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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

"United We Stand"...and so it must be with every unit devoted to our National Defense. Christmas brings a smile to our lips as we look back upon the year’s work and know that it has been successful to the Embry-Riddle “Family.” Thank you and a very Merry Christmas!
Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

We have received and enjoyed the Fly Paper since we have been here at Chanute Field as Engineering Aviation Cadets, and we often think of our first Technical School in the United States, the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation in Miami.

If at all possible, we would deeply appreciate your doing us the favor of extending our greetings for a joyous and Merry Christmas, as well as a successful 1943, to Mr. Riddle, Directors, Instructors, Latin-American cadets, students, employees and respective families.

And now to you, good luck and good health.

Very truly yours,
Eugenio Jose Muller
Antonio Boschetti
Carlos Enrico Montengro
Cолодимро Блоз

Editor’s Note: It was such a pleasant surprise to receive the above greeting from our Brazilian friends, and JUST in time for this issue. In the name of all the Embry-Riddle Company, we wish to thank them for their kind thoughts and to send them best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a happy and Victorious New Year.

December 19, 1942

Dear Editor,

This is just a wee note with a very big Thank You for your peppy little paper, which we receive here regularly.

It is indeed a welcome visitor and adds greatly to our pleasure. It is also a link between us and our youngest son, who is still on your side of the pond, having been retained as an instructor.

Wishing you and your staff the very best of luck. From the Land of Heather,

Yours sincerely,
Elizabeth May

Editor’s Note: We received a beautiful Christmas card, in which the above note was enclosed, from Mrs. May. The inside of the card is decorated with a bit of heather. This thoughtfulness from abroad has added new meaning to “Christmas in the Fly Paper office”. A Merry Christmas to you, Mrs. May—and a Victorious New Year.

December 21, 1942

Dear Editor,

I should like to suggest that the Tech School tennis courts be converted into bowling alleys.

A Techite

“Boghall”
Castle Douglas
Kirkcudbrightshire
Scotland
November 24, 1942

Dear Editor,

My son, Pilot Officer Lorenzo Diaz Coupland, who was an R. A. F. Cadet at Riddle Field from March to September of this year, was killed in an aircraft accident near Deakville, Ala. on November 3rd.

He was stationed at Maxwell Field, Montgomery, for further instruction prior to posting as an instructor. He was our only child, but we gave him proudly and gladly to the common cause. Any information you can supply will be gratefully received.

In the Fly Paper of August 13th, a picture appears of him as Section Leader of the then Red Flight. This is an excellent likeness, and we are anxious to get a few copies if possible.

Perhaps you would be good enough to appeal in your paper for these copies. Perhaps some of his chums might have actual photographs they could share with us.

Any pictures of the graduation of September 22nd would be welcome. Very few copies of your paper have been lost since you started mailing them to us, but a few around that date have not come to hand.

We enjoy the Fly Paper very much and find it a good liaison officer. It is eagerly read by all our air-minded young friends. We hope it will continue to come, and we wish it all possible success.

I hope I do not impose unduly on the good nature of you or your readers.

Thanking you, I am,
Yours faithfully,
Mrs. Jane Coupland

Editor’s Note: We are sending you copies of both the August 13th and the September 17th issues of the Fly Paper, Mrs. Coupland, and we are publishing your letter in full in the hope that some of the boys will come forth with photographs of your son.

COME FORMAL

As the old adage tells us, Christmas comes but once a year. All of us do things up “special” during the holiday season, and Embry-Riddle is no exception.

The Christmas dance, which will be held Saturday night at the Coral Gables Country Club, will be formal. Of course, “formal” applies to ladies only. Masculine dress is optional.

And, there is an extra special surprise in store for you—so—come Saturday.
"LISTENING OUT"

COURSE 9
It all started on a misty May morning so long ago. We chugged fussily alongside our towering ship as the Lilliputians must have approached their Gulliver. Two schools of thought arose among the prophets of Leviathan's behaviour—one held that it would pitch more than it would roll; the other, that it would roll more than it would pitch. Both were right.

When we were not communing with the ocean, we peeled potatoes, swept the bridge, and lost our all in a nefarious game called “Crown and Anchor”, which operated under the auspices of the Indigent Merchant Seamen’s Fund.

After a brief but horrible voyage in the large but horrible ship, we reached our brave new world, armed with a sympathy for the Prophet Jonah, a now famous little booklet entitled “Notes For Your Guidance”, and a set of Hollywood-conditioned ideas about America and Americans.

We expected slouch-hat gangsters, rug-cutting hep-cats, and gum-chewing reporters, but found neither Ariel nor Caliban upon our Setebos. It was peopled by a race eminently similar to our own—they even spoke the same language. Almost.

Then came the salad days of Moncton. We gloried in the unblackout, the food, and the friendliness. We were informed that our ultimate destination was a place called Clewiston in Florida or Texas or somewhere, which seemed to be full of swamps and alligators.

It was, said our informants, “all right”, and further
questioning was frozen by a Gioconda smile that might have implied anything.

We came south via New York, and our few hours there passed in as many minutes. The rest of the time was spent in an alleged railway carriage—"Chevaux 6, Hommes 53"; but there were no horses—the N.S.P.C.A. had seen to that.

Eventually, on a Friday morning in June, we reached Riddle Field. In that memorable first week, we met the canteen, Commander Brink, and the swimming pool. We encountered the Grind School, Sergeant Henley and the mosquitoes. In the second, we found that P.T.s loop quite marvellously—on the ground. And so it went on.

It is difficult, in the perfection of Florida’s winter, to picture what we were then

"Gremlin Throttle Arm reporting, Sir, two P.T.’s, three B.T.’s, and two A.T.’s!"

—the morning temperature ranging from 109 to 110 in the shade (not that there was any shade in these sweltering Juke Field days) and the slumbrous quiet of Ground School in the afternoons, marred only by the uneasy voice of Mr. Cowilshaw proclaiming navigation to an unresponsive congregation and Mr. Robinson’s buzzer emitting a vague whirring noise which served as the (inappropriate) background to our daydreams.

In the months that followed, we trod the ways of our predecessors and life was

its usual compound of high comedy and low, chilled by occasional tragedy.

But it is the pleasant things that live, and a thousand memories crowd upon each other’s heels out of the limbo of these last months—of the buoyant warmth of the Atlantic thundering into the lazy beaches, of Miami’s mother-of-pearl skyline at twilight, of the Deauville on Saturday night and of Clewiston almost any other night, and—this above all—numberless friendships with the most varied and generous people in the world.

And now, on the stroke of twelve, we are sorry to make an end. True, we have often sighed for the meadows of England shining after rain and for the lowlands and the highlands and the unforgotten islands; and homecoming with wings will have its peculiar delights—but we have many regrets in leaving such a country and such a people.

Perhaps the greatest is that for all you have given us, we can only offer in return, inadequately but sincerely, our thanks.
0614 **Scene:** Block Four, Barracks, aircrew for living in off. Enter a ghostly figure, gliding from room to room, switching on lights and emitting wild howls of wrath and despair.

0614½ In several rooms a dim form stirs from its blankets, leaps to the floor, and switches out the light, retiring once again.

0640 Above the sound of heavy breathing is heard the clangour of a bell. It is rung by a Cadet Under Officer who lies awake all night for this purpose. Sometimes, but not often, it is the first bell for breakfast.

0645 Further alarums and tocsins. Noises off.

0650 Here a painful scene of horror is enacted over which a veil must be drawn. Indescribable confusion reigns and the towering figures of S. P.’s are seen in the whirl of sheets dragging powerless airmen from their beds and dashing their battered bodies to the ground.

0755 Surprisingly, a group of brand new aviators, washed, fed and variously attired, stand ready to go out there and fly and Keep 'Em Flying.

0800 "There" is the Flight Line at the foot of the Tower. Now and then a solitary cadet approaches the line of silvery monsters unprotected by an Instructor, but only to exchange a cheery jest with the line girls. Frequently, a harsh voice booms forth on the radio with the words: "Tell Cadet Kerr, W. he's wanted on the line to shoot a Stay". Since the aforementioned big game hunter is missing and nobody takes any notice anyway, this fell creature remains unshot.
1330 There are two minutes' shocked silence at the Mess Hall. The Flight then splits into two well-defined segments; the Epicures bear left to Mrs. Van's; the gourmets carry straight on to the Canteen.

1415 Those who can summon the energy meander Ground Schoolwards; here the urge to live and let live soon dies and rows of heads begin a series of formation stalls and recoveries, as we pendants, such as we are, are wont periphrastically to describe "nodding".

1615 After two hours blissful sleep, the approach of a strongly marked High Pressure Area disturbs the peace. It is none other than Professor "On the Bawl" Cowlishaw, our local A.R.P. expert and authority on the price of fish.

1715 An airman can stand so much and no more. Several close columns of Cadets are observed speeding westwards to sanctuary in their rooms.

1730 But not for long. There is a great rushing of winds and the mighty genie Hopkins appears, driving before him the halt, the maimed, and the blind to do battle with the mosquitos and the snakes, a sport which he dubs calisthenics; physical straining is another name.

1815 Appetites are whipped up to a frenzy and on this occasion a number of intrepid men might be seen nibbling at pieces of dry bread and sipping dainty glasses of water. This time the gourmets bear left to see how the other half lives.
Twin spurs of dust can be seen heading south to the bus rank. It may, or may not, be Open Post, but it most certainly is Waterkeyn and Crawford heading for the wide open places.

By now life in the barracks is settling back into its old groove after the brief disturbance of the day's work. Beds are made up with loving care, and soon many a weary aviator lies relaxed between the sheets. Here and there, a few lost souls are seated before their tables, gazing in desperation at virgin copies of A. P. 129. The clatter of a sear-retainer-keeper striking a left-hand-top-plate-attachment-actuating-spring falls gently upon the ears, an evening lullaby.

In one room, a tiny group of airmen are seated round the radio, quenching their aesthetic thirst at the fount of wisdom that springs therefrom — how "Lucky Strike Green Has Went To War" and how "Coca-Cola knows only one thing, what it is like, what is Coca-Cola".

All is darkness. And through the night softly creeping lurch two shadows, as the gloom blots out their progress and a stifled cough drifts across the breeze, a soft voice is heard exclaiming "SSH!"

Seasonal Postscript

I remember, I remember, nothing after that
Till I wakened up next morning on an alien lobby mat,
And I felt not unpersuaded, though my reasons were not clear,
That I'd had a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.
People

"Hell is empty, and all the devils are here."
—Shakespeare

A garrulous, good-natured Gey, old boy,
Jolly old Ardley am I, old boy.

Coswell's character's so ineffably meek,
An idiosyncrasy's hard to seek.

Tell me, where was Clanzy bred?
Or did someone quarry him instead?

He prefers his bed to chasing Huns,
Although this Darby never runs.

No breakfast bells confuse his head,
He's Briggs, he's fast asleep in bed.

Shall Chapman some day go out on a raid
And return in a bus with his fore fully paid?

Bruce Crawford trips the light fantasticks
And gives his elbow plenty gymnastics.

The ready smile, the kindly hand,
A Campbell needs no wheels to land.

Young Robert Church has gone to war,
Spuds ain't picked on his farm any more.

We're puzzled by Crockett's tales of the blitz,
How did he dodge all those direct hits?

We recommend Edwards to the Salvation Army,
With his hollering and blowing, he'd drive a nelson barmy.
I'm Fishwick, full of foolish antic
And many a Friday dithyrambic.

The mighty atom has changed his
cation.
For wee Freddie George was once
on a Station.

With cap and bells I do my will—
But woman rules our Haslam still.

But woman rules our Haslam still.

The English eye, the Nordic chin,
I'm honest Hughes, devoid of sin.

One fine Key in the middle of a
flight,
Come down in some weeds of
embrassing height.

Straight and level Kerr's the sinister
Wreck of a Presbyterian minister.

The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-
ling
For you—but not for William Kerr.

Oft in the blackout Lacey's hair
Occasions the angry "Get that light
out there!".

Picture the aesthete Tony Lavender
Out on a wine-woman-songish bender.

Lemesurier's unpronounceable name
Obscures his aerobatic fame.

PER ARDUAM AD ASTRAM

In fond remembrance
of one of the boys,
GEORGE KING,
who died in the
service of his country,
December 3rd, 1942.
I'm Partridge, the lover and the poet,
There's naught you can ask me, but
already I know it.

A pen behind my ear is thrust,
I smoke aloud, I'm Harold Prust.

Rothwell's talk has certain limits—
It's "gem", but why not "get some
in" it?

I met a traveller from an antique
town,
'Twas Tait with a 129 in his hand.

PER ARDUA AD
ASTRA
In fond remembrance
of
RONALD PURRETT
One of our boys who
died in the service of
his country,
December 14th, 1942

Early in the morning, when Tattersoll
is rising,
The language that is uttered is really
quite surprising.
AND SOME THERE BE which have no memorial in these pages. Men Wise in their generation and of no Coward heart, but whose rightful dwelling was in Cloud Cuckoo Land, and to whom the burthen and the mystery of T setting and Steep Turn were as a terror by night and a pestilence by day. Let us remember them at the going down of the sun and say, each in his heart: There, but for the grace of Hunziker, go I.
CLEWISTON comes first. For many, it was only the arch where through gleamed the magic world of Miami, but to some it was Mecca in itself. Thither we escaped from routine and from each other to evenings of quiet, comfortable streets, drug-store delights (there are tribes of Seminoles, but only one Seminole) "Somebody Something of the Navy" in twelve easy lessons, and the incomparable Inn.

It is a dignified and well-planned little town, Clewiston. North of it you can hear the pines whisper and lake water lapping in low sounds by the shore; to the south lies the greatest sugarland in the United States and one of the greatest swamps; running east is the road to the winter wonderland; and west (so far as we are concerned) is Riddle Field. Further on, a mysterious place called La Belle hides among the trees, but its only function is to serve a place you recognise on cross-country flights.

Those of us who penetrated the facade of the highway found Clewiston's churches and homes and people, and some were content to go no further.

Moorehaven comes next. Situated on the edge of the great lake it is a quiet but wonderful little town. Wonderful for those grand people who helped to make our stay one to be remembered all our lives. From the many families who "took us in" we enjoyed a hospitality that has to be shared to be imagined. Barbecues at Fisheating Creek, cozy evenings talking, reading, and writing. Thank you, Moorehaven, for a wonderful time.

Sixty miles east lies West Palm Beach, smaller than Miami and more select, complete with Yacht Club - now a U.S.O. - and the George Washington Hotel. Across Lake Worth is Palm Beach itself, where the millionaires, the diplomats, and the R.A.F. spend as much of the winter as possible; it is a place of indescribably beautiful houses, elusively beautiful ladies, of coral reefs and of real palms on
the beaches. There we lived regally and carpèd many a noctem.

Seventy miles down the Dixie highway is Miami. The inhabitants take it all so casually that our wonder seemed naive and our superlatives a beating of air, but from our warful land of leaden skies, we thought we had come to a Garden of Eden. By day, we could drive down the spacious quiet of the Beach Avenues, lined by palm-trees, luxury shops and millionaire villas, castles in Spain like the Lord Tarleton and the Normandy Plaza—names to conjure with!—and purr over a tenuous causeway, with the sun blinding the waters and Miami city shimmering in the heat.

The streets of Miami are full of prosperous men and pretty girls, the sumptuous blatancy of restaurants untouched by rationing, of manufactured amusements and air-conditioned stores. No one is old and no one is shabby; it is all rather like Babylon.

At night the footlights are on and the curtain rises. Traffic lights, supplanting stars, lumine the electric night, shark-like cars pour down Flagler and Biscayne in a streamlined spate, cacophonous nuggest city oozes from a thousand radios, and the inevitable affairs of Adam and Eve are pursued in theatres, in quiet avenues, over sundaes and liqueurs... Terpsichore, goddess excellently tight, is holding court.

Strange, as you return to a room half lit with undertones of electricity, to look out over the semi-sleeping city and think of men killing each other at that moment in a gash torn across Europe. But Miami is no place for morbid reflections, and they become dreams; and dreams, after such a day, sleep.

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EPILOGUE

Where'er the British flag is flown
With the Stars and Stripes above
You'll find a kindred unity
Of friendship and of love;
Each British heart beneath those flags—
Whoever it may be—
Says "Thank you" to America,
"For what you've been to me."

L. B. F.
Tomorrow, Saturday, December 26, is the date; the time 5:00 p.m.; the place—the Instructors Club; the occasion—a Christmas party to be given by the Co-Pilot's Club for all the Instructors, their wives or girl friends; the tariff—$1.00 per couple, 50 cents single. And there will be plenty of entertainment and a special midnight lunch.

Yes, a fine social event has been arranged and will be conducted by the newly organized Co-Pilot's Club. Committees responsible for the various phases of the party are:

Food—Mrs. H. R. Brinton, Jr., Chairman, Mrs. J. E. Taylor, Mrs. M. G. O'Neal, Mrs. D. H. Binkley, Mrs. C. E. Butler, Mrs. F. S. Perry, Mrs. A. C. Lyons, Mrs. J. Kurzman, Mrs. Chas. Bivona, Mrs. A. R. Brink, and Mrs. Robert Gillaneau.

Decorations—Mrs. F. E. Hunziker, Chairman, Mrs. K. Woodward, Mrs. Chas. Miller, Mrs. K. Chaffin, Mrs. W. R. King, and Mrs. J. Ewart.

Entertainment—Mrs. W. G. Reid, Chairman, Mrs. A. C. Lyons, and Mrs. J. C. Ziler.

Let's make this a great event, guys and gals. All of you Flight, Ground School, and Link Instructors bring the wife or girl friend and join the fun. We'll be seeing you there.

New Director of Flying

Fred E. Hunziker, former Primary Squadron Commander, has been appointed to the position of Director of Flying, and as such will be responsible for the efficient functioning of all flying training, including that of Instructors.

Infirmary

The Infirmary came into the news last weekend when the Army Air Corps arrived in force. Lieutenant Klein came from the Gunnery School at Ft. Myers. Consequently, we have another doctor to take some of the burden from the much overworked "Doc" Bivona, recently our Man of the Week.

Mrs. Kemp and Mr. Collins, who looked after the boys so well, returned to their homes in Miami; and six Air Corps nursing orderlies, also from the Gunnery School, arrived to continue the work.

The orderlies are: Sgt. W. M. Studley, Administrative and Miscellaneous; Sgt. G. E. Horanic (Tech 4th grade); Surgery, Technical, Laboratory, and Pharmacy; Cpl. W. J. Kellogg (Tech 5th grade); Medical, Technical, and Wardmaster; Pvt. 1st Cl. J. J. Schoenherr, Ambulance and Wards; Pvt. R. Engblad, Ambulance, and Wards; Pvt. E. Kowanetz, Wards and Miscellaneous duties.

The sincere thanks of all the fellows at the Station is extended to Mr. Kemp and Mr. Collins for the care and patience with which they fulfilled their duties during their stay at Clewiston. We wish them the very best of luck.

To Dr. Klein and his assistants we extend a hearty welcome, trusting that they will enjoy their new assignment and remain with us for a long time.

Riddle Field Alumni

Several letters from former Cadets have been received here; so we'll pass along some of the information.

Ralph Kerry and Ted Mercer, both having graduated from Course 5, arrived in England some time ago and are now taking additional training.

Mercer, who was quarantined 16 days after he arrived home, has been on two months' leave. During the two months in preparation for heavy bombers.

Kerry is taking an Instructor's Course, and both boys mention the fact that they surely would enjoy a few "okes, sundaes, and ham and eggs", and that they are getting the Fly Paper regularly.

"Rigg" Riggs, also a Course 5 graduate, is on Spitfires.
WHITECAPS
by Johnny Carruthers II

Here we go again with another column and the last column for a while. Yours truly is going on a trip, so a pair of good writers will hang in the column for next week. The illustrious writers will be Bob McKay and Billy Waters, Jr. in collaboration.

Speaking of Bob McKay, I neglected to mention his appearance as he returned to the base for his Christmas vacation. Bob is now sporting a swell set of bright red, to match his hair, side-burns.

Pirate's Understudy
He looks like a character that stepped out of MGM Studios; he was probably an understudy of Red Beard, the Pirate. Other than that, he looks rather healthy; but then don't let appearance fool you. He still is that broken down flyer that gripes about milk prices and stuff like that. Anyway, that's what Betty Ann thinks.

The Base has collected quite a sum of cash from fines the students and instructors have paid for such things as landing with the water rudder down, taking off, landing downwind, etc. But the prize goes this week to Wally Mountcastle.

That Gremlin Again!
Wally had no idea of what was going to happen, but it was pretty obvious to the by-standers. He was taxiing to the dock and cut his switch too soon, the result being that he drifted away from the dock. While he was getting out of the ship to crank it again, it drifted out into the middle of the bay.

The motor wouldn't start. After a number of futile cranks, Wally gave up, and the line crew came out in the crash boat. With no effort on the line boys' part, the motor started immediately.

Four Bits, Wally
With a red face, Wally got into the ship, taxied back to the dock, and finally got it moored. The fine—$10. And just what are all the fines for? Well, you'd be surprised.

The Base now has a new pastime. On cold days when there is no flying, all the fellows go into the "shack", gather around the fire, and tell how they were taken in by confidence men.

I think Herman Garrigus has the best one in the books. He was taken for no small sum by a glass casket concern. The plant was built and everything was ready to go into production. But where was the man with all the money?

Still a Good Idea
Well, anyway, he still thinks it's a good idea and someone should develop it. Maybe.

Larry De Marco told of one that he was not taken in by. It seems there was a Russian who escaped from his country and came to America. He had a revolutionary idea for boats, which would make all boats obsolete and, incidentally, would make millions.

Even the Navy
In fact, he had even convinced the Navy that it was a good idea. He had letters from important people saying what they thought of it, and the letters all approved.

The boat was so designed that it would not float on the water but would be propelled from one wave crest to the other. The hull of the boat was so designed that the waves would not be pushed from the sides of the boat, but would go through the center and be propelled and pushed through the stern.

Confidence Games
Anyway, if Larry had had enough money at that time, he would have bought some of the stock. What happened to the idea? I bet a lot of people would like to know the answer to that question.

Gus Snipes, the guard and dispatcher, had one; but he was wise from the start. A friend of his wanted him to buy some stock in oil wells to be drilled in Miami or close by. Gus was smart and didn't even give it a thought. The oil wells? Oh, nothing came out but salt water.

Well, that's enough of the confidence game, but remember, if you hear of something that sounds like a glass casket or a revolutionary boat, come around and ask Larry and Herman about it first. They're still interested.

Congratulations, Winnie
The CAA Inspector was here Friday, and he gave one of our illustrious students a private flight examination. The victor was Winnie Wood. Winnie was taking instruction on Link Trainers for Link Trainers Instructors Rating, which she has received and is now teaching on Links. Congratulations from all at the Base, Winnie.

J. E. Russell also rode with the Inspector and got his water rating to add to his private license. Mr. Russell travels all the way from Ft. Lauderdale just to take instruction on Embry-Riddle's swell ships. Congrats to you, Mr. Russell.

Mrs. Marion Bertram took the Inspector along, and he gave her her instructor's water rating. Mrs. Bertram will be one of the Seaplane Base's newest instructors.

Nature Introduces
Ed Browder, one of the Base's newest students, made a beautiful solo flight last Saturday. The only thing that prevented him from being thrown in the drink was the fact that he had a cold, much to our distress.

He almost took off with his water-rudder down, which is a fine of two-bits; but half way through his take-off, he stopped, pulled up his water-rudder, and took off again jingling the two-bits in his pocket. It was a swell solo and congrats from the Base, Ed.

If you want to see something with the modern touch, you should come and see us. Some improvements are being made and the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base will be a new place.

See For Yourself
Censorship forbids me to say more, but you're welcome to come around and see for yourself, Bob Habig honored us with a visit to see the improvements in their early stage, and they met with his approval.

Well, dear readers, that's all until I get back. That is, that's all from me, Billy and Bob take over from here.

EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26th
AT THE CORAL GABLES COUNTRY CLUB
DINNER AT EIGHT-THIRTY
$1.50 PER PERSON $3.00 PER COUPLE
DANCING FROM NINE
75c PER PERSON $1.50 PER COUPLE

Please Telephone the FLY PAPER for Table Reservations
Athletically Speaking

by Janet Silverglade

**Bowling-itis**

Bowling still holds that spotlight in our sports program; and *what* scores some of these people are piling up. Our "200 Club" really extended its membership this week, taking in four new members: M. J. Geiscke, Aircraft with 206; Kenneth, Engine Overhaul, with 204; Theron Redish and Thomas Moxley, Chapman Field, with 204 and 203 respectively. There are now six members in all.

Joe Ellis of Instruments really did some bowling this time. He raised his *average* from 97 to 120—some increase all in one evening.

Eric Sundstrom's trip up north didn't help his bowling much, and I am wondering how much *actual* studying those Inter-American kids got done between rolls.

Emmitt Verner of the Administration team took the title of "high man" away from teammate Peter Ordway when he totaled 450 against 383 for their team. Jim McShane of Aircraft Overhaul and Malcolm Slocum of Sheet Metal really had a match on between them for high man—but they both totaled 471 for the evening. Despite all of McShane's substituting, Sheet Metal won.

*Now, Milt...*

Did Milton Roberts, Stock Room, really have an off night, or was he just trying to keep his handicap high by rolling a low score? *Now, now, Milt!* The flashes and the Dillers are leading the women's league, each having two games to their credit. It seems that Willie Todd of the Flashes was high scorer for the evening, with 136 to her credit.

Ethyl Casson of the Cyclones came in for a close second with 134; and Jeanne Britton of the Wasps was only one pin behind her, with a 133 for third highest of the evening.

However, Ethyl proved to be the most consistent bowler, or should I say most consistent *high* bowler, and she totaled 266 for the evening.

Lila Texas Newbold of Ben Turner's office came out to give it a try, and she seemed to be having a great time.

Upon being asked if she had a good time bowling, Marty Warren said emphatically, "Yes, but the soldiers were awfully slow finishing their game". Come, come, fellows, you wouldn't keep Marty waiting, would you?

**Kitty Foyle's Bowl**

It seems that the bowling idea has not only struck, but struck hard. The Kitty Foyle, not being satisfied with bowling on Wednesday night, had their monthly meeting at the Playdium Bowling Lanes. Many of the gals bowled too, and what fun they had.

However, I am sorry to announce that it caused at least one casualty. It seems that Pat McNamara of Engine Overhaul has

been ostracized by the Club. She bowled 153, and after all, why should she make the other members feel that badly.

Jo Skinner of Riddle's office capped second prize, with 133; but it seems that Waln Fletcher got too cocky (after last weeks' plug), and bowled—well I won't mention her score. Really, Pat, that was a nice bit of bowling!

**Carlstrom Meet**

Just had a letter from Lt. McCormick, up Carlstrom Way. It seems that they had a good swimming meet for Class 43D, when Richard Lampert, of Los Angeles, walked away with first place.

He must be an all around athlete because

Well, they did it! Our team, plus red jearies, were on the court promptly. It seems that Jacobsen and Shanahan recruited Martin, Parrow, and Johnson to play; but we were still short. It was then that our two redheaded Athletic Directors decided to "do or die". And they "did".

We trounced Merrill-Stevens by 25 to 9. High scorer of the game was none other than Don Budge, who piled up 11 points to his credit, but Jacobsen wasn't far behind with 8 points. The team work was good, Carlstrom's score shows that we far out-classed our opponents, in spite of splendid playing on their part.

And we want to thank Ben Turner, who offered his services! He did too, because I heard him do it.

**Riddle-ettes**

We had a load of healthy, happy enthusiastic gals this week, as we made our way to the gym. We actually were early, and had lots of fun practicing before the rest of the gang arrived.

Then we had pass drill and scrimmage, and I really mean *scrimmage*. It seemed that our wasp team was composed of forwards; so after much discussion, we decided to be versatile and play forward one half and guard the next.

A pretty rugged game took place and after it was over, we found that our enthusiasm had turned to exhaustion. We were a little less healthy, but we were still just as happy; and we all had a lot of good exercise (and how!)—and a lot of laughs.

How about some of you other gals coming out and joining us? The next game won't be until after Christmas, so maybe some of you will have more time by then. We would like to see more of you out!

**Dart Board Results**

After a lot of excitement, close scares, and jitters, the final scores are in! The lucky six are: Margaret Howell, first; Jo Skinner, second; and Connie Henshaw, third.

The winners in the men's division are: Sgt. Unette, first; Paul Miller, second; and Tom Davies, third.

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

**RIDDLE ROUND-UP**

*Continued from Page 15*

Coln Yates from Course 8 is taking a Bomberard's course at Picton in Canada and sends regards to his mechanic friend, "Mark".

**Athletics**

Squadron 2 and Squadron 3, finalists in the recent Rugby tournament, mixed again at Clewiston last week in a rough and tumble game. The final score was 0 to 0. Squadron 3 then defeated Squadron 4 two days later by a 12 to 0 count.

The basketball court, while not completed, has been re-surfaced sufficiently to allow play to start, but lights are holding up intramural play.

**Merry Christmas To All**

From all of us at Riddle Field to all of you who read this, we wish a very Merry Christmas and a Happy Holiday Season.


DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

Around the Circle

A year ago there wasn't any circle; in fact, there wasn't much of anything at Dorr Field. The Army Administration was in Barracks No. 8 and right next door were the civilian offices.

The canteen was a two by four shack next to the highway, and to get to the flight line one had to follow quite a traffic pattern.

Once while detouring around the Mess Hall, we saw Leona Foster and Margie Pierce take off their shoes and stockings to get to their offices.

We had a lot of fun seeing Dorr grow to what it is today, one of the best and biggest primary fields in the nation.

Canteen

Who is this George that Omega Mills smiles at so coyly, gosh, oh gee.

There are two new faces in the Canteen—Opal Vick, a brown-eyed brunette, and Kay Gosser, wife of an auxiliary field cadet.

That new coffee urn in the Canteen did a rushing business during the recent cold snap, and we noticed Mr. Cullers eying it. He might “borrow” it sometime.

The Short Snouter’s Log

Vincent Bonderud’s pink and blue garters have all the girls in Operations trying to borrow them, borrow indeed?

Wayne’s leaving — oh woe is Wuthie.

We understand that Herbie Fink’s been nominated to act as Santa Claus at the Christmas party. Well, he has everything except the beard; and if this cold weather keeps up, he will have one of those mighty soon.

Jack Doyle is leaving after this class for parts in Michigan to spend Christmas, and he’ll probably come back a married man.

Jim Burt is expecting to spend a white Christmas.

Congratulations to Bob Wudtke on his engagement to Norma Higginbotham of Arcadia. The wedding will take place sometime in February.

Dispatcher Moffett Kendrick, Jr. enlisted in the Army last Monday. Good luck wherever you go, Moffett.

Owen Brewer passed his A/C examination last week. Good going, Owen.

Bill Watson has been showing off the three pairs of long underwear he has been wearing to the flying line lately. He wants us to understand that when the weather really gets cold he’ll be dressed for it.

Ed Morey left us this past week for Aviation Enterprise, Houston, Texas, to take charge of the ground school. Best wishes to you, Ed.

Maintenance

Could it be that Dot Dekle has come over to the Army Air Corps? We noticed that she is no longer wearing that Navy Insignia!!!

Britt is the proud papa of an eight pound boy. Mother and son are doing nicely, but papa is still going around in a daze.

We asked James Weeks what his favorite hobby was, and he told us that it was eating pork chops. Well, ’tain’t a bad hobby at that.

Have you done your Christmas shop lifting yet?

The Army Side

Capt. Bentley is back from a ten-day leave and is Lt. Moore glad to see him!!


There are three new Sergeants this week—T/Sgt. Oley Fewell, T/Sgt. Earl Guidry, and the big guy, M/Sgt. George Talley. We can hear M/Sgt. Sharpe now saying, “Let George do it”.

The “Brooklyn Dodger” is back from his furlough and is out on the football field hollering “Murder th’ bombs”—meaning Marshall.

Have you seen the Jezebel since its manicure—pastel blue, O.D. top, black fenders? (The front seat has been found, or somebody’s front seat.)

What about the hirsute adornment that “Swede” had on his upper lip last week?

We understand that he had it penciled on at the barber shop.

Who is the new love of Pvt. Bond? Sgt. Jacobi is going home on furlough soon to learn some more football plays.

The Link Department finally beat the Officers at football. Wait till the Saturday game—we have the concession on peanuts and pop, assisted of course by Martin.

Marriage Contagious

Marriage seems to be quite catching. The latest victim is Pfc. Myers, who is contemplating taking the fateful step.

It looks as though Smithy lost a lot of weight on his furlough. Wonder if Sgt. Brunner’s girl friend made him shave off his mustache??

Boy, oh boy, oh boy! Hear that popping sound?? It’s the buttons bursting off our vests since we heard the latest! Two Miami Executives had to come to Arcadia to finish some very important Christmas shopping.

Nope, we won’t tell who or what, ’cause that might ruin their surprise and we aren’t that mean—but it’s purdy and sounds mighty fine too.

So, in the future, profit by their experience—come to Arcadia for so nice little (it wasn’t so little at that) Christmas gifts!!!!

We were coming back from the show and we sec’d ’em.

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MY! WE WISH THIS PICTURE HAD SOUND EFFECTS!

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If we only knew just what Mrs. John Poul Riddle was saying! However, on the extreme left John G. McKay seems deeply engrossed in the business of eating, but paying rapt attention are Mrs. John Cloumans, Lt. Gen. Ralph H. Royce, and, on the extreme right, Mr. Riddle.
Carlstrom Field

R. A. I. NEWS

by Tom Watson, Jr.

This is something very special from the boys at the gate, specially relayed by that Grand Mogul of the Gargoyles of the Guard, George Mackey. It’s no ordinary wish for a “Merry Christmas”.

George and the guards want it flowery—but there isn’t much that can be added in words to a wish for a Merry Christmas. There’s something about the way a guy feels when he says it that makes it real or unreal.

The Guard Department means it for real—that’s why they’ve taken over the Carlstrom Column as their Christmas card.

Not the Best Way

They know that some of the fellows get a little sore when they have to be stopped time after time for pass inspection. They know that a flashlight shined in sleepy faces a half hour before dawn isn’t the best way in the world to win friends and influence people.

It’s their job to know who’s inside the gates, and with the safety of the post as their responsibility, they can’t judge the success of their jobs by the number of friends on the post.

On Christmas Day, in case you happen by, you’ll find them right on the job—willing to see that pass. In case you don’t happen by, they want to tell you here and now, “May this year’s Christmas be the very merriest possible—may next year’s be victorious!”

Volunteers have not exactly been crowding the Publicity Office to offer cadet (and other) news for publication. At least one loyal Carlstrom inmate responded with a very good thumbnail sketch of the most famous of Carlstrom notables, but we haven’t been altogether bowled over by the general response.

Give us a hand! Drop around at Lt. Payne’s office and tell us something you think worth printing in the Fly Paper, or elsewhere. You do the talking—we’ll do the hard work.

Mighty Hunters

The hunting season has finally got into full swing, despite a shortage of shells, and stories of mighty hunters are running amuck from one end of the field to another.

Take Johnny Ayala with his tales of off-hand pistol shots at unsuspecting quail—or Bill Tanner with his twenty squirrels (don’t know what the limit is).

On the other hand, take Bob Banks and the duck which turned out to be a buzzard—the unedible variety.

Mighty hunters all, but not as mighty as Harold Hawk, Woodsman from Washing-

Continued on Page 22

POUNDS AND POUNDS OF JUICY RIBS!

George Stonebreaker, left, lends a little light to the situation at a barbecue recently held at his home in Arcadia. Lt. Gen. Ralph H. Royce puts his official stamp of approval on the rack of ribs while “Len” Povey looks on anxiously. “Uncle Jeff” wields a fork in the background.

WATCH THOSE CALORIES!

Leonard J. Povey, vice president in charge of Flying Operations, Mrs. Povey, G. Willis Tyson, Riddle Field’s General Manager, and Mrs. Tyson with William Robertson of the C.A.A. back of the Poveys, vie for rib eating honors at a recent barbecue held at the home of George Stonebreaker in Arcadia.
Attention all Game Wardens. This string of 35 ducks was shot by George Jones with the other three blazing away into space. The hunt ended up by the others shooting at George. Corn fed ducks and corn fed hunters. Left to right. Flight Instructors John R. Orr, Charles Sullivan, George Jones, and Hunter Galloway.

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER
Larry I. Walden, Jr., and Jimmy Glover, Editors and Writers
Frank Haynes, Photographer
Mel Williams, Artist
A/C Hooks and A/C Hardy, Associates

Dear Fly Paper Pals:

Well, here I am again with another news "spasm" from dear ole' Embry-Riddle Field. This week I want to offer a few apologies, or "sump'n", to the guards here on the Field.

That is one of several Departments which we haven't mentioned in detail as yet. We find that we have one of the most efficient set-ups to be found anywhere, with V. W. Dowland as Chief Guard.

Mr. Dowland was born and reared in Gibson County, Tenn. He gained experience to fill his present position as Chief Guard with the Tennessee State Highway Patrol from 1937 until June of 1942 when he became connected with his present duties. He was a Sergeant for the last four years of employment with the Patrol.

Dowland is married, has two children, and is now living on a farm in Gibson County. His duties here consist mainly of directing a very extensive guard system in protecting the Field from the dangers of any type of enemy action.

We'd like to mention and to say something personal about each of his guards; but since time and space do not permit, we wish to contribute for your pleasure the following poem written by one of the guards, Moody Maynard:

The Guard Roundup

We do guard duty for Riddle-McKay
My Chief's name is Dowland, and he's okay.
There's Roberts, my Captain. He's a nice fellow;
So are they all, none of them yellow.
Now take Roach, large and tall,
Talks slow, with a long drawl.
There's Marcus who fills in our off days,
Firm and sober. He'll go all the way.
There's Weatherford, the dude of the bunch.
A good guard, a ladies' man—that's no punch.
In comes Mr. Board who's never late,
He'd get here on time if he had to swim a lake.
Take Johnson now, he's a firm man,
He's been on the job since it began.
There's Prather who is full of fun;
If it came to a showdown, he wouldn't run.
There is Haley, kinda short and small;
Don't step on his toes; he might seem tall.
Then comes Mr. Bacon, the new man;
Just another guard, united we stand.
In comes Griffin who works at the gate,
Sits down there as if he were Governor of the State.
There's rowing Hinson, He will do;
He has a new slang, "I was just passing thru."
Another new man is Mr. Bell,

So stay away saboteurs or we'll give you H——
We are here to protect planes for our Cadets
If you fool around we'll cloud up and "get you wet"

"With Blood".

We say to the Guards, good luck and keep up the good work!

Ready Room Rambles

For all the world like a conscientious house-wife on wash day, the average Cadet trips (well, comes out at least) to Reveille with all thoughts and senses attuned to the weather conditions. One and all scan the sky, and up and down the line come sage remarks on the weather for the day.

Those far enough advanced to have a smattering of meteorology talk with vague erudition of Cumulus and Cold Fronts. Apparently deaf to all the advice and criticism, self-willed weather does as it darn pleases.

We've heard and read more than once that the Cadet Corps embraces every walk in life. We wonder, therefore, if there is a grammarian in the house. We are beginning to lie awake nights brooding about the proper pronunciation of such simple words as "out" and "about". Let's thrash the whole thing out, or rather out. What gets us most, though, is to hear the boys from "Joisey" laughing at the utters.

It would seem that there are enough warnings and posters abroad which cite the dangers of giving inadvertent aid or comfort to the enemy. It would seem further that with such agencies as Army and Navy Intelligence and the F. B. I. not to mention the ever-zealous Commonwealth; the Cadet Corps would be scared concern over Fifth Columnists, Saboteurs, and their ilk.

However, we feel obligated to mention that there are subversive influences at work on this Post, that the above mentioned agencies have not, to date, been able to

V. W. Dowland, Chief Guard.

White Christmas. Robert Sumnerall and some of Tennessee's snow beauty. The shadow at right could be a large spider web and the shadow at the lower left corner could be the spider.
Boots: "significant pause..."

We were younger, and somewhat more innocent, we used to get a star when our violin lesson was above sub-normal. It was obviously no music instructor who inaugurated the star system in the Cadet Corps.

Letting sheer perversity overcome our better judgment, we would like to pass on an unusually corny story, the action of which is alleged to have taken place at Maxwell Field. A roguish upper-classman, it seems, stuck his head in the doorway of a room that sheltered among others, a doughty Brooklynite.

Announced the Senior Cadet, "An Instructor is flying to New York this week-end in a Link Trainer. He has room for one passenger. Anyone want to go?" After a significant pause, the cynical Brooklynite snarled, "Ya! You can't kid me. The Link Trainer is only a single seater!"

And, perhaps, on this column note we had better close.

(HERKY)

Seen 'Round the Post

Virginia Hunt of Operations admiring something in Post Supply show case... Robert Cullum of Post Supply day dreaming about a chicken dinner after a two-week milk diet. Yum! Yum!... A wheelbarrow, yes, mind you, a wheelbarrow full of food going down to the little PX.... Howard Cooper, Dispatcher, saying, "No, I'm sorry, I don't have one now!"... Cadets on the Post making news by writing to an excluded Wave... Ho hum!

Since old Nick got drafted, all his mail comes to me now, so I'll let you in on a few secrets. Here they are in black and white.

Dear Santa:
I am a good little girl, just so old. (You guess.) Santa, Darling, I have gone to terrible expense to purchase a new Evening Dress, so won't you please send me a man to take me to the Christmas Dance? That's all I need. Forget the fruit and stuff.
Your little admirer,
Kathryn McVay.

Tsk. Tsk. And here are some more requests.

"Three hundred and sixty-five days of beautiful flying weather in '43—Boots Frantz." "A girl just like Alva Nelle Tay-

lor but who likes to stay at home.—Melvin Carlton." "A bigger car than my Chevrolet to hold more Cadets. You can pitch in a B card, too.—Martha Stokes."

"Some more snow to send home to Mother.—Sumerall." "An old lady with a million dollars.—Larry Walden." "An airplane that always knows the way home.—A number of Cadets." "More news.—Me."

Operations

Down at Operations, among a lot of noise and bustling, we found a beautiful Christmas tree with all the trimmings. Traffic is getting heavy there now—an extra telephone had to be installed.

The Refresher School has increased. Jim Long, Refresher Head, and his Assistant, Bob Watts, really have their hands full now.

We do want to mention here the latest promotions on the Field down at the Line. Flywheel Jones and Chick Clark are now Stage Commanders of Classes 43-D and 43-E respectively.


New home-made charts are now adorning the tower and the hospital. The map to be placed in the hospital will have eight quadrants on it with a string, graduated in miles, swinging from the center. If necessary, Flight Surgeon Lt. Fred Murphy can quickly find the location of an accident.

Guard Johnson checking car and pass of front Guard Gate.

Melvin Carlton, Bates, and Hilton Bernard have gone to Arcadia for the Christmas holidays. Bill Colbert, Mechanic, has gone to Arkansas to look over Mr. Povey's Stinson.

At the last meeting of the Field's Safety Committee, after several discussions were offered, the Chairman, Sam Sparks, representing Glen Kuhl of Miami, presented Charles Sullivan, Assistant Flight Supervisor, with an award for having introduced the most outstanding safety measure at all of the Fields during the months of October and November.

Merry Christmas

Well, folks, I guess this is all the gossip until next week; so I hope you have a very Merry Christmas. The whole gang here at the Field wishes all of you a Happy New Year.

Thanks to Ken Stiverson.
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS
Continued from Page 19

ton (the Evergreen State), who sliced off a goodly chunk of his foot while gathering in a little firewood and accordingly was forced to take a couple of days off (one in

Boy! Were Those Ribs Good!

H. Roscoe Brinton, Carlstrom's General Manager, with the inevitable cigar, has apparently enjoyed the barbecue.

Miami, as is claimed by loyal comrades of Flight 1).

Are there two ways to do it? Do it the safe way, and live to do it another day.

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

CARLSTROM CAPTION
by Downwind

The white dog living at Carlstrom Field has been named "Ground Loop". He is as much of a legend as the tailchasing acrobats for which he was named.

Sah-Jint

His Sah-jint stripes are actual ratings. "Ground Loop" acts as left rear guide at all formations. Academic courses are a cinch for him, and he has taken every course in Ground School. He doesn't mind being set back a class so that he may remain at Carlstrom Field.

M. P.

He spends the week at the post and boards the bus for town when the week-end passes are issued. Twice the guard at the main gate caught the very wise dog with an M. P. armband and billy between his teeth attempting to win a few extra hours in town.

Greeter

Monday morning he is sitting by the road and the bus driver gives him a lift back to camp. He is there to bid good luck tidings to every graduate enroute to basic flying training. He heartily greets the arriving underclassmen who promptly rename him "Ground Loop".

ENGINE NOISES
by Gladys C. Goff

A Christmas message from Charles Grafflin, General Manager of the Engine Overhaul Department:

"Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! This customary greeting carries greater significance this year than ever before.

"Christmas celebrates the birth of our Saviour, 'The Prince of Peace', and dawns this year on a world torn by strife because of the selfish desires of a few individuals to dominate the world.

"I believe I express the hope uppermost in the minds of all of us when I say, 'May next year see us all celebrating Christmas in a world of peace'.

"Our men in the armed forces are fighting and dying for this ideal. If we on the home front give our effort in proportion, there is no question as to the outcome of this great conflict.

"Merry Christmas and a Victorious New Year!"

After such an inspiring message, I don't believe there is anything to be added. So we'll see you next week, and may you all have a grand holiday!

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

MATERIEL CONTROL
by Joan Lowry

Here it is the day before Christmas and everyone is ready for Ole Santa to fill his stocking with all sorts of gifts. And the surprises that are in store for each!

It will make your heart skip a beat when you open each dainty package. I have a package for each of you. It didn't cost me a cent, and it won't have dainty ribbon; but there is something it has that I hope you will keep throughout the years to come, and, folks, it really comes from the heart.

In the Future

You see, I know I'm just a little cog in the wonderful work we are doing, but when you work with folks like I do, it makes you want to tell all that we'll have another Christmas soon and it will be quite different from this.

With that to look forward to, I want to send this message to all: If Santa doesn't bring you all the things you'd like, don't feel blue. He is mighty busy helping to bring us our peace. When we have peace again it will make up for all the things we once thought important.

We won't give you any gossip on any of the gang. We'd just kinda like to keep this for wishes for all the Materiel Control gang at all our Fields;

And I will be back next week with some good gossip.

"Merry Christmas"
Your Girl Friday

The above cut is a V. — Mail letter addressed to Mr. Leininger from Cpl. Lee Ray Russell, who was a student in the Electrical Department until his graduation about two months ago.

Wing Flutter
by Catherine W. Kerr

It's time for our weekly chat, and we have to start the week by talking about what we expect from Santa. True enough, we don't always get what we expect, but one thing sure, Santa hasn't forgotten us. He already has left us a beautiful tree completely trimmed, and if it isn't a white Christmas like our northern relatives have, maybe we can boast of a wet one.

Anyway, we have a white tree. Santa always knows what's best for whom, so we have a large grab bag and something for everyone in the McShane family. Gentleman Jim is old fashioned when it comes to families, and he has a large one.

Either Santa was lucky this year or he has a dragn with the Embry-Riddle Co. He must have flown to get here on Saturday. Guess he has a priority with a high rating.

Santa always needs an assistant, and that usually means the father of every family. Mac will do the honors, so I am sure we will have some real news for you in the next issue.

Speaking of being up in the air, all these E. R. Pilots boast of being up a lot of hours, but they have nothing on Aircraft Overhaul. Uncle Jim McShane has been up in the air most all of this past week, and not the way you are thinking either.

We are re-working our ventilating system, and Jim has spent the major part of his time this week up on the roof.

This week everything at Aircraft Overhaul is flying. Causey flew from aircraft covering room to the dope room. Why?

Mr. E. Bobson of our Sheet Metal Department is going to take the final step on Sunday, December 27th, and then his bachelor days will be over.

Well, after Santa makes his appearance for 1942, we'll be back to let you know how he treated the McShane family.
Chapman Chatter
Cara Lee Cook, Editor

Noel, Noel all you happy little creatures. 'Tis wintah, it says here, and Christmas is drawing nigh, closely followed by 4 reindeer and the income tax man. Thus finding.

Chapman is back in that lamentable stage again because ole' father time is rushing things up so. Consequently, each morning finds us staring wildly and unbelievingly at the calendar as the days tear by.

"Twilight Special"
To show how near Christmas is, it was only today that the "twilight special" roared to a stop in front of the administration building and out came a large box of sunkist oranges, all through the courtesy of Geo. E. Sebring Esq., purposely to spread good cheer among the refugees at Chapman.

"Dew Drip In"
Now would be an opportune time to throw over this secretarial business and set up my lil' orangeade road side stand, "Dew Drip In". For one cent they can look at the oranges; for two cents a glass of ice water with a sniff of orange.
For five cents only half water and for 10 cents we give them a dash of pure orange, sign them up as short snorters, and get out of town before it's too late.

Priorities for Stork
Leon Henderson had a lot of us stymied this week but not Mr. Stork who must travel on an "S" card 'cause he left not only a 9 lb. boy at the Lt. Fators' but a bouncing boy at the Sterling Camdens'. Congratulations.

Poor Red Friant has caught a case of appendicitis and been grounded by a doctor until he again will be in flyable condition. So sorry, pal, but get well quick! P.S. Save your sympathy, Friant just walked in.

Wandering Ones
Personalities in the news: The wandering Rover Boys, viz. John Lynn, C. A. Davis, Malcolm Campbell, and Irving Schindler are back again, but only long enough to get their commercial licenses and a nice tan. Almost a "Hello and a Goodbye" all over again.
Having written the column, helped dress the Christmas tree, played tug-of-war with my typewriter and a couple of kleptomaniacs, consoled Mr. G. who in this mad rush is trying to get some everyday business completed, and persuaded Leona Gulk to tarry and transcribe my Greek on the typewriter, I rest my case and wish you all a Merry Christmas.

FLY PAPER CHRISTMAS PARTY
The above depicts the gay mood of the Fly Paper guests last Friday evening, when the Seventh and Sixth Floor "inmates" had a preview of Christmas. Standing in the back row from left to right are: Gene Bryan, John Paul Riddle, Wain Fletcher, Mary Blakely, who, with Mr. Blakely, was a guest of honor, "Tex" Newbold, Agnita Mullin, Bob Hobig, and Len Pavey. Seated are Volsh Thomas, Elaine Devery, Betty Harrington, Jo Skinner, Betty Bruce, and Jim Blakely, first floor honor guest. On the floor are Dave Hendricks, Arnold Mims, Ben Turner, Ralph Kiel, and Jack Clark. (Art Ruhnke, our photographer, said he wanted to see a lot of teeth—he did.)

T E C H T A L K
Dear Wain:

We feel extremely honored that you asked us to write "Tech Talk" for the Christmas issue of the Fly Paper. All year we have enjoyed the casual gay chatter which has always been characteristic of this column.

This week, however, in honor of Christmas Day, one bright and shining spot in a darkened world, we would appreciate your printing one of our favorite poems.

It is not a war poem and it isn't anything "terrific" — it's just something we came across in a magazine last year and have kept every since to look at now and then.

"A Little Prayer at Christmas"
That I may not in Blindness grope,
But that I may with vision clear
Know when to speak a word of hope
Or add a little wholesome cheer.

That tempered winds may softly blow
Where little children, thinly clad,
Sit dreaming; when the flame is low,
Of comforts they have never had.

That through the year which lies ahead
No heart shall ache, no cheek be wet,
For any word that I have said
Or profit I have tried to get.

—S. E. Kiser

With best wishes to you, Wain, and all the Fly Paper fans all over the world, for a very happy Christmas and a Victorious New Year.

Elaine Devery
Jo Skinner
Gene Bryan
Of the 7th Floor
Country Club Capers
by Lucille Valliere

'Twas the week before Christmas ... and outside the Club House a blanket of white moonlight was falling softly and silently ... palm trees rustled cheerily in the warm breeze and ... well, it didn't look very promising for a "White Christmas".

But, it does look as though it's going to be a Merry one ... especially for those good little boys and girls who go dancing at the Coral Gables Country Club come next Saturday eve.

To get back to that last fiesta ... the turkey dinner was superb, the music smooth as silk (pardon me, rayon), and the guests ... well, there were plenty of them, and they appeared to be having the time of their lives. The Christmas spirit seems to have caught on a week early this year.

Our Orphans

We are all delighted with the splendid representation from Chapman Field. Among the "Field-orphans" on hand Saturday were Tom Moxley and Gloria Brown who won the jitterbug contest; Tiny and Mrs. Davis; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hughes; and Dave and Helyn Narrow.

Also Jimmie Gilmore, Irving Schindler, Johnny Lynn, Jimmy Meyer, Betty Schulte, Claude L. Davis, Bill Cary, Jane Harris, Cara Lee "Cookie" Cook, Dave DaBall, Charlotte Kaiser, and the cross-country boys, Everett Link, Charlie Bacon, Kenneth Sutton, and Stewart Brown with Marjorie Bauer. (Thanks and Compliments to the "Cookie" advertising agency.)

Syd and "Tibby" Barrows were on hand, as usual. In the same party were: John Paul Riddle, Colonel F. Albery, Betty Hirsch and Lt. Leslie Miller, Betty Jo. Beller and Lt. Martin W. Meyer, Lt. Bill Marshall, Lt. and Mrs. Don Williams, Miss Louise Wheeler and George Wheeler.

Bunnie Bickle of Engine Overhaul was striking with a blue chiffon scarf draped around her blonde hair. She was accompanied by Lt. W. L. Vampé of the Brazilian Navy.

Fifth Floor

Latin-American Co-ordinator Eric Sundstrom came with Jane Mills of Ambler, Pt. Other Fifth Floor residents were: William Tartocovsky of Chile and Sum Woodrow Bodden of Nicaragua, with Elsie Mooman and Clara Price Williams.

Of course, our little friends, Adel Heiden and John Howard took part in Mr. Riddle's jitterbug contest and came in third. Adel was cute as a bug's ear in a flowing white gown ... By the way ... What's this we hear about an engagement? And right in our presence, folks! ... Yes Sir! ... right there at the party.

The Dicks were there, Catherine looking elegant in a new black and gold formal. We missed Myllion and Phylis Webster ... now that they've become habitual attendants. However, the Transportation Department was duly represented by Jean and Red Duncan, and Elaine Chalk and Ruth Turner.

Sweet Music

And that brings us to the surprise treat of the evening ... We don't know when we've heard anything so delightful as Ernest and Mitzi Culp's duet serenade, "Deep in my Heart, Dear" from the "Student Prince", following which a rapt audience gathered about them at the close of the dance while Mitzi came through with a lovely rendition of "One Alone" from Romberg's "Desert Song".

After hearing Ernie sing those ballads, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and "Johnny Doughboy", we wonder why he hid his light under a bushel until his last Embry Riddle party ... (he goes to the Army this week). Incidentally, Catherine Dick joined him in a duet of "Mother McCree", giving us another pleasant surprise.

We can't help mentioning that Helene Hirsch, the junior half of the sister-team, looked simply charming in black crepe and silver lame when she arrived with her sailor-lad, Larry Hall.

We noticed titian-haired Lois Wheeler, courier, with Buck Setzer, and Helen Hayes, courier, with Lt. Commander Roy Callahan, U. S. Navy.