's friends would like copies of their own, they need only drop us a card.

Miami, Florida
January 15, 1944

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving the Fly Paper for about a month and have found each issue both entertaining and interesting.

There has been, however, one consistent error—in my address, which I hope you will be kind enough to rectify. The error is this: my name, Dale Warner, has been spelled "Wale Warner." Your correction of this alliteration will be very much appreciated.

Yours very truly,

Dale Warner
S/Sgt. C.A.P.C.

Editor's Note: We hope the correction of the alliteration will add greatly to your enjoyment of the Fly Paper, S/Sgt. Warner. Thanks for the entertaining note.

151 Pittsburgh Street
Uniontown, Penna.
January 2, 1944

Dear Editor:

My husband, Don R. Miller, is an alumnus of Class 19-48 E. We would like to keep up on the news of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, so please send us the Fly Paper.

Don is now in the Aerial Gunnery School at Ft. Myers, Fla., and loves his work.

Sincerely,

Mrs. D. R. Miller

Editor's Note: The Fly Paper is on its way, Mrs. Miller. If you will send us Don's complete address, we shall forward a copy to him also.

1501 Field Rd.
Helena, Arkansas
January 3, 1944

Dear Editor:

Quite by accident today, I picked up an old copy of the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper. I found it to be very interesting and informative.

I would like very much to receive this newspaper if it is at all possible. Please advise me by return mail.

Thank you very much for your kind attention.

Sincerely,

A/C Mervin Levenberg
Sq. C-2, Class 44-F

Editor's Note: This issue of the Fly Paper follows closely on the heels of our answer to your letter, Cadet Levenberg. We are glad that you are interested in our publication and hope that you will continue to enjoy it.

3478 Gunston Road
Parkfairfax
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Editor:

Since Dick is so modest and will not tell you, I will tell you and his boys that he has covered quite a bit of the Eastern World and his travels are very interesting.

If any of his boys happen to be up this way, we should be happy to have them in for a social call and dinner between trains or planes.

Dick has seen Iceland, Greenland, England, Scotland, Gibraltar, Africa and South America. He could probably tell plenty. He has quite a short-snorner by now and hopes to add many more lands to it.

He talks often of the boys he knew and from him I gather they are a swell bunch of guys. One of the officials of your company was in Washington a short time ago and they had a grand talk in the Airport Terminal while awaiting a flight. He was quite pleased to be remembered.

He is over there right now but is expected back any day. Maybe it would interest his friends to know that he is to be a papa in April. He is still as wild as ever but is one swell guy. Hard as it may be for some to think, he is quite the model bridegroom.

Please remember our invitation as we love company, always have open house and are most always home.

The ever faithful bride,

Marie Hall

Editor's Note: Dick (Richard B.) Hall was an Instructor at Carlstrom in late '41 and early '42. Thanks, Mrs. Hall, for sending us the nice picture of Dick. We are sure that many of his boys will appreciate your cordial invitation. Please let us know if any do drop by to see you.

PRIZES - PRIZES

THOSE NIFTY AWARDS THAT ARE TO BE MADE TO THE DEPARTMENT HEADS AND OTHERS ARE "THE TOPS" AND WORTH TRYING FOR. EVERY PERSON IN THE COMPANY IS ELIGIBLE. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS SAVE WASTE PAPER. EASY, ISN'T IT? AND PATRIOTIC TOO! BUT WE MUST HAVE LOTS OF WASTE PAPER TO SHOW. SO, LET'S GO! YOU HAVE TILL FEBRUARY 1ST TO QUALIFY.
Letters From England

F/O J. W. Wyborn, R.A.F.
2, Grimshaw Road
Peterborough, England
Nov. 15, 1943

Dear Jack:

I wonder if you will remember me—Course 5 and all that? Many things have happened since I left Clewiston. I still recall our farewell train steaming out of Moore Haven on route for a different climate—if I remember correctly, Ralph Thyrn and "Professor Nimbus" Robinson were the last two instructors I said "ciao" to.

Times have changed at Riddle Field since that day, I guess. I still receive the Fly Paper, although it reaches me by a devious route since I have now left the address which you have on your mailing list. Would you arrange to substitute the one shown overhead—no doubt you are in touch with your mailing department.

I occasionally get news of some of the boys who were around the Field in the seemingly far-off days, but have met but few, I spent a few days some time ago on the same R.A.F. station as F/O Dyson who was the Course Commander (as they were then known) of No. 4 Course. He had many trips to his credit with Bomber Command and I can't imagine it's due for a rest period by now.

I occasionally hear from Flight Lieutenant Hollis, D.F.C., who was Course Commander of No. 5 Course as you will recall. He is another "Bomber Boy" and has done many trips and is at present taking a rest. He and I have tried to meet on a number of occasions, but the R.A.F. arranges things differently. I did, in fact, drop in at his station some time ago to find that he was away on duty, so we are still trying. Bomber Command, incidentally, is also my racket; I am assigned to an operational squadron, having started my ops, only recently.

Perusal of recent Fly Papers shows many new faces among Riddle Field's personnel. Will you please give my best wishes to any of the old hands who were around in my day. Tell them it is still a great pleasure to recall the good times we had while at Clewiston.

Sincerely yours,

John W. Wyborn

---

Editor's Note: Jack Hopkins, to whom this letter was addressed, assures us that he remembers you, John. We are pleased to hear of your activities and are more than grateful to know that many of the Riddle Field boys are doing so well. Your Fly Paper will be sent to your new address.

---

F/O N. S. C. Colley
3 Franklin Street
Scarborough
Yorkshire, England
Nov. 14, 1943

Dear Hoppo:

I intended writing you before we left the States, but somehow or other in the turmoil of leaving it was overlooked, and so it's been delayed until now. I suppose Course 7 seems a very long way away now, but I know that most of the boys whom I've met again still remember it all very vividly, from the soporific ground school to the so terrific A.T.'s—and as the Fly Paper continues to arrive regularly at my home address, I manage to keep in touch with Riddle Field that way. (The latest edition to arrive contains the Course 14 Listening Out, which is pretty good—and your noble work as editor is still as readable as ever. A thankless job, I must admit, after trying it for a couple of weeks.)

I was very sorry to read of Nick's death, because I, and all the boys, thought he was a very fine type. I noticed with regret, too, the death of "Wee Willie" Tyson. I hope you'll continue to have the magazine sent over this side—it makes an interesting break in these days of paper shortage.

Course 7 seems to be split up far and wide. Unfortunately, several of the boys have "pranged"—Laurie Coopland, Len Baker, Truscott, Hawley, Coates, Jackson and Twelftree I know of. Ken Coates, in particular, had put in some noble work over Germany and Italy in Lancasters. As for the others, I know of Frank Peg (our Course Commander) who is on Spitfires in India; Jack Sims and Phil Mighell are Staff Pilots; "Johnny" Jones is up in Northern Scotland on, I believe, Spitfires; whilst "Boy" Loch ekes out a meager existence on trogn-towing. I have heard of several of the other boys, but the news is so indefinite that I wouldn't care to quote it as gospel truth.

As for us who did a tour of instructing in the States—Harry Roberts, John Etherington and myself—we're still awaiting posting to a flying unit, together with Woodham of Course 8 and one of the Course 6 ex-instructors—I forget his name.

Hope everything is still going as excellent as ever at Riddle Field. Give my regards especially to Bob Walker and Keene Langhorne, if they're still around (and tender my apologies for not having written to them).

I hope all this gen isn't censorable, but it's mostly fairly stale news. If you know of any of the other boys, I'd be glad to read your gen. either in Fly Paper or direct. Cheerio for now.

Noel S. C. Colley

Editor's Note: Noel Colley was a Fly Paper Associate Editor from Course 7 and it is a pleasure to hear from him. We were sorry, however, to learn of the deaths to several of the Course 7 graduates. Hoppo's answer is on route to you, Noel.

---

41 Monastery Gardens
Enfield, Middx.
England
November 11, 1943

Dear Editor:

Having just seen the copy of the Fly Paper dated September 10, 1943, sent to Sgt. Pilot Roy E. Crockett at Leicester, I am writing to ask if you would kindly send us (the parents of the late Sgt. Pilot Vincent Reeves) an occasional future copy and any back numbers which might have a picture of our son.

Vincent was at No. 5 B.F.T.S., Clewiston, from October 1941 to May 1942. He and Roy were school friends here and, strangely enough, met at Fort Moneton, one returning to England and the other proceeding to Florida, to the same Field from which his friend had just been graduated.

That was a sad parting, however, as Vin was killed while flying in Scotland just a year ago today.

We very much appreciate the kindness and splendid work done by the Riddle-McKay staff and are grateful to the many friends at Clewiston, Moore Haven, Lake Belle and Palm Beach who were so good to our boy and his fellow cadets during their stay.

With best wishes.

Yours faithfully,

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Reeves

Editor's Note: On behalf of the entire Embry-Riddle organization we wish to express our sorrow on the death of your son. We also feel a personal loss as we knew Vincent, who was in Course 4 (Roy was in Course 9). The Fly Paper is being sent regularly to you, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and the back copies already have been forwarded.

---

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.

Name
Address

---

Buy more War Bonds. Yes, you! Not the other fellow.
Don't let your theme song be "Let the rest of the world go buy."
**EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER**

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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Otto F. Hempel, Special Correspondent

**Courage**

Since the dawn of time man has been beset with dangers, difficulties and problems along whatever road he chose to travel. His has been a constant conflict with the portions of his environment which were detrimental to his physical and social well being.

He has succeeded well in his struggle because man has been endowed with that certain intangible quality of mind which enables him to encounter danger and difficulty with firmness and without fear.

Backed by this unbeatable weapon, he has been able to rise above his foes and emerge triumphant to his present state of civilization. We call this attribute Courage.

This strange force is an inherent part of all of us and is manifest in divers ways. The courage of the soldier on the battlefield is evident to all. So too is that of the man or woman engaged in hazardous occupations of sports.

No one questions the courage of the explorer entering unknown jungles nor the test pilot checking a plane of unproven design. These are the picturesque, spectacular phenomena of everyday life which we accept as we do our morning newspaper.

It is the unsung heroes who deserve our thoughts. Let us turn to the multitudes who each day in their own quiet way face dangers and overcome obstacles with all the courage of a knight-errant in search of a dragon. Some of these, it is true, may attract enough attention so as to be brought to our notice through the public press but for the most part theirs is an unsung heroism.

John Smith is overpaid by a bank when he cashes a check. At home his family is in dire financial straits. Torn between his need for the money and his feelings of right and wrong, he finally returns the money. This is true courage.

In the present war effort many of us have been shaken from our normal spheres

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Wives of Sao Paulo Instructors
Meet In Tech School Cafeteria

Wives, wives, wives—some half hundred Embry-Riddle wives whose husbands are in Sao Paulo or are expecting to leave in the near future met at the Tech School last Tuesday night.

Mrs. Theodore Treff (Ted is Chief Accountant of the Technical School of Aviation of the Brazilian Air Ministry) had some opportunities to become acquainted with the wives of other members of the new school so she decided to do something about making them acquainted with each other.

With the assistance of Col. Arnold H. Rich, Tech School director, and Mrs. Grace Simpson of the Cafeteria, Mrs. Treff gathered the clan together for supper and an organization meeting.

John Paul Riddle spoke on the necessity of close cooperation with our neighbors. He mentioned the fine treatment received by our instructors in Brazil and the importance of the wives realizing that they too will be representatives of the United States. He assured his audience that it was most important that each familiarize herself with the language and the customs of the country in which she expected to live for some time.

Guest of honor of the evening was the Brazilian Vice Consul, Alberto Lopes, who assured the ladies that he would be at their disposal to help with any questions which might arise from their plans to join their husbands “in the best country in the world.”

Col. Rich announced that officials at the Tech School would do all in their power to help these temporary widows and invited them to bring their problems to him and to those connected with the Brazilian program. He then turned the program over to Mrs. Treff for discussion of future plans.

In appointing her assistants, dubbed “The Steering Committee,” Mrs. Treff chose Mrs. Howard Senior, Mrs. Donald Sprague, Mrs. Francis DeBra and Mrs. Ralph Finn.

Classes in Portuguese and lectures in Brazilian customs and habits were discussed and slips were signed by each guest as to the time she could attend.

Another meeting is to be held at 3 p.m. at the Tech School on Tuesday, February 1.

A word of thanks to Mrs. Treff for her work in getting her fellow “widows” together and to Mrs. Simpson who was responsible for a delicious dinner.

Maurice Brayton
Praises Beauty
Of Rio de Janeiro
In Letter To Wife

Hotel Riviera
Rio de Janeiro, Brasil
December 25, 1944

Darling:

I have been wondering all day just what you did today. As for me I wouldn’t know it was Christmas if I didn’t know the date. It is really warm today. It has cleared and Rio is more beautiful than ever. Another plane load came in today so we are quite a little party.

This morning I went bathing on the famous beach of Copacabana which is just across the street from the hotel. There must have been several thousand people there—however, there was plenty of room as the beach extends for several miles. It is lined with apartments which average ten stories high. It is quite a place.

We will be in Rio until Tuesday or perhaps longer, but it is OK with me as we really are seeing the sights. We stayed out on the beach for just a short while as the sun was very hot. We did go out into the ocean for about twenty feet and played in the waves. One sure sent me for a roll—I jumped up just as it hit and it took me off my feet.

How I wish you could see this city with me. I’m sure you will, as we will come back here some week-end after we get to Sao Paulo. Perhaps you will stay here on your way down.

We generally eat about ten in the morning, have lunch about one and dinner at seven-thirty. It always takes an hour and a half to eat.

December 25

Was interrupted last night—so will finish now. Ten of us went to Club Atlantica here on the beach and saw a very good floor show. They certainly have wonderful places—much better than anything I’ve ever seen in the States.

This morning three of us rented bicycles and toured this part of the town. We rode up the beach for quite a distance and got into some very beautiful scenery along the shore. We were several hundred feet above the sea along a mountain road. The sights were grand. Afterwards we went swimming and I’m afraid we stayed out too long—my back is quite hot.

This afternoon some of us went to the city park, which is in the mountains just outside the city. It was as nice a park as I have ever seen. We also went to the Botanical Gardens which had every imaginable thing that would grow. I got my biggest thrill out of seeing a tree-fern—grows like a tree—twenty feet high or more.

I am anxious to get to work. I imagine they will give us plenty as soon as we reach Sao Paulo. They say that Sao Paulo is just as nice as Rio—with even a better climate.

Mr. and Mrs. Adriano Ponso are important members of Embry-Riddle’s Brazilian program. Adriano has been appointed Technical Assistant to Mr. Riddle to aid and assist in the handling of that program, while the former Thelma Elliott acts as his secretary. The handling and securing of passports is under Adriano’s direction and he acts in an advisory capacity to the Director of the Tech School, the head of the Brazilian program in Miami and the Director of the School in Sao Paulo, Brazil.
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

If this column makes lil' or no sense, it's because of the fine cooperation of Harriet Van De Veer, Jane Anderson and Betty Mitchell who are, at this stage of the game, in the third act, part II, of a Kitten Kontab Party, held for no good reason in particular except to get together and talk over the present politicial situaotions. (Well all be old enuff to vote this year!)

The meeting having been called to order, we'll get to the business at hand. Harriet will read the minutes. "It's 17 minutes" (after 8, in case you're wondering). As we run a resume of old business we see that Tillie Tiley finally got away on her anticipated vacation to Pennsylvania with Navy husband, Warren.

Billie "Boca Chica" Fernandez is vacat-ioning in the Frigid Zone of New York, having completed a year's service with Embry-Riddle. If it's as cold in those parts as they say in our southern dailies, Tillie and Billie will be lucky if they thaw out by next June.

Unconditional Surrender

The fact that this year is Leap Year was brought up for discussion and a well planned program of aggressive attack with unconditional surrender was drawn up. This means there's still a chance for Misses Jane, Betty, June and Harriet. The exclusion of Lola Hayes is due to the fact that she caught her man back in 1943 and has set a tentative date in April. The lovely engagement ring came from S/Sgt. Johnny Dowling, now stationed in Texas.

But, boys, these other gals have murder in their eyes, so be on guard. These Leaping Lena's are out to do or die, so jump now or forever hold your peace.

Bolting Bessie

Speaking of leaping, you've missed living if you haven't toured in our area of the ages, Bolting Bessie, the speed queen of the runway. She was born back in 1929, bears a Ford Trademark and rides like a derailed Pullman.

This Smithsonian relic is the pride and joy of Billie Fernandez she being the only one with the intestinal fortitude and strong enough constitution to ride this whirligig without a safety belt and anybody Bessie provides the only transportation between Control Tower and Canteen.

The holes in the floor boards are used as bomb bays on unsuspecting landcrews as well as for emergency exits, seeing as how the doors don't work very well. Bessie turns at approximately 1000 R.P.M.'s on a downhill grade with a good tail wind but bucks and sputters on inclines, of which there are unfortunately many at Chapman.

At this point all ballast must be disposed of and exerted back pressure applied as the reward for a good day's service, Bessie is bedded away, out of the sight of scrap and scavenger hunters, and given a revigorating night-cap of Anti-Freeze. So rest her weary body.

The good news as well as new news of the week is the winning by Tiny Tim Heffin and Big Tom Moxley of their Instrument Ratings. Congratulations and all the trimmings. Tiny need never worry now when he goes up for those numerous weather checks.

The Press

It was nice seeing friend Wain Fletcher and cohort Vadah Walker, renowned visitors, last week as well as meeting Katheryn Witherspoon and Mike Harlan. Activity and excitement being what it is, you fellows should come down more often. We have everything from soup to nuts! (Think I'm kidding?)

Bob Lethbridge immerged from hibernation long enough to renew a few old acquaintances last week also. It's always a pleasure, Bob, but don't wait so long between chit chats next time.

This is the sum total of today's business with the exception that Tine Wayne Davis, of the Tiny Davises, wants everyone to know that David Wilson DaBoll is still alive and healthy, even though he wasn't mentioned in this column. With no further ado, the meeting will kindly adjourn.

SAFETY SLANTS

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

A fire alarm anywhere in the Tech Overhaul area will in the near future be answered by a well organized and well equipped fire brigade. Charlie Mack, Overhaul's fire marshal, was unanimously elected chief of the new brigade at its organization meeting recently held in the Tech Cafeteria.

Our good friend Capt. Davis of the Miami Fire department described brigade organization to the 23 volunteers present after which yours truly presided while Charlie Mack was awarded the custody of the big red hat.

Big Blaze

The new power pumping unit was then demonstrated by Capt. Davis, and the multitude of accessory equipment was inspected by the group who approved the fine ladder mounts installed by Joe Henry. It will take a big blaze to stand up long under the 500 gallons of water which this rig will push out at 100 pounds pressure.

Supervisory personnel at Carlstrom, Riddle, Dorr and Chapman Fields and Miami turned in full force for the first unit conferences in the Foremanship Safety Training series. If the real interest shown at the first conference is maintained throughout the series, Embry-Riddle may well become "the safest place in the world" to work.

The war films shown after the training period created such favorable comment that an effort is being made to show them to all personnel.

War Department Report, a 45-minute sound movie, was shown at the Courthouse in Arcadia Monday night and at the high school auditorium in Clewiston on Wednesday night. It will be shown at Tech School several times on Monday and Tuesday. This picture, especially produced for War Workers, is made up from the best Army and Navy combat pictures and captured enemy films.

In dramatic sequence is shown the landing in Sicily, the bloody battle on the Salerno beach, our planes in aerial combat with the enemy, the remarkable amphibious attacks on Jap-held strongholds and other action scenes. A unique part of the captured footage gives the Germans' own film record of their abduction of Benito Mussolini.

Tickets

Owing to limited seating capacity in our projection room, it may be necessary to issue tickets for which there will be no charge but good only for particular projection periods. Check with your department head.

A series of these Army and Navy films have been booked for showing twice monthly through May at the Safety Training Conferences and as far as practical to all personnel. I'll try to get some sleep in June.
UNION CITY FLIGHT LINE
by Marie Burnham and Louise Cashon

Congratulations to Squadron 1 for the successful Hill-Billy Party at the Pilot's Club Saturday night. Squadron Commander Eddie Kairit and his boys really did the thing up in authentic Tennessee style. Being a Yankee from Massachusetts, we wonder how Eddie got all of the Tennessee "atmosphere."

No doubt his local vulcan assistants, Larry Sims and Instructor Walter Dunnelly, both Tennesseans of the worst kind, put him straight on the details. Of course, Joe Grow, that metropolete from West Virginia, would know nothing of rural life.

Anniversaries come around so fast that a fellow just has a heck of a time trying to keep up with them—especially with Xmas and the New Year popping long after the same time. First, we want to congratulate "Chic" and Millie Clark—especially Millie for putting up with "Chic" for nineteen years.

Out of the Hat

Then there is Louise Cashon, that good-looking Chief Assistant to the Chief Dispatcher, Howard Cooper, celebrating some sort of an anniversary up in the Buckeye state. Finally, there's Charlie Sullivan and Billie who can pull anniversaries out of the hat at the slightest provocation. As near as we can understand, this last one we labeled a "Jumble." What's the complete story, Charlie?

We would like to make a formal declaration and warning to all concerned that the latest discovery along the wolf line is none other than Sidney Sherwood Monette who up until recently pretty effectively hid behind that sheep's clothing. However, the secret is out now, Sid, so don't be harshful about it . . . which all goes to show you what a year of instructing the finest cadets in the world will do to a man.

Just One Year

That formerly quiet, composed and compliant individual has acquired grey hairs, become proficient in chain-smoking (especially on stages and supervised solos) and has mastered a wonderful and varied vocabulary, not to speak of his habit of pacing back and forth on an auxiliary field muttering to himself and everyone else within 200 yards "Oh, why did I ever leave that farm in Vermont?" Our formerly shy and reticent New Englander is also an accomplished social hound now—and after only a year in Tennessee. My! My! Look out, gals!

By the way, folks, Louise and I will gladly take care of any complaints brought against us because of misinterpretation of facts (?). Make your appointment early!

A very good idea has been put into practice on the Third Floor of the Flight Tower, namely a "cuss box." It seems as if the faithful cussers who visit the Timekeeper's office must forfeit a five-cent piece for every misplaced word described in yahooti's terminology. A recent visitor was an unvary Cadet who caused two hits worth and then penalized liked the idea so well that he asked for the pleasure of forfeiting two more buffaloes.

Union City Warrior

We haven't been keeping up with the sports world too closely in the last few weeks but we do remember one hunting trip taken by the instructors of the Grind School not too long ago. Anyway, we can't forget the episode of one brave warrior, "heap big" engine's instructor Joe D. McClure, who happened to stumble onto the scent of one of the small cottontail species.

Since we were down in his part of the country, we felt he knew them all by name. Neither a duck-call, hypnotism nor even ill language would make the hare or rabbit move around on Joe's side of the log: so he got over on the side with the rabbit. Wondering if he were going to shoot for game or hit him with the gun barrel, due to the shortening of space between the two, we waited breathlessly for the outcome.

Anticlimax

The gun was aimed, the rabbit put a front paw in each ear, closed both eyes and started praying. The gun fired—smokeless shells—no smoke and also no dead rabbit. He waved his paw and headed off.

We are still wondering how Joe missed the rabbit without shooting his own toe off since they were so close together. As all hunting trips carry stories, this one was no exception, but we still don't think there was any excuse.

We're looking forward to your correspondent's being back next week and that ain't all! We're also looking for big things before very long. Nuff said!

Buy War Bonds—
We Want Our Boys Back!

Union City Welcomes
Major F. G. McNally

by James F. Glover

The personnel at Embry-Riddle Field extends a hearty welcome to our new Commanding Officer, Major Frederick G. McNally. The new C.O. replaces Major Charles Parsons who has gone to Courtland, Ala., to succeed Major McNally there. Majors McNally and Parsons were classmates during their Primary days at Tuscaloosa in 1939.

The Major received his basic at the famous Randolph Field and finished advanced, receiving his wings and commission, at Kelly Field in July of 1940. Major McNally states that flying experience previous to going into the Air Corps was practically nil since he had only received, as he says, a little "stick" time here and there.

Our new Commanding Officer, whose home is in Evanston, III., is 27 years old, is married and has one child. However, Mrs. McNally has not arrived in Union City as yet.

Major McNally came to Union City December 23, 1943. He says that he has few comments to make about Primary as yet, because his primary experience has been limited to the school he attended during his first flight training. He stated that his experiences as a pilot have been along the lines of those that come to anyone who flies.

To Major McNally we extend again not only a welcome but our heartiest cooperation with his leadership here at Embry-Riddle Field!

Buy more War Bonds. Yes, you!
Not the other fellow.
Don't let your theme song be
"Let the rest of the world go buy."
DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

by Jack Whitnall and A. Gremlin

Bein's as our friend Jack is temperamental, or somethin', this week, how's about my checking in with a wee bit of what goes?

That word see reminds me that congratulations are in order for Johnny Lyons and Art Ramer—nothing like a babe in the home to make the fathers go around the Field with their heads in the clouds and wonderful grins all over their faces.

And have you all noted the curly-top in the Accounting department? Wow! That man Stroud is really surrounded by glamour since Betty and Martha blossomed forth with those beautiful curls—would it have anything to do with the arrival of 4-G—we wonder?

Tis rumored that Paul Wynne now counts to twelve before giving in to his disgust when things go awry.

Also we'd like to know the whereabouts of Don Peck—seems that when he returned to Miami, we sorta lost him in the shuffle. How about it, Wain?

Editor's Note: Don's in Sao Paulo, Senior Gremlin, a member of our new Brazilian Division.

Bad news—we hardly finished welcoming Capt. McChesn to Dorr Field (and Doings) when he informed us that he's leaving us. Hate to see you go, Captain, but our best wishes go with you. Come visit us anytime and everytime you have an opportunity.

Wonder if Ralph Kid has regained his breath—(Note to the Uninformed: He lost it while trying to keep in step with Lt. Hand of Dorr Field.)

And now Headquarters has another charming young lady—Margaret Fuge. Welcome to the fold, Mrs. F. We leave the opening of the Pilots' Club in Arcadia for Nate Reese to tell you all about—he sure and read about it—the fellows are really doing a nice job of furnishing entertainment for themselves and guests.

About time for the Stretch-Out—so

Bye for now.

LATE DORR DOINGS

We were a little late getting our column started this week. We just hope that this meets the deadline in time. We wonder what happened to all the copy the different departments were going to get in to us? Nothing from the ground school, and we haven't had anything from Airplane Maintenance for quite a spell. Gerald Taylor hasn't given us any news in quite some time, but he said that he would have us some next week.

We have been quite busy this week, letting people buy us cokes. The first to set 'em up was the Chaplain. H. E. "Pappy" Hudson said he was going to buy us a malted milk soon. (About saying something nice about your son, Mrs. Hudson, we would rather refer you to one of the dispatchers by the name of Abbie Benton. We are sure that he can give you all the lowdown.)

How happy we'll be when summer comes, even if it is to wish for the winter time again, Hmmm the human race is never satisfied.

Well, there just ain't no news this week, but we're getting up some big words for the next issue.

To'ally yours,
Jack

MAN OF THE WEEK

by A/C P. J. Dahlberg

Our Man of the Week has been a daily contributor to the general safety of Dorr Field for more than two years and a weekly contributor to the columns of the Fly Paper for a year and a half.

Jack Whitnall, 40, Chief Guard out Dorr way and author of Dorr Doings, is one of those tall, evenly featured, lively and genial lads. He is typically English. But since his arrival from that country after the last war his speech has combined the silent Hs with drawing Rs, making him a conversationalist truly interesting.

Jack received his education in a prep school and an agricultural school near Bristol, England. He arrived in Arcadia, Fla., in 1919. His most interesting experiences were derived from the air raids on London when he was there during World War I. Lack of air raid shelter on one side and slow, inaccurate bombing on the enemy's side typified those raids, he recalled.

Jack was first a guard at Carlinstrom and still has weekly confabs with the Chief Guard, George Mackie, of that "Auxiliary Field." He admits that his position is rather uneventful but, "We are always on our toes for anything to happen," he added.

All guards were "on their toes," so the story goes, when a shot rang out one early morning during Dorr's second youth. The report emerged from the midst of the then unhangered PT-17s. Cautious investigation resulted in the discovery of one very flat tire.

"Dorr Doings" is Jack Whitnall's means of keeping the civilian employees within the Fly Paper's scope posted on the weekly occurrences among them. His present pride is joy in the new guard house at the Airfield entrance. Through his management the Guards moved the house, rebuilt and painted it. "We've waited two years for that and are mighty proud of it," he boasts.

As a side line, Jack keeps himself busy painting signs and guiding Dorr's commissioned officers in fox hunts. He's had plenty of luck with the former and none at all with the latter.

Good luck, Jack, "eal?"

G. I. DORR

by Sgt. Lambeth

Your correspondent for the week has been requested to write a few lines of, by and for the enlisted men of this detachment. It is said correspondent's first effort in this direction so forgive any deviation from strict rules of editorialism.

Congratulations are in order for S/Sgt. Ralph A. Megahan. He got his one down, a "rocker," effective this month. All the best, "Mac." You had it coming.

"Mac" says to Lt. Robert, "I feel that I have learned a lot from your Chemical Warfare course. There is just one thing that is not quite clear in my mind. What's the difference between Phosgene and Hygiene?"

Three more G.I.'s have been recognized by promotion to the grade of sergeant. Congratulations, Burns, McLaughlin and McKay.

It ain't the army: "At ease, men. You may smoke if you wish."—Lt. Hand.

Orchids to T/Sgt. Smith. We understand from his home town paper that he has got himself engaged. All the best, "Smitty" boy.

Missing from action: Sgt. Dave Reed—
to the hospital being treated for asthma. Hurry back, Dave. We miss you badly.

BUY WAR BONDS
THE NEW CADET AT DORR

by A/C Lester Davis

So you're just in from Maxwell. Dorr Field looks pretty good and pretty bewildering, doesn't it? Just wait till you get on the Flight Line. Want to know how you'll feel after a few weeks here? Well, take it from a 900-hour cadet, one who's had three instructors and one ground loop, don't think it's all fun.

Set Your Goal

Like anything else, you get out of flying what you put in and, Mister, that's all there is to it. If you set a goal ahead of you, decide that is what you want more than anything else, then don't just work toward it, strive!

"Well," you may say to yourself, "I've got my goal. I want to fly; but what else am I supposed to do? I meet my instructor every day and promptly, too. I follow through on all maneuvers and I'm very careful not to get him angry—well, not very angry, anyway. Besides, I can't help making some mistakes."

Sure, that's a good story, Zombie, but both types of cadets tell it. The one who "washes" and the one who gets through. Which are you going to be?

Look at yourself, "Think!" yells your instructor. "Don't you ever know what you're supposed to do? Don't you ever study? Get your maneuvers straight on the ground. Write your flights up, your mistakes, your habits and if you remember half of it in the air, you'll be lucky."

Plan, Plan, Plan

But half is a whole lot more than no preparation at all. If you're having trouble solving or those 20, 40 and 60 hour checks seem so environ to sit down and plan.

Your flight by describing it in words or drawing it out; but put some thought on it and, if nothing else, it will give you some measure of confidence. One instructor told me that after you solo your whole time in the airplane ahead.

Some cadets get as far as Primary still with the idea that they'd rather be something other than a pilot. Well, make no mistake. If you want to fly and will work hard enough, they'll make a pilot out of you here. So it's strictly up to you.

Don't waste a minute in the air. That time is valuable. It costs plenty in civilian life and it doesn't cost any less in the Army. Take advantage of it and work till you know you can do excellent maneuver, every acrobatic well enough to pass any check. The buzzing can wait.

You know where you're going from here?

Basic Flying School, BT-13s and, Mister, from there the sky is the limit—so let's play the game to the limit.

Dorr's Keyhole

by A/C Norm Sharpless

Thousands of cadets pass through the portals of Dorr each year in their pursuit of wings. The story of their transition from groundlings to flyers has been told many times. But there are still tales in the background of each man's life that seldom make their way into print. The glamorous details of Air Corps life usually are told about the group as a whole; the individual shoulders his own sorrows.

Unfinished

As an example of what we mean, we'd like to mention a letter recently returned to the Dorr Field Postoffice. Several months ago one of our cadets had mailed it to his brother, a Lieutenant piloting a fighter plane in Italy. When it came back to Dorr the envelope was covered on both sides with foreign and domestic postmarks. But, one brief little entry down on the corner told the story. It read, "Killed in action."

Through Columnist A/C Wilden, the fallas in Squadron 4-F have made it known that they believe themselves the "most eager" outfit on the Post. Could be? Anyway, it is true that they are the singling bunch here. From morn till night they exercise their vocal cords under the leadership of Paul Johnson and Art Bingham. "Tain't beautiful—but it's loud!"

Tough

Poor 44-E! They worked hard—oh, so hard—on the obstacle course and didn't get the chance to run over it. Murphy and Martin were proud of their efforts and had hoped to be rewarded by the sight of their buddies battling the hurdles. Now, isn't that tough?

Around Dorr: Helmshalz should never try to return a tennis drive with anything but a racket again. He doesn't look well with sun glasses... "Bookie Bob" Wilhelm lost a few bob by giving 3 to 1 odds that he wouldn't ship before February 1... A/Cs Gaal and Yeager's version of a Louis vs. Conn bout was unfortunate for Yeager.

P. R. Henderson is the present holder of the title "Arcadia Romeo"... And, "Moose" Hoff isn't slow in making feminine friends either... Dick Steigle is either out to see how much weight the Stear-
Old Carlstrom-ites were mighty glad to see Warrant Officer Norman E. Waite back on the Field again. W/O Waite was the first Sergeant Major assigned to Carlstrom 'way back in 1941, but was transferred some time ago. Shortly thereafter he secured his Warrant Officer's rating and has served for some months in England. He has received the Purple Heart. We all wish you the very best of luck in your new assignment and hope that the next time you and the Mrs. come through Arcadia you can stay a little longer.

Cadet Club

The new Cadet Club opened on January 12th with a bang! Music was furnished by a Cadet Orchestra composed of cadets from Dorr and Carlstrom Fields, a stage show was presented by the Cadets of both Fields, and a super time was had by all who attended.

Weekly dances and floor shows are contemplated for the future. The Club is something the Cadets in Arcadia have needed for a long time and they can really be proud of it.


Representatives from Class 44-G will be announced in the next few days.

Cadet Officers

Capt. John Strauch, Commandant of Cadets, has announced the following Cadet officers:

Class 44-E (holdovers): A/C Anselmo Quian, Group Commander; A/C W. E. Rittenhouse, Squadron Commander; A/C Edwin R. Richmond, Squadron Commander.

Class 44-F: A/C C. A. Whitaker, Wing Commander; A/C Joe Spearman, Wing Adjutant; A/C T. B. Murame, Wing Sg. Major.


Group B: A/C John S. Stublefield, Group Commander; A/C Tandy Wilson, Second in Command; A/C Hugh E. Cassidy, Squadron Commander; A/C George A. Stall, Squadron Commander; A/C Ralph Shepard, Squadron Commander.

Group C: A/C B. H. DeVries, Group Commander; A/C S. Becker, Squadron Commander; A/C W. J. Conlan, Squadron Commander; A/C W. R. Benedetti, Squadron Commander.

Group D: A/C Morris Boist, Group Commander; A/C William Dalton, Squadron Commander; A/C Ralph Ross, Squadron Commander; A/C James Fuller, Squadron Commander.

On January 10th, A/C Kenneth L. Holl (Class 44-E) of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Micheline D. Guarnera of Mayfield Heights, Ohio, were married in Arcadia by Chaplain Shonfelt. Mr. and Mrs. Middleton Round (Mr. Round is Assistant Steward at the Mesa Hall) acted as witnesses. All the personnel at Carlstrom Field extend very best wishes for happiness to Cadet and Mrs. Holl.

Spanish Classes

Last Tuesday the first class of commercial and technical Spanish conducted by Flight Instructors De Franceschi and Aguirre was held at the DeSoto County High School. The classes begin at 9 p.m. each Tuesday evening. Nineteen Flight Instructors have thus far signed up for the course, and anyone else interested should contact either of the above-mentioned instructors.

Two Carlstrom flight instructors who recently entered the category of married men are Kenneth McLaughlin of Des Moines, Iowa, and Richard J. Manning of Lake Bluff, Ill. Congratulations!

Tuesday, January 11th, saw the Carlstrom Field “Blue Devils” traveling to Sebring to play the Hendricks Field “Bombards” in a one-sided (according to the score only) basketball game. Despite the fact that the Blue Devils were out-towered by the Hendricks quintet (the Bombards having not a man under six feet in height)
the Carlstrom boys played a hard, determined game.

McPhail led the scoring with 18 points, Fuge following closely with 11 markers. Treadway played his best game of the season, scoring 8 points, while Steward completed the scoring with 2 additional points. A return game is scheduled for the 18th at Hendricks Field.

Saturday, the 15th, the Carlstrom Blue Devils played the Buckingham Field, Ft. Myers, quintet and were again defeated by a score of 55 to 29. 'Twas a good game though!

Sgt. James McCourt of Link Trainer recently has returned from a short furlough. Welcome back!

AERO CLUB
Continued from Page 1

liaison sextet between the members and the operator: Harry V. Hess of Carlstrom, Chairman; E. F. Daughtrey of Dorr, Secretary-Treasurer; Willis Bishop and C. A. Sauder, of Carlstrom and Dorr Fields respectively; and Lts. Alvin May and William Frank, also of Carlstrom and Dorr respectively.

Aiding the above committee in matters of policy will be an Advisory Board composed of L. J. Povey, Vice-President of Embry-Riddle in Charge of Flying Operations; H. Roscoe Brinton, General Manager of Carlstrom; Gordon P. Mougey, Jr., General Manager of Dorr; and the Commanding Officers at both Fields, Majors J. E. Clouts and J. L. Curnutt.

By Invitation
By-laws for the club advise that membership is by invitation only, such membership being designed to include all flight and ground school instructors, all Army officers and key personnel from Carlstrom and Dorr Fields. Opening and closing hours have been announced tentatively as 1 p.m. to 12 mid-night on all days except Saturday when the closing hour will be set by popular demand.

The usual number of difficulties encountered in the opening of a project of this size have been met and most of them surmounted. Carl Dunn, Director of Flying at Dorr Field, and Nate Reece, Jr., Mr. Povey's administrative assistant, were assigned to the task at the outset.

The building was leased from the Desoto National Bank at a very fair figure, and such items as stoves, a grille, piano and a multitude of other smaller items were procured in second hand stores, warehouses and even some private homes where the owners were endowed with a propensity for swapping. One man even allowed the club's representative to take a sink from his home to be used temporarily until one better fitted for club purposes could be found.

From a financial standpoint, the club appears to be on a firm footing. Dues of two dollars per month per member are to be paid, and initiation fees have been set at five dollars. The by-laws provide that those eligible for membership but who do not join may not make use of the club's facilities, but those not eligible for membership may be admitted as guests when accompanied by a member.

The club's facilities also will be used by members' wives and their guests for bridge parties and luncheons in the afternoons, such diversion being encouraged.

Success Ahead

Following the opening Saturday night, interest has been running high among members and potential members regarding additions and improvements that may be made from time to time as funds, time and materials are available. Such interest be· tokens a successful club and a cooperative membership.

While most facilities are complete, matters that will occupy attention in the future include beautification of the grounds which are enclosed with a ranch-type pole-and-post fence, outside bracket lights at the entrances, a sign or large plaque at the front door, pictures, drawings and scale-model planes for the ballroom and lounge, a barbecue pit, and many of the other smaller items that will enhance the appearance of the surroundings and contribute to the enjoyment of the members.

—Nate Reece, Jr.

Two women in a railway car argued about the window and at last called the porter as referee. "If this window is open," one declared, "I shall catch cold and probably will die." "If the window is shut," the other answered, "I certainly shall suffocate." The two glared at each other.

The porter was at a loss, but he welcomed the words of a man sitting near. Said he: "First open the window. That will kill one. Next, shut it. That will kill the other. Then we can have peace."
This issue is dedicated to the Pilots for whom Riddle Field is a pleasant memory. If you are one of those, and look in vain for your name here, it doesn’t mean your friends are not thinking of you. It means we don’t know your whereabouts. So please take the hint and write.

For American readers the story of alumni activities may make more sense with this Glossary. (All English readers, skip over this.)

Army Cooperation: Pilots work in close support with ground troops in reconnaissance, bombing special objectives, etc.

A.F.U.: Advanced Flying Unit, still under the training Command.

O.T.U.: Operations Training Unit. Operations are what we term “missions.”

A.T.A.: Air Transport Auxiliary—similar to our ferry pilots.

Course 4

P/O John Pickard is an elementary instructor.

Course 8

Sgt. Colin Yates met his death in a flying accident somewhere in England. We are indebted to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Yates, for this information, and we send them our deep sympathy.

Course 9

Dan Campbell, James Kerr, Leslie Foskett and Harry Chapman have been teaching at Majors Field in Texas. They are now in England. Flight Officers Campbell and Kerr, with their wives, visited the field in Scotland where Brian Partridge, Gordon Smith and Roland Temple are stationed.

Harold Prust is reported to have had a miraculous escape from an accident in which his plane “went all to pieces.” He discovered himself, still strapped to his seat, unhurt, on the ground—having been thrown clear.

Course 10

Maurice Lang met his death in the service of his country.

Course 11

P/O Francis Shipton sends word that he and John Mark have completed twin engine conversion and both expect to be instructors. P/O Malby of Course 6 is converting to twins at the same station after a term of instruction in America.

Bob Higgins, all-around athlete of the Course, is at a single engine advanced unit and is all set for Army Cooperation.

CAUGHT NAPPING

William Crook and Herbert Jeffries are training to be primary instructors.

Philip Tattersall is going on Army Coop.

Stuart Cox is flying fighters.

Charles Hicks, former Course Commander, writes: “I am just finishing an A.F.U. course here and am waiting to be posted to O.T.U. This is a ‘twin’ school and contains Baxter of Course 10. Dusty’ Miller, also of 10, has just arrived as an instructor, and John Jorgensen, of 11, is starting for here.”

Peter Burgess: “Believe it or not—I am now a full fledged flying instructor.”

Peter Hatchwell completed an instructor’s course along with Crook, Jeffries, Shepherd, Newman, Burgess, O’Donohue and Downes.

Donald MacIntosh is completing A.F.U. and is remiscing about Florida’s sunny weather—and the ice cream.

John Curtis Hayward is now in Operational Training as pilot on heavy bombers.

Course 12

P/O E. F. J. Robinson has been selected for day fighters and is waiting for an advanced course. He ran across Sgt. Johnny Potter of Course 11 in Cambridge and reports he is as lively as ever. Glass and Fenek are with Robinson waiting for Army Cooperation.

Sgts. Douglas Brooks, Keith Bore, Joe Burn, Geoff Burgess and Allan Best are at the same R.A.F. station, having completed a conversion course to twin engines. Burns writes that he hopes for a posting to light bombers.

Sgt. Charles Mears and Jim Oakes are in the north of Scotland taking a conversion course.

P/O George Collins has finished a Beam Approach course on twin engines.

Sgt. Ed. Jenkins is doing pre-A.T.U., after which he will take a transitional course onto twin engines in preparation for operational work as a night fighter pilot.

P/O Allan Evans writes that he is training on twin engine aircraft at a field in the Midlands along with several of Course 12: Reg Perkins, George Collins, E. J. Davies, Langley Emmett, John Hough, Tom Reynolds—also Geoffrey Davies of Course 11. Their prospects are for bombers or instructing.

Jimmie Wilkinson writes “At present I am flying Masters at my A.F.U. Soon I expect to start my O.T.U. for single engine day fighters. With me here are Hodston, Kay and Spencer for fighters and Ruggen­toni for Army Cooperation. Robinson and Fenek are near here training for the same thing.

“Lock and Raikes are potential night fighters. Mike Campbell and John Ellerton are elementary instructors. Coles is a twin advanced instructor. My brother, Joseph Wilkinson, is a sergeant pilot and is being transferred with Stan Woodhams to the A.T.A.”

Richard Clarke, in writing of his stay at Riddle Field, says, “One rarely realizes at the time what a good time one is having—it dawns later.”

Derek Ever and Geoffrey France are on a conversion course to twins. The next step is O.T.U., and both are slated for heavy bombers.

Ken Gowing’s fiancée writes that he has been sent “overseas” for his Operational training.

Course 14

Charlie Hughes is in Courtland, Ala. He formerly was in Texas instructing on B.Ts. Johnny Roy is in Malden, Mo., instructing on B.Ts.

Joe Berta and Earl Robertson are going to an advanced school.

Pete McGowen, Bill Burling, Elliott Payson and Bob Johnston are at a basic school in California.

Kenneth Pool wrote during an 18-day leave that he was waiting to go on a twin-engine conversion course.

Fred Cox, under officer while here, is instructing.

Course 15

At the latest report, all American graduates were in Nashville, Tenn. Bob Boardman cabled the Hilton Robinsons that he has arrived home safely.

In Memoriam

ANTHONY JOHN OAKLEY
January 14, 1944

“In the Service of His Country”

Riddle Field Clewiston, Florida
PERFECT RECORD

Harry B. Green is one of three employees of Engine Overhaul with a perfect record for attendance for 1943. Born in New Brunswick, Canada, he moved to Boston, Mass., at the age of twelve and became a citizen of the United States as soon as the law allowed.

Harry learned the machinist trade at the American Tool and Machine Company, Hyde Park, Mass., where he served as an apprentice for three years. Working in repair shops of New York and New Hampshire for some time, he later spent four years with the Mason Regulator Works at Dorchester, Mass.

Photography caught his attention and he became associated with the Boston Globe where he was staff photographer for several years. He later entered business for himself as a marine photographer, operating along the New England coast and opening a studio at Newport, R. I.

In 1910 Green came to Miami in his boat, “Snapshot,” intending to carry on the same business during the winter, but he drifted into the charter boat business, operating from the old Royal Palm Hotel Dock each winter until about 1924. Returning north each spring, he chartered his boat during summer months along the coast of Maine and Massachusetts.

TOO OLD?

After getting fingers rather badly burned during the real estate boom of 1925 and the hurricane of 1926, he retired to the “Rocking-Chair Fleet” until joining up with Embry-Riddle Engine Overhaul as a machinist where he has chalked up a perfect record of attendance for sixteen months.

Before joining Embry-Riddle, Mr. Green applied for work with another local aircraft plant but was refused because of his age (61). He then was determined to prove that age made no difference in a good man and his ambition was to go from the lowest pay rate to the highest in one year on merit alone. He missed this, however, by about two short weeks.

He has not only turned in a perfect attendance record but also has a perfect working record, having never left his machine during work hours nor spoiled one single piece of work or equipment.

ENGINE NOISES
by Allene Johnson

I'm sure you all join me in saying “Thanks for another swell jamboree.”

Don't give up, Mr. Grafflin, we'll surprise you with “Lil Liza Jane” yet!

Marvin Hood and Bill Twitchell knocked us for a loop with “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.” We didn't know you had it in you! “Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride,” sung by Charles Grafflin, was a “topnotcher” on the program. Being from Texas, I'd say “Give Me My Boots and Saddle.”

There's an old proverb which I believe goes thusly: “All good things come to those who wait.” You've been holding out on us, Edith, but we've got your number now! Edith Kirkland, one of the first employees of Engine Overhaul, did a swell job of entertaining us with three super-duper acts, with the aid of a tall silk hat from Bill Peck's Studio and Pat Drew as her accom­panist. Edith was formerly a dancing in­structor. How's about a few lessons, teacher? Nice going, Edith. You're wonderful!

Last, but not least, we were honored by the presence of Major Percy Stoddart, a pilot on a B-17 of the 19th Bomber Squad­ron, who held us enthralled with his ex­periences in the South Pacific. Major Stoddart has been awarded quite a few medals, among which are the Purple Heart and the Distinguished Flying Cross. It was swell having you, Major. We hope to see more of you.

The past week proved to be a record in the history of Engine Overhaul. The largest amount of completely overhauled engines were turned out. That's the spirit, gang! Let's go!

WING FLUTTER
by Medora Harling

Ho hum! 7:30 in the morning seems like the middle of the night. Such is the life of a working girl, at least the life of one that punches a time clock.

One of the visitors at Aircraft Overhaul this week was Mr. Wogee of Inglewood, Calif., a representative of the North American Aviation Co. He was very helpful to us, especially on AT-6s, and we hope he will visit us again on his next trip to Miami.

Good news. Walden Getzman has re­turned to the fold.

We have a new girl in the Accounting office. It's that cute blonde, Jackie Grose. Now we know why some of the men are late turning in their time cards.

Maxine Stevens is bowing these days.

Karen Linford is her instructor. We hear she is an apt student.

Has anyone seen Jimmie Head's imitation of the ace-man? Performances from 7:30 till 4:30. You can see it for peanuts.

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

INSTRUMENTS
by Walter Dick

Dear readers, you have had a two-weeks' rest from this column, but we are in the dog house with the gang with whom we work, so you folks will have to try to stand another installment or else just turn the page.

Everyone at Instrument Overhaul has been extra busy the past two weeks, we hear—we were away last week. One of the things that is new is the addition of three members to the crew and the change in status of two others.

Leslie Moore, a pretty little brunnette, and Jane Skinner, an equally pretty blonde, are the two new mechanics. Clanthia Herr­holz is the addition to the Instrument paint shop. Helen Dugan is the new packer in the Stockroom and a very efficient one she is too.

Peggy Huber is now Supervisor of Pro­ Continued on next page
A. D. D.'s
by Dorothy Keyser

We've discovered one of the secrets of popularity in this department. Just tote around a six-ounce chocolate bar. A three-ounce bar might do the trick, but a six-ounce certainly has good results.

Scenes... Tommy Wynne floating from one building to another on this cloudy day with blotters in hand absorbing the rain drops... Deserving of honorable mention, our oil heater which is the cause of a constant flow of visitors... people just walk in, pass around toothless grins, stand by the heater for a moment, and without a word walk right out, hello, Jack Salter...

Take my word for it that the heater has its uses but it does not make a comfortable seat.

Flo Love got a letter from Pauline Slotkin, who is now traveling via the gypsy path trying to keep up with her soldier husband. "I'll remember Pauline who was with us a few months back.

Dot Goyer by now is well on the way to South Carolina with her hubby, and Erma Dienes is on furlough with hers. Nothing dull about being a soldier's wife. At least one gets to see the country.

Are you ready to make out your income tax forms?

Among those whose absence is sincerely felt around Headquarters office is Mary Frances Fener—she was rushed to the Army Hospital at the Miami Biltmore for an emergency appendectomy Monday evening. We're all pulling for you, Mary Frances, and hope to have your cheerful smile back with us soon!

Also missed is "Stu" Hendrix—he took off bright and early Monday morning to visit the Commanding Officers of the Air Depot Attachments at Clewiston and Arcadia; we're looking for him back Tuesday afternoon.

What used to be the Civil Engineer School shortly will become the new home of the Air Depot Detachment Headquarter and General Supply. Renovation has already been started and we have high hopes of moving in by the end of the month.

INSTRUMENTS
Continued from Page 1a

duction Control and Helen McKee is her assistant. Mr. Crawford is our new inspector, coming to us along with the new year. Welcome to Instrument Overhaul, Mr. Crawford.

Marjorie Rosebush is back with us this week after a short vacation. Glad to have you back, Marj.

This week the FOURTH War Bond drive opens. Don't forget that the boys at the front lines haven't let down on their fighting. I don't think that any of us would intentionally let these boys down, but I am mentioning this to remind each of you that we can and will back them up.

Let's try to double our Bond purchases on this drive. What do you say, gang? Let's go!

CAN you sing or dance? Have you ever taken part in a Minstrel show? Would you like to take part in one? If so, be at the Tech School Cafeteria at 8:30 sharp on Tuesday evening, January 27. Tryouts and rehearsals will take place at that time for the Embry-Riddle Minstrel Show. A lot of fun is guaranteed. Come on out and do your part to make this first Embry-Riddle show a top-notch.

ARCHETICA OVERHAUL
by Blecka Kistler

LeRoy Frier is all smiles because he has a new baby at his house. He's especially proud because it's a girl. Congratulations, Roy. Congratulations also to Dave Blackwelder upon the arrival of a very fine baby boy. Hurray for the Woodworking department!

We note that Toby Roberts has been transferred from the Fuselage department into the portals of the Silver Spray room. Hence the reason for Toby's being slightly on the silver side lately. However, we know that Toby will make good at his new duties.

Jewell Dean has dropped her dope bucket and brush in favor of Masking and Stenciling. We fear that Jewell will be quite homesick as she has been in the Dope department for such a long time.

Elizabeth Thomas has been transferred to Disassembly, leaving Helen Hill alone among the spray pots. The almost inseparable pair have at last been torn apart. Tough luck, girls, but the best of friends must part.

May Nelson has found the whereabouts of her son, Q/m3/c Don Nelson. May is very happy over this as it has been two years since she's had an inkling of where he is stationed.

Joe Garman's gang says that they are taking care that he gets his vitamins every day. The "WooF" of Final Assembly is none other than Don Anderson. It all started at Joshua Creek. Carl Shugas has a side line—during his spare time he repairs watches and clocks. Does a fine job too.

It has been reported that our friend Ola Duncan is recuperating from her long illness and soon will return to work.

The price of a ride to town really has jumped. Just ask Frank Mayer.

Welcome to Forrest Johnson who is assistant to Jack Pooser.

COURAGE
Continued from Page 4

and have been projected bodily into an existence we never dreamed of before. A musician takes special training and becomes a welder. He realizes that this is necessary for the successful prosecution of the war. Each day he dreads more and more the physical side of a job which is so far from his real aims and interests.

He has nothing but the prospect of a distasteful job to look forward to six or more days a week, but he manages to do a good job every day. This too is courage.

Nor would we charge with being less courageous the couple in the autumn of life who after a lifetime of saving money for their old age take their nest egg and use it to provide a home and food for a refugee child.

When things seem blackest for us, when our plans which we have so carefully laid suddenly have the foundations blown from under them, then we must draw in full measure on our heritage of fortitude and see what can be salvaged from the wreckage to start a foundation anew again.

It is these tragedies, especially when they may be due to circumstances beyond our control, that are the hardest to bear up under.

To most of us in the days to come will occur these incidents which seem so unbearable. Let us remember that through the ages man has ever been faced with these same problems and that the only reason that he has been able to succeed in overcoming the dangers and disappointments of life is because inherent within him was his basic Courage.

Let us then call on this reserve to carry us through and in the end we too will emerge triumphant.
Dormitory Life

by Suzie Bryan

More news about new students, Bobby Jelonek has a new roommate, Mary K. Willis, who comes originally from Virginia but lately from Golden Beach, Fla. Mary studied at Gunston Hall and at the American University, both of which are in Washington, D. C. She attended American University for two years, majoring in dramatics. Mary, who already has 200 hours, flew in Tuscon, Ariz., Hollywood, Fla., and in Washington. She is here in Miami for her commercial license. Her favorite sport is horseback riding.

Martha Ray Howard, who hails from Oklahoma, came down from Baltimore very recently. From way back, Martha had the yen to fly and had four hours dual time before coming to Embry-Riddle. She is here for her private and like most girls wants to join the WASPS.

Lured

On the way out of the Dorm whom should we spy but Teresa Labaldo, so we lured her into Dennis Murphy's to get some little known information. Teresa is from Huntington, W. Va. When she finished school she worked with the Reliance Manufacturing Company for two years. At present she is a Link student but later on intends to take to the air. Mary Parke, also a Link student, is Teresa's roommate. Seeing as how the Dorm is full to overflowing, these two girls are at 119 Menores and seem to like it very much.

Where! At long, long last Topsy was tackled and proved to be a very charming person indeed. Topsy Gaston, who comes from Marshall, Texas, also has lived in El Paso and Chicago. Topsy went to Texas University three and one-half years and majored in sociology. While in Chicago she went to the new Katie Gibbs School. Though she has flown before, she never tried for her private and that is what she is doing now.

Duty Girl

A large group attended the meeting Monday evening and the points decided the week before were discussed. It appears that the duty girl system is working out splendidly. Karen Draper brought her lovely sister, Connie Henshaw, for a visit, and Lloyd Budge also came for a return engagement.

Lloyd told us that the Dorm gals have exclusive use of the Y.W.C.A. gym from eight to nine every Thursday night for basketball practice. The fundamentals of the game will be gone over under his direction and then our girls will play those from Chapman Field and Engine and Aircraft Overhaul. May the best team win.

Badminton and swimming are also offered and don't forget these swell tennis courts here at Tech School, with free balls and tennis racquets.

Rusty and her roommate, Mary Jessup, are still up north and they had better hurry back. Jo Sessions and Kelly of Pan American are a familiar twosome these days.

Mention the name Kieth to either Mary Amanek or Edith Bubas and see what happens. On closing, here's hoping that the Red Cross show that Mickey helped organize with our girls and professional talent will be a big success.

Linotype Operator Speaks His Piece

In writing Tech Talk a few weeks ago, Otto Hempel had occasion to refer to that well-known piscatorial expert Izaak Walton. To obviate the changing of the spelling from ask to oac in Izaak, we attached a little note to the editor, typographer, printer and all and sundry.

This Monday we were handed the following letter which had been set up and printed. We are presenting it both to show appreciation for the feelings of the author and to welcome him to the ranks of Fly Paper contributors.

Mr. Otto Hempel,
Tech Talk Correspondent,
The Fly Paper:

My dear Otto—Your note anent certain spelling passed under my scrutiny this very night, and I feel impelled to correspond with you regarding same.

Now, Otto, I have been hammering typesetting machine keys quite a spell, and, as you may well imagine, some of the strangest stuff (perhaps correspondence) has come and gone—happily for you and I, most of it is gone, goner, gonerest.

Once upon a time I, as a young upstart, questioned an aged proofreader about certain marks on one of my proofs. He put me right—but by way of levity, called my attention to the fact whether one made it bull dog, bull-dog or bulldog, most every one would know what was meant. This indeed brings up Izaak.

Perhaps you did spell it with a k. Perhaps the proofreader changed your spelling. Perhaps the stenographer who transcribed it. Perhaps—Allah forbid!—some "printer" (thanks for one compliment, anyway) was so crass as to meddle with your flow of proper names.

But back to Izaak. Webster's International Dictionary, 1926 edition, page 2543, A Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary, shows: Walton, Izaak, writer (The Compleat Angler). Perhaps this is the Izaak you refer to? If so, then properly you should have spelled it Izaak—not Izaak. But what's a k among friends—or even an s?

How often have men of letters gnawed their nails in anger at the whimsies which make it Izaak, or even Izaak, and which go even further, and quote the Izaek's book as "The Complete Angler" instead of "The Compleat Angler"?

Ah, what a life!

Wathen, Operator

Lloyd Budge Explains the New Sports Program for women students at a meeting in the reception room of the girls' dormitory. Among those attending, left to right: Jean Sessions, daughter of the housemother, Flight students "Chris" Tock. "Bobbie" Jelonek, Mary K. Willis (seated on floor) and "Topsy" Gaston. Lloyd, extreme right, is director of athletics for Embry-Riddle.
HAVE YOU HEARD...  
—That Gerry Holland, Chief Buyer for the Purchasing department, has left us to join 2nd Lt. Fred Holland in Tampa?  
—That the Purchasing department sheds silent tears and misses her like mad?  
—That Karen Draper has a new assistant, Mary Gendall?  
—That Vivian Ecard, a recent addition to the Embry-Riddle Chauffeurettes, is both blonde and glamorous?  
—That Virginia Pendleton, one of the oldest members of Purchasing, has decided to resign to stay home with her child?  
—That Jessie Czyzsk of “Bruz” Carpenter’s office is planning a jaunt to West Palm Beach this week-end to visit one Ensign Charles Wolfe? Also heard it was not serious. Seems there is a Joe somewhere in South America who controls her heart strings. —That excitable Aldra Watkins is excited again? Reason? I’ll never tell. On second thought, guess I will. Her “man” (not her “little man”) is in Miami for a few days and the Captain is as happy as she is.  
—That charming Lil Clayton of Ben Turner’s office recently returned from a train ride to New York? She claims that’s all it was ‘cause she was ill practically all the time there. Better luck next time, Lil.  
—That Mr. Pooley’s daughter, Dorothy R. Pooley, was married to Jack Litchfield last Saturday afternoon at five o’clock in the home of her parents? A reception followed the wedding, after which the blissful couple left for parts unknown.  
—That the Cafeteria serves breakfast from 6:30 to 8:30 every morning except Sunday? I was initiated to this fact about two weeks ago and now come to work 45 minutes early so that I can take on a little delicious nourishment via hot cakes or scrambled eggs. Take my word, they really serve up some wonderful breakfasts! Gives you vim, vigor and vitality.  
—That waiting for a bus these days is like waiting for a rocketship to Mars? When one does show up and you kinda look like you might like to ride on it, the driver and the passengers gaze on you with sorrowful eyes, shaking their heads from side to side, all the time muttering, “Poor old fool, poor old fool.” I’ve got a system—I ignore them and walk. (Who said that?)  
—That E. L. China is with Embry-Riddle again? It is nice to see him—with his cheery smile and hearty laugh.  
—That we have some of the swellest people in the world working in the Purchasing department? The way they work together is to be admired.  
—That I am going to bring this to a swift and merciful end?

STUDENTS!  
WHEN IS A RIDDLE NOT A RIDDLE?  

And the answer, of course, is: “When you have the answer.”  
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