12-17-1943

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-12-17

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation
Civil Air Patrol is a body of men and women gathered together to do jobs that have to be done, and in so doing, relieve pilots and planes for other jobs. It is organized in the 48 states of this country.

There is a Wing in every state, Groups under each of those Wings, Squadrons under those Groups, and Flights under those Squadrons. We have 92,000 members, men and women, who are giving their time to do what they can; first, to help win the War and second, to help win the things we are interested in in aviation.

Perhaps the largest job they have done has been the coastal patrol. They have flown in "puddle-jumpers," such as you use in training your students. They take their 100 miles out to sea with a 100-lb. bomb on the bottom of each of them. They have sighted 172 submarines. They have picked up 352 pilots out of the water, men who had gone into the water while they were doing that patrol job. They have credit for saving 37 ships which were about to be torpedoed.

They did that job day after day in all kinds of weather. The report which the Navy has written on them says that there were many days when the CAP patrolled the seas when regulations would not allow the Navy to go out.

These CAP members did the job when they didn't have to do it, and they weren't paid for doing it. That is the spirit of CAP. That is the organization made up of people who have done so much in this manner to help win the War, and in so doing have kept aviation alive in many, many communities in this country where it would not be alive today had it not been for CAP.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I don't think any organization in this country has done more to keep civil aviation alive in the United States than CAP. They operate off a thousand airports. In Iowa 19 of the 34 airports are run by CAP and are kept open by CAP. They have interested the public in aviation in their home communities.

The CAP has done many other jobs. They are flying the border between the United States and Mexico. They are doing courier service in the Northwest. They fly 20,000 miles a day, including Sundays, in "puddle-jumpers." They have flown 2,000,000 pounds of parts back and forth between Army depots.

The CAP today is flying in this country more miles than all the airlines put together. They have flown 150,000 miles on jobs that have to be done, and as a result Army pilots and planes are relieved for more important jobs.

The CAP is flying blood plasma for the Red Cross. They are patrolling the forests. They patrol those forests to keep down forest fires which would be destructive not only to the timber but to the industries which rely on water power from those hills.

Just recently we have taken over the tracking mission of the Army, relieving a thousand planes and pilots so that they can go to Africa and Italy.

At night the CAP fly to activate the searchlights. If you were in New York City tonight around 10 o'clock you would see 10 searchlights in the air, and at the end would be a CAP plane flying blind, doing that job, and in so doing relieving Army planes and pilots for something more important which they can do better than we can.

On top of those jobs we are doing the Air Cadet recruiting along with the Army.

Continued on Page 15
EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER
"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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CIVIL AIR PATROL
by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

Private flying in the United States up to 1941 had grown steadily and rapidly. During 1941, due to War-time conditions, the existence of private flying as it had been conducted in the past was threatened. With this idea in mind, associations and clubs composed of private pilots worked on the problem of correlating their flying with the War effort.

In October of 1941 a joint consultation was held with Army, Navy and Department of Commerce officials in an attempt to discover a feasible plan. This plan was put into action on December 1, 1941, and was formalized on December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor.

The organization was confirmed by Executive order on April 15, 1942, as an organization of volunteer members which would perform missions as requested by the Army, Navy or other War agencies including observation, patrol flying, courier services, ferrying, forest patrol and flood patrol. On April 28, 1943, the CAP was transferred to the War Department.

At the beginning of the War, Vice-Admiral Adolphus Andrews, in command of the Eastern Sea Frontiers, had at his disposal a handful of submarine chasers, five old Eagle boats, three sea-going yachts and four blimps with which to patrol the shipping lanes along 1,200 miles of coast line.

Into this breach came the CAP, flying land planes many miles out at sea, spotting submarines and radioing the information to proper offices. During these operations many planes were lost.

These early CAP operations were threatened by lack of money but eight large oil companies, who were benefitting from the activities of the CAP because of the number of tankers saved from destruction, raised $50,000 to continue the work.

The story is told of the pilot in a small
Letters to the Editor

Lambhill Cottage
St. Katherines
Aberdeenshire
Scotland
November 15, 1943

Dear Editor:

I have to thank you for continuing to send the Fly Paper. I do not like to bother you, but could you change the address as above? I wrote to ask you to do so last July but expect the letter did not reach you.

We do enjoy reading your paper and regard the editorial staff almost as personal friends, We were grieved to read of Mr. Tyson's fatal accident; his signature on my late son's graduation certificate has a double significance now. Many a British airman will feel his loss.

It will be about Christmas eve when you will receive this. My husband joins me in wishing all connected with Embry-Riddle health and prosperity in the coming year, and we both thank you all once more for all you have done for our boys.

With kind regards.

Yours very sincerely,
Jane Couland

Editor's Note: Your address has been corrected, Mrs. Couland, and we trust the Fly Paper will reach you regularly now. The loss of G. Willis Tyson has indeed been a great shock to all of us here at Embry-Riddle. He was a great man doing his part, along with those he helped train, in a great effort. A very Merry Christmas and a wish for peace during the New Year to you and Mr. Couland.

"Somewhere in the Aleutians"
December 4, 1943

Dear Editor:

I figured it was about time you were hearing from this soldier in Uncle Sam's Army, and told just what's doing in these parts. Well, you know that I really can't write much about what's doing for the Censorship is pretty strict, but as you notice by the heading they have cased up that much.

At the present time I am pounding a typewriter in my Company Orderly Room and also am working myself almost ragged pushing a pencil. I have been receiving the Fly Paper in installments for I have been moved around so much, but rest assured, I am here to stay for awhile.

I would appreciate it if you would kindly send me the Fly Paper weekly at the address I shall enclose for I feel lost not knowing what is going on at good-old Embry-Riddle Tech.

I received a letter from Catherine Dick who used to work there and she tells me she read a letter of mine in one of the Fly Papers. I haven't received that one as yet.

I am enclosing a snapshot of myself and a couple of my buddies taken here. I thought you would like to see what I look like, for it's been over a year since I paid a visit in person to you at the School.

You know, Wain, that I often recall all the swell times I had while I was attending Radio School there. I really feel as if I helped start something at the school, for

UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letters addressed to the following will be found in the Tech School Mail Room: Mary Lucy Collins, Mr. Dudley, Lewis M. Gersch, J. R. Lawrence, Herman Demick and M. F. Posey.

I was one of the first Civilian Students to enroll in the Radio Communications Course under Mr. Terry.

We had a grand Thanksgiving dinner, with turkey and all the fixin's, so you see that what they said back home about all servicemen overseas having turkey on Thanksgiving was true.

Do remember me to all the Embry-Riddleites there. I will write soon again and let you know how I'm making out. Don't forget to send me the Fly Paper, for I do appreciate receiving it.

Sincerely,
Bob Lipkin.

Editor's Note: We just can't picture you in the Aleutians, Bob, but then there are a lot of things coming to pass which we never dreamed could happen. We're glad to know where you are, though, and we know that you're doing a good job in spite of old man Arctic weather which blows not far from you. The Fly Paper will reach you regularly now that you're settled for awhile, and we want to see many letters from you published within its pages. A very Merry Christmas to you and to all the boys who are working with you.

Bob Lipkin, right, and two of his buddies in the Aleutians.

India
November 20, 1943

Just recently arrived in this lovely country (we have to say nice things about it) and I'm just trying to catch up on correspondence accumulated during my transit period.

Tears come to my eyes as I think about the breaking up of the Detachment. That will always remain a soft spot in my heart.

I ran into a Repair Squadron that had some Embry-Riddle graduates--they're doing O.K. for themselves.

I have found a place better than Miami P.M. sun here drives everyone inside for a siesta (ah!) Is the War still on?

As ever,
Leslie.

Editor's Note: We're glad to know that your sense of humor is still intact, Leslie, even in India. Capt. Leslie L. Miller was a member of the permanent party during the time that Tech was under the AAFTC. He's familiar to all of us, and we hope to hear more from him soon.

Carlstrom Field
December 12, 1943

Dear Editor:

I'm a new fledgling here at Carlstrom Field and just the other day I saw your Fly Paper for the first time. It's just the thing I've been looking for to send my wife. She is interested in flying herself, and I think the Fly Paper would describe my activities here better than I can in my letters.

Would you be so kind as to send her the issues as they come out? In that way she will be able to pass them on to me when I leave Carlstrom Field.

Thank you sincerely,
A/C James Belyea
Class 44-F

Editor's Note: We are very glad to send your wife the Fly Paper, Cadet Belyea, and if you will send us your address when you leave Carlstrom, we shall see that you receive your own copy.
Who started this old saying about "Sunny Tennessee"? In fact, we haven't seen the sun for so long we are beginning to wonder just what has happened to it. The ducks surely ought to enjoy this, and maybe the tall hunting stories will get started all over again.

Ping pong seems to grow more popular on days like this, and by the way, we have brand new nets (which the balls can't go under) and new cork-covered paddles. Some of the paddles are so crooked that when you hit the ball, instead of going over the net, it curves back and slaps you in the face. We do appreciate the new equipment though.

**Bonds For Bullets**

The canteen has branched out with Christmas decorations strung all over the place. Sure looks nice and kinda makes us think about Old Santa a bit. By the way, here's hoping Santa travels light this year by carrying nothing but Stamps and Bonds, instead of all the usual toys and things. If he does this, he might find time to make a few extra trips and deliver some bullets and shells to our boys in the front lines. I imagine that would make a pretty nice Christmas present to them.

Mathild M. Claxton, Historian of Embry-Riddle, arrived Monday to gather material for a history of this Field.

What certain young lady of the Accounting department is so popular that she can't even manage a little "shut-eye" on Sunday morning without being disturbed by the constant ringing of the telephone? (Boys, nine o'clock on Sunday morning is entirely too, too early!—Isn't it, Alva Nell?)

**Any More?**

Lt. Herbert S. Cromwell, nephew of our own Capt. Cromwell, visited the Field Tuesday. Capt. Cromwell really embarrassed all the girls in the Administration building with all those cute (?) remarks he made when introducing his nephew. (Now, this isn't blackmail, Capt. Cromwell, but you had better watch what you say—or else!) Hmm, we're wondering if he has any more nephews.

Our teeth nearly dropped out when Tuck, the bus driver, wandered into the office waggling several Coca-Colas, handing one to each person. At first, we thought he was running a race with Jimmy, who only last week was handing out the traditional cigars; but no, Tuck was only being nice to us. (Thank you a lot, Tuck.)

Seems like Lt. Beaufre is breaking the hearts of all the fairer sex in the Administration building when he shuns all the attention poured on by the girls except that of a certain "Miss Personality."

Seems McConnel had to get in that last date, if only for a few minutes, with "Bird" Payne before she went tripping off to Memphis to be a bridesmaid in a wedding. Must be wonderful, Mac, to be able to get a date the last minute—better men have tried and failed.

**FLIGHT LINE**

*by Barbara Walker and Marie Burcham*

A certain bunch of gals and guys dragged to work one day last week with eyelids drooping. It seems the Metropolis of Memphis held a fascination for this gang all at once, so they up and left "ole" Union City and came back with stories of lots of fun. Some folks have all the luck.

Instructors whom we haven't seen for months on the street suddenly are blossoming out from around corners and out of doors with their new winter blouses. The outfits look swell, boys.

We've heard, down here, that M. N. Houston is color-blind. She can't tell red from brown, and besides she still owes that coke to Margaret Burcham.

It seems that "Mac" MacConnell's car battery went on the blink when he took a little jaunt one of our rainiest nights a week or so ago. You know, Mac, you can't just sit and play a radio forever.

For weeks Bill Riggs has been hounding everyone for miles around about, "Where can I get some shot-gun shells?"—He's backed up now and has decided to buy a shot-gun first. Nice going, Bill.

H. Carey of Sq. 4 had a birthday last week and the Ready Room rang with protesting shouts and resounding whacks, and the stool pigeon that told the gang it was his birthday suffered too.

**Sparks Plug**

Word finally was received from Samuel M. Sparks and it seems that after many attempts he finally managed to get train reservations and will be back with us Monday.

We have noticed in our aimless wanderings about Operations that the calendars on both the Group Commander's desks are two days behind every day. Must be a new fashion.

The effect of electricity has been duly impressed upon Marie, effective one evening when she boldly took hold of a light cord with wet hands and in the midst of everything that happened immediately afterward realized she could not let go. She finally disengaged her hand and had had a very sore arm for a long time. I'll bet she won't try that for awhile to come.

When boys are little they like soldiers, and little girls like painted dolls, but . . . (end of joke, laugh here) . . . (also end of column).

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**BOOKS AT TECH LIBRARY**

'Chuck' Larimer Writes From School In Brazil

Esplanada Hotel
São Paulo, Brazil
November 20, 1943.

Dear Mother:

I've finally got another chance to write. Don't feel badly about not hearing from me so often. As soon as we are settled I'll be able to do lots better. Right now we are still very much unsettled and we don't know the ropes. The Company is still our shepherd and is trying to get us located in reasonable dwellings. We are still in an expensive hotel. We begin teaching on the 22nd. We've had a nice vacation, but very scattered.

We took a swell trip to the seaport of Santos, about two hours by train over such high and steep mountains that the locomotive has to hook onto a cable that runs between the rails and is either dragged up the hill or down.

This is done in several stages until you reach the top of the mountain way up in the clouds and then you start to back down to the ocean. There are marvelous cuts through the hills, tunnels, trestles and bridges where you look down into a valley thousands of feet below.

It's hard to believe the things you see in the way of plants. They have roses, peonies, dahlias, violets, rhododendrons, camellias, apples, bananas, mangos, pears, grapes and thousands of other fruits of both the North and South all growing at the same time. Lots of strawberries, too.

The oranges and pineapples are better than any you have ever tasted. They have 200 different kinds—all delicious—some sour as all get out—others so sweet you can hardly eat them. Bananas the same way. Some two feet long, some two inches long. All different tastes.

I'm surely hungry for news. None of us has got any mail yet. One boy received a card that was mailed the day we left. I think mail gets to us faster than when we send it from here. There is no telling in what order these letters will come. We hope to be able to number them and get them through quicker later on.

Say hello to everyone you see for me and tell them I'll write as soon as possible. Tell them all to write to the school or hotel address. We will get it at either place. I won't be able to mail any Christmas presents or cards—greeting cards are not allowed to go from here by Air Mail, I understand, but I'll try to call or cable you and the girls on Christmas day or thereabouts.

Love to all,
Chuck

Editor's Note: Mrs. Estelle Larimer has very kindly given us permission to publish another letter from her son, who is an instructor at our new technical school recently opened in São Paulo.

Brasil Em Miami
by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

We have word now that all the groups which left here have arrived in São Paulo. There was some delay on the way down waiting for transportation but an enjoyable trip was had by all.

Those who are still here at the School haven't arrived in São Paulo as yet. A remark like that fills up space when you are being paid (?) according to linage. Everyone here is chewing his fingernails and champing at the bit wondering when he is leaving.

The groups going to the Beach for shots get smaller and smaller as all of us who have been here long enough are able to complete the series.

Thelma Ponso still is listening one thousand times a day to "Is my passport here yet?" George Ireland's office is bombarded with "When is the next flight?"

On Saturday last we were entertained at our meeting by a movie on the Brazilian newspaper, a gazeta which is unique in that it publishes five issues, a daily, a sports issue, a weekly literary issue, a children's issue and a youngster's issue.

In the meantime, attendance in class regularly and on time is most important. The more basic Portuguese grammar we can acquire here, the easier it will be to learn the spoken language when we get to Brazil.

It is most interesting and gratifying to note that more and more people are reading books about the country to which we are going. We must remember, however, that every book is written from the point of view of the writer and is always somewhat opinionated.

Too many books are written about other countries in the same manner as a book about the United States would be written by someone who had visited Miami and Washington and had seen no other parts of the country.

Let us read as many books on Brazil as we have time for but always accept what we read cum grano salis and reserve judgment and forming an opinion until we have lived in the country. Time has flown again so again it is ate logo.

Buy Bonds and Stamps For Christmas
Dorr Doings
by Jack Whitnall

We dood it and a nice time was had by all. The Link department had their first outdoor outing deep in the jungles of Arcadia. Barbecued chicken and bottled pop was the main bill-o-fare. The whole department was present, even Sir Frederick Heis who claims it was a swell feed regardless of the fact that he had 10 necks. We are still trying to figure out how he got 10 necks out of a total of five chickens. There is quite a bit of truth in that axiom "What's cooking, Chicken? Do you wanta neck?"

Agony Quartet

The agony quartet that sang around the fire, led by our great Impressario, Sgt. Reed, needs just a little more practice to make them far from perfect.

It’s bound to happen soon, the 20th of this month in fact. Every so often this marriage craze hits the department. One of our renowned instructors is doing plenty of planning, figuring out the incidentals prior to and after marriage. (He’ll soon find out!)

FOR SALE — four 1943 streamlined models, three black and one red, underslung carriages, long wheelbase and definitely no need of tires. Don’t get excited — it’s dogs we’re talking about, dachshunds to be exact. If you hold a priority rating, contact Sgt. Martin at the Link department.

Christmas in the Air

Clara Belle Winters and Sgt. “Smitty” Smith, both of the Headquarters office, are off to spend the holidays at their homes. Also Lt. Gailey on a holiday leave — we wonder. (Bet they’ll wish themselves back at sunny Dorr Field — Four Grapes!)

Another addition to the Ground School staff is Jim Sample of Ft. Pierce, Fla. No newcomer to aviation, Jim is quite experienced as a crop duster, high school football coach and high school science instructor. Jim has his own plane, a classy Culver Cadet with instruments and two-way radio. Meteorology is this man’s subject and he knows from practical experience the importance of this phase of training.

The Class of 44-E has just finished the Army weather exam and soon will begin more recognition of aircraft. Recognition is taught by the Renschaw method. The plane slides are flashed upon the screen for a fraction of a second and the planes must be recognized in an instant by form alone.

New equipment received from the Army includes an Allison tool kit for our Allison engine friends to toy with, a fuel selector valve with dial face, and a new Lukensheimer fuel strainer unit.

Two of the boys who failed their 20-hour checks on the scooter are Jim Burt and Gerald Taylor. But got it going all right but almost took the side of the Operations building down trying to stop it, whilst Taylor can’t get up enough speed to get it out of low gear. We wish to remind Gerald that the scooter was built to carry only a certain amount of weight.

Congratulations to Abe Thorne upon his recent promotion to Group Commander. Noticed that Irma Thrower’s young daughter has a black eye this week. Now, Irma.

The Army Side

We certainly have to hand it to Lt. Rutherford. We caught him and his future Mrs. in the kitchen the other evening. She was making an apple pie (right nice, too). Lt. R. gave this casual remark, “Just want to see if she can cook.” Bet he’s the sort of guy who comes home and if supper isn’t ready raises all kinds of Cain, if it supper is ready he just ain’t going to eat a doggone bite.

Welcome to Capt. Fink, new addition to the Hospital. We’re quite sure that Capt. Palmer will take good care of him and that they will inspect the Mess Hall at the most opportune time, that time being when the baker is making apple pies.


Airplane Maintenance

On December 2, 1943, a certain sign painter from Dorr Field went and did it. Yes sir, George Palmer and Gertrude Westberry became one at 11 a.m. on Thursday. We all wish them the best of luck and happiness in their new life.

Eulith Britt, our chief sign painter, is again in the hospital in Tampa. We all hope Eulith fully recovers in a hurry so we can have him back with us.

Susan Flowers and Cassie Tays are new faces in the Form Room and we take this opportunity to welcome them into our family.

Patriotism (with stipulations)

I volunteered to be a human bomb, Dropping with TNT on Berchtesgaden. Instead of give my galoshes (Keep calm, They’re rather sodden.)

How gladly in a two-man submarine, I’d slip through Yokohama mine fields sleekly.

(Four gallons weekly.)

Or in some mad Commando I would fall, Wielding the glorious lightnings of destruction.

Anyway, here’s my income tax (With all proper deductions.)

Dorr Anniversary
by A/C W. E. Stokes

December 22nd will mark the second anniversary of the activation of Dorr Field. Abandoned after the first World War, the field was contracted by the Army as part of the national defense program from the Embry-Riddle Company. Major William S. Boyd came as the field’s first commanding officer, holding the rank of First Lieutenant, and Major James Curnutt, the present C.O., was operations officer.

The first two cadet classes assigned to Dorr never saw the Field but were housed and trained at neighboring Carlstrom while Dorr was being constructed. The first class to arrive at Dorr two years ago this month was 42-F.

Instead of the beautiful and well equipped Field known by today’s cadets, the men of 42-F found themselves in the midst of a prairie with two barracks, three frame shacks serving as Ready Rooms and Maintenance office, an uncompleted Mess Hall that was used for ground school classes as well as meals and six hundred forty acres of palmettos. The post Canteen, a wooden hut near the main gate, was the cadets’ main diversion and chief recreation facility.

The last buildings completed at Dorr were the Canteen in March 1942 and the Link building in September. The swimming pool was officially opened in June of that year.

Major Boyd commanded the Field until September 1943 when he was assigned to other duties, and Major Curnutt was summoned to take over the Field he helped to activate two years ago.
EXAMPLE OF "ALL OUT" EFFORT
IS THE ARCADIA WOMEN'S CLUB

by A/C W. E. Stokes (44-E)

Probably the most important single benefit offered by Arcadia to the men in service are the Sunday dinners given by the Women's Club for Dorr and Carlstrom cadets. Since Monday, December 6, was the twenty-third anniversary of the club's beginning, it is more than fitting that the great service rendered to the cadets by the Club be acknowledged at this time.

When, in the fall of 1942, the crowded conditions of Arcadia restaurants and cafes became so acute they were able to serve but a fraction of the men coming to town from the Fields, the Chamber of Commerce and the Arcadia City Council appealed to Mrs. Della Robertson, president of the Women's Club, for the inauguration of some type of Sunday dinner that would relieve the situation.

Mrs. Robertson and the committee she selected did much more than that. After much planning and weeks of diligent labor, the rooms of the Club were made ready to receive and feed hundreds of cadets and their guests.

200 Each Sunday
The first meal was served on the first Sunday of November, 1942, and since that time over twelve thousand meals have been eaten there by cadets, an average of 200 men each Sunday noon.

Each Sunday, at 8:30 a.m., twenty-five women make their appearance in the Club's kitchen, arrange their aprons and start to work. And what work they accomplish! No simple task is it to prepare a meal for so many men. Their entire morning is taken up with the preparation of food while the good part of the afternoon is spent cleaning up the dining rooms and kitchen.

A whole day is devoted by the Club's members to make the men happy and one has but to visit the Club rooms any Sunday around noon to know how much their efforts are appreciated.

The first person to greet the cadets as they reach the top of the stairway is Mrs. John Treadwell who acts as hostess. After purchasing their tickets at a nominal cost that helps defray a part of the expenses incurred, the cadets are met at the serving line by President Robertson. As they get their food, stacking their plates high, they go into one of the dining rooms and enjoy not only the food but also the music furnished by Betty Parker and Jean Treadwell.

Club Library
Some of the men prefer to eat in the Club's library where they can find almost any type of book and where Mrs. Frances Platt, the Librarian, is always happy to serve them. After the dinner, dessert, and glass after glass of iced tea, the cadets enjoy hearing Mrs. John Scott at the piano with her diversity of selections from any Beethoven concerto to the latest in "boogie-woogie."

Rationing has had its effects on the efforts of the Women's Club dinners just as much as it has in private homes. The local ration board has given them points for the purchase of foods, but they have not been enough, and the women have had to rely to a great extent on non-rationed items and fresh vegetables. Two weeks ago, for example, they had to use canned pineapple for one of the salads and it cost them 900 points.

Holiday Dinners
The two big meals of the year are the ones served on the Sundays immediately preceding Thanksgiving and Christmas when turkey and "all the trimmings" is the order of the day. Three hundred and twelve cadets attended the Thanksgiving meal last month and an even larger number is expected at Christmas time.

Mrs. Robertson explained the great joy the women receive in devoting their time to doing something for the cadets. "It has been such a pleasure to us," she explained, "for almost all of us here have sons in the service and we like to feel that all the boys are really our own."

There are but few Dorr or Carlstrom men who have not at one time visited the Club's home and enjoyed the excellent dinners prepared for them there. It is impossible for us to thank all of the women personally for the work they have done, but each of us appreciates their service immeasurably.

Shining Example
The work of the Arcadia Woman's Club stands as a shining example to similar organizations in cities and towns all over the country. We hope their good work will continue and grow.

Dorr's Keyhole
by A/C Norm Sharpless

It was a Sunday afternoon, and the gateway to Dorr was crowded with anxious cadets scanning the solitary highway for signs of an overdue bus. After many begrudged minutes had passed, the collective hearts of a quarter hundred cadets were in a state of despair at the loss of so much Open Post time. So, when a passing truck offered conveyance, they all partook of the driver's hospitality and climbed aboard.

By the time the truck had progressed a half mile, there was not an occupant aboard who had not regretted many times his hasty decision in accepting the ride. The previous "payload" had been cinders, and these were now blown all over the immaculate Sunday-best uniforms.

By the time Arcadia was reached, the Dorr boys looked as though they'd ridden the roads for a week. As they climbed from the truck—profusely thanking the driver and picking dust from their ears—"Pappy" Davis was heard to murmur, "Ah!—What Price Glory!"

It seems that one of Dorr's new club members, Bill Hart, is not entirely new in the surroundings of Embry-Riddle. Bill formerly worked for the company in Miami. As Egan said, "You really worked that one pretty well, Bill?" We think so too.

The advent of a new bugler on the post really has boosted moral at Retreat ceremonies. It isn't every camp that features a Harry James style for blowing Taps, Close Call, etc. Personally, we can vouch for the Taps! But as for the sounding of Reveille—that's what they tell us—we never do hear the darned thing!

The boys at the different Primary schools really throw the stories at each other. A fella trips on wooden chocks at Dorr. Then,

Continued on Page 8
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

Those of us at Carlstrom who knew Lt. Col. M. P. Freeman when he was Commanding Officer here were terribly shocked and grieved this week to learn of his sudden death from pneumonia. Col. Freeman was well known and well liked around Arcadia, and his many friends here extend most sincere sympathies to Mrs. Freeman and the other members of his family.

A Christmas card from Bill Air, who worked for C. F. Wheeler in the construction of Carlstrom, Dorr and Riddle Fields, reveals that he is an Aviation Cadet. His address is: A/C Bill Air Jr., ASN 54408952, 904 T.G. B.T.C. No. 12, Flight 41C, QAC, AAAF, Amarillo, Texas.

When Birds Walk

Bill McVey, former flight instructor here, is now with American Airlines and writes that they fly up there when the birds walk! He is attending First Officer’s School at the present time and has been checked out on a DC-3. He likes it fine and would like to hear from some of his old friends. The address is: 4040 W. 63rd Street, Chicago, Ill., care American Airlines.

Bill Wiggins was proudly passing out cigars recently announcing the birth of Bill, Jr., on December 3, 1943. Congratulations!

Vie Urbach took unto himself a wife on the 4th of December. His spouse is the former Ensign Mary Blanche Boone, U. S. Navy Nurse Corps. Mrs. Urbach formerly was stationed at the U. S. Naval Hospital in Jacksonville, Fla., and the wedding took place in Jacksonville. Congratulations to you both!

CIS Grad

Welcome to new CIS graduates who have been assigned to Carlstrom as Flight Instructors: John J. Smith, Rochester, N. Y.; Wallis C. Smith, Jersey Shore, Pa.; Boyd A. Watson, Bellefonte, Pa.; and Harold F. Beach, Warren, Pa. We hope you will all like it here.

Congratulations are in order to the following new full-fledged Flight Instructors who have completed Glenn Whittenbeck’s Instructor Refresher School: Richard Wells, Charles Kohler, William Dill, Bernard Pearce and Carroll Philbrick.

Contest scores as of December 11 for Class 44-E are as follows:

- Squadron 1—100 points
- Squadron 2—500 points
- Squadron 3—350 points
- Squadron 4—350 points

Squadron 5—minus 350 points
Squadron 6—0

It won’t be long now before the Arcadia Instructors’ Club is in full swing. The old Women’s Club building has been remodeled and renovated, repainted and modernized, and will provide a grand setting for get-togethers among all the members. It’s a place the Instructors can be proud of!

Bowling League

The Carlstrom Field Bowling League is now under way, and the first week’s games have been played off. It’s too early, of course, to determine which team has the best bowlers, but the League promises to provide a lot of fun and entertainment for those taking part.

Lorain Bond of Purchasing has returned to her desk, having fully recuperated (we hope!) from the chicken pox.

Messrs. Povey and Brinton also have returned to their desks after having won their battle with “Old Man Flu.” We’re glad you folks are back and feeling better.

While in Sarasota last week-end we ran into Lt. Fred Ford, former Carlstrom Cadet of Class 43-E. Fred is now stationed at Venice and reports that Lt. T. C. “Andy” Anderson, of the same Class at Carlstrom, is still stationed in Ft. Myers.

War Is Costly . . . Victory Is Priceless
dorr’s keyhole

Continued from Page 7

two weeks later the story comes back here that he had bailey out in a chute as a result of a flat spin over the Gulf of Mexico. Some build-up, huh?

Life’s Little Moments’ Dept.: Al Bischoff, an old Bell Tel man, has found that the medica’s rest cure has not completely solved his problems. He was last seen headed for the Chaplain with an engraved “T.S.” card. Moses “Furlough” McLaughlin wins the brass ring of the week for being number one Form 1 error man.

The boys of Squadron Five of the newly arrived 44-F are rather proud of one H. P. “Tiger” Henderson, according to Correspondent Hunter. Brother Henderson is an accomplished pursuit pilot of the Piper variety and a medium tank driver of the old school.

Ain’t Seen Nothin’

Poor Kalinowski and McDowell are viewing the scene from an M.D. cot and claim that the other boys “ain’t seen nothin’ yet!” Johnny Regan finds Arcadia not as wild as Montgomery but claims the radiators are softer. Our reporter from 6-E is a good man, but since he doesn’t sign his stuff we are unable to credit him.

Pellegreno’s lucky penny is really taking Rauh for a ride—“Mirroritis” Pray probably doesn’t find the Ready Room mirrors satisfactory. Rowley’s statement that he “does not choose to run” makes piker of Coolidge. Jack Sheehan is still at odds with Fred Bedle for backing into his plane.

. . . WHAT? . . . and Phil wasn’t to know who puts ice cubes in our stew while we’re standing at attention in the Mess Hall . . . we’ll bite . . . WHO?

Carlstrom Cadets Substitute Sand for Blackboard to “Bone Up” a bit
THE BARRACUDA BUCKET
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF FLORIDA WING 41 CIVIL AIR PATROL AAF-A ARMY TRACKING MISSIONS COURIER SERVICE COASTAL PATROL CADET TRAINING
Henry Gets Florida CAP Initiation

by Henry McElmoe
Reprinted by special permission of McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

Courtesy of The Palm Beach Times

WEST PALM BEACH—I doff my cap to the CAP. In fact, I almost wish I were a two-headed calf and had two caps to doff to the CAP.

I didn't feel this way until two hours ago when I completed a trip from Daytona Beach to a base near West Palm Beach with two Civil Air Patrol captains. They came up and I brought me down so I could do a few stories on what is the old man's branch of the Air Service.

Before I go any further, let me tell you that I have never met fliers for whom I have more admiration, and that goes for the hot fighter pilots I have watched take off for sweeps over France and Germany and the bomber boys who toil the giant Fortresses in the face of enemy flak and fighters.

The two CAP captains, Zack Mosley and Art Keil, brought me down in a ship that looked as if it were on lease-lend from the Smithsonian Institute. I wouldn't be at all surprised, in fact, if its motor wasn't stolen from Eli Whitney's cotton gin. Yet this crate, this fugitive from a salvage drive, is the pride of the coastal patrol base near here from which they operate.

We took off from a military base and the kids there couldn't help but laugh as we taxied to the line between rows of modern dive-bombers and pursuit planes. Sold at auction, the CAP ship wouldn't bring enough to buy the instrument panel on any of the ships we wheeled and coughed along between getting to the runway. Its own instrument panel would make the face of a Mickey Mouse watch seem complicated, and the few dismal little instruments on the dashboard didn't work. The clock, signed eight, kept 11 miles per hour as we were airborne and 210 when we cleared a pine thicket so closely that I could have robbed a sparrow's nest had I chosen to.

Captains Keil and Mosley, who have been flying this ship and others much more dilapidated for a year and a half, could not understand my alarm when we approached it on the ramp. But to a man who only recently came back from England with the absolute last word in military airplanes, this rag, a bone and a hank of hair was a tremendous shock. It was tied down, to start with. Not that anyone would ever want to steal it, but the prop-wash of any of the planes parked around it would blow it into the air by itself. They assured me that while quite a few of the accessories were not in working order, they worked more than admirably. A 90-horsepower motor would operate and that the wings would stay on—provided we steered around bad weather.

"After all," they said, "we have been flying this ship on anti-submarine patrol hundreds of hours and with a much heavier load than we have today."

As we taxied to the line, Capt. Mosley, who draws another daredevil of the air, "Smiling Jack," was at the controls and Capt. Keil at the repairs. Keil tied some mysterious string loopings put on some earphones that didn't work and manually held a ventilator closed. It was the only plane I ever was in that underwent repairs while taxiing to take off.

We came down as the crow flies, but we didn't beat any crows who were following the same flight plan. We had an exciting race with a pelican near Fort Pierce and were proudly holding our own until the pelican changed his prop-pitch and left us as if we were standing still. Two seagulls buzzed us, but we were more maneuverable and we turned inside of them.

It was consoling to have Mosley at the controls. He has proved with "Smiling Jack" that it was too tough for a pilot. Also, being the creator of "Smiling Jack," I knew that even if we had to make a forced landing in the scrub or on one of the little islands along the coast, a red-hot lif de-icer like Joy or Cindy would be there in a sorrier to greet us. And I am as sure of the solace of a crash landing for the opportunity to make a flying tackle at a coral princess.

When we landed, a group of CAPs were taking off on a routine flight. Out over the sea they disappeared, flying planes that made ours look like a luxury liner in comparison. Any time you want to sing a song to some unsung heroes, lift your voices to these middle-aged men, all volunteers, who are doing a hazardous job with equipment that would make Pratt and Whitney have gooseflesh that Douglas could see all the way from California.

I, one of the few civilians ever given permission to fly in a CAP patrol, had to be given the information that anyone who rides in a single-motored jolly over the ocean must have. I can tell you now there is no better eye-opener in the world than this information. I have tried raw eggs and Worcestershire in my times, as well as soapsuds and a brooch that bit me, but nothing ever opened my eyes as fast or as completely as when Major Ike Vermilya, base commander, handed me a yellow canvas bag that looked like a valise and asked, "Can you work this?"

I told him my wife always did the packing at my house, but I could make a stab at putting in it whatever he wanted.

"That's the life raft," he said. "As an observer it is your responsibility, in case you are forced down in the ocean, to get out of the ship and launch the raft."

I am afraid I had not taken this rule, but I mastered the intricacies of that raft in nothing flat. If they had taught life-raft launching in school, I would have been valedictorian of my class.

As a matter of fact, I came close to telling Major Vermilya that I didn't need any instructions. Telling me how to operate that life raft was like telling a fellow how to pull his foot out of a fire. Then I got instructions on how to operate my Mac West, which as you know is the proper name for a flier's life jacket.

Then I was instructed on the use of the shark knife which was attached to my Mac West. While I was practicing slashes with my knife at imaginary sharks, the Major told me what to do with my sea marker, which is a little packet of powder, also attached to the Mac West. When you release this, it stains a vivid green and rescue parties can tell that you were in that vicinity not long before.

All the time I was getting my lesson my pilot was watching me to see how well I learned. You couldn't blame him, because to take me along he was leaving behind a thousand hour observer who undoubtedly could launch a raft, kill sharks and leave the green calling card in less time than it would take me to yell "What do I do now? I've forgotten everything they have told me."

The sun was just saying good morning to the horizon when the pilot gave the go-ahead sign. We hit our line and we skimmed the tops of the palmettos and then the scrub piles. A few minutes later the coast of Florida was behind us and we were over the sea. The Civil Air Patrol pilot switched off the running lights and we began to "walk" our beat. Our beat was a certain number of miles of the Atlantic Ocean and our job was to inspect it and police it for everything over it, on it and under it.

As an unqualified observer, being perhaps the first civilian to fly a patrol with the CAP, I was strictly on the lookout for submarines and nothing else. My pilot, Art Keil, souped me up on this score. While submarines are the major quarry of the CAP, it overlooks nothing else.

The Captain turned my stomach inside-out five or six times with wing-overs to swoop down to ripple height to take a look at driftwood. He wanted to determine whether or not the driftwood was just driftwood or whether or not it was a bit of a lifeboat or something knocked off the superstructure of a wrecked ship. Nothing was too unimportant for us to study. We hovered over the wrecks of ships to see if their markers were up. We examined oil slicks to make certain that the oil came from the hold of the known wreck and not from some lurking sub. We found a partially submerged lifeboat and led a near-by fishing smack to it, so she wouldn't take it in tow. The Navy wants such things.

When we flew high, our sister patrol ship flew low and vice versa, thus enabling our patrol to have two perspectives at all times. The CAP now works in pairs. There
was a time when these little 90-horsepower single-engine landplanes worked over the sea alone. It soon became obvious that this was too dangerous. To show you how quickly these tiny sport planes go down at sea, the CAP personnel is trained to abandon ship in less than 15 seconds. Traveling in pairs makes it possible for the surviving ship to send a radio call for assistance, drop extra life rafts and stand by to lead surface craft to the spot.

This must be remembered about the CAP: whereas the Army and Navy fliers are daily getting improved models of everything, the CAP material is going downhill. It is using all pre-Pearl Harbor equipment, and there are no replacements available. Planes that were built to fly 200 hours a year already have flown more than a thousand. The fact that these planes are still in the air and aiding tremendously in the winning of the Battle of the Atlantic is a great tribute to the volunteer CAP engineers and mechanics who keep them flying.

To fully appreciate the CAP you must go on a patrol and fly out there over the ocean. In spite of the ever-present danger the thing that bothers the CAP boys now is monotony. There was a time when hell was popping all up and down the coast. As my pilot said after we had scanned the ocean four hours, “It’s pretty tiresome work, isn’t it?” I agreed, but I couldn’t help thinking how much the fact that the work had become monotonous reflected credit on the CAP and the part it had played in making a hellish job monotonous.

When we came in after patrolling our beat, I felt like sending the national commander of the outfit, Col. Earle L. Johnson, a wire telling him what he already must know—that when he thought up the idea of the CAP he did his country a magnificent service.

**Sarasota...**

The squadron ranks have been depleted from 72 to 26 active members due to service with and in the armed forces. This squadron has furnished 36 civilian flight instructors. They have 40 cadets, however, three of whom already are ACER and five of whom are taking the ACER qualifying test this week. They are being instructed by senior CAP members in navigation, meteorology and other ground school subjects two nights a week in their new quarters in the Youth Center building.

One of the CAP members has purchased the Municipal Airport so things are looking up for the squadron. They have several boys anxious to take flight training. When arrangements are completed with CAA to allow them to do so (they are under age but this is to be waived) lots of new cadet recruits are expected.

E. H. H. Smith, commander of the squadron, is reported to have been seriously ill for several weeks but now is back on the job and much more squadron activity can be expected.

**Polk County...**

**Airport To Be Base**

The Polk County Squadron has received permission of the Winter Haven City Commissioners to use the Dr. R. E. Gilbert Airport as a squadron base. This airport is improved with paved runways and will open up wonderful opportunities to the squadron. The squadron is anxiously awaiting formal release by the Army Air Forces and Interdepartmental Air Traffic Control Board before activating the airport.

**Link Trainers Shown**

Several members of the Polk County Squadron recently took advantage of a chance to inspect the Link Training department of Hendricks Field, Sebring. All members were given about 30 minutes of time in the trainers and are hoping that they will have another opportunity in the near future to visit the department again.

Sgt. Pilot Jack Stephenson has returned from a B-17 trip to Fort Worth, Texas, with Capt. Trethorne, B-17 instructor at Hendricks Field who was at Pearl Harbor on the disastrous December 7.

**Cadets Organized**

Polk County Squadron has organized two flights of Civil Air Patrol cadets, one flight in Winter Haven and one in Lakeland. Training programs for both flights are well under way.

Both flights have approximately 25 members.

In addition to the basic training, the Winter Haven CAPC flight is being given a course in firearms by Sgt. Kenneth Recker of Civil Air Patrol, Polk County Squadron. The Lakeland flight of CAPC is taking a course in air navigation and when completed should be able to pass the CAA examination on Navigation.

**Lakeland Has School**

The Lakeland Army Air Field is conducting a training school that is compulsory for all officers on the base below the rank of major. These classes have been opened to the officers of the Polk County Squadron of Civil Air Patrol. The classes are held one hour each week and will last for 25 weeks. Each class is conducted by a different officer who is best qualified to instruct the particular subject. Those subjects already given are: “Organization of the Army” and “Military Courtesy and Customs of the Service.” Needless to say, the staff personnel of the Polk County Squadron is attending.

**Duck Soup**

A bizarre but practical mission has been flown by the California Wing to protect the rice crop in the San Joaquin Valley against the depredations of wild ducks and geese. On approaching duck areas, the CAP fliers drop practice hand grenades furnished by the Army. Then they circle back and forth to keep the ducks headed in the direction of a feeding area.

Polk and Tampa workers of Aviation Cadet Recruiting Drive carried on jointly between the Tampa Squadron and Polk County Squadron were dinner guests of the Rotary Club in Lakeland at a special Civil Air Patrol program. Capt. Zack Mosley was special guest of the occasion and he introduced the speaker, Capt. Charles Baughan of th RAF. Left to right, front row: Lt. Jim Hewsey, Polk County Squadron Intelligence Officer; Capt. J. B. Herrington, Polk County Squadron; Capt. Walter Gishon, Polk County Squadron; Sgt. Bobby Olive, Polk County Squadron; Lt. H. S. McCollum, Squadron Commander, Polk County Squadron. Back row: Lt. Eugene Elkes, Squadron Commander, Tampa Squadron; Lt. Russell North, Executive Officer, Polk County Squadron; Capt. E. Hughes, President of Aviation Cadet Examining Board, Tampa; Capt. William M. Hart, Provost Marshal, Lakeland Army Air Field; Lt. Ruth Clifford, Adjutant, Polk County Squadron; Capt. Charles Baughan, RAF; Capt. Zack Mosley.
BarraCuda Bucket

Official publication of Florida Wing 41, Civil Air Patrol. Address all communications to The BarraCuda Bucket, Florida Wing 41, CAP, 115 Court House, West Palm Beach, Florida.

Major Richard P. Robbins
Commanding Officer

Your Publication

This is your publication. It wants to tell news about you.

If you get left out, it's going to be your fault.

The fact that publication of this sheet would be started in December was announced to all Florida squadrons, and a deadline for receiving copy and pictures was fixed. Only five squadrons responded with anything at all, one by long distance telephone at the last minute, through no fault of its own. Miami, Jacksonville and Palm Beach County had plenty of pictures and copy, while smaller units came through with what was available. Tampa and Orlando aren't represented because they did not get anything in. Palm Beach County even arranged for us to re-print Columnist Henry McLeod's flattering and humorous report on the Florida CAP work.

We can't guarantee publication of all material that is sent in, but we do guarantee we want to look at it. Sometimes copy that is held over from one issue can go into the next, and sometimes, probably, there won't be enough stuff to fill.

But the only sure way to get proper credit for your squadron in this publication is to send the material in as fast as it develops. If you can't do any better, send newspaper clippings on what you've been doing, but we prefer original material. Appoint one person in your squadron to take care of this.

If you've got something about CAP on your chest that you'd like to get off, send it in. If your squadron has done an especially good job in any one phase, tell us about it. Send information about the personal activities of squadron members. Send CAP jokes—only keep 'em clean.

Send everything you can offer.

Letters to Editor

Editor, The BarraCuda Bucket:

Your publication gets lousier every issue. Why don't you give us some pictures of bathing girls, leg art and all that sort of thing? You started out like a wet dish rag and have been deteriorating ever since.

Editor's Note: Ain't you the ribber? You know this is the first issue of The BarraCuda Bucket. And if you want leg art, why'ncha send us some?

Anniversary Message

To the Members and Cadets of Civil Air Patrol:

As our organization begins its third year of service, the outlook for CAP is more favorable than at any time since we began. The past year has marked the transition to our new status as an auxiliary of the Army Air Forces so that our efforts are now concentrated on rendering the most practical assistance we can to the Air Forces around the world.

The most direct aid we can give them is to see that the quotas of air crew recruits are filled each month with keen young men from every corner of the country. Hence the recruiting of Aviation Cadets was the first big job the Army gave us after we became an auxiliary. When this work started, you were advised that the further usefulness of CAP would be judged very largely on performance of this major assignment. What the Army thinks of the results will now be made evident to every unit in a very tangible way.

I am happy to announce that 283 Army aircraft of the liaison type are being turned over to CAP for distribution among the 48 Wings. This week, 110 Taylorcraft L-3s are being delivered to CAP. Every Wing is getting at least two out of this first shipment. Additional Taylorcrafts and Aerocars will be distributed. The number sent to each Wing will depend upon CAP membership and activity. These brand new planes are to be used in the furtherance of CAP's Aviation Cadet recruiting activities.

For the long pull, the most important aid we can give to recruiting will be the CAP Cadet program in which young men of 15 and 16 will be made ready for the mental and physical examinations at 17 and will continue their CAP training for another year, as members of the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve, before they are called to active duty at 18. The merit of the CAP Cadet program is fully recognized and you will hear a great deal more about it in the weeks to come.

CAP's flying activities also are undergoing expansion in order that our planes
Jacksonville CAP Thumbnail Sketches

Lt. E. D. Gregory, CAP 4-1-997, 39 years old, has private license. He was president and general manager of the Philadelphia-Detroit Motor Lines prior to Pearl Harbor, after which the government bought out his entire business. Lt. Gregory has been donating his full time to Civil Air Patrol since being made squadron commander and can be found on duty any time during daylight hours at CAP airport in Jacksonville. Other qualifications of the popular commander are: dairyman (owner and manager), auto mechanic and designer and builder of special truck equipment.

Lt. Owen W. Allen, CAP 4-1-367, 49 years old, has private license. Lt. Allen served his country in the First World War as a U. S. Navy radio operator during 1917-18. He is an electrician by profession and has photography as his hobby. Lt. Allen has been very active in CAP since its beginning. He has served as executive officer of the Jacksonville outfit since its early beginning and has served the group well under several commanding officers. He is very popular with all and has missed but one meeting since the start of CAP. He has never missed a regular or special meeting of the staff.

Lt. Frank Winchell, CAP 4-1-740, 40 years old, is not a flyer but has been actively engaged in the promotion of aviation since 1932. In civilian life he is manager of the Jacksonville Tourist and Convention Bureau, to which office he was recently reengaged for another year. Lt. Winchell has been intelligence officer of the Jacksonville outfit since the beginning of CAP and served 38 days on active coastal patrol duty at Daytona Beach as assistant intelligence officer of that squadron. Lt. Winchell was commissioned in CAP in October, 1942, with the first group honored throughout the United States. Profession is promotional and publicity work.

Second Lt. William V. Barlow, CAP 4-1-1549, 45 years old, squadron adjutant, is in business for himself and is a successful man of years standing in the community. His professional skill includes such items as management, sales, land development and organization. Lt. Barlow is not a flyer but is an aviation enthusiast and has been very active in the affairs of the Jacksonville squadron since his enlistment.

Second Lt. Harold W. Ashley, CAP 4-1-1082, 33 years old, has private license. In civilian life he is assistant manager of Peaslee-Gaulbert Company and president of the Jacksonville Junior Chamber of Commerce. Lt. Ashley has lived in Jacksonville many years and is well liked in civic and social circles. He enjoys the reputation around Jacksonville of being a young man with much on the ball and he has never failed in any assignment. He is the type of person that does a job to be done now. Ashley is an excellent salesman, a gifted public speaker and a wizard at amateur photography. As training officer, Jacksonville Squadron, he has done a magnificent job in having qualified instructors at all regular meetings and his work on the aviation cadet program has helped greatly in the success of the cadet training program in Jacksonville.

Second Lt. C. Albert Kimbel, CAP, 4-1-929, 43 years old, has private license. For the last 12 years Lt. Kimbel has been associated with the Alfred I duPont interests in Florida as accountant and auditor and first assistant to comptroller. His long years of experience in financial circles make him an ideal finance officer for the squadron.
Miami Cadets Write Own Reports

Just eight months ago, Douglas McGoon, then a junior in high school, first started his flying training. He is now the proud possessor of a pilot’s license. This young fellow is only 17 years of age. He studied celestial navigation at Embry-Riddle in Miami and took flight lessons from Commandant S. Stephens at Miami Opa-Locka Naval Air Station. To all the foregoing you can add his experience as an agent for the National Air Lines, where he worked last summer.

Through his proficiency in CAP class and military discipline, he is to be appointed squadron commander at Miami Edison High School. He is well on the road to success as a member of the Civil Air Patrol Cadets. Here’s hoping that we may get more ambitious boys and girls to measure up and even to exceed Cadet McGoon’s accomplishments.

PAULINE MOSER, CAP Cadet, Miami Edison High School.

Comes Monday on the athletic field of Miami High and one can hear the powerful voice of Cadet Vincent E. Grimm Jr., commanding, correcting or occasionally criticizing Flight Two of which he is in charge.

Dance, Study, Work...

“Looks like a cirro-cumulus cloud, if you ask me.”

“Well, nobody asked you—I say it’s an alto-cumulus.”

“Don’t tell me! I haven’t been a CAP cadet over four weeks for nothing!”

And so goes a typical conversation on the lofty subject of meteorology, now being studied by CAP cadets under instruction of Lt. Bray, Miami. The aim of this course is to teach the fundamentals required for junior weather observers by the CAA examining board.

Girls Get Best Grades

“The boys will really have to do some studying to catch up with the grades made by the girls,” said Lt. Bray when announcing the results of a meteorology test given November 15. Cadets Harman, Brown, and Corbit rated highest of the girls, with Olesiwick, Moser, Peters, Magwood, Robinson, Wood, Rucks and Sapp making above passing grades.

Of the boys who scored at least 26 out of 31 questions correctly answered, Cadets Meyers, Hopkins and Deckle received the highest grades.

Leaders Chosen Competitively

Section leaders were appointed by Lt. Krause, commanding officer of the Cadet Corps, on the basis of leadership and ability both in drill and classes.

There are: Section I, Douglas McGoon, assistant, Shirley Selwood; Section II, Fred Powell, assistant, Pauline Moser; Section III, John Rothwell, assistant, Carol Kartman; Section IV, Andrew W. Hopkins, Jr., assistant, Marcelle Dunton.

This slender, six-foot specimen enthusiastically praises the CAP, being at all times ready to bring in new members, bodily if necessary! When asked why he decided to join, Vince became serious. “It’s a great opportunity to become oriented with military life,” he said, realizing that when he graduates in June it will be a race as to whether he enlist in the Air Corps before the draft board beckons!

Cadet Grimm intends to make military life a career, preferably in flying. For a hobby he has a keen interest in building model planes, the most recent attempt being a P-39. With great difficulty he’s so modest) we learned that this particular model has taken him two years and boasts all movable parts and controls. But Vincent shines especially when it comes to drilling, and woe be to he who falter in Flight Two under the watchful eye of Cadet Vincent E. Grimm, Jr.

CADET FRANCIS COHEN, Miami Senior High School.

Remember the rapid beat of your heart and the tightening in your stomach as you watched that last parade? On Sunday, November 29, your emotions would have played more havoc with you had you been present when the Miami CAP Cadets from six high schools marched in review for the senior members of the CAP organization. Such precision, such eagerness! These boys and girls of high school age marched in review with a military air very nearly as well as thousands of well-trained soldiers are doing all over the world.

Each member displayed the best ability he possessed in eagerness to work toward two beautiful trophies. One trophy is to be awarded to the school squadron which excels in scholastic subjects pertaining to flying, and the other trophy is to be awarded to the school squadron with the highest standing in military precision. To complete this review a spot inspection was held. Lt. Krause and three other members of the Miami CAP officers’ staff walked through the ranks inspecting every minute detail for correctness.

These boys and girls are perfect examples of our up-and-coming youth and since that is what America’s depends upon, we cannot fail.

BARBARA BASTIAN, CAP Member.

F/O Weinkle interviewing applicants in the Miami Cadet Headquarters Office

Two awards have been offered to encourage friendly rivalry between the cadets in the various high schools of the Miami area: the William Rubin award, a gold statue for most outstanding academic ratings; and a silver saber for excellence in military drill and discipline.

Not All Work and No Play

But all is not work in the CAP Cadet Corps; there are social “doings” also. A dance was given by the Senior Civil Air Patrol of Miami for all CAP cadets, their friends and families at the Coral Gables Country Club December 3.

New Civil Air Patrol Cadet Squadron headquarters are on the seventh floor of the Seybold building, rooms 738-41, phone 3-3847. This office is to be the official center for general information, special night classes in aviation, under supervision of an authorized CAA instructor, and classes in radio theory, code and other related subjects. Here late-entering cadets will be given physical examinations and basic entrance tests.
The activities of the Fort Myers Squadron of the CAP have resulted in the training of 16 civilian instructors for nearby Army Primary Training schools and in interesting a large number of civilians in aviation,” according to Lt. F. E. Forehand, squadron commander. A cadet organization was formed early in the year and 23 members participated in the activities, including navigation and pre-flight training.

For a year prior to the organization of the Civil Air Patrol there was no civilian flying in Fort Myers because the only available airport facilities had been turned over to the Army Air Forces. The men who organized the Fort Myers Squadron had to first find and build a suitable airport. With the cooperation of the city, some land located close to town was made available, and members borrowed equipment to clear the land and grade the runways. They built hangars, a small club room and an operations building on the field, which was soon approved by CAA.

Plane owners who had been forced to store their planes brought them to the field. A full-time flying instructor was made available and soon new members were buying planes, and flying activities continued to increase at the Fort Myers Airport.

There are 63 members in the Fort Myers Squadron and 23 members in the Cadets. We have 12 planes owned by members operated from the field, three of which are available for instruction purposes. There is a full-time instructor on duty and also several of the members who are instructors at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields spend some time as instructors at Fort Myers.

Since the organization of the Fort Myers Squadron, 17 members have received solo permits, six members have passed their CAA private license examinations, two members have received commercial ratings and eight members have been accepted as instructors at one of the primary training fields operated by the Riddle Aeronautical Institute.

In addition to the actual flying activities, considerable time has been spent in military drill and other classwork, including three classes in air navigation and two classes in meteorology, conducted by a licensed ground instructor who was a member of the Fort Myers Squadron.

The squadron has been called upon on several occasions to search for missing planes and persons lost in the woods and was successful in finding one plane from a nearby Army camp that had been forced down in the woods. In sponsoring a bond sale drive, the CAP members offered their planes to give free rides to purchasers of War Bonds and in one day 176 persons bought bonds and were given rides. On the occasion of the mock bombing of Tampa by the Civil Air Patrol, 10 planes from this squadron participated.

The squadron was host at a fish fry for members of the Tampa, Lakeland and Bartow squadrons who flew here to distribute leaflets in a drive to recruit members for the Air Cadet program.

The cadets have completed a course in navigation under a CAP instructor and are taking additional pre-flight training in a course now offered by the High School. Several members are already aviation cadets in the enlisted reserve. Squadron Commander F. E. Forehand, discussing the Cadet program, said: "If we could provide free flight training for the cadets in addition to the ground school work now given, it would greatly increase the interest and the value of the Cadet program to the War effort.”
More Cadets

It seems that when the CAP Cadet program reaches a certain stage in an area, after months of slow and sound development, there is a surge of expansion as the idea spreads with almost explosive rapidity. That point has been reached in New York City and in New Jersey. Within a radius of about a hundred miles of National Headquarters, close to 3,000 CAP cadets have been enlisted and the boys are clamoring to bring in their friends. High schools are beginning to participate so that the program is fast going into the new phase of signing up hundreds at once in a single school, putting them into uniform and starting their training. Where this is about to happen, little plans will no longer suffice.

Two main problems must be anticipated: drill halls and instructors. In this vicinity, temporary ceilings have been met for lack of space. But the difficulties are being overcome. Armories or schools with suitable facilities are found and boys on the waiting list are called in to form new squadrons.

In getting instructors, the units which have buckled down to their CAP training over the last two years will have members with the necessary qualifications to teach aviation subjects such as meteorology and navigation. But it will be a big job to train all the cadets who are needed, so now is the time to canvass the community for persons who can teach auxiliary subjects such as drill, code, radio, first aid and aircraft identification. In most cities and towns there are citizens qualified to teach such subjects on short notice even though they do not have the desired background in other CAP required courses which they can cover by joining the patrol and learning as they go along.
DORM LIFE
by Suzie Bryan

This week we'll try to catch up on the news and deal chiefly with personalities. Sunday, December 5th, Janet Williams returned to the fold after a short visit home. Jan is now taking Link. By the way, Jan was that stardust that made you trip up the stairs the other night after beholding a certain Navy man who is a frequent visitor of the Dorm?

Our ever unpredictable Frankie has flown the coup for Xmas vacation. First she was leaving by plane, then train, but ended up, after one of her shopping expeditions, going the hard way—by bus. The Dorm won't be the same place without her.

Riddle Fielders

Those Riddle Field men who were here in Miami for a short stay getting instrument ratings certainly were welcome visitors for two young ladies I know. Jack McConkey kept Lorraine Bosley well occupied, while Bill Fisher dated our petite Edith Chapman. Trying to talk to Edith these days is like trying to carry on a conversation with a Zombie.

Mary Amanek had a welcome visitor who came three thousand miles to spend two and a half days with her in Miami. Not only that, he gave her the most beautiful make-up bag, the envy of all the girls at the Dorm.

Lovely little Skeeter Barton also has returned North after completing her flight course and passing her flight test. Ruth Selby, her roommate, as well as the rest of us will miss her.

Live and Learn

Here is a story Rusty Sheather tells on her roommate, Mary Jessup. Seems Mary wanted to sterilize her five wash cloths so she popped them into a pan of water along with some clorox, put them on the stove to boil, called it a day and went to bed.

Next morning she went into the kitchen expecting to see five gleaming sterile cloths only to discover so many flakes, the remains of said wash cloths. Oh, well, we live and learn.

Christmas Eve the Red Cross has asked us to help them out with the singing of carols in the halls of the Biltmore. I don't think they have to ask a second time—we'll be there.

SAVE WASTE PAPER

The waste paper shortage is very acute as is being evidenced daily. We can do our part for the War effort by saving all waste paper. Keep it separate from other trash and do not throw foreign matter into the waste paper baskets.

Notes at random: Early and not too bright this morning we ran into George Ireland who was quite excited at the prospect of his trip to Dayton with Ed Stahl. (Mr. Ireland's early morning piano recitals are really worth getting up a little earlier.)

The Instructor's school is still buzzing about the splendid spaghetti party given by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hubbell for members of the school staff. Pinky Church and Gloria Myers assisted, serving yards of the "best" spaghetti and luscious big salads. From all reports the evening was a huge success.

What are we ever going to do without Charles Maydwell? Mr. Blakley cabled for his presence in Brazil. A good trip and lots of fun to you, and do give our best to all the transplanted Riddleites.

Determination

The new ladies lounge on the first floor is really something to rave about. We have Julia Richardson's drive and determination to thank for this.

Helene Hirsch was sporting a beautiful birthday orchid. The question now is who sent it?

The Radio department is busy planning some surprises for us. They won't be ready for awhile, but George Moorehead promises us something really unique. While wandering thru that department a discussion arose about D. R. Madden's nose, which persists in maintaining a rather sunburned hue and causing much speculation. . . . Henry Ray is back from Chunute, but feeling badly. We hope to see him well and hack soon.

ON A FISHING TRIP at Leo Bonner's camp on the Kissimmee River, Charlie Ebets snapped the party. Left to right are Ben Turner, Head of the Legal department, Mrs. Turner, Leo and Mrs. Ebets.

TECH TALK
by Mari Hess

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We of the Drafting department are more than proud of our new Physics Lab now nearing completion. It will soon be finished and we encourage visitors. We're that vain about it.

The more we see of the Willard Burtons, the better we like 'em. Last week Dorothy introduced her mother and sister to Embry-Riddle. . . . They are both perfectly charming. Still, I will not have lived until I have once met Peter.

Rabbit Fish

Fishing enthusiasts please note: Millie Wells will gladly furnish pointers to you luckless ones. However, don't ask Willard Burton about the life and habits of the rabbit fish, for he really doesn't know. That is all for now. See you at the Deauville Dance.

TECH INSTRUCTOR GOES TO BRAZIL

David Thomas, formerly of Detroit, has arrived in Sao Paulo, Brazil, to be an instructor in the new technical aviation school where it is expected that 500 students will be in training by Christmas.

David lived for 14 years in Detroit and attended Central high school and Northwestern high school in that city. The son of Mr. and Mrs. John Daniel Thomas, he moved with them from Detroit to Miami several years ago.

He studied aviation at Embry-Riddle and has been teaching at Tech for the past year. David is a member of the Miami Optimist Club.
Because of his many duties as Vice-President in Charge of Flying Operations, Capt. L. J. Povey, who had been acting as General Manager of Riddle Field since the death of G. W. Tyson, Jr., relinquished that position last week and appointed former Engineering Officer, E. J. Smith, General Manager. Mr. Smith has been at Riddle Field since its origin and was with No. 5 R.F.T.S. at Carlstrom Field before coming here. He has a wealth of flying experience, having been Operations Manager and Vice-President, Chief Pilot and Airport Manager at various places before coming here. He also holds an A and E Mechanic's License.

Mr. Povey also announced the appointment of Squadron Commander Harry Lehmman to the position of Director of Flying. Harry is another old-time Riddle Fielder, who has been in charge of the Refresher School.

May we congratulate these gentlemen on their advancements. We are sure they will continue to have the full support of all Riddle Field personnel.

Here and There
We have it direct from Walter Winchell that Harold Curtiss is absolved from all blame in the recent nylon case. He did not come back with a wife either—rather an automobile of questionable ancestry. And to quote Walter on your threatened libel suit, Harold, "You can sue Winchell, but you'll have to wait your turn—sucker."

Riddle Field's basketball team had an easy time in their first game of the season, defeating LaBelle 46-18 at that city last week. Two more games were to have been played this week, so the results should be available next issue. Playing on the team in this first game were Mechanics Hallock, Feldman and Cochran and Instructors Taylor, Place, Langdon and Hopkins. The team is coached by Eddie Hale.

A visitor at this Field last week was W/ C. T. O. Prickett, former Commanding Officer here, who recently was awarded the Distinguished Service Order. It was good to see the Wing Commander again, and for the immediate future he will be with the R.A.F. Delegation in Washington and may visit this Field again.

For various ratings in flying and ground school at Miami last week were F/C. Sam Schneider, Advanced Instructors Bill Fisher, Jack McConkey and Albert Lyons, and Link Instructors Neal Dwyer and Charles Haskell. Advanced Instructor O'Hara won his instrument rating while on leave.

Cadet Officers
With the arrival of the new Course the following appointments of Cadet Officers have been made: Senior Under Officer, C. L. Taylor; Squadron Leaders, R. Carson, J. C. Maclntyre and I. M. Harper. Flight Leaders in the various Squadrons are D. Marande, R. D. Franks, L. G. Adams and T. O. Ramsay of the Harvard Squadron (formerly Squadron 1); J. J. Cypher, R. E. Chadwick, W. B. Snowdon and J. E. W. Lodge of the Yale Squadron (formerly Squadron 2); H. F. Halstead, J. W. L. Iviny, J. C. Alberts and A. J. Whyman of the Oxford Squadron (formerly Squadron 3).

And speaking of Course 18, we still need one or two correspondents to represent that Course. So come on, fellows, let's hear from you.

On our recent trip to Miami it was good to meet some of the Embry-Riddle people again. First Charlie Ebbets, who again drove us down, Syd Burrows, who so graciously furnished sleeping space, Muriel Obermeyer, Glenn Kuhl, Marty Warren, Rosemary Younis, Lucile Nelson, Ruth Rich, our old pals Wain and Vadad, Col. Rich, Director of the Tech School, Lil Clayton, "Pinky" Church, Dorothy Burton and her mother, Mrs. Paugh, Mr. Miller and several others of the Embry-Riddle family.

Mrs. Bob Fowler has arrived and she and Ground School Instructor Fowler are occupying their new home in Clewiston.

This week found a big night at the Instructors' Club for all the members. On Thursday evening a barbecue was held, followed by a bingo party. A large crowd attended both events.

So, Frances Meredith, you don't think the Fly Paper knows you are a telephone operator? See how wrong you are—and we don't mean "wrong numbers."

Word has been received here of the promotion to Major of Thomas E. Persinger, first C.O. of the 75th AAFFTD attached to this School.

Great Job
Congratulations to the Hospital Detachment on their first anniversary at this Station—you're doing a great job, fellows. And speaking of anniversaries, your Editor observed his second anniversary with the Embry-Riddle Company on December 11.

Note from Accounting department: "I was asked not so long ago how Mr. Lawson kept peace and order in his household of men and women, namely, the Administration building. Well, that is strictly a military secret, but he does a fine job of keeping everyone happy, and everyone working
with him thinks he is the best boss ever." This note is self-explanatory and is a fine tribute to Mr. Lawson, Chief Accountant, by someone in his department.

Pvt. and Mrs. Willis Kellogg announce the birth of a son, Willis, Jr., on Sunday, December 5, at the Clewiston Hospital. The little fellow weighed 7 pounds. Pvt. Kellogg is with the Medical Detachment here.

**COURSE 17**

Never has one week passed so quickly was the view voiced by all upon returning to Camp. And whoever may have doubted the meaning of true American hospitality has memories that will never fade.

A number of the boys went to Daytona to see the beach and the WAC. The latter were found to be much more attractive.

In fact, the attraction was so great that Bill Leonard contracted a light case of pneumonia and spent his leave in the Camp Hospital. His stay was found very handy and was fully exploited by Bill "Sam" Hayman, who visited him about seven hours each day.

Seriously, though, we would like to thank Capt. Wellman and Lts. Easter and Silver for the splendid way in which they saw that Bill's recovery was effected in time for him to continue flying with Course 17.

"Nick" Nichols and his gang went to Washington and they say that the "Man Situation" is as serious as reported. Future courses please note. Others went to the Middle-West, Far-West, Near-West and west in the normal manner. Palm Beach and Miami received their usual allocation, reports Johnny Page.

To get back to our training, we are pleased to say that in accordance with 17's traditions, there were one hundred percent successes in Primary Wings, and we are now well on the way to carrying through our boast that we will be the best course ever. We understand that Course 16 is also doing "quite well."

**One Year Ago**

Dec. 18, 1942—Courses 10 and 12 tie for top honors in a swimming meet held here . . . RAF beat U. S. Sugar Corporation to rack up another softball win . . . A/FC Bob Richardson is pictured . . . Cadet Derrick Button of Course 10 catches a very beautiful picture of a Florida sunset.

A large number of letters arrived this past week, and a number shall be re-printed in full later. Messages were received from former Cadets Noel Colley of Course 7, Freddy Fox of Course 10, Dave Blackhall of Course 13, Brodie Reid of Course 12 and Bert Beer of Course 12, in addition to a note from the parents of Colin Yates, who was with Course 8. All the requests contained in the letters are being complied with, and as previously stated, some of the letters will be re-printed later.

**OUR FIELDS**

_by Helen deBalbian Verster van der Ven_

Came the end of the fiscal Year and Inventory Eve. A group of celebrating auditors moved from Field to Field, counting beef-hinds and barrels of flour, airplane engines, infinitesimal screws and things with long and difficult names.

The hours were long and working-speed way above the limit, since we had to get through in record time. But even so, there were moments when one could catch one's breath and take time to look around and marvel at the fairy story that had come true.

A wand had been waved over swamps, palmetto bushes disappeared overnight to make place for royal palms, barracks arose, a mess hall, canteen, sport fields, a swimming pool and flowers blossomed in a beautiful landscape.

**Stately**

Dorr and Carlstrom Fields are built practically along the same lines. The main impression is that of a luxurious resort rather than of a military training camp. Paths lined with flowering shrubbery and stately royal palms intersect the rich well kept lawns.

A main thoroughfare leads from the Administration building to the Canteen. Tennis courts invite at both sides, and it is but a few steps to the pool for a refreshing dip after the game.

And what a pool! Blue painted walls turn the water into a spot of beautiful color, softly reflecting the waving palms overhead. Plenty of lounging chairs for that sun bath and ample room to stretch out on the inviting grass and relax after the long hours of strenuous training.

All that science and art can do to make safety and pleasure go hand in hand has been done. The barracks are the best that modern architects can design. Tiled floors in the bathrooms, plenty of sun and air and cross ventilation, and ample room for study.

The Infirmary is light and airy and fully equipped to take care of emergencies. The big Mess Hall across the Field sports dancing terraces and a podium for the orchestra. The Canteen has as large a variety of sodas, milk shakes and sundries as any drug store can offer nowadays.

Meals in the Mess Hall are something to write home about in these meatless rationed days. Plenty of everything and everything of the best—and I know because I have seen what there is in the store rooms.

**No Oleo**

Writing up the inventory, I expressed my surprise that there was not an ounce of oleo in stock and it was almost with indignation that they told me "we don't have any margarine; we use butter for the boys as long as we can get it."

Civilians are frowned upon on the Flight Line, even hard working Embry-Riddle-ites, but I got a good look anyhow. It was really breath-taking to see the planes take off, one after the other, like silver super mosquitoes, filling the air with their rhythmic purr.

The students are not allowed to stay "upstairs" over a certain time and those in the tower keep close track of them. Every single plane is recorded and time sheets are kept to the minute. A difficult job and one well done.

Line men are on duty day and night. Not a plane goes up without its check-up, even though the flights are so short. A plane lands, the student gets out and in the few minutes it takes for the student to...
CHAPMAN CHATTER
by Cara Lee Cook

Some more chatter for the adolescents, convalescents, or what have you. I trust that everyone is being strictly on his best behavior, or don't you believe in Santa Claus? A word of warning to those who refuse to believe that the 23rd is so near: there are just 8 more shopping days till Christmas. If you plan to do your Christmas shopping in the big city, I suggest taking along three small boys to run interference. Ann Possgay tells me that the bargain basement blitzkriegs are fatal.

Christmas Formal

Speaking of Yuletide, the Christmas Formal is at hand. Due to war restrictions, priorities and lack of facilities, Chapman will not congregate to celebrate this year as we did last year. Consequently, if you merrymakers want to be on the "in" of this gala affair planned for you at the Deauville, don't forget to arrange for your reservations now, if not sooner. Buffet supper and dancing. Tickets are at Administration Office.

The beautiful Christmas greeting poster appearing in the Canteen is the contribution of our versatile painter, Mr. Rollins. Its glitter and striking attractiveness automatically has brought forth many ahhhh's and assorted ohhhhh's. Please accept my thanks from the whole gang for the time and special effort you spent brightening up the Canteen atmosphere.

Due to the request of the Department of Health and in an effort to stamp out the present sandy epidemic, Dave Pearlman very graciously has shaved off his moustache. Greater love and cooperation hath no man.

Paging Major Bowes

Everyone here is slowly going sing happy and great plans have been initiated for the organization of a glee club. Sounds super. All you nightingales are cordially invited to join, so let's get into the swing of things. Membership already includes such personalities as Jim Pollard, Dave Narrow, George Lambros, Ed Tierney and Jim "Frank Buck Rattlesnake" Goodrich.

That streak of tightening tearing madly around the office is Jane Anderson, who just got a letter from "Ish." Ballast already knows, and even keep her on the ground at this stage. It's long time no hear from "Eddie," Betty Mitchell's "Chinese boy friend" who is somewhere in East Asia Minor. She's very blue about the whole thing.

Speaking of correspondence, Lola doesn't do so bad either. She keeps them all happy, sailors and soldiers alike. I'm trying to figure out who the "true love" is. And then there's Gene!

The poetic contributions which appear in this issue are appreciated no end. We gladly accept any and all material, so don't forget you too may be a Keats, a Shakespeare or an Ogden Nash through the medium of Chapman Chatter. Don't wait! Start today!

"SOLO"
by Lola Hayes

Taxis out to end of field,
Check the mags—how funny you feel!
You clear for traffic
And line up with tee
And wonder—will this be the end of me?

You give her the gun
And away she goes,
You utter a prayer,
"Keep her straight on the nose!"

So you're way up there and all alone,
You look around—yes, the instructor is gone,
Now you know the flight's up to you,
So look out for Jenny and see the flight thru.

You circle the field and pick a spot,
Cut the throttle and hope you haven't forgot.
Check carburetor heat—now establish a glide,
The landing of landings—your first solo ride.

At the last second you change your mind,
You're really not supposed to have a wind from behind.
So you go on around—dodging wires on the way,
The river—Oh, shiver!—Is this your unlucky day?

Now, really right you begin the approach,
All by yourself—no instructor to coach.
This time made it, right on the ball,
Your very first solo, "No trouble at all!"

TO THE TUNE OF "DON'T DO IT DARLIN"

by Tilley Tiley and Jane Page

WTS Records and Timekeeping Offices

If you worried over us,
Like we worry over you
You wouldn't do it.
You wouldn't do it.
You would be more sure to do
Just the things which are so few
You'd never know it.
But we can show it.
So when you start your paper work
Just keep your mind on it.
And we won't have to go into
Our daily little fit.
If you tried with all your might,
It would total out just right.
So do not fear it.
That's not the SPIRIT.

WHITECAPS
by Gay Sillecocks

Hear ye! Hear ye! (Don't mind me—that's just the spirit of the Yuletide popping out—or something.) But enough of chit-chat. Let us be off and away, riding herd on the rest of the "gulf."

Proudly we hail Walter Blake and Helen "Skeeeter" Barton with their new private licenses and Lorahne Barry, of the L I N K R o o m Barrys, with her well earned instructor's rating. Rosemary Bryant's big moment was her first solo.

Said L. B. and I took a hand at playing ramp boy 'other day—not too successfully, I must admit, for we forgot that planes have other parts than wings and props. Such as tails.

'Twas Fun

After we picked ourselves off the newly painted dock, we started hunting for paint remover to eradicate the traces of our experience. It was fun, though.

With us today on our guest roster are: Bill Hays, Byron Miller, Andy Denzel, Jim Sanford, Mary Harry, Phil Gallagher and a very welcome frequent visitor, Ed. Skinn.

Mary Jessup does love to ride motorcycles. She is always charming various kind-hearted motorcyclists into taking her for a jaunt.

And so as we tuck in the sheets around this poor, weary, I'll column, we ask if you have heard that AWOL is A Wolf on the Loose.

OUR FIELDS

Continued from Page 11

to check out and a new cadet to register, the plane gets a thorough going over. Embry-Riddle you know, safety first!

You may be wondering why I should want to tell you all these things that you have known as long as you have been with Embry-Riddle. But you see, I am not talking to the employees, the Instructors or the Cadets. Watching outgoing mail at Dorr Field, I marveled at the many bulky bags and the girl in the Post Office told me that most of it was Fly Papers sent home by practically every Cadet.

It is with you "folks up home" that I wanted to chat a little, as one parent to another. I too have a son and I know exactly how much you want to know all about the Field and how anxious you are to come and see for yourself, if only the distance were not so far and traveling so difficult today. So I tried to give you an impression of what I saw and if I succeeded only half way, you will be convinced that your son is in good hands. There are no better.
AIRCRAFT AND ENGINE DIVISION

The entire Embry-Riddle Company wishes to express deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Donovan on the death of their son, Ensign Richard H. Donovan, Jr., as the result of a plane crash in the South Pacific.

Success

The first Engine Overhaul dance was a huge success. The night was beautiful. The moon filtering through swaying palm fronds onto the glass-like calm of Biscayne Bay formed a most beautiful and unforgettable setting, and each arriving guest became breathless at its tropical splendor and remained under its spell long after leaving.

Margaret Howell and Charlie Pelton are to be congratulated for their efforts in promoting and arranging this popular dance night.

This was the first opportunity for most of us to meet the wives, husbands, girl friends and boy friends of our fellow workers. Among those we had the pleasure of meeting were Mrs. Grafflin, wife of boss Charlie, Mrs. Bill Ehne, Mrs. Charlie Pelton, Mrs. Jack Hale, Mrs. John Smith, Mrs. Steve Steverding, Mrs. Leland Price, Mrs. Frank Perry, Mrs. Warren Sanchez and Mrs. Clarence Vail.

Husbands Too

Among the husbands present were Burton Foster, soldier husband of Betty Sepak, Mr. Bradfield, husband of Ruth, and many others too numerous to mention.

Lt. and Mrs. Arnett, daughter and son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Pelton, and Mrs. Anna Westendorff, house guest of Trixie and Joe Henry, were among the guests.

High spots of the dance included the dance contests. The waltz contest was won by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Jones and a very close second were Mr. and Mrs. Burton Foster.

The jitterbug contest almost ended in a tie. It took quite a little deliberation before Margaret Howell and sailor Mike Fazzino were announced winners over Helen Stefani and sailor Pete Allen.

Speaking of dancing, it’s too bad there was no judge for Barbara Perry and John Smith’s rhumba. (How did we know it was a rhumba? They told us so.)

It seems Bert Williamson had a good time too.

Charlie Phillips arrived in town just in time to enjoy the party. Charlie, as you know, returned to Georgia a few weeks ago to undergo an operation. Nice to see you back, Charlie.

Knute Critchfield had a good time in spite of being four hours late. Allene Johnson enjoyed herself too.

Who was it who danced the heels off her shoes and then went home in someone’s heavy woolen socks? Marion McSwain had a good time too.

Pix by Price

Leland Price acted as cameraman and got a few good shots as you will notice on this page.

Doc Savage also had a good time.

Joseph A. Friedman says all that kept the evening from being perfect was his wife’s absence, but he will be sure and have her with him next time. By the way, Mrs. Friedman is most attractive.

Jack Hale had a good time too.

Dick Hourihan, due to illness, was unable to attend but he congratulates all of Engine Overhaul on a most successful party.

Mary Thomas had a good time too.

We are proud of the unselfish efforts made by everyone to see that all had fun.

It seems Mickey Rooney was present.

Dotty Catton had fun too.

Well, folks, we can’t ask for better parties, so let’s ask for more just as good.

Volleyball

The first volley ball league of the Engine Overhaul division saw the championship taken by the Hurricanes. They won 8 out of a possible 10 points. The personnel of the team was Bill Twitchell, Syd Pastro, Leland Price, Mary Thomas, Klaus Sjogren and Marvin Hood.

The second league is now under way, and the competition for Overhaul honors is between the Jeeps, Twistors and Hurricanes.

Continued on next page
WING FLUTTER
by Medora Barling

We’re going to give you an idea of what goes on here as we meander through our shop. Stopping first in the Final Assembly department, we had a word with Pitts Ingram. Just a morsel of gossip for our column was all we wanted (about this time we would settle for anything just so it could be called news, good, bad, or indifferent) but all we got from Pitts was a wild eyed stare and a sharp reminder that we had asked him the same thing only this morning.

On that note we walked away and left Mr. Ingram muttering something about nosy people. “Must be writing a book, or she must be a detective.” Speaking of Pitts as we have in the entire first paragraph, does anyone want to get in on the odds that his offspring can lick Jimmie Head’s youngest with one hand tied behind him?

Leaving Final Assembly and stumbling into the Sheet Metal department, we saw among other things all the machinery being moved from Engine Overhaul and installed here, there and everywhere. The calm and quiet of the Sheet Metal department has been upset greatly, the chief reason being the sheet metal press operated by those two angelic ministers of noise and nonsense, Kelly Newson and Johnny Johnson. Welcome to A.O., boys. We hope you enjoy it.

Do you know: That there are only 3 shopping days till Christmas? That we need some talent for the Christmas party and if you can sing, dance or do card tricks we can use you? That Al Fegan of the Stenciling department spent a busman’s holiday painting his house? Anyone not singing White Christmas?

Our beautiful stepchild, the Greenville School’s Stinson, has gone home and now there are no more Oh’s and Ah’s in the Stenciling department and it’s mighty quiet and lonesome again.

Has anyone noticed how Karen Linford’s charm tinkles? I mean the new addition to her charm bracelet, which not only makes interesting listening but is a nice conversation piece.

Bill King needs a man with a plan. He thinks haircuts are too expensive and he wants someone to invent a gadget for lowering the ears. The problem has been solved for Wally Getsman. He is going to braid his.

We want to welcome Aylene Arnett to the inner sanctum, meaning Mr. Sperry’s office. May her stay here be long and profitable and may she not be interrupted by long processions of job orders marching by in the style of robots.

Willie Lyons is the proud possessor of the Bond awarded for perfect attendance during the month of November. We can’t think of anyone we would rather see win it.

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We’re going to give you an idea of what goes on here as we meander through our shop. Stopping first in the Final Assembly department, we had a word with Pitts Ingram. Just a morsel of gossip for our column was all we wanted (about this time we would settle for anything just so it could be called news, good, bad, or indifferent) but all we got from Pitts was a wild eyed stare and a sharp reminder that we had asked him the same thing only this morning.

On that note we walked away and left Mr. Ingram muttering something about nosy people. “Must be writing a book, or she must be a detective.” Speaking of Pitts as we have in the entire first paragraph, does anyone want to get in on the odds that his offspring can lick Jimmie Head’s youngest with one hand tied behind him?

Leaving Final Assembly and stumbling into the Sheet Metal department, we saw among other things all the machinery being moved from Engine Overhaul and installed here, there and everywhere. The calm and quiet of the Sheet Metal department has been upset greatly, the chief reason being the sheet metal press operated by those two angelic ministers of noise and nonsense, Kelly Newson and Johnny Johnson. Welcome to A.O., boys. We hope you enjoy it.

Do you know: That there are only 3 shopping days till Christmas? That we need some talent for the Christmas party and if you can sing, dance or do card tricks we can use you? That Al Fegan of the Stenciling department spent a busman’s holiday painting his house? Anyone not singing White Christmas?

Our beautiful stepchild, the Greenville School’s Stinson, has gone home and now there are no more Oh’s and Ah’s in the Stenciling department and it’s mighty quiet and lonesome again.

Has anyone noticed how Karen Linford’s charm tinkles? I mean the new addition to her charm bracelet, which not only makes interesting listening but is a nice conversation piece.

Bill King needs a man with a plan. He thinks haircuts are too expensive and he wants someone to invent a gadget for lowering the ears. The problem has been solved for Wally Getsman. He is going to braid his.

We want to welcome Aylene Arnett to the inner sanctum, meaning Mr. Sperry’s office. May her stay here be long and profitable and may she not be interrupted by long processions of job orders marching by in the style of robots.

Willie Lyons is the proud possessor of the Bond awarded for perfect attendance during the month of November. We can’t think of anyone we would rather see win it.

VALUABLE PAPERS LOST
Jacob Van Kooten has lost his wallet containing valuable papers and identification cards, not to speak of $40 in cash, somewhere between the Civil Enginers building and his home at 4232 W. 22nd Avenue. Mr. Van Kooten, who is an instructor in Civil Aircraft, offers a substantial reward for its return.

GYRO NOTES
by Walter Dick

We told you last week that we had heard Christmas bells in the distance but now we are wondering if there might not also have been some wedding bells mixed in with them.

This week Marjorie Rosenbush has been assisting in the Instrument paint shop. They really have had Delores snowed under. Marguerite, our golden-haired Stock Room girl who passes out the parts we ask for, has a very nice smile and a pleasant word for everyone.

Al Kimbrough has been having a big time the past day or so with a Morse coding device. Some fun, eh, Al? We hear that Peggy Harrod is leaving on her vacation this week—lucky girl. Have a big time, Peggy, and hurry back. We’ll miss you.

Joseph Dumond has been granted a leave of absence to take care of some monkey business. No, we’re not kidding— you see, he has a monkey farm.

Monday we had a visit from a group of students from Andrew Jackson High School. We believe most of them enjoyed the tour and were interested in what they saw.

With our Collimator completed, we are again up on the second floor and are engaged in the repair of aircraft clocks. Word was received this week from Bill McAllister, now in the Navy, that he has just been transferred to Minneapolis, Minn. What a spot for a Georgia boy to land at this time of year.

The weather the past few days (now that we may talk of the weather) seems a bit more seasonable and adds to the Christmas Spirit which is growing more evident each day.

Now speaking of Christmas, there is the thought of Christmas gifts. One of the finest gifts is a War Bond. When you give War Bonds and Stamps, you give a welcome gift, help your government and begin nest eggs for the future. Give a War Bond this Christmas.

A. D. D.’s
by Dorothy Keyser

That which is found most commendable about G.G.’s (Government Gals) is their unhesitating cooperation during periods of emergency. Take for example Mildred Brooks . . . and a very taking girl she is. Yes, she’ll take anything, smoke any brand. But back to the subject, upon request for her contribution to this column, and with spontaneity and enthusiasm, Milly obligingly dunked both of us in red ink. That, you will agree, is true friendship.

A sight we have accepted as inevitable is Howard Kipple taxying around on his Mighty Midget Mohilift. The M.M.M. is one of the few, if not the only, moving vehicles upon which you remove your foot from the brake to stop a forward or backward motion. If anyone wishes to know what happens when the accepted procedure is reversed, step into my office.

There is a new addition in the Salter household. Congratulations, Jack, and many, many happy returns.

Enter the “sheep” with the suave mustache. G’wan, Rubin, we know who it is.

Members of this detachment who have been here six months or longer proudly received their service pins last week. The ceremony was directed by Capt. Bacon, and more than half of our force were eligible for this honor. The worthy recipients are identified by a blue badge with the Army Air Force insignia in the center.

It’s hard to express in words our sincerest condolences to Dick Donovan who has given his son in this fight for right. We can but pray that peace shall come soon as evidence that his and the sacrifice of so many others has not been in vain.

ENGINES
Continued from preceding page

As the league progresses, Al Brosius and his Hurricanes are tied with the Twisters, captained by Charles Pifer. The Twisters dropped their opening game to the Jeeps by a score of 13-11, largely due to the fact that Leland Price ran berserk and tallied 12 points for the Jeeps.

The Twisters have come back strong, though. They defeated the Hurricanes in their first meeting by a 15-12 count and boast the high scorer in the league, Klaus Sjogren. These teams are speaking of Christmas gifts. One of the finest gifts is a War Bond. When you give War Bonds and Stamps, you give a welcome gift, help your government and begin nest eggs for the future. Give a War Bond this Christmas.

NEW BOOKS AT TECH


Aircraft Navigation, by Stewart and others.

Analysis and Design of Airplane Structures, by Bruhn.

Analytic and Vector Mechanics, by Edwards.

Astronomical Navigation, by Smart.
MIAMI CAP

The local offices of the CAP announce that new classes for CAP Cadets are starting January 1st, and classes will be held every evening. They are open to members of CAP and CAP Cadets.

Those desiring information may go to CAP headquarters, 733 Seybold building. All Embry-Riddle-ites who can should obtain more information on this as it offers an excellent opportunity to serve our country further.

JOHNSON
Continued From Page 1

At the present time CAP has 43,000 cadets in uniform in this country. We have been given the job of recruiting 250,000 youngsters, 15, 16 and 17-year-olds, putting them in uniform for a year from today. These 250,000 young men whom we are pre-flight training will come out to your fields the day this War is over and say, "Mister, I want to fly. I have learned navigation, radio and meteorology, and now I want to learn to fly."

CAP has done a remarkable job. I don't believe the public realizes what an important job has been done to further the winning of this War. I do not know where we would have been in this War had it not been for civil aviation. CAP is civil aviation.

Which Is Aviation?

The airlines of this country have 168 airplanes and something like 500 pilots; civil aviation has 100,000 pilots and 25,000 airplanes. Which is aviation? What part of aviation is going to keep aviation going? The airlines?

One factory on the West Coast can build all the airplanes that the airlines of this country will use, even if they expand 1,000 per cent. It is going to take you and me, our mothers and sisters and brothers, buying these small planes to keep the industry going.

We hear a great deal about the freedom of the air internationally. I think we have got to think about the freedom of the air in this country.

We have got to get regulations in aviation down to a single sheet of paper so that we can all understand them. We have to talk about aviation in the same kind of language we use when we talk about an automobile.

Splendid Cooperation

We have had splendid cooperation—and we mean CAP—from CAA and other bodies. They have done a great deal. As you know, we have been kicked around from pillar to post, but each kick that we got sent us ahead instead of back. I honestly believe that through organizations of people such as you, many of whom are members of CAP, we have become the great organization we are today.

We have got to get this business on the basis of the automobile. We have got to have small airports. The large ones will take care of themselves. We don't have to worry about the airlines. What we want are places to go when we get these light airplanes. Without these places to go, we won't want the airplanes. We will have to prove to the buyer that this is a business investment for him.

The day of the sportsman pilot is over. We have to have a reason for buying airplanes, and we are going to have to have the airports for them—not big ones, but little ones out around the smaller places.

This is a home town business. It is not an international business. The truck companies of this country didn't make the automobile business; it was the private automobile owner that made it what it is today.

Ground Floor

The private airplane owner of this country can make this business. That business is in your own home town. You are on the ground floor. We don't need the government to get us off that ground floor. Go home and think of it as a business. If we look around for some godfather to take care of us, we're done for.

CAP has been given this job of recruiting and putting in uniform 250,000 young men who are going to be your customers when this is over.

Someone said that many of the men who come home from this War won't want to take up aviation again. Others may want to take up aviation but won't have the money to fly. But these 250,000 boys that we hope to take on from year to year are going to be the fellows that are going to keep this industry alive after the War is over. I am positive of that.

Our Job

Many of the operators of this country have cooperated with CAP and have helped us a great deal. We have stayed out of the training business, as you all know. We don't want to be in the training business. We are giving pre-flight so that when this thing is over we can get these boys and their mothers and fathers to accept aviation and the whole family will want to learn to fly. That, we feel, is our job, and we are going to do all we can in that way.

The Civil Air Patrol is a decentralized organization. It has to be that way. It is a home town business. It is a main street business just like the hardware store. CAP has decentralized. Perhaps that is part of the success of this thing called CAP. Yesterday was our second birthday. Because we are decentralized, not one cent of federal money goes below the wing level in this organization of yours.

The above are excerpts from a speech given by Lt. Col. Earle L. Johnson, AAF, National Commander of the Civil Air Patrol, before the National Aviation Trades Association on December 3, 1943, in St. Louis, Mo.

CAP
Continued from Page 2

plane who circled a submarine until it became confused and ran aground and then continued to circle for 20 minutes until finally the sub freed itself.

This led to the desire on the part of the pilots to provide their planes with bombs. Finally, a suitable bomb rack and a bomb sight made of hairpins, tin cans, mirrors and other scrap were devised and the planes were equipped with these. Fifty times on record, planes have scared off submarines about to torpedo or shell tankers each worth about one million dollars.

They have spotted 150 submarines and have sunk many of them. Forty-three flyers and 73 planes have been lost in these activities.

When the final chapter of this War has been written, the section dealing with the activities of the CAP will have an important place.

Administration

The CAP is administered through the National Commander, Lt. Col. Earle L. Johnson, A.A.F., and the National Staff, the members of which are officers of the U. S. Army Air Forces. There are 40 wings, each with a commander, in the 48 states. Each wing is made up of squadrons. The Florida Wing Commander is Major Richard P. Robbins and the Miami Squadron Commander is Lt. Fred Krause.

WINDBLOWN

Betty Hirsch of the Payroll department appears on the beach Sundays as regularly as she into the Colonade weekdays.
**COLONNADE**

_by Mary Frances Quinn_

Our Colonnade building has suffered a loss this week as H. T. Carpenter ("Gramp" to us) assumed new duties as assistant to George Wheeler, Vice-President, with offices at the Technical School. We are all going to miss "Gramp" and those clever little poems that he so often composes.

Charles Perron will move into Mr. Carpenter's office to carry on for him and see that we all get our Bonds regularly, while retaining his regular duties in the Budget and Finance department. Good luck to both of you!

We had a most welcome visitor with us last week—Sam Sparks, Assistant General Manager of the Riddle-McKay Company, Union City, Tenn.

**Christmas Carols**

Mary Vallowe of the Accounting department, and her husband, Pfc. George R. Vallowe, will be singing their Christmas carols with their families in Washington, D. C., and Pittsburgh, Pa.

Elizabeth Schacht, also of Accounting, has been counting the days until she and her husband hop that train for Philadelphia, Pa.

And Margaret Campbell, Accounts Payable, has had that wonderful gleam in her eye which means, of course, that she is going to be with her Joe in Washington, D. C., for the Christmas holidays. Margaret, I'll bet your Joe looks mighty handsome in his Chief Petty Officer's uniform. But we'll hear all about that when you get back.

Kaye Weidman has left us for a couple of weeks to be with her son, Dudley, stationed in Texas. Hope she doesn't trade that cute southern accent for a western drawl.

And don't forget the Embry-Riddle Christmas Supper Dance next Saturday night at the Macfadden-Deauville Hotel.

**GIVE A BOND FOR CHRISTMAS!**

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**SAFETY SLANTS**

_by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director_

Absence may make the heart grow fonder but when it's absence from work, it certainly makes the bankroll weaker. For those in or near the Tech School there is no excuse for sickness if an ounce of prevention can save a pound of expensive cure.

We are ready and more than willing to furnish the ounce to save you the pound. Doctor House is accessible and happy to have you consult with him at any time. His services are available to all Embry-Riddle personnel without charge. Take advantage of them.

The problem of adequate fire protection for the Tech School area has been solved. We have just been assigned a very fine piece of fire fighting equipment which embodies a 500-gallon engine-driven pump, together with hose, nozzles, ladder axes and other accessories. This outfit is supplied through the Miami Fire Department by the Office of Civilian Defense.

All we need now is a trained fire brigade and we would like this to be considered as a call for volunteers from Tech, Engine Overhaul and other departments located in the area. The first company will be trained by Capt. Davis of the Miami Fire Department, who has done such a fine job at the Fields. O.K., volunteers, give me a ring on extension 156, Tech School.

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**PARDON US PLEASE . . . But We Feel Another Campaign Speech Coming On**

As a rule, we don't go in for soap box oratory. But honestly, whenever we start thinking about Aviation, its present and its future—well, we simply can't restrain ourselves.

Aviation is a tremendous business and it's going to be a whole lot bigger. It needs trained men and women to do today's job and the ones ahead. If you'd like to build your career in this fastest growing of all industries, why not let us tell you all about Embry-Riddle and the training we have to offer?