Letters to the Editor

13 (County of Kenty) Sqn.
Churchstanton
Tauton
Somerest

My dear Mr. Riddle:

After a multitude of forwardings your letter reached me, its envelope practically worn out by overzealous postmasters.

Thank you indeed for writing, and thank you for the nice things you said. Yes, Helen has become quite an institution in the Squadron. Every week when the Fly Paper comes there is a rush to read Colonnade and to gaze with longing at the cute little photo at the top of the column. Can't we have a larger photo? Something natty in the nature of two pages. I mean, didn't it that a postage stamp's worth of oomph is all very well, but it doesn't go far among twenty or so men.

In fact, I am usually the last man to see the Fly Paper. I take an exceptionally dim view of this considering it is plainly addressed to me.

Talking of dim views, the Squadron's view of Helen's going and getting married is quite unprintable. No patriotismism of these girls—going and giving one lucky guy more than he deserves instead of being a general inspiration and stimulus to the fighting forces.

I should like to tell you a little of life on the Squadron if the Censor (Bless his cotton socks) won't object.

We are lucky flying a brand new peach of a fighter. (A famous name with a new mark!) We do quite a bit of work with the U.S.A.A.F. Bomber boys, usually acting as cover and a deterrent to Huns. At least that's the idea. But with bad weather we win the War sitting around doing nothing. An excellent occupation. One whose merits I had not yet fully realized. In fact, after the War I hope never to do anything else.

Ken Foskett is here from Carlstrom, a chap from No. 2 BFTS. I'm always learning. He talks admirably and, as a matter of fact, has some ideas about flying, which I value immensely.

We exchange happy memories of blondes and beaches, drinks and the Deauville, mint juleps and Miami, juke boxes and jive sessions, cooks and cuties. Those were the good days.

I'm always running into the man himself or his backwash-—one George Burdick. Our ideas on discipline were slightly divergent.

But Squadron life is the real thing. It's more like a club than anything else. All grand guys and good flyers. I was on a Czech squadron before this one, and boy were they a crazy crowd. I was so sorry to leave them for we were down near Dover and had the time of our lives.

I take off my hats to them. There was nothing they would not sail into were it an FW 190 or a U-Boat pen. That was the trickiest job the Squadron ever had. Absolutely no future in it. But they came out laughing. Czech over the RT takes some understanding, but I gathered that their remarks on that occasion were humorous and very ribald. Czech is a pukka language to swear in.

Just back off a very good (too good) week's leave in London. The old city seems to be waking up a bit at least, and the three of us who went crawled back on our knees, wiser but not in the least sadder.

It is so good of you to help me with my novel. I have rewritten it and have treated the most "pukka gen" heroine ending up wishing like Pygmalion that I could make her come true.

Riddle Field figures in it quite a lot. So do a few old friends under different names. When all is complete I shall send you a copy.

With all good wishes for Christmas, and when you are sitting down to your unrationed orgy dedicating a silent prayer for us to the god of good living and plenty (a Chinese Deity whom I greatly esteem).

Very sincerely,
Desmond Leslie Strabismus

Editor's Note: We're sorry to hear that Helen's marriage proved such a blow to so many, Strabismus, but if you knew her husband as we do, we're sure all would be forgiven. "Penny" came back from the wars at Christmas time and whisked our Helen away to New Mexico, so, you see, the boys in your squadron are not the only ones deserted. As consolation prize, we are printing Helen's picture along with your letter. (Apologies to Li. Penneyer!) And on the opposite page we offer a pin-up picture of lovely Frieda Potextiz of Mr. Riddle's office.

42 Sheridan St. Pleck
Wallsall, Staffs.
England
November 29, 1943

Dear Editor:

We have received regularly copies of The Fly Paper, for which we thank you, ever since our only son, Sft. W. A. Dutton, R.A.F., who was a Cadet in Course 6 at No. 5 B.F.T.S., left Clewiston.

We have found the papers amusing and instructive, especially when our son's picture appeared therein, as it did on several occasions. A particularly happy one appeared July 16, 1943, of Yellow Flight taking the trophy. What a happy bunch of lads, and what memories it recalls.

I regret to inform you that our son has now been officially presumed killed while serving as Bomb Aimer on Flights 16 or 17, 1943. We are proud to know that our son gave his life freely in a great cause.

Under these circumstances we have passed a number of your papers on to our local A.T.C. where our son received his preliminary flying instruction. We should regard it as a favour if you would in the future be good enough to post copies to Mr. Hobsay, Adjutant, 196th Squadron, A.T.C., Blue Coat School, Wallingford, England, where they will be appreciated by our future airmen.

Before closing, we take this opportunity of thanking all the American and Canadian friends who contributed to his happiness and for the wonderful times he had while in your country.

Wishing you every success for the future, yours truly,

Mr. and Mrs. W. Dutton

Editor's Note: We want to extend the sincere sympathy of the entire Embry-Riddle organization to the Dutton's. We have complied with their request and have put Mr. Hobsay on our permanent mailing list so that the future airmen can enjoy the Fly Paper.

577321 Sgt. Crooks
M.P.O. 504
R.C.A.F.
Ottawa, Canada

Dear Lorraine:

Here at last is the letter I promised you. I shall not make excuses for the delay, for women never believe you anyway.

I must humbly apologize for not being in camp when you made your fleeting visit, but I can assure you that I should have been there had you given the slightest warning. I was in tow at the time with Syd and Eric.

You will probably have finished your vacation by the time you receive this, so I hope you really enjoyed yourself. I certainly enjoyed my own.

I rather expect you can appreciate how cool the weather is here. We did some physical training this morning and actually started to pray for a little Florida sunshine.

The Wings Parade went off quite well, and I was very pleased to see Wain Fletcher there, just to cheer us on, but of course you can realize that it would have been a thousand times better with your presence.

The Wing Commander was exceptionally pleased with the air display, and so he should, I myself, very pleased to receive what I have been saving for for a few years.

The graduation dinner was quite a success, with speeches being made by all and sundry, and it was there that I heard that you had called in at the camp. You can rest assured that it spoiled the rest of my meal for thinking of having missed you.

We had quite a comfortable journey up here but took a day longer than the scheduled time. Consequently, we just missed something that might have landed us home

December 31, 1943
by now. We didn’t stop at New York as was intended, which was a big disappointment, but we had quite an enjoyable time at New Haven, which is just between New York and Boston.

We are having a nice easy time in camp here while we wait, which does give us a chance to make up for lost sleep and also to write a letter or two now and again. I have been meeting many old friends with whom I came over, but who went to different schools, and so of course we find plenty to talk about, as you can well imagine.

I don’t think you will have time to write to this address, so I will write down my home address on a separate slip of paper and they can always find me until I settle down somewhere.

I hope you are keeping well and are not too miserable about going back to work after your vacation.

Please give my love to your mother and thank her for allowing me to disgrace the threshold. If you happen to see Syd around, say cheeiro for me please, and to the rest of them for that matter.

For you, I hope to see you again sometime soon, and if you could find a picture I should be grateful, although I don’t need one to remember you by.

Here’s hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours very affectionately,
Sammy

Editor’s Note: Thanks, Lorraine, for allowing us to publish your letter from Samoa. Sgt. Crooks was graduated from Riddle Field with Course 14, and he writes to Lorraine Rosley of Mr. Ireland’s office, whom he met at the last Embry-Riddle dance in Miami.

Lake Wales, Florida
239 Lakeshore Blvd.

Dear Editor:

I would like to have the Fly Paper sent to me because I am very interested in anything that concerns flying or flyers.

I am in the Bartow group of the CAP and am now getting Navigation and Meteorology every week. I was trying to get my civilian license but they said I was too young so I joined the CAP to learn to fly.

Yours truly,
Cadet Townsend Pennington

Editor’s Note: The Fly Paper is on its way to you, Cadet Pennington, and may we congratulate you on your efforts to become a flyer. There is a great future in aviation and we feel certain that you will play a part in it.
THE NEW YEAR

January 1, signifying as it does the birth of a new year, gives us pause to reflect. The past year has seen us pass the turning point in the War and progress definitely on the up hill road to victory. We who are in aviation consider our part to be a major one. It is true that tons of supplies, hundreds of thousands of men, have been moved by air. Hundreds of ships have been sunk by planes. Large industrial areas in Axis countries have been laid waste and thousands of enemy planes shot down. That is the picture as it appears to us looking at one side.

The other side is a picture of the inevitable number of planes lost in these various activities. It is a prime requisite, therefore, that these be replaced. It now can be seen that aviation has a most promising future. It has proven itself and its part in a world of war and peace and now with the new demands to be made upon it, aviation's role becomes doubly important.

The Army even now has announced the production of the new B-29 super bomber in large quantities. Henry Kaiser is completing the first of mammoth cargo planes to dwarf anything built before. Willow Run is delivering planes to embarkation ports under airline regulations. West Coast plane manufacturers have increased their production rates astronomically compared with eight to ten years ago. The helicopter has been made a definite part of the war machine.

With the recent pledge by Gen. Eisenhower that the European phase of the War would be over in 1944, it becomes evident that the long awaited "second front" is soon to be instituted. This will require a use of planes which will dwarf any offensive of this War.

At Embry-Riddle we are concerned most intimately with the other side of the picture, the repair, the maintenance, the re-
Lucile Foote Writes
Of Trip To Brazil
Rio de Janeiro
Brazil
December 13, 1943

Dear Wain:

True to my word, here is a line. We were anxious to reach our destination but had a grand time. American women on the Natal Army Post are such a rarity that even an old married woman like me had a rush from the wolves. The Colonel gave several cocktail parties—and the beach at Ponte Negra is the most beautiful I have ever seen. (Even in California or Florida!)

Met two Chinese Ambassadors and various other celebrities. There were twenty-two Embry-Riddle employees there at one time and all of us were speechless with delight.

There is no place like the beach at Copacabana—born to three gorgeous night clubs—went to the Jockey Club yesterday where they have three tracks and more beautifully dressed women than I ever saw before. My husband even bought me a new hat!

We try our best Portuguese on the servants and usually get a surprise package. Fred asked for a demi-tasse cup and saucer inscribed with the Club's name as a souvenir—he received a large cup of coffee. Edith Johnston asked for a teaspoon and got a drink of Cognac.

American cigarettes are 45c a package—Fred is now smoking Brazilian although I only paid 65c for a grand shampoo and wax and 35c for a manicure. Very delectable steaks and marvelous pineapple. Several of the men have been under the weather, but we girls are a hardy bunch and are doing well.

Wish we could tell you how impressive this city is, and the harbor. Our plane made a test instrument landing into Rio (the day was clear) which afforded us a gorgeous view of the City. Carcavado and Sugar Loaf mountains are very close to the beach and form a formidable background for the many, massive, marble fronted buildings in town and the hotels along Copacabana.

Taxi's are very cheap and most cars carry sacks of charcoal in the trunks to refuel the huge tanks attached to the rear.

Fred and I had a most interesting time trying to draft telegrams in Portuguese to the school in São Paulo from Natal. We hear they used three translations but finally got the substance of the message.

The gang has gone berserk over the lovely leather goods and silk hose in these parts.

The trip across the Caribbean was magnificent. The pilot and captain honored each of us three girls by inviting us up front for part of the trip. He gave us quite a bump and roll over the Equator but we made it. Our most impressive scene was the coloring of the water our first day out along the islands from Miami to Trinidad.

Our spirits are high and we're all enthused, but each of us would like a look at a Fly Paper. So far I understand Fly Papers have had a rough trip trying to reach São Paulo.

Our best to all at Tech.

Lucile

John Paul Riddle Returns From Brazil

John Paul Riddle returned to Miami just before Christmas quite pleased with the results that the group of instructors, technicians and key personnel who are now in São Paulo are accomplishing.

"The wholehearted cooperation and good will on behalf of the people of Brazil regarding this project is something which touches us very deeply," Mr. Riddle stated.

"For the most part, I am very well pleased with the personnel who have gone to Brazil; but there possibly will have to be a few changes. However, I believe that this can be kept to a minimum due to the careful selection that has been made.

"Many of the instructors have acclimated themselves to the point where they are entering into games such as baseball, soccer and the like with local São Paulo athletic clubs," he added. "All instructors are working very hard, and it would do both Brazilians and Americans a world of good to see how well treated they are by the people of São Paulo."

Mr. Riddle is very enthusiastic in his praise of Dr. Joaquim Salgado Filho, the Air Minister, who personally accompanied the first group from Rio to São Paulo.

THE FOOTES

Lucile Foote, whose first letter has just arrived from Brazil, is secretary to James E. Blakeley, Director of the Brazilian Division in São Paulo. Her husband, Fred Foote, left the Aircraft and Engine Division at Miami to act in an administrative capacity at the new Technical School.
Dorr Field

"Man" of the Week

by Howard E. Rotchford

Out on the Flight Line we found our current "Man Of The Week." From a distance those slacks may fool you, but it is actually a woman. The personnel at Dorr Field is composed of many women but few are as popular as Edna L. Blount, Dispatcher for the lucky boys of Squadron 3, Class 44F.

Edna's pleasant personality came to Dorr Field on February 15, 1943. She's been a Dispatcher here ever since. A "native product," Edna went to Desoto High School in Arcadia and graduated in 1926. She's been happily married for 17 years—her husband is in a Seabee outfit somewhere in the South Pacific and has seen action on Guadalcanal. There are two more in the family—Madge and Celia.

The boys who have sat on the benches around her tower will always remember Edna for her interest and cheerfulness. According to her, she hasn't met a cadet on the Field she hasn't liked. A few weeks ago she helped throw a homelike party for her boys of Squadron 3. It was out at the Brownsville School House and such good fried chicken!

Yen For Travel

Edna has a great desire to travel, especially out West to see the Yellowstone National Park. She likes good books, movies and thinks "hot" music and jitterbugs are just wasted energy; hopes for an ending to the war within a year. She'd like to see her husband again by next Christmas.

Sorry we haven't more about Edna, but if you'd care to meet her she'd be only too willing to oblige. A really grand person!

THE PAY-OFF

by A.C. W. E. Stokes

Recent AAF attacks on Axis industrial centers and military objectives with their telling effect on troop destruction and civilian morale have given battle-tested proof to two long held beliefs: that the planes produced by American engineers are greatly superior to any being made by either Japan or Germany and that the training received by pilots and crews of the U.S. ships is the finest in the world.

The crippling blows dealt to Rabaul, the ruination of Berlin and the utter obliteration of the munition, rail and shipping hub of Hamburg gave the test of combat to U.S. pilots, and their achievements of air victory have marked their flight training with the seals of exceptional merit.

Honor Due

Letters received at Dorr Field from former cadets, now with wings, bars and combat service ribbons, have placed special emphasis on the importance of their primary training and the knowledge instilled in them by their flight instructors, knowledge which they have carried through all their training to the theater of operations.

Pilots participating in the Anglo-American African campaign, the Aleutians and the action in the Pacific have stated that too much honor cannot be shown to the men who taught them the principles of flight in primary school.

Gratitude

Appreciation for work accomplished seldom comes to the instructor until the student has completed his advanced training and realizes the value of good habits and safe flying taught to him in primary.

Of all the positions in the Air Forces, either of the civilian or the military personnel, the flight instructor's job is one of the most vital and, at the same time, most thankless. When the cadet receives his wings and is sent to combat, however, his gratitude to the man who first taught him the art of handling a ship is unbounded.

A typical illustration of the indestructible imprint left by the instructor upon the man he teaches is found in a letter recently received by E.J. Sharkey, a squadron commander at Dorr Field, from Capt. L.G. LaCroix, a member of the first cadet class to train at Dorr, now in the South Pacific area.

Dear Mr. Sharkey:

It sure was good to hear from you and to find that you are still at Arcadia and doing "O.K." by yourself. Glad you weren't a squadron commander when I went through, because you might have "washed" me out! Incidentally, I have run across

December 31, 1943
several of your old students but can't re-
member names.
I am now on the Australian mainland, 
and believe it or not—am "instructing a 
bunch of new pilots." The job is just tem-
porary detached service; gets a little tire-
some at times, but nevertheless I am getting 
some good experience. Since the last two 
months, I have flown all the fighters; in-
teresting work but I would be glad to get back 
with the squadron next week.
Most of the men that come through this 
school are fairly well trained, so our job 
 isn't too hard. We give them a little extra 
formation, gunnery, dive-bombing, etc.
I had quite a laugh about the ole vertical 
twister that you mentioned in your 
letter. I couldn't do so good in my acro-
batics in flying school but I really learned 
how in a Pursuit ship (the hard way). 
Incidentally, I think flying schools should 
make them more compulsory. I still have 
a lot of "SHARKEY" habits and am proud 
of them! Will get the next "Nip" for you-
LaCroix

DORR'S KEYHOLE
by A/C Norm Sharpless

Another year has rolled around once 
again, and we all are hoping that our 
Victory will be born in '44. This past year 
have gone by quickly though and much was 
accomplished—victories in Italy, progress 
in the Pacific, bombing raids on Germany, 
and we became Cadets!

Could Be

Some of the fellas do not know why Graf 
and Hartman down in Squadron 4 each 
have front teeth missing. Parks suggests 
that it might be due to the fact that those 
two are roommates. Could be?

L. A. Porter of Squadron 1 spent this 
Christmas at home but we are sorry to hear 
the reason. His dad is seriously ill, and all 
the fellas are offering their good wishes.

Johnny West says that everything was 
going smoothly at the USO show the other 
night; the tall comedienne awkwardly was 
demonstrating the contortions of a ballet 
dancer. Suddenly, someone with a voice 
sounding suspiciously like A/C Quacken-
bush remarked, "That's the way I land the 
Stearman!"

Not GI

Crooner Glenn Schnitke's fame has out-
grown his willingness to oblige. While the 
lads are all running around in circles try-
ing to squeeze some musical notes out of 
him, he is busy singing—either over the 
phone or personally—to Mrs. Schnitke 
who arrived last week. The fellas are all 
playing second fiddle now!

Johnny Holmes was running around the 
Flite Line last week looking for a special 
pair of shoes for flying. It seems that 
Johnny was to take the General for a flight 
and he wanted to give "his all." He just 
didn't like the odds against his wearing 
heavy G.I.s

The fledglings from 44-F are starting 
to take to the air alone and unaided now. 
Tiny Damen and F. M. Hawley were about 
the first of the soloers.

Although the class system has been 
abolished officially in the Cadet Corps, one 
of our number has reason to know a lot 
about the gentle art of "bracing." In a 
near-by town last week, three wandering 
pilots demonstrated all this to a willing 
audience. They put Bill Stokes through 
the paces just to make certain that they'd 
not lost the touch. He will verify that they 
were as eager as the student officers at 
Maxwell.

Not Figures

The holidays have curtained our sources 
of news, so we'll have to close now with 
Theodore Belfit's comment that "from the 
reports of the ground school, it might be 
well to suggest that we change our study 
to figures of air foils instead of just— 
figures!"

TO all Dorr Field personnel: It is 
through your efforts and loyalty that 
Dorr Field has taken its place 
among the largest and finest flying 
fields. You have made this possible 
in the short span of only two years— 
literally starting from nothing. At 
times the course has been a little 
rough and dim, but thanks to your 
understanding and spirit we have 
pulled through to smooth flying and 
sunshine.

The Dorr Field management takes 
this opportunity to extend its sincere 
appreciation and wishes you all a 
happy and healthy New Year.

Gordon Mongey, General Manager, 
Dorr Field

GENERAL WILLIAMS

Brig. Gen. John G. Williams, Command-
ing General of the 29th Flying Training 
Wing, with headquarters at Moody Field, 
Valdosta, Ga., began his Army flying ca-
Ree October 10, 1917, when he left a col-
lege career at Cornell University to become 
an aviation cadet.

Five months later, in February, 1918, 
he was graduated from Kelly Field, Texas, 
with a reserve officer's commission as a 
second lieutenant. He has been flying ever 
since. Today he has over 5,000 hours to his 
credit and holds ratings as command pilot 
and combat observer.

Up The Ladder

Following his graduation at Kelly Field, 
Gen. Williams was assigned as a flying in-
structor to Hazelhurst Field, Mineola, N. 
Y., from April to June, 1918. Subsequent 
early assignments included tours of duty 
at Page Field, N. C.; Dorr Field, Fla.; and 
Randolph Field, Texas.

In 1934 Gen. Williams was assigned to 
the Fairchild Air Depot, Patterson Field, 
Ohio, where he was chief inspector and test 
pilot of the depot of engineering. Follow-
ing this tour of duty, he was sent in 1937 
to Rockwell Field, Calif., where he served 
as depot supply officer until his transfer 
to Olmsted Field, Middletown, Pa., a year 
and a half later. At Olmsted he became 
technical supervisor for the Air Force 
there.

29th Wing

Transferred to Maxwell Field in Nov-
ember, 1941, the General became Asstis-
 tant Chief of Staff, A-4 at headquarters of 
what is now the Army Air Forces Eastern 
Training Command. In June, 1942, he was 
elevated to Chief of Staff of the Command. 
In January, 1943, he was appointed Com-
manding Officer of the 29th Flying Train-
ing Wing, with headquarters at George 
Field, Ill. Shortly afterwards he was trans-
ferred to the 29th Wing, where he has re-
mained continuously since.

Born June 19, 1896, in Beacon, N. Y., 
Gen. Williams was promoted to first lieu-
tenant in 1920, to captain in 1931, to major 
in 1936, to lieutenant colonel in 1941, to 
colonel in 1942 and to brigadier general in 
February, 1943.

FREEDOM OF RELIGION

by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt, Dorr Field

I once knew a woman who maintained 
with all seriousness, "I can have anything 
in the world if I want it badly enough and 
think hard enough that I can get it." There 
is a very large element of truth in that 
statement. A life philosophy could be de-
developed from that idea; it is a recognized 
religious truth.

The greatest religious Teacher of all 
times said: "If thou canst believe, all 
things are possible to him that believeth." 
(The Bible, Mark 9:23)
First, a word to the envious. Don’t scrape the bottom of your bank account, throw away a week’s ration of food and put the family into a nervous dither in a scramble to get a little trip by rail unless you are the Flying Fortress type—one who can charge through or over any obstacle.

If you are the Mustang type, or in medical parlance, the slightly super-thyroid type, stay at home for the duration. For you would not be able to stand at the entrance to the dining car an hour awaiting your turn to eat without feeling like an oyster at low tide.

And you would be on the verge of a nervous breakdown after a night on the train with the man in the seat next to you snoring into your left ear, a baby crying into your right ear while the train clanged, jerked and screamed around curves making up lost time and reminding you of all the wrecks of the past year.

Superwoman

And as for carrying luggage—with the scarcity of “red caps” you would need the muscles of a boa constrictor and the art of a Judo expert to get your typewriter and a heavy suitcase through the crowded stations.

Now if the Big Boss says, “Here, Jake, here is your ticket to Union City. Go up there and write the history of the pigeons and eagles of the genus Riddel-McKay”—well, you would go even as I did, although you were painfully aware that you were the Mustang type.

After my visit to the Riddle-McKay Aero Institute of Tennessee, I understood perfectly the sensations felt by the lamb, the rooster and the duck which the Montgolfier brothers sent up in the “gallery” of a balloon over Versailles, France, in 1783. Like those first aerial passengers, I saw sections of the country I had not seen previously. I met people about whom I had heard wondrous tales, and some wondrous people about whom I had not heard any tales, and I saw sights and heard sounds that I had not seen nor heard before.

Fisherman’s Paradise

Embry-Riddle Field is located in the northwest corner of Tennessee about fourteen miles from the Mississippi River and four miles from the progressive town of Union City. It is surrounded by one of the richest farming and cattle breeding areas in the State. Between the Field and the Mississippi lies the fabulous Reelfoot Lake which teems with black bass, pike, perch and many other kinds of fish.

The aristocrats of the duck world, the green head mallard, the black mallard and the canvas back duck, swirl down upon its waters by the hundreds during November. Many evenings I saw hunters return to the Davy Crockett Hotel bringing their full quota of ducks. And on more than one occasion I saw a jeep race across the Field after working hours, carrying uniformed hunters in search of duck or quail—something I had never seen before.

War Rendezvous

Another new sight was that of Cadets marching to the Flight Line dressed in fleece lined leather suits. The shuffling sound of their soft fleece lined shoes on the cold ground might have been that of the moccasin covered feet of a tribe of Indians padding to a war rendezvous. And another sound new to my ears was that of the whirring motors of pre-flight on a December morning when the thermometer was dropping toward zero.

Pre-flight at Carlstrom or Dorr has a low-pitched sound suggestive of a continuous explosion of bombs in the oozing jungles of Bataan, but pre-flight at the Riddle-McKay Aero Institute strikes the ear with the clear sharp sound of a distant roar of bombs raining down upon hard frozen earth as upon the battle fields of Russia.

Hospitality Plus

In keeping with the rich bounty of north-west Tennessee was the hospitality of the personnel, both civilian and military, at the Field. In every department I found the quintessence of friendliness and cooperation.

This hospitality reached a climax Christmas day when General Manager “Boots” Frantz and his charming wife Andry spread a Christmas feast that could not have been surpassed even in the legendary days of anti-bellum black mammy cooks. During the same time a few blocks away Millie Clark, the gay and gracious wife of Group Commander “Chic” Clark, was serving a twenty pound turkey and all the fixin’s to a group of lonely Cadets, bringing them some of the happiness of Christmas at home.

Fireside Breakfast

The following morning at six-thirty I ate my last breakfast in Union City with Millie and “Chic”—a breakfast of delicious hot cakes and bacon and home-made jams served in front of a pinelog fire. Then “Chic” motored me through a frosty zero zero ceiling to the little town of Fulton, Ky., to board the through-train for Miami.

The sincere good fellowship and courtesy of Embry-Riddle at Union City kept my ego soaring pleasantly and like the lamb, the rooster and the duck that landed safely back at the starting point, I returned safely down to earth, back in Miami.

DID YOU KNOW...

That two years ago this week (December 31, 1941) the Embry-Riddle Company welcomed the first nine Latin American students to report for technical training?

That two years ago this week, John Paul Riddle returned from a month’s trip to England?

That Course 9 at Riddle Field published their Listening Out edition in the Fly Paper on December 25th?

To all of you here at Embry-Riddle Field, all of you who have done so much toward making the past year sunny, may I extend wishes for a bright New Year, a New Year filled with the thankfulness of peace.

T. E. Frantz, General Manager
Embry-Riddle Field
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL
by Kay Bramlitt

Now that the Christmas holidays are here, everyone seems to be less reluctant to return to work, maybe because someone will do something so there will be some news for the Flight Paper. Lt. Col. George J. Ola, former Commanding Officer here, sent Christmas Greetings and New Year Wishes to all of Carlstrom Field's Army and Civilian personnel. Thanks, George. The same good wishes are returned to you.

Mail Bombardment
From the looks of the tons of Christmas packages sent to the Cadets, there must have been some happy boys around here Christmas day! Lula Mackie, our Postmistress, has really been working the past week or so; however, she has had the assistance of two Cadets (George Carstensen and Lawrence Stage, Jr.) and they have proved of inestimable value. This crew, together with Pfc. Seroes and his crew of cadet helpers deserves much credit in handling the mail during the Christmas rush in such a splendid manner.

While we're on the subject of mail, we are wondering who called the Operations Tower to find out if there was an Instructor on the Field named Carl Stromfield.

CapitulCorner
Word recently received from Kenneth Fleming, former Flight Instructor here, reveals that he and his bride of about three months are living in New York. Congratulations, Ken!

Another former flight instructor, H. W. "Buster" Birdsong, is now in the Navy and enjoying (!) much cold weather! His address is: Henry W. Birdsong, Jr., A/S Co. 1926, USNTS, Great Lakes, Ill. A letter from any of his old friends probably would be greatly appreciated.

The Carlstrom enlisted men's basketball team played their first game of the season on December 27 against the DeSoto High School team, and won! The score: 25 to 12. Corp. William C. Fuge was high scorer with 10 points.

Up A Note
May we present Pfc. Bernard Faught of the Army Personnel office. Congratulations, Bernie!

Former Carlstrom-trained Dorr Field Cadet of Class 42-D, Lucius G. LaGruex, who has been on duty in the South Pacific for some months, recently was promoted to Captain. His new address in 7th Sqdn., 49th Gr., APO 713, Un. P. No. 2, San Francisco, Calif.

Arthur A. Viens is now a full-fledged Flight Instructor. Welcome to the staff, and congratulations!

Instructors Paul Peck and Charlie McCoy made a grand entrance to the Flight Line on the 27th in a B-25 piloted by Major C. B. Anderson from Morrison Field, West Palm Beach.

NEW YEAR Continued from Page 4
placement of equipment and the training of personnel to maintain the ranks on the fighting front. Each of our divisions has a definite spot in this picture. Aircraft Overhaul, Engine Overhaul, Instrument Overhaul, Field Service have their repair activities. The fields are concerned with personnel replacement.

This year is going to require work and hard work to maintain the arm air at its peak efficiency. We will have to work with smaller numbers of workers, more unskilled labor as the needs of the armed services draw their manpower from our ranks.

Each Strategic
The reward is there, however, for with the end of this year the eventual victory will be well at hand, and when the peace comes the real future of aviation will begin. Those of us who have labored now will be trained for a place in this post war world in what will be the most rapidly growing industry in the world.

Let us not lose sight of the fact that this will not be possible unless we emerge victorious from this War. We will if each of us devotes 100 per cent of his working time to produce and maintain the tools for our fighting men and loans every possible dollar to provide the money to finance the War effort.

Mother: "Tommy, the canary has disappeared!"
Tommy: "That's funny. It was right here when I tried to clean it with the vacuum cleaner."

To members of the Embry-Riddle family: I appreciate this opportunity to express my thanks for the cooperation and faithfulness shown during the past year. To succeed in our present endeavor a complete understanding of common problems is necessary—and this I believe Embry-Riddle employees possess in an amount far above average. Greetings of the Season to you all.

H. Roscoe Brinton, General Manager
Carlstrom Field

ODE TO A DODO
by E. W. Wilkins, Dorr Field Instructor

There's a helluva lot of work, my lad,
To get to fly your bit,
There's sweat and grime and dirty hands
To make a motor fit.
There's compass and scale and aching eyes
Before you plot a course.
There's devotion and variation
And compensating force.
There's clouds and winds and angle of drift,
The kinds and ways of fog.
You've got to know all this and more
Before you set your log.
There's books and rules and graphs to learn,
Remember, "Add wind right."
There is no play, no fun for you,
You study through the night.
There's a helluva lot of work, my lad,
As I have said before,
But after tasting once the sky
You'll fly forever more!
So don't give up, don't quit, my boy,
Just grab another hold,
"Cause through it all, remember,
It's worth it, a thousand fold.
Wild and various rumors are leaking out around the Field leading us to believe that a gay and cheerful Christmas Holiday was enjoyed by all.

This unorthodox propaganda has not been verified as yet; however, we do have at hand reliable information that would tend to substantiate such a theory.

“Cookie”

Billie, for instance. “Wrongway” Fernandez (noticed emphatically underscoring the “I wanna lil’ bit of QUIET in the house” of the Sho Sho Sho Baby recording) reports that she enjoyed a rollicking good time with the rest of those celebrated Flight Instructors who congregated Christmas Eve to indulge in a bit of Christmas Cheer.

Drifters In

Others that dropped or drifted in, as the case may be, were the Dave Narrows, the Tom Moxleys and their very attractive guest Lillian Curry, Dave Pearlman and date Betty, Herr Eltaldo Tierney and comely date Dolly (her first public appearance incidentally, brave girl), the Tim Helfins, the Bruce Hadleys, “Powerhouse” Campbell and date Alberta Francis, and lastly Whipstall DaBoll and yours truly.

Should you ever have the opportunity to throw a little of this same atmosphere around Billie, get her to tell of the adventures of “Wrongway” Fernandez. Almost as rare as Christmas tree lights. Much more instrument weather like that and we’ll have more Dick and Betty pilots than we can count.

Chapman was highly honored last week when Lt. Bud Belland, USNR, founder and past editor of the Fly Paper, and wife Jean paid us a visit. Mr. “G” and Bud had quite a time reminiscing over old times when men were men and dispatching was mere child’s play. OPERATIONS PLEASE NOTE! (Put down that chair, I was only kidding!)

Old Times

Other visiting celebrities included well known personalities Jack McKay, Jr. and Don Beardslee, two “pre-war” Flight Instructors. Don is now an Inspector with the Civil Aeronautics Administration in Detroit and Jack is still connected with Pan American Airways. Don, Bill Hutchins and Mr. Gibbons had a great time hashing over past friends and good times.

Santa Claus brought us two new classes to be known simply as 44-G Elementary and 44-G Intermediate with Flight Commanders Dave Narrow and Dave DaBoll officiating respectively. Just what Tim Helfin wanted. The new kidoollers really seem anxious to get going and with line checks out of the way, they’ve promised us real action. Let’s see what you fellows can do.

Rare orchids and many bushels of “tankusire’e’s” from the Flight Line to Tiny Davis for the delicious apples given to Operations. Doc Davis really goes all out to keep everyone here healthy and happy.

The Past Year

It hardly seems that it was only a year ago this month that Chapman was shifting into high gear after the move from Municipal. That’s when flight instructors flew anywhere from 6:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. and filled what spare time they had doing the million odd jobs that needed to be done, nailing, sawing, painting, pushing, moving and cleaning, as well as the important business of fishing and gigging; and still they flew a full day’s schedule.

Those who had cars dined in South Miami at noon while others brought lunches and canteens of water. At that time the ants hadn’t eaten for months, and we were driven to stark-raving madness by these and sundry other insects. Landcrabs and snakes set up housekeeping not only in the Mess Hall and hangar but in ships as well.

“Navy Landing”

It was back there that Dave Pearlman and student Kent Courtney shot a “Navy Landing” with the gears up wakening everyone in the near vicinity; and Dave DaBoll’s student tripped the light fantastic in one of our beseaved Wacos.

Later Jim Pollard initiated Pollard Field and Jimmy Gilmore gave birth to his famous poem, “Mr. Five by Six,” which is reprinted here for your amusement. Sterling Camden transferred from Carleton to take over the General Managership of Chapman and did much to shift those gears we spoke of right into high. He’s had a good share of the trial and tribulation entailed in his work and holds the admiration of many for the ability and dexterity used in keeping everything “on the beam.”

I could ramble on for hours but if you wish to know more, just ask those that were here then such as Dave Narrow, Jim Pollard, Gardner Royce, Dave DaBoll, Tom Moxley, Tiny Davis, Lewis Smith, Herb Mueller, Bill McGrath, Dave Pearlman, Charlotte Kayser, Helen Garis or Mr. Gibbons who’ll take you back to when the main operations and only flight activity were at the Seaplane Base.

Stick To Your Guns

And so another year has passed and another on its way. We hope it brings you lots of luck, happiness, prosperity and peace. Stick to your guns, fellows, and don’t get too reckless with those New Year Resolutions.

We have now worked together for a little over a year at the Miami Flight Division, and it is a pleasure and a privilege to have this opportunity to thank each and every one of you, my fellow workers, for the unswerving loyalty and support given me during this time, with the full knowledge that whatever success has been ours during this year has been a direct result of your efforts.

Let us go into the New Year knowing that continuation of the “esprit de corps” as demonstrated in the past will make success ours. May I take this opportunity to wish all of you a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Sterling W. Camden, Jr.,
General Manager
Miami Flight Division

MR. FIVE BY SIX

by James O. Gilmore

Beside the line of yellow trainers
’Neath the Stinson’s shining wing
Stood the Boss Man, Sterling Camden,
Gazing on a wondrous thing.

Watching too were female linemen.
Watching were the brave instructors;
Males instructors, females too.
Watching with the office crew.

Maintenance force manned aghast,
A startling thing had come and past.
Then the Boss man spoke this story,
A tale of wonder and of glory—

In the season of the Hurricane
Back the year of twenty-one,
A lady whom we shall not name—
Had a baby—had a son.

Tall he grew into the clouds
The mother saw and she was proud.
She saw him growing very tall
But then he heard the Airport call.

She saw his seeking out his runway
Saw him trodding down the lane
Saw him looking strangely skyward,
Gazing on an airplane.

The boy is here before you now.
He’s done this thing we knew not how.
Moxley is big, the cub is small
This fact matters not at all.

For Tom got in and more to boot.
He took along a parachute.

Then as the crowd began to wonder
We saw the rain cloud, heard the thunder.
Saw the droplets falling earthward,
Heard them strike the roof resounding.

Safe behind the Hangar door
We saw the rain, we heard it pour.
Then we heard the awful cry—
“Someone help! I’ll drown, I’ll die.”

Each one heard Tom’s pleading shout—
“I got myself in but I can’t get out!”

We add the moral, one line more.
Tom was built for a DC-4.
WHITCAPS
by Cay Silleocks

Nothing very exciting has taken place around here since we last went to press. Guess it’s the lull before the next holiday. Let’s get the stray bits together and see what gives.

First of all we now have Ed Skinn riding in the front seat of our water jobs. We are very happy to have you with us, Ed. Do bring that sweet Madeline of yours down more often—we enjoyed having her pay us a visit.

Jack Jacks has been passing out the “bokes” to celebrate his Instructor’s rating. Nice work, Jack.

Columnist Cara Lee Cook and her fiancé (just in case you hadn’t heard!) Dave Du Boll, paid us a Christmas call. And it’s about time too! Bill Butler, Betty Bennett and Les Moore all made life a bit more pleasant by dropping in. Then there was the card from Pvt. Leland McDaniels asking to be remembered to all his friends and requesting that one and all write.

Buoy Attached

If you hear the Navy moaning “where is my wandering buoy”—refer them to Joe Moller. He can tell if he will. From all reports Joe’s sailboat is going to be some nifty little craft—with all the convenience of home—including the buoy.

Speaking of sailboats—Dave Narrow has been putting in some time the last few days. He checked out Earl Jourdan and Lt. Young one day. The fish weren’t biting too well but the waves were very friendly and playful—slapping the trio on the back then dancing away only to start all over again.

As yes, a new student has joined our merry throng—Lily Allen! Alva Hefts is back studying for his Commercial, or have I mentioned that before?

Our next appearance will be in 1944. My wish for the New Year is deep and sincere and my hopes many. One way of expressing it is by the old Chinese toast: “May you walk safely down the path where duty leads you.”

A NEW YEAR’S THOUGHT

“This above all, to thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Being true to yourself means doing, each day, your daily work, faithfully, honestly and to the best of your ability—so that, at the end of the day your own Inner Self can say “Well done.”

Your own conscious realization of a day’s work well done will give you far more personal satisfaction than the amount of pay you have earned for the day.

Probably no one could do mankind a greater service than to find a preventative for colds.

In the meantime we can do much to protect ourselves by such simple measures as not standing in a draft while perspiring and promptly changing wet clothing and shoes.

Heat is one of the three essentials of life, food and air being the other two. It has been found that it takes all the calories produced by a full day’s food to dry one’s clothing on the body. This radical reduction of the body heat reduces its resistance.

I am inclined also to blame unwise exposure to fans for many colds.

The treatment of the common cold is quite unsatisfactory, but I have found that the earlier we begin, the better the result. One-half level teaspoonful of common baking soda, in water, taken together with one aspirin tablet every three hours for three or four doses seems to be most helpful. The following day a small dose of Epsom Salts (not more than one teaspoonful) dissolved in one-half glass of water before breakfast, if needed, adds much to the welfare of the patient.

COMMON COLDs
by Dr. Albert L. House, Tech School

No human “misery” causes more uncomfortable hours than the common cold, and it frequently leads the way to pneumonia, pleurisy, chronic bronchitis and other diseases.

There is a constant warfare between the germs of serious diseases and “We the People,” the germs always being with us as a sort of “fifth column,” ready to take advantage of our physical condition.

The common cold is the most frequent cause of the lowering of our physical resistance, because, while a normal mucous membrane is resistant to the entrance of germs into the system, a sick and inflamed membrane is, on the contrary, non-resistant. So they gain foothold and our home guards, the white blood corpuscles, already occupied to their full strength in combating the cold, often are unable to overcome the second attack by more malignant enemies. We “come down” with pneumonia or what have you.

SafetY SLANTS
by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

Emory-Riddle employees are a loyal group of folks—sometimes too loyal to their job. Old man flu is on the warpath. Many of our people have met him and fallen victim to his attack, yet because of job loyalty have continued to report for work when they should have been home in bed. I am certainly not trying to increase absenteeism, for part of my particular job is to reduce it. I still say, “If you are sick, feverish, subject to chills—STAY HOME.

STAY IN BED—TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.”

Fighting the flu on the job is poor...
RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B.F.T.S.

by Harley Case, Acting Editor

In this new year would you like an opportunity to play more tennis, golf, volleyball, baseball, basketball, pool, pitch horseshoes, or fish? A new movement has started to give you a chance to do all these things and play any other games you care for!

A Recreation Board has been formed at Riddle Field composed of these men: E. J. Smith, J. W. Darden, Lou Place, Jock Moyes and Marty Bennett, with H. I. Robinson as chairman. The board met with Lloyd Budge, athletic director for Embry-Riddle, to discuss plans for the new year.

The committee's first job is to learn your interests. Later a director will be named for each activity—someone to carry out your wishes, help form teams and arrange for tournaments.

Look up a member of the committee and contribute any suggestions you have. Ask him for a copy of the questionnaire on which you can state your sport preferences. And don't forget, ladies, this is for all employees.

Orchids To Us

A recent Air Ministry Training Bulletin handed out this bouquet: "No. 5 B.F.T.S. at Clewiston, Fla., has produced the finest Intelligence Library of any R.A.F. school in the North American continent."

Credit goes to Lt. Bruce Smith, Ground School head Clifton Bjornsen and also to Earl Schwartzkopf for his fine mural.

This room is appreciated by cadets and used frequently. A glance at the roster shows that Instructors have not made full use of this gold mine of information. This may have been caused by inconvenient hours, by lack of directions to find the place, or lack of advertising. All three are now corrected.

1. Instructors are urged to make use of the I.R. at any hour of the day they have available.

2. Directions: Enter the North Ground School building at the center door; walk straight back to a sign "Abandon hope all ye who never enter here."

3. This paper will try to keep everyone informed concerning the new publications as they arrive.

People You Know...

Lorine Jones is leaving January 5 to join the WAVES. Her first stop is Hunter College in New York City.

Marty Bennett passed his flight test for a Private License. After the test, which was given by "Len" Povey, Marty was hazed by some of his friends. We heard the details from a man who did not know there was a young lady within earshot — was his face red!

William Thomas Ball of Gadsden, Ala., started work here last week. He is helping to direct field maintenance. Newcomers in Maintenance are: Elias Jenkins, James Hodges and Henry C. Russell.

Parachute Rigger

Anne Louise Stephens from Fayette City, Pa., is the new apprentice parachute rigger. She will replace Carrie Hampton who resigned recently.

George Sloan and Mark Kenan left Monday for a week's business trip to Georgia and South Carolina cities. Mrs. Welsh of the Canteen spent Christmas with relatives in Miami.

Charles Nesbitt, lineman, has returned after a short leave. Otis Cason, formerly in Maintenance, visited friends at the Field recently. He is now working in the shipyards at Jacksonville.

Six former Primary Instructors have been transferred to Advanced: M. L. Jones, James Bridger, Laurence De Marco, Daniel E. Mueller, E. P. Schwartztrauber and Philip Kinsey.

Young Visitor

A. H. Nicodemus, head of the Mess Hall, was visited last week by his son, who is attending Miami High School.

J. R. Horton, manager of the Aircraft and Engine division in Miami, dropped in to show our Intelligence Room to three visitors: A. E. Barr and Knewt Crichtfield of A & E and Major Percy C. Stoddart of the A.A.F. The much-bemedalled major was one of those flying B-17s into Pearl Harbor on that December 7. He has since been mentioned in Queens Die Proudly.

A tribute to Mr. Turner of the Fort Myers Coca-Cola Company. The cakes at the Christmas dance were his donation to the benefit fund.

Carl Ziler has purchased Mr. Smith's Comet and is well on his way to a two-ocean navy. This makes three boats.

Seasonal Greetings from England

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Guille of Liverpool wish to convey through this paper their Seasonal Good Wishes to all at 5 B.F.T.S. Their son, Cadet H. W. Guille, graduated with Course 15.

Thru The Kitchen...

The next time someone puts the hex on you with "May all your mashed potatoes have lumps!"—don't let it worry you. Just go over to the Mess Hall and reassure yourself with a look at their giant new potato peeler. They tell me it will hold 80 quarts. It kneads dough (as who doesn't) and has gadgets for lots of uses.

While you're there, take a look around. The place has become mechanized. They have a steam pressure cooker as tall as I am and much fatter—due no doubt to the way it doesn't lose any vitamins. The answer to a K.P.'s dream is the vegetable peeler—only it doesn't really peel them. It
We are very grateful to all whose hospitality made our Christmas holiday so enjoyable. We wish all our friends, and Course 16, a very Happy New Year.

**COURSE 16**

Well, here we are back in circulation after a grand Christmas "break." Palm Beach was invaded in force and we contributed in our own meager way to the seven thousand service men and women at the Everglades party—a grand do!

Many of the course achieved their ambitions by swimming and sun bathing on Christmas Day—just to be able to shoot the line. We thought we had better have it in print to confirm our statements.

All the members of the Course would like to have on record their appreciation to the people of Clewiston, Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale and Miami for everything. Their kindness eased the burden of being away from home at Christmas tide.

Our second spell of night flying and its thrills is now on, and the maze of taxing lights and "unseen" obstacles is an unbelievable experience.

**SAFETY SLANTS**

*Continued from Page 11*

In the ever growing cost of living for you, poor economy for the Company, for it exposes you to a greater possible loss of time and more serious disease, and it exposes as well your fellow employees. Pneumonia is lying in wait for those weakened by overwork, lack of rest, bad colds and coughs and, in spite of the magic of the modern sulfa drugs, is still a serious, dangerous disease to contend with.

The Embry-Riddle safety record is by no means the worst in the world. It also comes a long way from being the best. Let us each and everyone strive to effect a great improvement in 1944. A series of ten foremanship safety conferences are scheduled for the early part of the year. The subject matter is developed through a series of sound films produced by the U. S. Department of Labor and National Safety Council and should be of great interest and help.

I wish, as 1943 closes, to thank management, the various safety committees and employees in general for their cooperation in the safety program and to wish them, one and all, a prosperous, SAFE and HAPPy NEW YEAR.

**A DIAMOND**

Ten thousand feet, where the horizon is formed by the cloud tops and the sky, we start to descend between the almost ever present giant cumulus clouds. As we glide beneath the cloud level, our visibility increases by many miles. Far ahead a small diamond can just be seen. As we draw nearer the diamond becomes larger, and finally we circle over it. We have seen it many times before, but at this moment we realize for the first time what significant part it has played in our lives. This diamond is our base and our home. Here we have lived for the past half-year.

Then there were the Saturday morning color parades with all squadrons present—we marched out to the very center of our diamond where stands the towering flag pole and, with all at attention, the Stars and Stripes and the Royal Air Force Ensign were broken to the early morning breeze and slowly raised. Every man felt proud—proud of his fellow men, proud of his Squadron, proud of his Wing, and proud of his Country.

And so we came to know each other—and in that lies our conclusion. From England, South Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand and America—we were men with the same thoughts and ideals. Beneath any veneer of youth or humor or sophistication we are aware of this, and we have, deep and sincere, an immense pride in calling each other Friends and Allies.

Excerpts from Course 13's Listening Out article of the same title by Cadet Robert Cole.

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**COURSE 17**

On the Flight Line the other day our roving reporter overhead a conversation between two linemen. They were surprised at the rapid strides being made by Course 16's pilots, admiring especially their smooth take-offs and landings. Our representative did not, of course, point out that we had just started circuits and bumps. The pilots' reputation had to be upheld. Since we have all soloed, by the time you read this the number of "pilots" on the Field will have greatly increased.

The latest definition of a circuit is "the minimum time an aircraft requires to be in the air for the successful operation of all the knobs, levers, switches and dials."

**Night Flying**

We noticed last week-end a large number of white-faced red-flash boys. Inquiry revealed that they were due to begin night flying on the morrow. As our friend Andrews jokingly remarked, "All good things must come to an end."

Our sports editor informs us that following their ignominious defeat at the hands of the Giants of Course 17, the senior course selected the Primarians as their opponents for their last two games, only to suffer defeat once more.

Here is some good news for the newly formed "Make Do and Mend Society" of Clewiston. Five-Foot Freddy has decided to give his "man-sized" overalls to charity.

**Fireside Chats**

For those who are far away from home, we are pleased to announce that Jack Hayward is inaugurating a series of fireside chats. "Hayward's Homesick Hour" will be held in his study on Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 p.m.
"THEIRS TO DO OR DIE"

These gentlemen below are the sort of gentlemen who, when the boss says, "Let's see if we can iron out this (or that) problem," tie themselves away in extra, super, hyper-high-speed gear and iron out this (or that) problem before it really happens.

Kay Bramlitt didn't believe that these fellows appeared in the Fly Paper regularly so thought up this scheme to let "you-all" know just who does the odd jobs around the various boss' diggings. For the purposes of ready reference as to the scene of their endeavors, Kay suggested that the gentlemen's pictures be designated as "juniors" of the men for whom they work. Get acquainted with:

ROBERT H. DAVIS
(L. J. Povey, II)

DAVID BEATY
(John Paul Riddle, II)

NATE REECE, JR.
(L. J. Povey, II)

Technical Assistant to Vice-President in Charge of Flying Operations

President's Administrative Assistant

Administrative Assistant to Vice-President in Charge of Flying Operations

WILLIAM M. THOMAS
(J. H. Horton, III)

SAM SPARKS
(Thornton E. Frantz, III)

ARTHUR E. GIBBONS
(Sterling W. Camden, III)

Assistant to Vice-President in Charge of A & E Division

Assistant to General Manager Embry-Riddle Field

Assistant to General Manager of Miami Flight Division

J. W. DURDEN
(E. J. Smith, II)

W. L. "BOB" BULLOCK
(H. Roscoe Brinton, IV)

ARTHUR A. RAMER
(G. P. Mougey, III)

Assistant to General Manager Riddle Field

Assistant to General Manager Carlstrom Field

Assistant to General Manager Dorr Field
QUIET BIRDMAN GILE

The daddy of the blockbustcr bombs fell 4,000 feet and when it struck it left a crater 35 feet deep and 105 feet in diameter. It was dropped—not over 1943 Germany—but at Aberdeen, Md., October 6, 1920.

Its explosion sent a warning into the future that has materialized today in the deadly and disruptive bombings that have Germany wondering where to move its industries next.

Truman Gile, now supervisor of research engineering at Embry-Riddle, but then a staff sergeant and one of two enlisted bombardiers in the U. S. Army Air Corps, recalled today what happened when the bomb struck.

“We were flying about 4,000 feet in a Hadley-Page, an English plane which was being tested by the Army,” he said. “I dropped the blockbuster and a 100-pound bomb at the same time, because we wanted to test the two trajectories. They hit at the same time.

“The next moment our plane rose from 4,000 to 5,500 feet so fast that a newsreel ship covering the test could not photograph our plane, and we were pushed down so hard in the cockpit that we were unable to move,” Gile said.

The size of the crater proved the success of the test. These first blockbusters which weighed 4,300 pounds and carried 1,812 pounds, T.N.T., were designed for use against heavy battleships at the time that Billy Mitchell was conducting his bombing tests on ships off the Virginia Capes. His tests were so successful that it was not necessary to call upon the blockbusters and they were not used at that time.

Gile became the first man to drop a blockbuster while serving with the 258th heavy bombardment squadron, U. S. Army, at the Aberdeen proving grounds. He was stationed there three years and during that time dropped 115,000 pounds of live bombs and tested 17 different types of bomb sights.

The blockbuster type bomb is about as large as a bomb can be for practical purposes. Gile believes, and is only effective for specific duties. Because of its weight, only a single blockbuster can be carried, which means that the bombardier’s aim must be perfect or the mission has failed. Smaller bombs mean more shots. Blockbusters are needed, however, for certain objectives that could resist only type bombs.

At Embry-Riddle he has been directing the production of mock-ups and visual aids and experimenting in such fields as plastics. He already has produced a plastic carburetor, which is expected to prove particularly valuable for marine engines and seaplane engines, since it is not damaged by salt water.

Gile is a member of the Quiet Birdmen and has more than 4,800 flying hours. He is an associate member of the Society of Automotive Engineers also. He is married and has two children, Truman Gile, Jr., 19, who is a flying cadet at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, and Colleen, 18, who is a senior at Edison High School. He lives with his family at 829 Lake Drive, Miami Springs.

Panama

Panama is bounded on the north by the Caribbean Sea, on the south by the Pacific Ocean, on the east by Columbia and on the west by Costa Rica. It has an average length of approximately 600 miles and its greatest width is 120 miles.

To most of us Panama means the Panama Canal. Actually, the Canal is in the Canal Zone which is a strip only 10 miles wide crossing the country. The remainder of the country has its own government which is democratic in character.

Originally Panama was part of Columbia but she declared her independence in 1903. There is much discussion among the Panamanian peoples as to whether or not they are a Central American country. The general opinion seems to be that the North American continent consists of North America, Central America and Panama.

The people are a mixture of Spanish and Indian and the language of the country is Spanish. In the Zone both English and Spanish are spoken.

The climate is rather mild for a tropical country and the agricultural products are diverse, ranging from tropical to temperate. Bananas, coconuts, cacao, rice and pineapples are the chief items of food export. Cattle raising is carried on extensively. The most important mineral, especially to this country at war, is manganese.

The important cities are Cristobal and Colon at the Atlantic end of the Canal and Balboa and Panama City at the Pacific end of the Canal. Panama City is a new city built on the site of the former city which was destroyed by Morgan and his pirates.

In Panama City is the Cathedral finished in 1776, the domes of which are encased in mother of pearl. Other cities of importance are Aguaclulco, Almirante, David, Puerto Armuelles and Santiago.

Of vital importance and best known feature of Panama is that portion occupied by the United States known as the Canal Zone through which was dug the Panama Canal.

The history of the Canal and the hardships encountered in building it is a story which has been told and retold countless times. It is a monument to this country’s engineering ability, courage and persistence.

A most curious phenomenon associated with the Canal is the fact that although it connects the Atlantic and Pacific oceans which we naturally conceive of as being east and west, Panama is a country shaped like a flattened S, lying on its side so that the canal itself runs from northwest to southeast with the Atlantic end and actually west of the Pacific end. The people in Balboa see the sun rise over the Pacific Ocean while at the opposite end of the Canal it rises as expected over the Atlantic.

The Canal as may be imagined, considering its strategic importance, is well fortified and guarded, but in peace time when it may be visited more or less freely it is an awesome spectacle to see the mammoth locks and to realize the stupendous job necessary to construct the spillways and cuts. When the War is over this spot, because it is such an integral part of our national life, should be plainly marked on every traveler’s list.
The Dorr Way

by Jack Whitnall

Cadets of Dorr Field are looking forward to the publication of their new class book, Dorr Way, which has been dedicated to Victory for the Allies during the present year.

The new class book uses the Army Air Corps song throughout; phrases and groups of words contained in the song are used as titles for new articles and for the pictures and cartoons. The pin-up page, which was so successful in the last issue, has been increased to two pages. The pictures for this pin-up page have been supplied by the Cadets on the Field.

Much credit should be given to the committee composed of Cadets who prepared the book; also credit should be given to Cadet Nicholson for supplying a great part of the art work and cartoons to be found in the new book.

The front cover of the new book consists of a war scene which was drawn by Cadet M. E. Smith. It portrays a plane in flight and the Administration Tower through the Dorr-Way of a hangar.

Dorr Doings

by Jack Whitnall

Well, Christmas done come and gone. Many have been the remarks, "that we wish Christmas would come on a Saturday every year." It surely has been a long week end. What with the Canteen closed all day Saturday, no flying and the Mess Hall help getting through serving turkey dinner at 3:30, we'll almost admit that it was abandoned (we did not say that it was, we said almost).

Congratulations to Dan Weeks upon his recent promotion to Chief Chef. Dan has been with us ever since we moved over here just a little over two years ago.

In the very near future we'll have a new gate house at the Flight Line for the Guard to stay in. The work is being done by Mr. Jackson and a mighty fine job he's doing too. Special note to George Mackley. We've got hot and cold running water and steam heat. All we're looking for now is a nice looking hat check girl. Why, Lt. Rubertus offered us $40.00 per month for it as an apartment.

No, Hazel, that black and white four-footed animal that may look like a polecat is Carl Dunn's dog.

Chaplain Shonfelt is a real fire chaser. The other night we were approaching town and the siren started blowing. Tswa all we could do to hold the Chaplain down.

Maybe someone will come through with some news next week. We think we've got the distemper.

Tol'ably yours,
Jack

Freedom

Continued from Page 7

Your government and your home Church think religion is important enough that they have provided Chaplains for men in service. Services will be held as the men evidence a willingness to support.

At present a service of Protestant worship is held each Sunday at 11:30. An evening forum is also planned for Sunday. Arrangements are being made to provide Catholic mass on the Station during periods of medical quarantine. Dorr Field Cadets will find the Chaplain in the Canteen Tuesday and Friday evenings and Sunday afternoon. He is there to serve all faiths.

Let us preserve the freedom of religion by using it in personal religious living and in Army camp life. It is true: "All things are possible to him that believeth."

There is one thing we all want. It is one of the great principles for which we are fighting. That is The Freedom of Religion. We can preserve that freedom if we believe in it to the extent of using it. That means to be loyal to the tenets of our faith, to be faithful in the performance of the obligations of our Church, and to be true to the great moral principles of Almighty God.

How would you stack up if God called a stand-by inspection tonight?

Coming right down to Dorr Field, it means taking advantage of the opportunities of worship and the religious services of the Chaplain. It means using your religion every day and standing on the side of justice and fair play always. When did you attend chapel service last? Do you seek the Chaplain's aid in moral and religious problems or do you hide them in a closet of your mind where they will decay and ultimately blight your whole life?

G. L. Rockett Retires

Chief Warrant Officer Grady L. Rockett, recently stationed at Dorr Field, is now en route to his home at Laurel, Miss. From Dorr, W/O Rockett was ordered to the Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver, Colo., and last week was given leave of absence until January 16, when he is released from active duty.

Before his promotion to warrant officer, Mr. Rockett served as sergeant major on our Post and in that capacity won much popularity with everyone at Dorr Field. The entire personnel of the Field wishes him the best of good luck in an early and complete recovery from his illness.

You Too Must Invade . . . Your Income

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Colonnade

by Anne Park

Greetings, Gates, and how is every little Colonnader the week after Christmas? The party was really super deluxe, or should I say parties, don't you think? "Wouldn't it be nice if we could always stop work at noon."

Mr. Riddle walked in and surprised us all Friday afternoon. He looked fit as a fiddle, and it was great seeing him again.

As I meandered into U. J. Hiss' office Friday I noticed most of Personnel gathered there—plus Doris Hunley and Henry Graves of Engraving.

Congo Jake

Gertrude Bohres told me today that she's been hearing from her husband, better known as "Congo Jake," and for Christmas Gertrude received a full made luncheon set from the direction of Italy. Still, I wouldn't be at all surprised that Gertrude would much rather have "Congo Jake" than twenty luncheon sets.

Muriel Royce of Records is leaving us soon to return to California. Seems she can't stand our Florida sunshine, but then, this constant rain doesn't help things. Good luck, Muriel, and hurry back.

Welcome

Corrine Phillips of the Link Room is returning next week from a visit to her home in Iowa. We've missed you, Corrine, and will really be glad to welcome you back. And while I'm writing about the Link Room, Mr. Stahler informs me that the Instructors in Link have been working seven days a week training Link instructors for the Brazilian Program. Helen Blake is slowly getting grey hairs from worry but assures me that her pupils are doing fine.

And so, until next time—adieu, and the Happiest of New Years to you all.
ENGINE NOISES  
by Dick Hourihan

Well, Christmas is over but I don’t think we will forget our Christmas get-together for some time to come.

The program was arranged by Faye Foster and Patricia Drew and they did an excellent job.

The gift committee was composed of Pat Drew, Faye Foster, Ruth Behse, Erma Friant, Seline Coe, Red Godfrey and Pop Vail. Each employee received a gift and the buying and wrapping of two hundred and some gifts is no small matter.

Charles Grafflin did his usual swell job of M.C. and as a surprise Mr. Grafflin called Harry Green, John Hasting, Bert Williamson, John Brady, Percy Branning and Ace Brindley up to the mike and they danced around in a circle holding hands while the group sang *Jingle Bells*. This brought many a laugh from the crowd.

Tony Perez then sang a beautiful solo in Spanish and the same song in English. He then introduced his son, Gilly, age 3, who sang *You Are My Sunshine*, accompanied by his father on the guitar. Gilly is a very cute child and was not the least bit nervous at facing the group.

Florence Ohi was next introduced. The audience was anxiously waiting this particular number. Florence appeared in a beautiful Hawaiian costume and gave a dance we will long remember.

Another new addition to the program was Marta Nordell. Marta sang *Oh Holy Night* in Swedish and then sang *Silent Night*—both were equally beautiful. Charlie Grafflin followed up with *Silent Night* in English.

Another real surprise came when Pat Drew, our pianist, sang *I’ll Be Home For Christmas*. Looks like there’s no end to Pat’s talent. The group closed the program singing *Adeste Fideles*.

Bert Williamson then played Santa Claus and distributed a gift to everyone.

WE are on the eve of starting a New Year. Now is the time to make a most important resolution. We perhaps feel that we have done our best in 1943, but there really is no best—our efforts must be even better.

In this new year of 1944 the allied nations are going to double and re-double their efforts and then parlay them on to a final and successful effort to rid this world of its enemies. This will not be accomplished by our Army, Navy, Air Force or any one or two fighting branches, but by their combined efforts plus an all out aid from the home front.

We of the home front have the greatest confidence in our fighting forces. Let us then resolve to strengthen their confidence in us by doing our very best and then doing even better by eliminating absenteeism, by producing more War materials and by buying more War Bonds.

And to all the A & E Division a most happy New Year.

Joseph R. Horton,  
Vice-President in Charge of the Aircraft and Engine Division

The colored employees, after enjoying this program, gathered around their Christmas tree and distributed their gifts. The Engine Overhaul colored had as their guests the group from Aircraft Overhaul and, I’m told, they really had a grand time. Jack Brady had arranged a program of games and music and they danced, ducked for apples and pitched darts.

I want to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Hendrix for his cooperation.

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WING FLUTTTR  
by Medora Barling

Christmas is over for another year and things have quieted down to a low moan around Aircraft Overhaul. We celebrated the Yule with a party. There was a grab-bag, with presents for everyone and Christmas stockings for A. J. Benson and W. L. DeShazo and later Christmas carols were sung by all those present. The reports on the length and general trend of the party are many and varied, so we won’t question anyone’s word and drop the entire thing right there.

A new name is in our midst, Mr. Dickens, of the Inspection department. We hope he enjoys his association with us as much as we enjoy our association with him.

This place fairly bustles with activity, which is surprising, especially between holidays, or maybe they’re getting things set up for the New Year, Kelly Newsome doesn’t have time these days for his usual morning chat, and Mr. Benson rushes around like mad.

We have reports that Karen Linford is writing her autobiography, a very special request from one of the members of the Field Crew. If this person will report to the Superintendent’s office between the hours of 8 and 4:30, we will present him with the first autographed copy. Form a line to the right, boys.

An appeal for help: Anyone knowing of an expert laundress, please contact Mar- jorie Stinson. A calamity has arisen in the Stinson household and all suggestions are welcome.

If I may have the attention of my highly esteemed reporters, news, any news, girls, would be appreciated.

At long last we have an excuse for the length of our column—the paper shortage. And so till next week, happy New Year everyone from all of us to all of you.

A & E News continued on next page

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY AT ENGINE OVERHAUL. Miami, took on a South Sea Island tone when Florence Ohi danced a la grass skirt. In the center is a shot of the audience which gathered for the Santa Claus program. At the right Tony Perez accompanies his son, Gilly, age three, on the guitar.
ALLOVER OVERHAUL

by Blecka Kiester

Here we are back again eager and ready to put our hearts and minds into our work after a very fine Christmas. Most of us felt like the cat that ate the canary when we found that we only worked a half day Friday. I'm sure I speak for all when I say we appreciated the half day to the fullest extent. It enabled us to do a lot of last-minute shopping and many other things that most everyone always puts off till the very last.

Honored Guests

Highlights of the day were when "Joe" Horton arrived bringing guests with him. The visitors made a tour of our various departments, after which they were served cake and drinks by the girls in the offices.

At noon, we assembled around our huge Christmas tree. "Joe" made a very fine talk and then introduced our guest, Major Stoddart, a Pilot on a B-17 of the 19th Bomber Squadron. He gave us a very accurate picture of his experiences and the War situation in the South Pacific. When asked about his many decorations, he very patiently explained each, but said modestly they really weren't anything. The Major also complimented us upon the fine work we are doing here.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Major Stoddart, also Joe Horton for bringing him to us. We hope Mr. Horton doesn't forget his promise to bring more of these interesting visitors from time to time.

We were glad to see A. E. Bars of the A & E Division and Nute Critchfield, Foreman of Final Inspection of Engine Overhaul at Miami, who accompanied "Joe" and the Major. Come to see us again, boys.

Thanks To All

A pretty sight was our Christmas tree which Rames and Wilna Holloway decorated. I'm sure all enjoyed the beautifully decorated tree. We also enjoyed so much the exchanging of gifts in the departments. I wish to thank the ladies of my department for the beautiful ones they gave to me. All in all, I believe it was a Merry Christmas despite the fact that many of us have loved ones far away in the service.

Frank Zetrouer took time out to go fishing during the holidays. Yes, and caught plenty fish, enough to share some with his friends.

Caroline Clement of ADD, also the daughter of your correspondent, left Tuesday for Melbourne, Fla, to join her husband, Ensign William Clement, who just finished his training and received his wings at Corpus Christi, Texas. Caroline was so happy over being able to spend Christmas with Bill, since he left last year just two days before Christmas and they have been separated the entire year. All my department join me in wishing Bill and Caroline much happiness and good luck.

At last, Lolly Bowning has made the front page. If you didn't see that book and our own cowboy in the Fall Roundup, you really missed a lot. Now, who would have thought we had such a "glamour gal" in our midst? However, we are proud that we have one who can be on the front page.

Lee Bishop is quite an electrician, take it from me. He is a "wow" at holding the ladder and tools while Charlie does the work.

Joe Garman, the missus, Joe's mother, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace and their daughter, Esther, spent a very enjoyable Christmas in Miami.

All hope for Roy Krell a quick recovery. Roy became ill Christmas Eve and has been sick all through the holidays. We miss the quiet unassuming guy.

Nell Ford pulled a fast one last week when she up and took upon herself a brand new husband. The lucky soldier is Pvt. Ike R. Turner, who at present is stationed in Miami. Nell, the riveter, has been with us for a long time. We wish the newlyweds worlds of happiness and success.

INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT

by Walter Dick

First off, lest we forget it, as if we could, our Christmas party in Instrument Overhaul was a gay affair and was enjoyed to the utmost by all.

We are short two good fellows this week—Mel Klein and Hugh Skinner. Oh, no, don't get sacred—it's only temporary. They are out on a well-earned vacation.

This week sees a new face out in the Paint Room—Ruth Nichols is aiding De lores in that department. Most of those who were out part of last week due to illness are back on the job and we trust that by the time this goes to press the remainder will have returned.

We purposely are making this installment short but we just wish to say this. We found that the War Bond which was included in our gifts topped all others. We hope many of you had the same experience.

The new year 1944 is upon us. Why not start it off with the purchase of an extra War Bond? It will pay big dividends in the years to come if purchased now. How about it, folks? Sure, I knew you would. Our boys will thank you.

A. D. D.'s

by Dorothy Keyser

In case you haven't noticed our haloes, we're in the Army stockroom have been busily exchanging notes of our "New Year's Resolutions," better known as "Conscience Cleaners" of 1943. I for one firmly resolve to submit my column before deadline hereafter. Milly claims she's so good she doesn't have to make resolutions . . . a point which I dispute.

Taking an obscure second place was our exchange of gifts, during the course of which Tommy Wynns was subtly reminded of the Ten Commandments and presented with a lovely bouquet of daisies. During one of the few opportune moments that Jack Salter could be distracted from the "mistletoe," he proudly displayed his skill at twirling a yo-yo. The climax of our party was reached with the presentation of the Detachment's gift to Capt. Bacon, which was a handsome desk set.
TECH TALK
by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

And so it came to pass one fine sunny afternoon that we strolled into the Library as is our wont, all shy, modest, unassuming and unsuspecting. We stopped for a quiet word with our book mentor, Dorothy Burton. She very helpfully suggested several interesting books and had made out the charge card for our final selection. Ten cents for 3 days and 3¢ a day thereafter on special books (adv.).

Then very quiet, sweetly she asked us if we would like to write Tech Talk this week. We, of course, ever the gallant, but none the less always the modest shrinking violet, blushed prettily at this compliment and said, “YES.”

Xmas Eve

Friday afternoon before Christmas. By the way, this may be a little late, but every year the discussion arises as to the proper way to spell Christmas. There are some who think it bordering on the sacrilegious to spell it in the abbreviated form, Xmas. As a matter of information we wish to state that either is quite right and proper and of equal respect and reverence. The X is derived from the Greek XPIETOE introduced by Constantine the Great as an emblem of Christ.

To return to Friday, the day before Christmas. In celebration of the holiday most divisions and departments had parties, taffy pulls, sewing bees and the like. Such games as charades, musical charis and Ring Around the Rosie and Maypole dances were play by all.

Willard Burton made the most of the Christmas season. Early last week he revived an old game we played as a child, “One-two-three Red Light!” In this game one person calls out this phrase and at the Red Light everyone is supposed to stop. Anyone caught moving is made to pay a forfeit and then is caller for the next round.

Namrodt

Willard’s next bit of charity work was buying a ticket for the Policeman’s Benefit Fund. We have suggested he raffle it off before New Year’s. He was most pleased, however, Christmas morning on receiving a present he really wanted, a new tackle box big enough to hold all the odd items of equipment with which the devotees of Issak Walton weigh themselves down.

We were glad to welcome Mr. Riddle home Friday at an unexpected meeting in the Cafeteria. He spoke a few words of greeting. Col. Rich added his expression of Merry Xmas at the same time.

The passport office light hill will be lower this month. It is being lighted by the glow of pleasure on Thelma Ponso’s face due to Adriano’s return with Mr. Riddle.

Gold Bead

We had a couple of future admirals visiting us at Tech last week in the persons of Midshipman Larry Stahl and Midshipman Arthur Ericson, who were down for the holidays from Annapolis. Taken on a tour of inspection by Larry’s father, Edwin Stahl, Assistant Director of the Brazilian Division, they were quite impressed with this impressive lay-out on 27th Ave.

We were visited last week by Lt. Hand, Special Services Officer of Dorr Field, Mayor Clayton, formerly Commanding Officer at Embry-Riddle, and Howard West, formerly of the Coliseum and the Instructor’s School, who dropped in to wish us a Merry Xmas.

Xmas Gifts

Kay Williams had a Christmas present in the form of her husband’s arrival. Vadah Walker also is happy in the fact that her husband is in town for the holidays. Paul Miller is off to the Army January 5, according to latest reports.

Jack Hopkins, former Riddle Field editor, is in town with his broad smile and usual cheery word. We found out the other day what a little fellow he really is. Pounds lighter than we are anyhow.

Flash: With the immediate thought of “Physician Heal Thyself,” we learn that Julia Richardson, Company Nurse, is ill at home. Who visits the visiting nurse when the visiting nurse needs nursing?

Prejudice is the child of ignorance.—Hazlitt

THE New Year of 1944 bears a special significance to each and every one of us; the future of all we hold dear is still in jeopardy. Therefore, we, each in his own way, must so exert ourselves that our future New Years will bring the happiness and contentment we seek for those cherished and loved by us. Best wishes for 1944 and the years to come!

Colonel Arnold H. Rich,
Director of the Technical School
**DORMITORY LIFE**

by Suzie Bryan

In general life at the Dorm during Christmas week was full of fun. Wednesday several of the girls ventured out to Opa Locka for their big dance, which included both enlisted men and officers. Francis Rich, Bobby Jelonk, Mary Amanek, Jan Williams and Edith Bubas all attended. Upon arriving, however, our girls showed a distinct preference for MARINES—in fact, the Navy didn’t have a chance with the Marines in sight, with the exception of Jan.

**Collector**

Bobby is now sporting a pair of gold wings, and it’s rumored she also has a few pairs of gold bars—not a bad hobby if you can do it—and Bobby can do it. Speaking of collecting wings, Doris Kullburg, flight student at the Seaplane Base, also has a Navy set but is rather coy about where, when and how she got them.

Christmas Eve Edith Bubas, Lorraine Bosley, Mickey Fairchild, Skip Selby, Janet Williams and the two Sessions went carolling at the Biltmore. From reports heard over there, the men certainly appreciated the turnout.

**Dunked**

Monday, the 27th of December, dawned clear, bright and plenty warm and ‘twas on that day that Edith Bubas soloed at Chapman Field. Now at Chapman they don’t have the bay to throw you into after such an experience but Edith wasn’t to be let off—not with the three musketeers around—Bobby, Mary and Fran. Upon reaching home, Edith was promptly corralled by those there and dunked under a shower. When I saw her, she didn’t look quite as drowned as she might have and was still smiling.

Edith Chapman came back from Plant City yesterday after spending Christmas with her parents there. Bill Fisher, from Riddle Field, also paid a visit to that city during the holidays—wonder why? Though she had a wonderful time, Edith said it seemed that she had been gone a month instead of a few days and that she was mighty homesick for the Dorm.

Something new has been added to the Dorm in the form of Chris Tuck of New York. Chris is taking flight and already has three hundred hours to her credit—her aim is to get an instructor’s rating.

Mary Amanek had a phone call from Evelyn McKenna, who has been gone much too long. However, she is coming back—good news.

**Future Pilot**

All of us at the Dorm are hoping for a speedy recovery of little Donald Paul, age almost eight, and the nephew of Mary Amanek. That demon flu is hard on such little boys, but we know from hearing Mary talk that you will soon be well again and that it won’t be too many years before you are down here at Embry-Riddle learning to fly.

Twas easy to understand why the Judge refused to leave the dining room—His Honor was at steak.