STRABISMUS REPORTS FROM ENGLAND
NEPHEW OF WINSTON CHURCHILL RECALLS CHRISTMAS IN FLORIDA

Dear Riddles:

This is your old friend Strabismus calling . . . No doubt you are all still holding your tumns after that unfair strain at Christmas.

I remember last year at the Bath and Tennis Club, where we were treated to an orgy of turkey, sun, and spray, washed down by a fair sprinkling of glamour girls . . . This year we spent it in an Air Force camp, and believe me, it was fun . . . the party began on the 23rd and ended on the 29th, only when there was nothing left to eat or drink.

Turn About

As you may know, it is an old custom in the Air Force for Officers and NCOs to serve the other ranks at lunch that day . . . We buckled to it.

For that one day every erk (airman) can shout at a Group Captain—"Hey, waiter, this plate's dirty!" The Group Captain, in his apron, replies, "Sorry, Sir," and wipes the plate on the seat of his pants.

The Adjutant could be seen running merrily around with armfuls of crockery, and pinned to his back was a notice—"For WAAF Only." A/C Duff, erk, our station booh, announced confidentially that he knew who put it there.

As for service—they had hors d'oeuvres, soup, turkey, goose, chicken, bacon, pork, stuffing, peas, and a variety of potatoes . . . Then plum pudding with brandy sauce. The Orderly Officer came around threateningly with a meat cleaver asking if there were any complaints . . . There were.

After that we served the cooks . . . and got the Squadron Leader in a white hat and apron on his knees washing dishes. The station band heaved swing at us throughout . . . to stimulate digestion . . . we ended with the Mess Theme song.

Doughboys Feded

I was glad to see our people taking home American doughboys this Christmas. After the way we were feted last year I often felt ashamed at the way we would treat your boys. But no, I sincerely believe we did

our best under rationing restrictions. The shortage of turkeys was due to one thing . . . the RAF collared most of them . . . good show.

Whom should I meet in Oxford but Alan Story, now on Whitleys, and Harry Forest, less most of his vocal chords . . . He left them in a Wellington one sunny afternoon when Gremlins were about in a cutting engines sort of mood.

In a pub I had a little note passed to me . . . It read, "Beware the Burdick Bird, My Son" . . . There was my old friend George with "232" on him, luckily.

English Gremlins

Do you have any Gremlins at Riddle Field? There are many types here. The worst one is the Duty Gremlin who lies in the Control Tower and winds up trees in the path of incoming aircraft or lowers the landing ground twenty feet or so just as a plane is about to touch down. Then there is the Gun-sight Gremlin who twists your sights at the crucial moment.

Hugh Tudor is on Bostons and likes them immensely . . . The thing to be on now for those who like low flying is Army Coop, where it is practically a court martial offense to fly above two hundred feet.

Better World

England is much happier than it was . . . at last we have something definite in our War aims. We sincerely believe that a better job will be made of the world. The old one will never be patched up. The new one, which will be made by us, should be quite a nice place . . . if we really want it to be.

I could tell you a lot about General Harrold Alexander, as he is our nearest neighbor in Ireland. (It takes an Irishman to win a War . . . duck hastily to avoid Anglo-American tomatoe.) He is a brilliant man and one of the major thorns in the Shickelgrubian side.

We had a flip in some Jerry kites the other day. The seating arrangements were very cramped . . . rather like travelling in England at the moment by rail. The cockpit was full of extraordinary little notices in German, and someone had added, "Please do not use the whatzit unless over Grosse Deutschland. Heil Hitler!"

That in a line sums up what we think of the twerp.

Ever yours,

Strabismus

Editor's Note: The above is from Sgt. Pilot Desmond Leslie, RAF, nephew of Winston Churchill, who was graduated with Course Five at Riddle Field last June. As Strabismus, Leslie compiled the Listening Out issue of his Class, which has been a model for each succeeding Course.

G. WILLIS TYSON

Having been born in Manchester, England, it is quite fitting that Mr. Tyson is General Manager of Riddle Field, No. 5 British Flight Training School at Clewiston, Fla. Associated with aviation for almost 20 years, he has better than 5,000 hours certified solo time.
Letters to the Editor

Sergeants' Mess
Royal Air Force Station
Shawbury
Shropshire
England

Dear Syd,
Hello friend. Please excuse me for leaving it so long before writing a few lines to a man who did more to make fellow countrymen feel happy and comfortable during their first weeks, and for that matter during their entire stay in a strange land, than any other I have yet had the pleasure to meet.

Tonight, on the eve of a new year, together with others of the old Course 7 at Riddle Field, I have been thinking back to some of the more pleasant events of the past year and feel guilty for not writing to you sooner.

Before we go any further, how are you, your wife, and the youngsters keeping, Syd? And the in-laws in Kelly's Restaurant? All in the best of health and humour I hope.

Scenes have changed a little since we last saw you, but English countryside during winter months is a familiar sight; so there is no need to enlarge on that subject.

After leaving Clewiston, we spent a pleasant period in Canada prior to embarking on a calm crossing back to the "Old Country." On arriving, we spent more time in attending to miscellaneous jobs which have to be "squared up" on arriving home. Leave at last came, and the few days spent at home with relatives and friends passed all too quickly. Now most of us are "messing about" with aeroplanes again, and that's about all I can tell you for obvious reasons.

You will be pleased to hear though, Syd, that things in general do seem to be in good order here now. In fact, we were all greatly surprised to find shops of all kinds well stocked and the people well dressed and cared for. Stories that we had heard on the other side were just so much "bunk." Eddie Jones sent the little token you entrusted to his care to your mother as promised.

If you don't hear too often from fellows that have made your acquaintance, don't think you are forgotten. Whenever conversation turns to Florida among the chaps that have been there, so inevitably that ever popular bloke, Syd Burrows is mentioned; believe me when I say that!

Now that we are just about to enter into a new year of the War, let us hope that this one will see the end of the whole unpleasant business, and we can all settle down to live like human beings again. Then, Sydney, I for one would be very happy to meet you once more in the foyer of the old Colony and partake a little "refreshment" with you.

Lack of material brings me to a close, but among those that join me in wishing you and the "Misus" and kiddies all the best of everything are, Bob Walmsey, Al-bert Wright, Dick Virgo, Eddie Jones, Nelson Jary, all of Course 7.

Will you please convey my personal best wishes to Messrs. Winkle's and Bing, Instructors at Riddle Field.

Should you ever find time to drop a couple of lines, Syd, my home address is: 173 Waverly Avenue Twickenham Middlesex

So long for the time being, pal.

Cheerio

Keep a stout heart,

Yours very sincerely,

Ron Bodley

Editor's Note: The above is a letter written to Syd Burrows, Director of Housing of Coral Gables, who is an Englishman himself and who has worked untiringly in his efforts to make our English boys feel at home.

N.T.S., Co. 11
University of Houston
Houston, Texas

Dear Editor,
How about a little news about the good old Instrument department, which I understand is now out in Coral Gables?

Yours truly,

Ted C. Meyer, RT 2/c

Editor's Note: We're glad to be able to tell Ted that Peggy Harrod is now conducting a column called "Instrumentalisms." Look for Peggy's column each week, Ted, and we're sure you'll find all the news you're looking for.

Dear Editor:
Many thanks for the notice you ran last week in the Fly Paper. The lost article was returned within 45 hours of the Fly Paper's hitting the street. Again thanks a million.

Tom Davies

Editor's Note: We appreciate Mr. Davies' courtesy in letting us know promptly what results our little box brought. If you need our help again, Mr. Davies, just give us a ring.

Letter From A Former Student

"Just a line to say hello and all is well here with us. We have quite a few guys here from the school. Sure wish we could get one of those meals there now."

"You can tell the fellows there how lucky they are. Over here we are glad to get anything good to eat. Wish you could see some of these French girls, they are really cute, but not like our girls at home and in Miami. Well, goodbye and wish us luck."

The above is an excerpt from a letter written to K. C. Smith from Lt. Rewbert C. Butler who was graduated with 1-13-A, June 13, 1942 and is now overseas.
LISTENING OUT COURSE TEN
"AVE ET VALE"

"There is no sense in going farther—this is the edge of cultivation. So they said, and I believed it." —KIPLING

In August, 1942, one of the major topics of conversation in Moncton, Canada, was Florida, U.S.A., whether it was discussed within the inner sanctums of the cookhouse, in the orderly rooms, or in Bennett’s Grill at a time when our stomachs were beginning to take an extremely poor view of ice-cream sodas. There appeared to be three salient features to the weather. They were (a) that it was extremely hot, (b) that it was not so hot as all that, (c) that it wasn’t hot at all as a matter of fact, old boy, because I’ve got an aunt who spent some time there and so has got definite gen.

Various other facts, equally concrete, pertaining to the geographical features of Florida—to its pleasure resorts, to its feminine population, were freely accepted by the masses. Clewiston was a town of some 20,000 inhabitants lying adjacent on the one hand to Miami and Palm Beach and bordered on the other by the aerodrome.

All of which we know now to be quite untrue. Even after that first long journey under conditions of unbelievable discomfort, we retained enough of our senses to note that Clewiston was not adjacent to Miami or Palm Beach and indeed didn’t appear to be adjacent to anything.
Conditions have changed so rapidly since our arrival in August that few now at the Field will recall the era of multi-colour Flights. Those who do remember "Yellow Flight" surely will never forget it, for they will never see anything like it again. If there was any trouble brewing in the district, Yellow Flight was certain to be involved. In fact there came a time when, lost for any other explanation, the public in general automatically attributed the smallest of crimes to Yellow Flight.

Some of the bolder elements have even been accused of being in close collabora-
tion with that particularly wretched species of Gremlin, the "Gremlinus Stultus." However that may be, our spirit was undeterred. With the advent of the cadet system, we assumed our responsibilities as flight leaders, junior section under-flight leaders and the rest with equanimity. To be serious for a moment, it is a fact worth noting that, apart from a few unfortunates who have deserted our ranks owing to illness, our full complement remains untouched (here we literary men are falling down in our eagerness to touch wood).
Men come here principally to fly—and it is with flying that we associate our happiest memories. How we relished those Cross Countries on Primary! The futile despair occasioned by being unable to find Brighton was so thoroughly compensated for by our visit to Sarasota, Punta Gorda and the rest. And, most important, how we appreciated and admired our Instructors, who taught us everything we know and taught it in such a thoroughly human way.

And if they couldn’t quite teach us to watch the tee setting, there was always Mr. Johnston or Mr. Parry at hand to rebuke us in their kindly way. Meanwhile, 'neath his most inadequate sunshade, Mr. Peters sat day after day, coping resolutely and efficiently with our incessant clamouring for solo ships.
After our final flight in PT's we went on leave; and on returning to the fold were unable to find a single BT on the Field—We were going straight on to AT's. We set out doggedly to conquer the apparent intricacies of the cockpit layout, dazedly at first, but with increasing coherence until one day we were able to "cope" with reasonable skill.

From that moment on we were ourselves again. In one hundred hours we have laboured on the range, sweated under the hood, endured two long weeks of solid night flying and come through with the knowledge that these hours are going to stand us in very good stead for the future.

Before we set our final course for base (and there is unlikely to be a reciprocal course open to us yet awhile) we should like to express our special gratitude to certain branches on the Field, so far unacknowledged, and which we feel should be brought more fully into the limelight.

The Maintenance department, who have worked day and night to keep our planes serviceable and who have made such close friends in the Flight. The Radio department, whose stalwarts in the Tower have always worked hard under great stress and successfully have endured the hectic period of night flying without suffering, as far as we know, a single case of laryngitis. And to all those who have smoothed out our path in other spheres, our sincere thanks.

The time has come for us to bid farewell to the friends we have made here. It may be a long time before we see them again, but they will not be forgotten.

AU REVOIR AMERICA
Some of the Lads
Things We Have Never Heard

“I wonder if Chiefy will mind?”
“Don’t you like Canaway’s moustache?”
“The sky is clear over Lakeland!”
“We’re in step—Fox must be leading the Flight.”
“They ought to make the Field larger.”
“Moody landed according to Tee today.”
“I’ve never been to Mike’s.”
“It was quiet in the Ground School today.”
“Let us do P.T.”
“Silence at Midnight.”
“Nobody went sick on Monday morning.”
“I like the taste of this water.”
“West is on the camp somewhere.”
“I couldn’t see Jock James.”
“Boys, there is a one degree spread—all cross countries go ahead.”
“That was a nice cup of tea.”
“The ‘Spymasher’ has been killed.”
“Left, Right—Left, Right—Left, Right.”
“Can we go on the beam today, Sir?”
And we have never, never heard
“THEY ARE ALL HERE!”
CHIEFY’S OUTFIT

Now we ask you to meet Course Ten,
A most amazing body of men,
Who despite appearance (like this verse)
Have never gone from bad to worse...
There’s Chiefy Ward binding
But nobody minding
Not even Sheridan,
Who, whenever he can,
Relaxes at the Seminole,
Lacking the yen for a better hole.
Harwood and Cook found Daytona romantic,
Along with Ted Bloomfield beside the Atlantic.
While Phillip Dixon and Tony Donell
Up at Atlanta did rather well.
But Palm Beach is by far the best
(According to West).
But stay, is all well,
In Miami, Hellewell?
Says Mr. Westmoreland
Jamaica’s no raw land
But somewhat rum;
Even Henriquez admits he’s dumb.
In spite of which he’s a very good lad,
Although his questions make us mad.
Sweet innocence’s self is young Wilkinson,
Breaking hearts from Georgia to Clewiston.
Don Juan of a darker hue
Is Tony Salmon (hot pilot too).
Away in the Grind School hear much chattering
“Q” says he’s weary of Freddie’s chattering.
Champion hecklers are Penny and James
When “On the ball Harold” is up to his games.
Poor Mr. Thyng is alarmed in a trice,
By the conflicting theories of Bennett and Pryce.
Axworthy's camera flickering spasmodically
Portraying poor Lumsden most idiotically.
Many a time there descended Cross-Tee
Our worthiest of worthies, J. "Kipper" Moody.
Fabulous tales are told, so they say,
In nearby Belle Glade by Frank Canaway.
Button's stories are almost jokes;
Rowe has sworn to stick to Cokes,
While Hector and Coates for Pete's set a vector,
There to imbibe of a far sweeter nectar.
St. Andrews hatched out a remarkable bag,
Seddon, Steele, Stacey, young Baxter and Spragg.
Pereira and Townsend are old flying men,
Which perhaps is the reason for all their duff gen.
Shall we ever forget the staid Ian Weir,
A New Zealander (knows not the meaning of fear).
Dud Amoss, our Yank, who fell off a horse,
And doing so found he had gone back a course,
Hugh Kelly is known to be bearing a grudge,
Perhaps he expected to beat Donald Budge.
Pat Smythe has a very good musical ear,
And a sound working knowledge of the Browning Rear Sear.
This sort of thing could go on forever,
So in a bunch we give you together,
Sam Easy, who's breezy, Dave Roberts who's steady,
And Chopping and Jamey the ever unready.
"Nipes" is the Sugar King, so we have heard,
And M. C. R. Lang brought back part of the bird.
And last we would give you our own Chiefy Ward,
Who governs so ably this unruly horde,
His henchmen are "Dusty," Ken Taylor and "Joe,"
And that is the lot if you're anxious to know.

COURSE TEN
LISTENING OUT...
Included with this issue is the Course 10 Listening Out, signifying the fact that another Class has won its wings. The coveted wings were presented by C/O George Greaves in an impressive ceremony on the ramp in front of the Tower on Thursday. Later, the Sergeant Pilots & Pilot Officers left for their next posting.

And so, once again we have the privilege of congratulating a Graduating Class and wishing every member all the best.

Pat Smythe, Dudley Amoss, Harry Ingram and Derrick Button of this Class have served as Associate Editors for us in the Fly Paper work, and we are grateful for the services they rendered and thank them for their efforts. Responsible for the Course’s Listening Out were Pat Smythe, Alan Axworthy, Derrick Button and Richard Domnell, who are to be congratulated for this fine addition to the unbroken chain of graduation papers prepared by every Class leaving Number 5 BFTS since the first one.

The Listening Out party for Course 10 was held at the Instructor’s Club this week and the usual good time was reported by all present.

Instructor’s Club

Activities galore have been taking place at the Instructor’s Club this past week. So, all you Instructors, Group School, Flight or Link, who have not as yet joined this organization, get right in and don’t miss all the fun. See President Lou Place, Secretary Bob Walker or Treasurer Frank Vehri and they’ll “get you in.”

Last Wednesday evening Instructor Laurence De Marco presided as head chief at a most successful spaghetti supper. Well over 100 persons enjoyed the excellent dish prepared by Mr. De Marco and reported a delightful evening.

The Co-Pilot’s Club entertained with a Valentine party last Saturday and did their usual fine job. The Club was appropriately decorated, and dancing, bingo and other games made plenty of entertainment.

Entries in the ping pong, chess and tennis tournaments have been completed, and play has started in these competitions. All entrants are urged to play their matches by March 1, if possible, so that the Club champions may be decided by that time.

Participants in the ping pong tourney include Instructors Walker, Pardee, McConkey, Leopine, Arnold, Hopkins, Coon, Howe, Doug Day, Johnston, Baker, Place, Don Day, Ahern, Feigel and F/L Nickerson.

Instructors Johnston, Richardson, Ziler, Langhorne, Walker, Leopine, Baker, Christian, General Manager Tyson and F/L Nickerson are entrants in the chess tournament.


From Our Files

November 26, 1941—Editor Belland visits Riddle Field and is amazed at the rapidity of the construction here—George May, Buddie Carruthers and G. J. Cassidy, U/K are Associate Editors for Riddle Field. Among the British Cadets spending the week-end with Syd Burrows at the Colony Hotel in Miami were Bill Hepkirk, P. C. Price, E. A. Jenkins, B. Manso, J. Penman, B. Cooper, J. Hogarth, I. L. Samuels, R. M. Cummings, T. S. Haynes, A. C. I. Brown, F. P. Clayton (wotta date he had), Tom Pulren, P. R. Mellor, J. C. York, A. Barton, F. R. Walker, J. F. Pickard and D. W. Dugard.

Others mentioned in this issue are Maintenance Men Pete Welles, Earl McMurray, and Bille Neff and Instructors Johnny Davis, Ernie Smith, Bob Johnston, Fred Hunziker, Gunner Brink, Dean Reynolds, Bad Carruthers, Bob Walker, Scotty McLachlan, Bob Carpenter and Charlie Miller.

December 3, 1941—Class 1 graduation dinner dance held last Saturday evening at the Quarterdeck Club in Miami—New employees at the Field include Jerry Greenberger of Maintenance—new refreshers are Gene Rooney, Roy Veli and Fran Winkler, along with Johnnie Gewinner.

Instructors Lee Heffron, Frank Derebibus, Charles Bing, Woody Edmundson, Ray Morders, Harry Lehman, George May and Jimmie Cousins all get twelve day vacation before starting new classes.

December 18, 1941—Instructors Teate, Place and Grummer promoted to BT’s, and Instructor May A.D.—Jimmie Durden has been officially promoted to Assistant to General Manager G. Willis Tyson. Cartoonist B. H. P. Keady, U/K has a clever cartoon in this issue. December 23, 1941—Bob Westmoreland to get married during Christmas holidays—Noel Ellis buys a house—New employees include Jimmy Taylor, Link Instructor—Large number of Cadets spend Christmas holidays in Miami.

January 13, 1942—F. H. Haynes is new Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds at Riddle Field—Riddle Basketball team challenges Tech team from Miami to a two-best-of-three series of games.

January 22, 1942—Course 2 graduates and publishes the first Listening Out edition—Riddlers defeat Clewiston, 53-25—Keene Langhorne vacations in Miami—Boss Riddle addresses Instructors on his recent tour to England—Frank Derebibus and Buddie Carruthers now Riddle Field Editors.

February 5, 1942—Ve Button, guest writer of Riddle column, reports Bob Reese and Nat Delehipe engaged—Gen. Mgr. Tyson and Jimmie Durden visit Tech School—Coach Tuffy Owens announces plans complete for basketball games with Tech School.

February 12, 1942—Riddlers defeat Tech 28-22 in Miami—Flight Commander Jones does some deep sea fishing—Cadet Englebach writes a special article.

February 19, 1942—Riddle Field again whips Tech, at Moore Haven, by a 53-29 count—Promotions include James Cousins as Assistant Flight Commander, Doc Robbins goes to Advanced, and Bob Westmoreland, C. C. Clark and Noel Ellis are moved up to BTs.

Said about Nelva Purdon: Nothing ever stumps Nelva, and she has more patience and tolerance than any ten people you ever knew—Riddlers hang up another win over Clewiston by a 53-37 score.

That catches us up to date, so each week, henceforth, we’ll give you the events that happened one year ago, for the corresponding week.

Round and About

F/L J. L. Crossley has joined the RAF Administrative Officers, and will assist C/O Gray.

Construction of additional barracks and other building improvements is well under

Continued on next page
way, with E. W. Riley of the Wheeler Construction company in charge.

Primary Instructor Harold Curtis is going to cover the Primary Flight for us, and we are adding him to our Associate Editors.

Bill Fisher, Advanced Flight Instructor

Squadron No. 4 won the Soccer Championship of No. 5 BFTS by romping over Squadron No. 1, 7 to 1. The game was played in Clewiston under the lights last Thursday evening. The Champs rolled up a 6-1 lead in the first half and then were held almost even in the second half. F/L Nickerson refereed the match.

To all new Cadets and Instructors (old ones as well)—don’t forget that you can have the Fly Paper sent to your home and friends free of charge. Simply give the name and address to Ye Ed, and it “shall be.” This offer is made through the generosity of John Paul Riddle, President of the Embry-Riddle company.

One more thing—the Fly Paper arrives here on Saturday and will be distributed to all departments by the Airman of the Day. Cadets may get their copies at the A.D.’s room.

Alumni Letters

We were very pleased to have received letters from three of our Riddle Field “Alumni” this past week. Pilot Officer D. J. Turner, graduate of Course B, wrote us from his home in London stating that he was enjoying a few days leave before taking some additional training on fighters. Jimmy sends his regards to all his Riddle Field friends.

Fred A. Hunziker, who is taking his Naval Aviation Cadet pre-flight work at the University of Georgia in Athens, writes us that he is “working from 5:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m.” Fred was with the Parachute department here at the Field and is the son of Director of Flying F. E. Hunziker.

From Canada came a letter from “Joch,” McKay of Course 7. Joch is now a Navigation Instructor there, and he too asks to be remembered to his friends at the Field. We are always glad to hear from the former “residents” of Riddle Field.

The new uniforms have arrived, and the Instructors look “quite the thing” in their new regalia and insignia.

A hot and heavy contest is under way among the Course 13 Instructors to win the War Bond. The idea, of course, is to see which Instructor makes the least number of form one errors. It looks like a close race among Instructors Dugger, Kurzman and Raynor as they have yet to make their first mistake.

Thought For The Week—Spin thou not lower than 1,500 cubits nor stunted above thine own domicile, for the hand of the law is heavy and reacheth far and wide throughout the land.

Two More Wins for Riddlers

The Riddle Field Riddlers rambled to another cage victory last week as they hung up a 46-24 win over the Clewiston Independents. In winning their third straight, the locals held leads of 10-4, 22-10, and 34-16 at the quarter stops.

The fourth consecutive game was won by the locals Sunday afternoon as they again defeated Clewiston 39 to 17. Several Cadets and enlisted men made their first appearance in the Riddlers lineup and “helped the cause along.” The quarter scores were 10-0, 22-4 and 29-10, the Riddlers leading at each stop. The summaries of the games:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Riddlers (46)</th>
<th>Clewiston (24)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>fg</td>
<td>ft</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blount, f</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leapline, f</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Place, c</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopkins, g</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor, g</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pape, f</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Points by Quarter:

Riddlers 10 12 12 12 14 46
Clewiston 4 6 6 6 24

Riddlers (39) Clewiston (17)

| fg | ft | p/ | fg | ft | p/ |
| Lawrence, f | 4 | 0 | 0 | Stone, f | 1 | 0 |
| Place, f | 4 | 0 | 2 | Wylie, f | 1 | 0 |
| Taylor, c | 1 | 0 | 1 | VonMach, c | 4 | 0 |
| Hopkins, g | 2 | 0 | 0 | Waldron, g | 1 | 1 |
| Leapline, g | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Day, f | 0 | 0 | 0 | Crow, g | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 19 | 1 | 5 | Totals | 7 | 3 | 8 |

Points by Quarter:

Riddlers 10 12 7 10 39
Clewiston 0 4 6 7 17

Game With Hendricks Field

Friday the 19th, the local cagers will play the Hendricks Field team at Sebring. A return game probably will be played here later.

Several Army Air Corps Cadets and enlisted men have been added to the roster, and the Riddlers hope to hang up their fifth win, although the competition is expected to be tough.

The story is that the Japs sent a spy over to this country to investigate internal conditions and report particularly on our national morale. He reported back right away:

Conditions in United States seem very bad. People are apparently all hungry, for every time two people meet on street one says to other:

“What’s cookin’?”

MAN OF THE WEEK

Mr. Gus L. Cantrell, Chief Operator of the Power Plant, is the Man of the Week for this issue.

Mr. Cantrell was born in Gainsville, Ga., on July 13, 1880. Starting early in the field of electricity, he served four years’ apprenticeship with the Carter and Gillespie Electrical company of Atlanta, Ga., and was then made Superintendent of the firm. The company did some of the wiring on a lot of the largest buildings in Atlanta, including the City Hall and the Georgian Terrace Hotel. Mr. Cantrell served as Superintendent for five years and then when this firm went into bankruptcy, he bought the receivership and set the company up under the name of Gate City Electric company.

He served as owner and president of this organization for eight years and was made a member of the National Electrical Contractors Association.

After selling out this business, Cantrell was with the Wilcox General Contractors at Palm Beach before going to the Ford Motor company in Detroit as an electrician.

In 1928, our Man of the Week came to Clewiston and set up an Electrical Shop, where he did all types of electrical work, in addition to selling electrical appliances.

Being the only electrician in Clewiston, Gus, as he is better known, did practically all the wiring in the homes in Clewiston, and in addition he wired the State Experimental Station in Belle Glade.

In December, 1941, he came to Riddle-McKay in his present capacity and has served efficiently since that time, having charge of the Power Plant, which furnishes all the power for this Field.

Mr. Cantrell is married and has a son who is stationed in Jacksonville as a yeoman in the Navy.

You are to be congratulated, Mr. Cantrell, for your fine record of service in the electrical field and for the good job you’re doing here at Riddle Field.

Farmer Brown drove by the booby hatch—

"Why the load of fertilizer?" asked inmate Willie.

"It’s cold," said Brown, "I’m coverin’ me strawberries."

Said Willie, "I put cream on mine." Now ain’t that silly?
Dear Gang,

In our letter to you today we’re taking an awfully big chance in revealing a few facts that might otherwise be kept secret.

Nevertheless, we want to start off our column with that “something new”—our Who’s Who of the week! Mind you, no names are to be called, but you can guess and we’ll tell you if you are correct in our next letter to you.

Let us first say that our victim is a Kentucky “He.” He attended his first circus at the age of three, saw the elephants eating, and was told that they did so to be big and strong.

A few days later at dinner he was urged to eat all on his plate, so he would be big and strong. He drank his glass of milk but remarked, “Do you think I want to be as big as an elephant?”

At the age of four he felt himself to be the big little carpenter and we’re enclosing a picture to prove the same. The other picture depicts his fondness for guns as well as his old standby—a sling shot.

In his early teens we find him hooking a ride on the rear of a car owned by his cousin, Ed, with the thought of riding only a few blocks down town.

Long Trek Home

However, to add to the thrill of the incident he was, unknown to the driver, carried through town, and about two miles out in the country he felt the urge to give himself up.

Sometime later in the day our friend showed up at home, with muddy feet, revealing a long walk back. He probably would have been given a ride back to his home had it not been for the fact that his cousin Ed’s girl was the other occupant of the automobile.

Not so long ago we wrote about our friend in the Fly Paper stating a few known facts about his business. He started flying in the spring of 1939 and in 1940 was Instructing Secondary C.P.T. at Southend, Ind. Completing two programs there he went to Emporia, Kan., where he remained until his association with the Riddle Aeronautical Institute in June, 1941.

He came to Union City as Director of Refresher School after which he received another promotion which we won’t reveal now. Oh, yes we will—he’s now Assistant Director of Flying here at Embry-Riddle Field. He’s a swell fellow and we all wish him the best of luck! Guess who!

We’re sending for your information a sheet worked out by Ray Ryan, Flight Commander, to be carried by a check rider on each check of any particular student, namely his 20, 40, and 60 hour.

This sheet is to be carried in flight and to be filled out as each maneuver is executed, helping the Instructor who is giving the check to give a clean cut account of the good or the bad of the student’s flying technique.

We enclose the sheet for the 20 and 40 hour checks for you to see, since it might give you an idea of the 60 hour is not included, but you would know that each new maneuver would be added accordingly. Thanks to Ray for an excellent idea!

Basketball Competition

The 67th AAFFTD basketball team seems to have been organized in a big way and is now beginning a regular schedule of games. Competition keeps pouring in—one of the latest games being with nearby Camp Tyson. Good stiff competition has been found in the local high school alumni team and also that of the junior college at Martin.

An unofficial game was played with the Flight Instructors here at the Field. Lt. Robert Palmer, Athletic Director and organizer of the team, has obtained permission from the Adjutant General’s office in Nashville to use the new National Guard Armory in Union City, which has been furnished with gym equipment available to the Field personnel, both Army and civilian.

Members of the local team are: Capt. Breeding; Lts. Matthees, Palmer, Schmacher, and Kleiderer; Sgt. Cannon; Pts. Synder and Biddle; and Instructor Ed Siefreid. We hope games for the Fly Paper and will try to give you a blow by blow description of each. And we mean blow by blow!

Post Patter

As is always the case when a new class arrives, there is a converted rush to examine the roster. 43-G has one boy from this county—Aviation Cadet Pardue, who hails from Obion County, down close to Troy. We had hoped that Bill McRae, former member of the Riddle Family, would take his primary here, but no luck yet.

FLASH—STOP THE PRESSES. Pop Murphy, otherwise known as Capt. Murphy, is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. Happened just a few happy days ago. Mrs. Murphy says that father and son are doing fine.

The other day Lt. Kleiderer was flying from Milton to Union City with Capt. Murphy as passenger in the rear cockpit. A few miles from the home Field they be-
Half Mast At Union City

January, 1943—"Flight Instructor Robert Virgil Everett Killed in Action": These are the words that could flash across the headlines of the greatest newspapers of our nation, and in all truthfulness, Mr. Everett was not facing death in a fox hole in Bataan, neither was he cooped up facing defeat in a stone room on Corregidor. He did not meet his death charging through the wilderness in the Solomons nor did he die in the crash of an airplane on Guadalcanal.

In fact, his life was not lost in territory surrounded by the enemy but in the United States serving his country to the best of his ability and doing a bang-up good job of it. His every day life was given over to the development and training of fighting men for the Armed Forces of our great nation. He died in an airplane crash while instructing an Aviation Cadet near Embry-Riddle Field.

The Cadet was injured, but not too seriously.

Each day we must resolve to do our best to eliminate this type of accident, which might hold back our War effort. Through carefulness can we do this. We must not be led astray by a false sense of security. As American citizens we must be careful—lives are saved that way.

The flag at half mast pictured here not only pays tribute to the man who gave his life for his country but is an indication of the respect we had for our friend and comrade—Flight Instructor Robert Everett.
This is a story that Whitmell is not expected to like—and this column only passes it on for what it is worth (which is plenty—Dorr Field opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding) as an offering by Keeper of Ye Gates, George Mackie.

A certain colored boy, it seems, boarded the wrong green bus in town and ended up at Carlstrom Field rather than Dorr, his original destination. He had a quite lengthy wait with George at the gate before he was straightened out and headed for the Abandoned Airport, and during that time he managed to become very much impressed with the quantity and quality of Carlstrom operations.

Said he to George, “You know, boss, I ain’t at all sorry I done got on de wrong bus like dis here. After takin’ a good look at dis Field I see about decided dat goin’ from Dorr Field to Carlstrom Field is jes’ like goin’ from Cobbtown to Atlanta.”

The McHenry-Smith-Brady Elite Skating Rink announces its gala opening day in the very near future, and of course big things are expected for this, the most recent of Carlstromite business ventures.

According to the skating rink executives, 150 pairs of skates are now on hand, and the stock is expected soon to reach the 200 mark.

This is not, incidentally, a paid advertisement.

Arcadia’s Carlstrom-populated Elks’ Club entertained again Saturday night for Elks and guests—which usually includes a goodly proportion of Carlstromites, thereby rating mention in our social section.

The event, naturally enough, was in celebration of St. Valentine’s Day, and, for the benefit of any interested OPA skeptics, attendance was strictly afoot. The Elks’ Club, incidentally, has come to serve as a more or less unofficial Pilots’ Social Center since the untimely passing away of Arcadia’s Pilots’ Club. Some few more curious and less bashful souls are wondering what strange disease grips the 300 Carlstrom and Dorr Instructors which prohibits their having their own social organization.

Perhaps such an arrangement would do much toward adding to the general morale. The Gadfly (a creature neither man nor beast, who prefers to remain anonymous) wonders if there are no those in a position to mend the situation who will stop to consider the facts in the light of the ultimate advantages to be derived from an even more contented corps of Instructors.

GUESS WHO DEPARTMENT

by A. B. Rollins, Tycoon Rhymester

With my feet on the ground and my heart in the skies
I’m toiling each day for a pilot who flies
An eagle, he soars and his eye never sleeps
And I’m building the plane for the watch that he keeps.

He isn’t exactly a stranger to me
As he’s winging his way in the fight for the free
For I know him and love him, and so with great care
I’m building that plane for that fellow up there!

Each bolt and each rivet, each bearing and gear
Must safeguard the life of some boy that is dear;
I will not be thoughtless or careless or slack
For I must be sure that this plane does not crack.

And so I am eager in spirit and will
To give without stint of my talent and skill
For as partners in one common effort we share
As I’m building this plane for the boy who’s up there.

As I go to my work in the grey of the day
His motor drones on in the upper sky way
And I know that he’s thinking of me far below
As he’s scanning the heavens for possible foe.

Now perhaps you don’t know why I’m earnest in this
And so anxious that nothing miss fire or miss;
It’s because a fine fellow is up in the air
And it happens it’s my boy who’s flying up there!

Reprinted through courtesy of the author and Tycoon Tackle, Inc., Miami, Florida.
ODE TO THE SIREN OF CHAPMAN FIELD

by Evelyn Quillian

Not to be outdone by others riddles, here's one that was judged the funniest by Mr. Riddle, Mr. Camden, Mr. Gibbons, and Helen Cavus at a party given one night here at Chapman.

It was after a date and all thru the house
Not a varmint was creeping, not even a mouse.
Her hair was hung on a bedpost with care
And her white teeth chattered on a nearby chair.

When all thru the room there rose such a clatter
Her glass eye flew open to see what was the matter.
The wooden leg jumped from its place by the door
And her maidenly curves shivered around on the floor.

For into the gloom of that cold dark bedroom,
The grey light was creeping,
The alarm clock was screaming,
A New Day had begun.

Cookie must arise and assemble her beauty,
Rush for the bus and her every day duty,
For they stand in line awaiting her call,
Those poor male creatures, both large and small.

And Mr. "G" stands groaning and wailing and moaning,
"There's work to be done, come help me someone."
I wish I could write a very good verse
But the more I try, it just gets worse.

So a Happy New Year to you one and all,
To the Siren of Chapman, the Belle of the Ball,
Miss Cara Lee Cook, beloved by us all,
From the very large (the Bosses) to the very small (me).

HEAVE HO FOR A LEFT TURN

Contributed by Barbara Moon, Maintenance department, Chapman Field

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

Another week brings another column, which comes to you through the courtesy of my lenient boss, Mr. "G," who every Tuesday morning calmly resigns himself to solitary drudgery while I clatter around for some chatter and then prevail upon his sense of humor and tolerance to assist in the construction and spelling.

An' then there's Mrs. Quillian, Evelyn to you nice people, who never ceases to astonish and amuse me with her spontaneous originality. She too receives red roses for sympathetically humorizing me when I get to the stage where I tear my hair and solemnly swear aloud that "never again," for standing by with cold clothes, aspirin and stretcher, and for assuring me that my co-workers do love me as well as Life, or any other 10c magazine, even tho they won't column for a week. Oh, hopeless thought!

This week has been a very eventful week. Kent Courtney, dear friends, got that little ticket that says "Commercial," a piece of paper that proves that man can triumph over the powers that be, if the airplane and Instructors only stay together long enough.

Three cheers for student and Inspector Foster.

Hugo, that double-featured hot-dog commonly known as "Stinky," has a playmate now, the exact carbon copy of himself only on a smaller scale. The name is Linda, the owner Nancy Graham.

Lil' Linda, our sweater girl, is currently the theme of fashion on these cold days as she sports around in her gayest woolies.

If Hugo could only whistle, but then he doesn't have time for such things, as he is busy undermining the steel truss holding up operations. Sabotage going on behind our backs.

Oh! Jimmy!

News item of the year: Mr. J. O. Gilmore is settling down. He's been seen twice escorting the same girl. Oh cruel War, has it come to this? Are priorities running out, will inflation occur? Has Jimmy lost his mind, has he been shell shocked or gassed? What has led him astray? Maybe she has four tires and a C book with a No. 17 coupon.

Listen in next week for another three second spellbinding chapter of The Life of Jimmy Gilmore, or, There Are Such Things. Meanwhile don't forget to use Shaveless Shaving Cream, no soap, no brush, no lather, no nothing, just blood.

Congratulations to two fine hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Baker, on their recent Third

DEAUVILLE DIT

The Embry-Riddle cabana and locker memberships at the Macfadden Deauville are once again available for the use of Embry-Riddle personnel and students.

The hotel has been given up by the Army and is now open to the public. Although transportation problems prohibit our having dances at the Beach, you are free to go over at any time and take advantage of the sun and surf and Embry-Riddle cabana and lockers.
Anniversary and may they have many more.

Tiny Davis, famed psychologist, has a sure cure for those Generous Gerries who help themselves to any and every parachute in Operations. It works wonders on anyone regardless of race, creed or color.

Our dietician, Mrs. Jones, and Steward, Mr. Hansen, are miraculously hiding from us the woes suffered by the general population because of rationing. Through careful and cooperative planning and preparation we’re still living like kings. Hats off to the very foundation and backbone of our little Field, The Mess Hall.

Utopia Here We Come

The only line of conversation heard here for the last couple of days has been about the California weather. The Great Wilbur Sheffield is now working on the theory that the kerosene heater is here to stay. Meanwhile the Flight Instructors are getting up a movement to go south for the winter.

Prelude to a nervous breakdown: There’s one thing I’m thankful for though, it’s cold enough now to freeze “that plane” into a stationary position so that Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Camden, Mr. Sheffield, Mr. Gilmore, CAA Inspector Faller and everyone else on the Field can quit knocking themselves out arguing whether or not a plane having been covered with water will sink completely or drift aimlessly between top and bottom.

Rumor Mongrel: Les Lewis says that if Dudley Rassmussen hasn’t died from paint poisoning now he never will ‘cause he comes to work splattered with it every morning.

Innocents Abroad: Anyone wishing a theme for a hilarious story of what Cross Country excursions consist of, just ask student Shelia Garrett and Instructor Dave DaBoll to recite a few (they won’t tell all) of the events occurring here and Tampa.

Shelia is inclined to think that chivalry is dead. Dave made her fly the plane every minute of the time and then left her in a used car parking lot while he gaddled about his home town. Hi Ho.

“IT CAN’T BE DONE”
(Brass Hats Please Take Note)

Sign in a General Motors plant:

According to the theory of aerodynamics and as may be readily demonstrated through wind tunnel experiments, the bumblebee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight and shape of his body in relation to the total wingspread make flying impossible.

But the bumblebee, being ignorant of these scientific truths, goes ahead and flies anyway—and makes a little honey every day.

—-Courtesy of Reader’s Digest.

SURELY, MARTY, IT COULDN’T BE THAT COLD

All a-quiver from the cold (of course) blonde Marty Warren, Women’s Aviation Advisor, invited Maj. Gen. H. L. George, Commanding General of the Army Air Transport Command, to hurry back and “next time stay longer,” as he was leaving the Tech School after inspecting the Army training facilities. Looking on are, left to right, Len Povey, Vice-President in Charge of Flying Operations for Embry-Riddle; Col. C. E. Shankle, Commander of the 36th Street Airport, and John Paul Riddle.

WHITECAPS

by Johnny Carrathers, II

I thought it would be a cold day in June when Billy Waters would give away free of charge, but finally it has happened. It isn’t June, but it’s a mighty cold day anyway. Billy was down at the Base Wednesday giving away free cigars. The reason? Billy is now among the happy clan of full-fledged-fathers.

Yep, it’s a boy. He (the baby) tilted the scales with no less than nine pounds and 12 ounces—and he has quite a build.

Billy can’t see why everyone says the baby looks like him, but then I don’t blame him; that’s an awful thing to say about a baby. Seriously, we were all waiting at the Base for the good news, and we were sure glad to hear it. But it’s all over now and the Base is back to normal, all except Billy and he can’t get his chest back to normal. Take it easy, Pop.

Chatter

“Flop” Dunford and “Andy” Anderson went to Orlando Monday to take their physical exams and to be sworn into the United States Marine Corps. They were really hopped-up before they left so everything should come out OK. They haven’t left the Base for good, though. We expect them back in a few days to keep the place running until they are called into service.

There sure have been a lot of cold noses running (and I do mean running) around here. Hank Bronner has been keeping warm in a heavy sheep skin coat that everyone is trying to buy, but Hank is smart and won’t part with it. It really comes in handy on days such as we have been having. Mrs. Bertram has the right idea too. She has a coat that looks like G.I., but it serves the purpose. I wonder where she got it? Hmm.

Mrs. Powell is working on a new student whom I think you all know or should know. His name is Capt. David W. Issac, head Chaplain and one of the most popular officers at the Miami Beach School. We’re glad to have you with us, Captain, so stick around.

Hello and Goodbye

Herm Garrigus has taken leave of the Seaplane Base and in his place is Glenn Hopson, who was formerly with Pan American Air Ferries. Glenn has an A. and E. License and one of the best records of work a person can get. We’re glad to have you with us, Glenn.

I wish the weather would warm up a little, because when there is no flying there are no bull-sessions around here. Ah, well, there will be some improvements next week. Look for some pictures next week too. I hope to have some good ones. Hi, Dad.

A last bit of news—Capt. Issac is working on his private license and soon will join the ranks of the Flying Chaplains. That sounds good to me, so here we go again. Toodle-oo.
**Dorr Doings**

by Jack Whitnall

Everyone went through the agony of having his picture taken for the new passes. They should be here by the time this issue is being read and then we can all argue as to who has the best looking profile. While we are on that subject, said profile is to be worn at all times while employed by this company.

What with Little Orphan Annie in a spot, Skeezix in Africa, Flip Corkin having a redhead on his hands and our income tax to worry about! Ain’t life interesting?

A farewell party was held for Ben McGee, better known as Fibber. Quite a crowd gathered at Brady’s and went en masse to McGee’s house. It was a surprise party and Fibber was heard to exclaim as he opened the door—"Helen, call the sheriff! There’s a riot outside."

Anyway, after the scare wore off and the gifts had been presented, ice cream and cake were served and Mr. Peck presided at the piano. We didn’t know that he could play—been holding out on us.

The rest of us "sang," well, that’s what we called it, but the neighbors have another name for it. Mighty inconvenient of Fibber leaving right now just when I had him where I could beat him at table tennis.

Last Wednesday night we were treated to another excellent USO show plus a dance, which were both a huge success, especially the show. The lady contortionist got a big hand and Cpl. Martin has been trying to get his foot out of his mouth for a week.

Somehow he had the idea that he could imitate the young lady’s act. Well, it serves him right. Sgt. Brunner borrowing glasses from the Canteen to try the juggling act—that’s the reason for all the breakage in the Canteen this past week (Mr. Hocker please note).

**Airplane Maintenance**

Edna Parker all smiles this past week. Yep, it was a long distance phone call from —well we won’t tell, but it starts with an M—and it ain’t Missouri and it ain’t Mississippi.

Can you imagine the following transfigurations—Gene Levines with black curly hair—Max Proctor losing his appetite—"Form Room" Foster being six feet tall and having blond wavy hair—Ally Hollingsworth with a Van Dyke and a moustache—Brutt with a different arrangement of hats.

Apologies to Walter Davis—we got his name mixed up with another person just recently—of course we apologize to the other party too—Walter’s new name is "Speedy."

**The Army Side**

Lt. Pincus the proud father of a baby boy. With the careful attention of all the Dorr Field Infirmary Staff, the Lieutenant will survive—we hope.

Capt. Phillips to Arkansas this week to Twin Engine School. Good luck, Captain, and happy landings.

Lt. Webster recovering from the flu—he claims it was distemper. Welcome to Lt. Wilbert D. Gailey, new Tactical Officer—we hope to have some more dirt on the Lieutenant thanks to Lt. Frank.

Pfc. Smothers had the misfortune to suffer a painful accident the latter part of last week. Besides the loss of three of his toes, he was badly bruised. The accident occurred in Arcadia. Smothers has been transferred to the Base Hospital at Hendricks Field until he recovers.

Now just why was Kay Bramlett in the Western Union office last Saturday night trying to lock people out?

These cold mornings we call George Mackey up in the dog house over at the Auxiliary Field and ask him how the weather is. We understand that they had to call the fire department out the last cold spell. We did catch what George said over the phone. Why does Jake Newsome carry a club? It’s a long time till we need another springboard for the swimming pool.

**Materiel Control**

**MIA Division**

by John Deringer, Guest Writer

Hello Folks,

I don’t know exactly how to start, but here goes. First, we want to wish Aldra Watkins, Gordon Lennox and James Koger of Purchasing a happy birthday this week. Harriet Weiss wishes to thank each and every one from Materiel Control and Warehouse for the lovely flowers sent to her mother, who has been very ill with pneumonia.

While I have the chance, I want to thank Selma Welles and the hogs in the Warehouse for being so helpful with all my troubles, above all, Joe Simpson. Harriet Weiss what is so attractive about the back of the Warehouse these past few days? We have just been wondering.

Oh yes, I forgot to mention, the Inventory Crew has been at the Warehouse the past week. Let’s congratulate them on the good job they did at Chapman Field.

Just heard that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Koehler celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary at the Clover Club. Congratulations to both.

Joe will be back next week with some real news—Until then, so long.
TECH TALK

by Jack Clark, Public Relations

When better dog houses are built Fletcher-Thomas, Inc., will build them!

A more commodious “bastie” hardly could be expected in these times, what with priorities, manpower shortage, etc., so for the coming week’s tenant No. 2 a gentle reminder that the welcome mat was left undisturbed, an ample supply of flea powder is on hand and, with a break in the weather, you’ll have peace and quiet. If bored, well—go bark up a tree. Step in, Sucker!

To be sure, there’s never a dull moment at the Tech School, but try a week’s absence sometime and experience the “joy” of picking up loose ends of activities. As for example:

Old Man Weather, the Chamber of Commerce bugaboo, took it on the chin again. He was—oh all over the place when friend mercury “accidentally” did a Corrigan. The boys and gals plumb forgot July and August were with us a while back and they’re booked for a repeat performance come summer.

The chill, nevertheless, failed to discourage the ever-busy moving crew and today you’ll find Jim Blakeley and staff in new quarters in the north wing, likewise Athletic Director Lloyd Budge, who now is within spitting distance of the tennis courts.

Quite a shanty out there, but it’ll take a bathtub or two to bring forth that Budge smile. Those unable to attend the house-warming may phone regrets by calling 2-2435 or if it’s bowling information you desire that number also will do the trick.

L’il Dan’L Cupid’s department had a busy week and sympathies go to Paul Miller of the Payroll department who middle-sisled it with Doris Harrison, attractive brunette chauffeuse, only to fall victim to an appendectomy on his wedding night!

The gossips have it that titian-haired Lois Wheeler, courier-receptionist, is more air-minded than ever since her Pan American pilot returned and the engagement announcement isn’t far off. Mary Jean Perez, drafting student from Tampa, is favoring her left hand these days, weighted with a sparkler from the “flyingest” Cadet in the Army Air Forces, now training in California. She’s already got plans in mind for their dream house and will do the architectural work herself.

The week’s best chuckle was produced during the inspection of the School Tuesday afternoon by Maj. Gen. H. L. George, Commanding General of the Army Air Transport Command. Escorting on a tour of the plant by John Paul Riddle and Major Clements, Commander of the Embry-Riddle Army unit, they entered the second floor barracks filled with enlisted men off duty, when someone espied the two-star general and promptly shouted, “Attention!”

There was a quick clicking of heels as the men presented a snappy salute—all but a group of six, frozen in a half-crouched position, each with one eye on the General and the other cocked on the crap game stakes. Gen. George walked briskly out the door, never letting on if he noticed their embarrassment.

One sure way to break into the news nationally is to get hit in the head by a falling coconut. Pvt. Howard T. Clark of the Embry-Riddle training detachment did the trick while walking near the School Saturday night. It took four stitches to close the gash. The AP heard about it and made certain his friends in Pennsylvania did likewise.

What young department head is writing what technical book that two large publishing houses are interested in? Initials S.W.

Picked at Random—Maj. Joe Stewart, formerly in charge of the Army medical unit, is reported “freezing to death” in Maine.... Lorena Steuber, ex-Tech School nurse and a dazzling brunette if ever there was one, who a short time ago was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Army Nurses Corps, recently matched her gold bar by marrying an Army Lieutenant in Texas where she is stationed.

Mike Lojinger, the Coliseum maestro, is accepting dinner engagements since the Missus left town for a brief visit with relatives.... Nice seeing K. C. Smith, ever cheerful, back on the job after his two-day illness.... The gal runners all smiles since getting their own headquarters (opposite the switchboard) which also will be the E-R post office.

Bob Hunt, popular Instructor in the Instructor-Trainee school, received that notice from his draft board.

Fire Marshal Ed Greenfield of the Army training executive staff, has been assigned temporarily to the Coliseum on a special supervisory task.... Drivers of the Miami-Clewiston-Arcadia bus found a solution for the at-times-monotonous daily trips—they bought a radio.

Nancy Wright, the runner, visited the Courthouse one day this week after finding a yellow ticket on her parked car; now she has a 1943 license.... Another runner, Loretta Hinson, has been transferred to the Mimesograph department.... Henry Des Jardins romancing with a blonde in the Library.... Instructor Lilge, who left Military Aircraft to go to Sheet Metal, has transferred back to Military Aircraft.

Adriano (more or less) Ponso getting the low-down from Major Clements on the number of girls in the Army offices, explaining he wanted to “interest them in joining his Portuguese class”... Len Povey discussing flying with Lt. Col. Fontenelle and Major Wanderly of the Brazilian School of Aviation, who made a repeat visit to Embry-Riddle this week.... warmer today, we hope.

OFFICIAL FLY PAPER “DOG HOUSE”

Mike Lojinger, the Coliseum maestro, is accepting dinner engagements since the Missus left town for a brief visit with relatives -- Nice seeing K. C. Smith, ever cheerful, back on the job after his two-day illness -- The gal runners all smiles since getting their own headquarters (opposite the switchboard) which also will be the E-R post office.

Bob Hunt, popular Instructor in the Instructor-Trainee school, received that notice from his draft board.

Fire Marshal Ed Greenfield of the Army training executive staff, has been assigned temporarily to the Coliseum on a special supervisory task -- Drivers of the Miami-Clewiston-Arcadia bus found a solution for the at-times-monotonous daily trips—they bought a radio.

Nancy Wright, the runner, visited the Courthouse one day this week after finding a yellow ticket on her parked car; now she has a 1943 license -- Another runner, Loretta Hinson, has been transferred to the Mimesograph department -- Henry Des Jardins romancing with a blonde in the Library -- Instructor Lilge, who left Military Aircraft to go to Sheet Metal, has transferred back to Military Aircraft.

Adriano (more or less) Ponso getting the low-down from Major Clements on the number of girls in the Army offices, explaining he wanted to “interest them in joining his Portuguese class” -- Len Povey discussing flying with Lt. Col. Fontenelle and Major Wanderly of the Brazilian School of Aviation, who made a repeat visit to Embry-Riddle this week -- warmer today, we hope.

All right, Gladys Oeff, we warned you! Into the dog house you go for failing to send in Engine Noise, your weekly stint for Miami’s Engine Overhaul Division. However, we did give you a break by putting your picture in upside down--THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR PASS.
AIR TRANSPORT CHIEF INSPECTS EMBRY-RIDDLE TRAINING

Training of Army Aviation Maintenance Specialists—the men who keep ‘em flying—at the Embry-Riddle Tech School was observed by Maj. Gen. H. L. George, Commanding General of the Army Air Transport Command, when he and his Staff made an inspection tour of the Plant Tuesday afternoon. Left to right, Col. C. E. Shondley, Commander of the 30th Street Airport; General George. John Paul Riddle, Maj; Frederick Glass, Maj; Francis B. Clements, Commander of the Embry-Riddle uni; Lt. Col. Rex Smith; in the rear, E. M. Brewer, Chief Instructor of Military Engines, and James E. Blankeley, General Manager of the Tech School.

IT WASN'T A GAME

Back in 1941, on December 7th to be exact, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Mitchell of Pittsburgh were entertaining week-end guests at their home on the Island of Oahu, in the Territory of Hawaii, when Jap dive bombers opened fire on Makapu Station, just across the bay.

But let us give you Mr. Mitchell’s impressions of that dramatic morning in his own words:

December 7, 1941

“First realization that this was not a game was about 9:10, when we turned on the radio. None of us was able, however, to identify the type of planes, and a very peculiar doubt resulted as our uncertainty increased.

“At 7:45 I awoke at first machine gun fire, but this being a frequent routine practice, I didn’t go out for a look for fully five minutes.

“The ships anchored on the bay had been there for at least five days, but the first thing I noticed was a great column of black smoke pouring from one in the center and one on the far right—they must have been about four fifths of the way from us across the bay to the Base.

“The wind—N. E. by N.—regular trade, blew the smoke across our view of the station itself and temporarily mingled with the smoke from a hangar or other building which turned out to have been the first hit.

“The sight of the blazing ships automatically suggested to my mind the practicality of the usual practice of both Army and Navy of using full sized models of offensive weapons such as tanks, planes, etc. in regular exercise maneuvers. But I thought it was unique in this case, because they seemed to have had the forethought to place some gasoline in each dummy target so that realistic conditions would be simulated.

“In a very few minutes three of the ships were blazing so furiously we wondered why they had equipped the targets with so much gas. Then our attention was diverted by clouds of smoke and flame bursting up to over 1,000 feet, which a slight wind shift showed came from the Base and had nothing to do with the targets.

“Of course—now I had it—a smoke screen to cover the Base against the “enemy” so that when they had destroyed the “targets” the main plant would be saved and the victory would go to side A or B—1 or 2, Red or Blue—or whatever appellations the problem had selected.

“Another shift in wind, and I knew some unfortunate flyer would face a court martial of the most severe degree, for there on the apron with their noses seemingly glued to the side wall of one of the great hangars were three beautiful real PBys, one of them a mass of roaring flame and smoke. How could he have possibly missed the target by at least half a mile when dive bombing from an approximate 1500 or 2000 feet?

“Could it have been something other than pilot failure? No, of course not; he probably lost bearings coming in through the “smoke screen” which was being released from the hangar roof. But again that hint of a horrible impossibility—hold on, there, remember it is an impossibility.

“But what really strikes me is how our Navy has—look at those targets, all five ablaze—a perfect score, but aren’t they a little sloppy on their turns? How about not stalling quite so much beginning a dive, and those wing-overs are too much over—waste time!

“Oh, now I know; new class—first try. But their precision in formation—definitely bad. They’ll come up to Navy specifications with more time, and this is without a doubt the most prolonged maneuver I’ve ever seen, and also the most dangerous.

“The dives aren’t Navy dives, they’re not steep at all—not much more than 60 degrees at a guess. The shooting seemed good from the lateral angle I had, but after all I was more than a mile away across the water and couldn’t judge.

“Anyway those ships looked funny through the glasses and the wing insignia didn’t stand out as it should—dirt on the lenses, maybe, but they didn’t sound right at all—pitch of tone I never had heard, but I thought the wind was gusty. I’m not a flyer anyway.

“Big bombers, about nine of them higher up than the dive bombers which just left, couldn’t tell what they were either—they were on the Base at about 3,000 feet; there went the bombs. I thought they must have been new lads too, because surely—yes, I was right—there went another hangar with flames and smoke covering everything.

“This now heretofore vague feeling of uncertainty instantly changed into something like panic—a panic as physical as it was mental—except no one showed the slightest sign. It was all inside and kept there.

“Then as we still stood on the front lawn, a small ship made a turn directly above our heads at not more than 1,000 feet and there under the right wing was the insignia—the red hall of the rising sun.

“No more doubt now. Machine gun bullets in the water at the end of our pier and one through a guest’s car parked in the driveway made us go for cover, but by that time the raid was over.”

Wife: “What makes you think we’re getting near a big city, dear?”

Husband (posing 70): “We’re hitting more people.”

Friend: “Goodness, dearie, what makes you so worried?”

Scotchman’s Wife: “I just talked my husband out of a dollar.”
Hospitalized Honeymoon

Married on Wednesday—in the hospital on Thursday. Such was the fate of Paul Miller of the Tech School Payroll office when he married Chaufferette Doris Harrison and then found himself in the University Hospital, a victim of appendicitis. Hurry back, Paul. The Tech School joins “Dee” in missing you.

NEW BOOKS AT TECH

Mathematics for Mechanics, by Schaaf, 1942.
Aviation Gets Down to Earth, by Hanks.
Frontier by Air, by Hager.
Simplified Theory of Flight, by Gilmer and Nietsch.
Sheet Metal Work, by Neubecker.
Brazil Under Vargas, by Loewenstein.
Aviation Cadet, by Lent.
Air Patrol, by Lent.
How to Fly a Plane, by Oldham.
Aerial Photography, by Bagley.
Primer of Navigation, by Mixter.
Wind, Sand and Stars, by A. de Saint Exupery.
Navigation for Mariners and Aviators, by Weems and Zweng.
General Science Made Easy, by Masson.
Instrument Flying Made Easy, by Weems and Zweng.
Flying and How to Do it, by Jordanoff.
Fighting Planes of the World, by Law.
Fundamentals of Radio, by Everitt.
Command of the Air, by Douhet.
Aeroplane Structures, by Kermode.
Wireless Direction Finding, by Keen.
High-speed Diesel Engines, by Judge.
Visibility in Meteorology, by Middleton.
Visibility Unlimited, by Vetter.
Introduction to Aircraft Design, by Faulconer.
Fighter Facts and Fallacies, by Lee.

BRAZILIANS COULD HAVE MIAMI SAND IN THEIR SHOES

Back in Miami after the first leg of their nation-wide tour of aviation training centers, Lt. Col. H. Dyott Fontenelle (left) and Maj. N. L. Wonderly of the Brazilian School of Aviation, made a repeat visit to the Embry-Riddle Tech School Tuesday to discuss the training program with John Paul Riddle. Upon their arrival in Miami two weeks ago, the Brazilians inspected the Embry-Riddle facilities in this area and then flew to Washington. From there they visited Army aviation centers at Nashville, Montgomery, Mobile, Eglin Field, Fla., Sarasota and the Riddle Aeronautical Institute’s Carlstrom Field at Arcadia. Wednesday, Colonel Fontenelle and Major Wonderly flew to Clewiston to view the RAF training at Riddle Field, enroute to Washington and West Point before going to the Pacific coast.

TRAIENE AT COLISEUM BECOMES INSTRUCTOR

An interesting personality combined with teaching experience in navigation, 674 hours in the air, and work in many phases of aviation is the working material of Kelton R. Seward, 35, who was trained at the Coliseum and is now an Instructor in the Engine Electrical department there.

Mr. Seward was graduated in 1924 from the Biscayne Bay Private School, Miami, and studied advertising art at the Art Institute of Chicago, the National Academy, Chicago, and the University of Southern California.

After working on sales promotions with the Curtiss Wright Flying Service from 1929-31, Seward became affiliated with the Consolidated Instrument company, and it was during this period that his interest in aviation was born. “I’ve sold everything from spark plugs to complete ships,” he grinned.

In 1932 and ’33, he was Aviation Editor of the Miami Daily News, in connection with which he did much aerial photography; and before entering training at the Coliseum, he held private classes in navigation for groups of Navy men.

Unable to obtain a commercial pilot’s license because of his eyes, Seward was refused acceptance into the Navy for the same reason.

He is married, but when questioned “Children?” he laughs, “Only English and Irish setters!”

EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th

AT THE CORAL GABLES COUNTRY CLUB

DANCING FROM EIGHT

$1.00 PER PERSON

Transportation Between the Coral Gables Bus Terminal and the Country Club will be provided.
Letters From Former Students

"In hopes that you will excuse my forgetting your first name, I'll attempt to give the news of the sad fate of one contingent of 5-43-E.

"We are stationed at Albuquerque, New Mexico, 5,000 feet up in the air, and brother, is it cold. Florida was never like this.

"We are here to learn how to march, learn battle tactics and how to handle a rifle and Thompson sub machine gun. I suppose there is some merit to that, but I would rather be working on a faulty hydraulic pump and cussing it out than the present routine.

"Seriously though, Mr. Barker, it is really not so bad as it might be and as soon as I get used to breaking through the ice to wash in the morning, I know I'll like it.

"When the 'Shindig' is over though, I got out for the prop wash hurricane I'm going to create flying into Miami. My best to everyone at Embry-Riddle."

The above is a letter received by Instructor L. G. Barker from Pvt. Richard L. Rheia, Class 5-43-E.

"Whew, what I wouldn't give for some good old Florida sunshine! I've been here for a week and have yet to see the sun shine— just rain, sleet, slush, mud and in general, weather fit for a dictator.

"The set-up here is pretty good, and the men and officers seem to be a nice bunch of fellows. Last Sunday four of us had K.P. and I'm telling you that I scrubbed pots and pans till I was blue in the face.

"Well, how are the 'rookies' these days? If you hear any of them gripe, just tell them to cut it out because most of the guys up here never even get the chance to go to school or to live in Florida during the winter.

"Our barracks are not fancy by a long shot, but they are clean and warm; so with three square meals a day, what more can a buck private ask for?"

The above is a letter from Pvt. Simon Nemtsov, an honor graduate of 8-43-D, who was graduated December 19, 1942.

"Mr. Helvey, I want you to know that I certainly do appreciate and cherish the two weeks spent in your classroom. No other week, or weeks, I spent at school did I enjoy as much as with you, not only merely enjoying your cool classroom atmosphere but in learning from the instructor.

"It really meant much to me in my later weeks in school. Boy! I hated to leave school the night of graduation and then I didn't, but I was happy to get my diploma.

"Sometimes if it is convenient for you to write a line, it will be appreciated. Yours for happiness and good luck—Keep 'em Flying!"

The above is an excerpt from a letter written to Mr. Helvey from Pvt. David S. Hautman, an electrical graduate.

"I landed here in Rome November 23, and I surely have been through the mill since I left Miami. We have had 31 degrees below 0 already. Since I am a Southerner it doesn't agree with me very much. Tell all the electrical instructors hello."

The above is an excerpt from a letter to Mr. Lojinger from Pvt. James Boshell, who was a graduate from the Electrical Department November 21, 1942 and who is now stationed in Rome, N. Y.

"Did my first airplane work on a little four cylinder Aeronca plane, changing wires on the ignition switch; second job—changing armature on a motor in the carpenter job; Third job—assembling a hand sander which someone else took apart and lost pieces.

"The rest of the time I am salvaging electrical materials and instruments brought to use by the A. M. men who dismantle the wrecked planes and we have a few.

"I know these are things you would like to have. We have machines, but not tools to work with—that is, not the proper tools.

"One thing, we get plenty of inspection here from the higher-ups. In fact, in some of the shops they stand over you watching how you work."

Editor's Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Mr. Albary from Pvt. Alec Borden, a graduate of the Electrical department.

"So far, we graduates of Embry-Riddle get more consideration from the Air Force than any of the boys from the various schools all over the world.

"We haven't had any ratings yet but we are supposed to get those this month, and also furloughs. Embry-Riddle is really tops with the Army as far as I can see, and I have heard many a commissioned officer talk about the different schools.

"We will soon be going overseas to do our bit of work against the Japs and Germans, and you, I really are going to do our bit cheerfully. We expect to get this thing over this year and return to our homes by Christmas 1943.

"We thank each and every one of you a million times and this comes from the heart of all of us in 6-43-A."

The above is a letter to Michael Lojinger from Pvt. William Bowers.

"Well, here I am way out in Utah—13 miles from town. It is a good field for work but no pleasure. The trip here was fine— took until Thursday. The boys here go right on the line.

"When I work on an Allison I think of you."

The above was written to Mr. Colburn of the Engine Department from Pvt. George McQueeny, a graduate of the Engine Department, who is now stationed in Ogden, Utah.

LAURA BOULTINGHOUSE

Nine months old Laura "Bud" Boultinghouse, daughter of Senior Instructor Boultinghouse, who teaches Basic at the Coliseum, laughs at the cameraman when he catches her smiling with a favorite group of her toys.

Program

The RIDDLE FAMILY THEATRE

Feature Picture
Monday, February 22nd
RIDDLt FIELD
Tuesday, February 23rd
DORR FIELD
Wednesday, February 24th
CARLSTROM FIELD
Thursday, February 25th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

Feature Picture
"MELODY Lingers ON" with Josephine Hutchinson, George Houston, John Halliday, and Helen Westley
Thursday, February 25th
RIDDLt FIELD
Friday, February 26th
DORR FIELD
Monday, March 1st
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents
TO EMPLOYEES OF EMBRY-RIDDLE COMPANY

Thank you for your splendid cooperation in making our War Chest drive a great success. As the drive closes, we have a total of $6,588.16—your contribution toward relief of Allied suffering on all fronts.

John Paul Riddle

Wing Flutter

by Catherine W. Kerr

Last week we told you all about our Rosie Riveters down here at Miami's Aircraft Overhaul. Now we have a complete night shift, and you can believe it or not but they make more noise than any two brass bands in the country.

You should see them in action—in all positions, to say nothing of their sizes. They are small, large, very small and very large, blondes, brunettes and redheads.

The girls really feel that they are doing men's jobs when working on sheet metal, and they boast that this work is much more worth while than anything they have ever done.

It looks like Slippery Sam is fast slipping out on Aircraft Overhaul. He says that a certain party wants his services, but he hesitates to leave his very own Aircraft family unless it's an absolute necessity.

Chinese Signs

V. P. has been looking for a sign painter and would like to have some Chinese Signs painted for her laundryman. Guess that's the answer to all of those starched dresses that are so lovely—she doesn't even have to have clothes hangers as they can stand up by themselves.

Oh yes, this certain party was seen out in the goat garden with the blonde personality, "Wally Tyler." They said they were only playing with the baby goats, but do you think that Wally was telling her something of the days gone by?

It finally got too cold for genial Timekeeper Harold Malcolm to ride his bicycle, so again he has taken to riding the bus.

We have not said much about the Superintendent recently. He has been a mighty busy man getting his extra crew of sheet metal workers started, and as always, he is here night and day. Mac says the Rivet guns are soothing to his nerves.

Carrol is planning a weiner roast for this Saturday night. The time and the place haven't been set but we hope that the weather man turns on the heat in order that all can attend.

Of course we know that the lights are blacked out, but we expect to have the weather man turn on the moon as well as the heat. Are we asking too much?

So until next week, so long, and maybe we will have a guest writer then.

Jimmie Lunn of the Experimental department at the Tech School contributed this drawing of Mr. Riddle. Well known in art circles, Mr. Lunn is equally proficient as a scientist. It is he who designed the Embry-Riddle Trainer.

TROPIC SMILES

by Charles A. Bradley, Transportation

We don't want the bacon
We don't want the bacon
What we want is Hitler and the Rhine.
We'll keep the boys flying
Till the Germans start crying
And oh! What a wonderful time.
Embry-Riddle and his gun
Will keep the Nazis on the run
Till we hit General Rommel's line (fine)
We don't want the bacon
We don't want the bacon
What we want is Hitler and the Rhine.

SONG OF THE WEEK

A little red-headed fellow came to the door yesterday and said, "Mister, will you pay me a quarter a day to keep your yard clean?"

"Well, I'll tell you, son, I will make a deal with you. Come around this time next week and I'll pay you a quarter to clean the snow off the walk."

"Gee. Will you? Ok."

Drawing of John Paul Riddle
I WAS CHECKING IT AND IT CAME APART.

I KNEW THEY SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET THAT "FROSTY" JONES TAKE LINK INSTRUCTION.

"SHIT! .. WOW! THAT... ARE YOU... OH! OH! OH!"

"OK... NOW A TURN TO 335° RATE 1½..."

"WELL I DON'T KNOW? WE HAVE FLYING REGULATIONS TOO!"

"...SO THEY MADE US CAMOUFLAGE THE LINKS AND A GOOD JOB WE DID."

"WHERE HE GOES AGAIN..."
THE BOYS IN AFRICA
FEEL THIS WAY....

by “Jack”

In one of the papers we received with our mail there was a cartoon which really hit home. It showed two Marines behind a machine gun with bullets whistling around them, and the caption read “Suppose They Developed a Forty Hour Week!”

I wish it could be sent to every factory and Union in the country. You have no idea what it means to the men to read that miners are striking for a dollar and a half, or something like that.

It’s bad enough with us, but the soldiers feel it even more. Some of the poor devils over here are raring to go and are doing stevedore work and worse for regular pay and field rations.

Honestly it makes us sick to read of strikes and other production hold-ups when there so many over here giving their all.

I am enclosing a little poem that is famous throughout the Navy—it has been changed around a bit to conform with the African surroundings.

FOREIGN DUTY

Here where there’s no Ten Commandments
And the hot sun burns one’s lips
Lie the outcasts of the Navy—
The men on the S. C. ships.

Here on the coast of Africa
Are the men that God forgot
Fighting the Axis bastards
And the itch and the tropical rot.

Sailors of the Foreign Service
Earning our meager pay
Guarding our country’s millions
In a land that is far away.

Living with dirty natives
Down in the sweltering zone
Down on the coast of Africa
Three thousand miles from home.

Into town on Liberty day
Spending our hard earned pay
Trying to drown our memories
But they stay and stay and stay.

Drenched with sweat in the evening
We lie in our banks and dream
Of wives and home and the USA
And Cape Henry on our beam.

Restless at night on our pillows
Ills no doctor can cure.
Hell no, we’re not convicts
Just sailors on foreign tour.

Nobody knows we’re living
Nobody gives a dam
Back at home we’re soon forgotten
We sailors of Uncle Sam.

Now when we climb the ladder
We’ll hear Sain Peter yell
“Come forth you American Sailors
You’ve done your stretch in Hell.”

AN ANSWER TO JACK
by Betty Bruce, Priorities

Your letter was just a bit bitter
While speaking of War and of strikes
And mentioning what you are facing
The heat, and the stink and likes.

So this is our answer to you, Lad
We’re doing the best we know how
To weed out the strikers, the loafers, the bad
We’re doing it—Doing it NOW!

But really, they’re quite in minority
They’re not the REAL people at home
The rest of us form the majority
We’re with you from Capetown to Nome.

The hell with this forty-eight hours
We’ll work fifty-six and be glad
That we’re doing at least our small portion
To help all our swell fighting lads.

You’ve got a great country behind you
We’re buying our stamps and our bonds
We’re trying our best to help you
Whether you’re home or you’ve crossed the pond.

So don’t let those cartoons fool you
There are fellows who just like to gripe
Don’t let your bitterness rule you
For most of that stuff is just tripe.

Yes, we’ll throw out the loafers and strikers
We’ll weed out the good from the bad
When you come home to your country,
you’ll like ‘er
So, don’t let it worry you, Lad!

QUICK COMEBACK
by Sgt. Gunter

After suffering defeat at the hands of Class 2-43-C-2 Monday night, the Permanent Party Softball Team came back strong behind the two hit pitching of Sgt. Graziano and a completely revised line up to defeat Class 10-43-E by a score of 5 to 0.

Scoring one run on a walk by Lehr and a triple by Graziano in the first inning and pushing three more runs across in the 4th on singles by Graziano, Velez and Hacking, doubles by McCarthy and Santman, the P.P.’s coasted to an easy victory.

Both teams played exceptionally good ball with only one error on each side.

Line-ups

P.P.’s                Class 10-43-E
G. Lehr __ ss        Pvt. Alexander __ c
Sgt. Gunter __ 1b    Pvt. Fidelibus __ lf
T/Sgt. Graziano __ p  Pvt. Bizzaro __ 2b
Pvt. McCarthy __ lf   Pvt. Hughes __ 1b
Pfc. Santman __ 3b   Pvt. Dettoire __ rf
Lt. Wells __ e        Pvt. Chase __ cf
Pte. Hacking __ 2b   Pvt. Crofts __ r
Pte. McMahon __ rf   Pvt. Ferry __ ss
Cpl. Hawkins __ rf   Pvt. Krystyniak __ 3b
S/Sgt. Levoy __ cf   Pvt. Cigan __ p
Pfc. Velez __ r

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 RHE

Class 10-43-E    0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 1
P.P.’s          1 0 0 3 0 0 0 4 6 1

COME NOW—
YOU’RE ONLY HOMESICK!
COLOONNADE CANNONADE

**Ghost Written for Helen Dillard**

Presenting today Hester Montmorency, girl reporter and intrepid tracker down of all the news that’s fit to print. Parking her pogo stick beside the front door, she fearlessly stalks into the building and tangles with the gate, which won’t open because nobody is pushing the buzzer.

Hester bribes Dorothy Kenny, the new PBX operator, to open up by promising to mention her in the Fly Paper. Hester thinks she is being pretty astute.

**Human Carrier Pigeon**

After hesitating only a moment, she starts up the stairs, leaping nimbly aside to avoid crashing with Miriam Hoskins, the human carrier pigeon, who is whizzing up the steps with a message for Ray Lipe “in a hurry.”

Once in the Accounting department, Hester sniffs around like a beagle for a choice bit of news, but the clutter of the machines and the calm, intelligent stares that surround her soon have her discouraged. She just takes time enough to peep into the Payroll department where Ray, with the aid of a bull whip, is encouraging his staff to meet a deadline.

Back at the switchboard, H. hears that Muriel Obermeyer is leaving to work at Clewiston. Imagine! Amongst all that sugar! So it’s goodbye and good luck to Muriel and hello and ditto to a couple of newies, Ann Park and Majorie Howie of Personnel and Insurance, respectively.

**Suopin’ Around**

Next Hester pauses at the Tire and Gas Ration office to interview D. E. Jackson. Bingo, Mr. Jackson! Baby needs new tires!

Poking her curly head into the Personnel department, Hester is just in time to see “Edison” Varney demonstrate a neat contrivance which supposedly slices bread. “Oh, yeah!” she jibes—silently. “I ain’t gonna commit myself until I see it work.”

**Ain’t It Though!**

Her mental reaction is much the same when she sees the model airplane James Patterson has built with his own two pinkies. She adds (still silently) “Boy, is that poignant!”

She is not at all surprised to learn that N. M. Clay has been voted the most popular man in Personnel, as well as the best dressed. This honor was accorded Mr. Clay by his appreciative colleagues.

Hester congratulates him warmly and then lopes out of the building, hot on the trail of a rumor which says that Willard Burton is going to shave off his moustache. By request.

And that’s the stripe of it for this time. Helen will be back next week—*she’s* the gal in the picture.

**The Horse is Here to Stay**

Well, maybe not the horse, but then mules are somewhat similar, aren’t they? Anyhow, there’ll be a couple of them, attached to a model of the new 1943 streamlined wagon, to take you back and forth between the Coral Gables Country Club and the Coral Gables Bus Terminal Saturday, February 27.

It’s been several weeks since the Embry-Riddle Family last gathered round at the Club for a little chitchat and a lot of dance floor maneuvering, so let’s make our reunion a big one! We want to see all our co-workers, all their gals, and all their fellas at the Club come Saturday.

---

**AVIATION**

**BE A BIG FROG IN A BIG POND**

And make no mistake, Aviation is a very big pond—and it will be a lot bigger in the years ahead.

Right now, there’s an unprecedented demand for trained men to fill important jobs in every branch of Aviation. Good jobs which will be even better in the future. Why not build your future there? Opportunity knocks the loudest?

Do you want to build ‘em? Fly ‘em? Keep ‘em flying? Would you like to be an instructor? Embry-Riddle, with 41 different courses, can give you training you need to qualify. Get the facts now. Plan to enroll soon.

**Embry Riddle**

**SCHOOL OF AVIATION**

3240 N. W. 27th Avenue Miami, Florida

Phone 3-0711

---

SEC. 562, P. L & R.