Wings are his Heritage -- We must win Ours
Letters to the Editor

13 (County of Kent) Sqd.
Churchstanton
Taunton
Somerset

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, did — 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 patriotism some 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 running into types from later courses from Clewiston. 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 saw 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. 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 dedicate 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 Lt. Pennoyer!) And on the opposite page we offer a pin-up picture of lovely Freeda Potexten 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, even since our only son, Sgt. W. A. Dutton, R.A.F., who was a Cadet in Course 6 at No. 5 B.T.F.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 B-17s on 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. Hobday, Adjutant, 196th Squadron, A.T.C., Blue Coat School, Wallsall, 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 countries.

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 Mr. and Mrs. Dutton. We have complied with their request and have put Mr. Hobday on our permanent mailing list so that the future airmen can enjoy the Fly Paper.

577321 Sgt. Crooks
M.P.O. 304
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, it was myself who was 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.
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 cheerio 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 Samany. 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.

care J. F. Trayer
Cove Road
Huntington, L. I., N. Y.
December 16, 1943

Dear Editor:

Please have the Fly Paper sent to my new address above.

After flying for two years at sunny Carlstrom Field this Long Island winter is a “helluva” shock. But I’m managing to keep warm to some extent by testing this “hot” Grumman equipment—a beautiful ship this Hellcat, and she can truly scratch a Jap.

I’d like to say hello to my pals at the various “Family” Fields and wish them all the Seasons Greetings.

Please print my address along with this note so a few welcome letters from old friends may reach me.

Sincerely,

Mark J. Ball,

Editor’s Note: A Happy New Year from all the “Family.” Mark. We know your letter will stimulate the pens of that Carlstrom gang and bring several more lines from other Divisions.

Middletown, Conn.

My dear Mrs. Claxton:

Your very nice letter to Lt. Harold G. Learned, Jr., has been opened by his parents and will be forwarded. I am enclosing two newspaper clippings which in the absence of word from New Guinea and him personally may give you some of the information you are seeking. The boys in that field of operation are so very rushed and busy at this time that Harold may not be able to get this information to you immediately and perhaps not at all because of censorship.

Mr. Learned and I have not heard a word except that very recently Harold was awarded the DFC, but no details. We had only short letter in which he told of one of the boys bringing back a Cocker Spaniel, but the place was blacked out. Sometimes one is tempted to feel that the censorship is a bit overdone. However, we must “suffer it to be so now.”

It is very nice to hear that our boy was an outstanding student trained at Carlstrom Field. He always had high ideals and did most things well. He brought home the inter-scholastic blue ribbon from Yale to his high school for backstroke, won a medal for first place swimming when only a child of nine years from Camp Penige wassett, Vt., was awarded a medal for expert rife at the Admiral Billard Academy, and entered the U. S. Coast Guard Academy tenth in the country with an average for health, English and adaptability of 83.73. Finally he chose aviation because of its infinite future possibilities as well as its present clean cut fighting advantages.

In a letter to his dad and me he said, “We try to look at it (the fighting and killing) as a job which has to be done and we are the most qualified to do it. I hope this doesn’t sound heroic; I’m no hero. None of us is so far. I think we all realize we are fighting for principles, and to see a job which must be done and is right and not do it would be to defeat our own purpose as well as let down a nation we know is behind us. It might even seem idealistic, but it will get us farther than dying for the Emperor. We will fight for principles and live to tell about it. That isn’t idealism but truth.” Letter dated Nov. 5, 1942, New Guinea.

Perhaps his own words will convey one of the reasons and conditions for which the Air Medal was awarded. “As soon as we hit the War zone and realized the old Nip was playing for keeps, flying was no longer fun—it was a job. It still is and the job gets harder. Then, too, in a zone like this, the work is all offensive and for us it means a continual pounding, flaying and bombing—all over enemy territory and practically none over our own bases. This is hard flying and no fun.”

May the humility of spirit in which this is given help other boys and bring them all safely through.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. Harold G. Learned

Editor’s Note: The above letter was written in reply to inquiries made by Mathild Claxton, Embry-Riddle Historian, concerning the activities of Lt. Harold G. Learned, Jr., a graduate of our first Carlstrom Class.
THE EMTY-RIDGE FLY PAPER
'‘STICK TO IT''
Published Weekly by THE EMTY-RIDGE CO.

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CHARLES C. EBBETS, Chief of the Photographer and Identification Division

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 Emtby-Riddle we are concerned most intimately with the other side of the picture, the repair, the maintenance, the replacement of the planes and . . .
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 45¢ a package—(Fred is now smoking Brazilian) although I only paid 65¢ for a grand shampoo and wave and 35¢ for a manicure. Very delicious 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 Sao 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 to look at a Fly Paper. So far I understand Fly Papers have had a rough trip trying to reach Sao Paulo.

Our best to all at Tech.

John Paul Riddle

THE FOOTES

John Paul Riddle, whose first letter has just arrived from Brazil, is secretary to James E. Blakeley, Director of the Brazilian Division in Sao 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. Retchford

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.

Native

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!

Yankee 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 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 best 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 indelible 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:

I trust 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
several of your old students but can't remember names.
I am now on the Australian mainland, and believe it or not—am "instructing a bunch of new pilots." The job is just temporary detached service; gets a little tiresome at times, but nevertheless I am getting some good experience. Since the last two months, I have flown all the fighters; interferes too much but 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 old vertical reverence that you mentioned in your letter. I couldn't do so good in my acrobatics 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 has 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 Quackenbush remarked, "That's the way I land the Stearman!"

Not GI

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

Johnny Holmes was running around the Flight Line but went looking for a special pair of shoes for flying. It seems that Johnnie 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 flegdlings 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 curtailed 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 airfoils 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

BRIG. GEN. JOHN G. WILLIAMS, who is the Commanding General of the 29th Training Wing, and staff made a visit to Carlinham and Dorr Fields on December 21 and 22. Upon his arrival at Dorr Field he was met by an Honor Guard of Cadets and the entire personnel of officers and men. At the completion of the inspection, the General and his staff were very pleased with the operation of the Post.

The General, John G. Williams, Commanding General of the 29th Flying Training Wing, with headquarters at Moody Field, Valdosta, Ga., began his Army flying career October 10, 1917, when he left a college 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 instructor to Hazelhurst Field, Mineola, N. Y., from April to June, 1918. Subsequent early assignments included tours of duty at Payten Field, N. Y.; Eglin 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. Following 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 November, 1941, the General became Assistant 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 Commanding Officer of the 29th Flying Training Wing, with headquarters at George Field, Ill. Shortly afterwards he was transferred to the 29th Wing, where he has remained continuously since.

Born June 19, 1896, in Beacon, N. Y., Gen. Williams was promoted to first lieutenant 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 developed from that idea; it is a recognized religious truth.

The greatest religious Teacher of all times said: "If thou castst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." (The Bible, Mark 9:23.)

Continued on Page 16
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.

**Superswoman**

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 Riddle-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—after 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, swirled 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 paddling 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 Carlsstrom or Dorr has a low-pitched sound suggestive of a continuous explosion of bombs in the oozy 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 northwest 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-hellum black manny 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 lovely 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?

T O 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 Bramlit

Now that the Christmas holidays are here, memories of every Cadet as more or less reluctantly returned to work, maybe someone will do something so there will be some news for the Fly Paper. Lt. Col. George J. Ola, former Commanding Officer here, sent Christmas Greetings and New Year Wishes to all of Carlsstrom 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 Carsten- sen and Lawrence Stage, Jr.) and they have proved of inestimable value. This crew, together with Pfc. Seres 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.

Cupid Corner
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 is enjoying (I) 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. LaCroix, who has been on duty in the South Pacific for some months, recently was promoted to Captain. His new address is 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 Peek 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 percent 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
Carlsstrom 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.
CHAPMAN CHATTER
by Cara Lee Cook

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, “Wrong-way” Fernandez (noticed emphatically underlining the “I wanna lil’ bit of QUIET in the house”) is not to be trusted to make a 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 he, were the Dave Narrows, the Tom Moxleys and their very attractive guest Lillian Curry, Dave Pearlman and date Betty, Herr Elwado Tierney and comely date Dolly (her first public appearance incidentally, brave girl), the Tim Hellins, the Bruce Hadleys, “Powerhouse” Campbell and date Alberta Francis, and lastly Whipstaff 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 “Wrong-way” Fernandez. Almost as rare as Christmas tree lights. Much more instrument weather like that and we’ll have more 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 include well known personalities Jack McKay, Jr. and Don Beadle, 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 Heflin wanted. The new kiddodlers 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’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 waking everyone in the near vicinity; and Dave DaBoll’s student tripped the light fantastic in one of our bereaved 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 McFarth, Dave Pearlman, Charlotte Kayser, Helen G worsh, 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.

MR. FIVE BY SIX
by James O. Gilmore

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 unserving 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

Beside the line of young 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;
Male instructors, females too.
Watching with the office crew,
Maintenance force man 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 know 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.
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 Skirn 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 “bokegs” 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 McDaniel 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 Heft 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.

To all: Although custom prompts the extending of greetings of the season at this time of year, my New Year’s Greeting to members of Embry-Riddle Company, both at home and abroad, encompass my thoughts for you each day of every year. Such greetings are simply this: To each of you, my heartfelt thanks for your loyalty through trying times, and may you enjoy continued good health and happiness.

Leonard J. Povey, Vice-President and Director of Flying Operations

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.

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.

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 Keenan 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, linerman, has returned after a short leave. Otis Cason, formerly in Maintenance, visited friends at the Field recently. He is now working in the yards at Jacksonville.

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

Young Visitor

A. H. Nicodemos, 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. Stoddard 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. Guile 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. Guile, 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-on-lumper. 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 it.
whirls them around until they slither out of their skins. Rough but effective.

There's a contraption that resembles a stainless steel swimming pool with a lid. It turned out to be a stock pot for making gravy or stew—60 gallons at a time! On down the assembly line they have a new deep fat fryer, a flat top grill, and in the department in charge of baking and stuff, there's a new oven.

**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, admirers 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 Homiesc Hour" will be held in his study on Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 p.m.

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 Christmastide.

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*

Economy 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, it 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.
"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," hurk 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 
(1. J. Fovey, II) 
Technical Assistant to Vice-President in Charge of Flying Operations

DAVID BEATY 
(John Paul Riddle, II) 
President's Administrative Assistant

NATE REECE, JR. 
(1. J. Fovey, II) 
Administrative Assistant to Vice-President in Charge of Flying Operations

WILLIAM M. THOMAS 
(J. H. Horton, III) 
Assistant to Vice-President in Charge of A & E Division

SAM SPARKS 
(Thornton E. Frantz, III) 
Assistant to General Manager Embry-Riddle Field

ARTHUR E. GIBBONS 
(Sterling W. Camden, III) 
Assistant to General Manager of Miami Flight Division

J. W. DURDEN 
(E. J. Smith, II) 
Assistant to General Manager Riddle Field

W. L. "BOB" BULLOCK 
(H. Roscoe Brinton, IV) 
Assistant to General Manager Carlstrom Field

ARTHUR A. RAMER 
(G. P. Mougey, III) 
Assistant to General Manager Dorr Field
QUIET BIRDMAN GILE

The daddy of the blockbuster 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 dispersive 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 bomb-ardiers 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 5,300 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 nec-

cessary to call upon the blockbusters and they were not used at that time.

Gile became the first man to drop a block-buster while serving with the 238th heavy bombarding 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 other 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 Colum-bia 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 Aguadulce, 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 cartoon 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 Mackey. 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. Twas 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.

To'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 11:00. 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 camping 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 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 re-leased 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.

G. L. Rockett

You Too Must Invade... Your Income

JO ANN WILDERMUTH, who graduated last week from Embry-Riddle's CAA approved course in Link Training, left Monday to begin instructing with the CAA in Houston, Texas.

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, as we have a full moon. I would say it would 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 Humley and Henry Graves of Engraving.

Congo Jake

Gertrude Bohre told me today that she's been hearing from her husband, better known as "Congo Jake," and for Christmas Gertrude received a full American lunch box set from the direction of Italy. Still, I wouldn't be at all surprised that Gertrude would much rather have "Congo Jake" than twenty lunchbox 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—adios, 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, Sveline 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 in English, 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.

WING FLUTTTIR
by Medora Barling

Christmas is over for another year and things have quieted down to a low moo 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 Marjorie 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
ALLOVER OVERHAUL

by Bleeka Kieler

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. Barrs of the A & E Division and Nute Crittfield, 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 Wilma 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, Ensigh 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, Lola Browning has made the front page. If you didn't see that book and our own cowgirl 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 get 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. Wallich 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-
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 ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ 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 called for the next round.

Ninred

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 Isaac 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 Tehma Ponso’s face due to Adriano’s return with Mr. Riddle.

Gold Brass

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 Brazil

lian 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, Major 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. Pound 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
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 Jeckmok, 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 'tis 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 caroling 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.

What Air Ye Talkin' About?

We're talking about the air you breathe, old timer. It's the same air you enjoyed as a boy except—something new has been added! Look up yonder, old timer. See all those planes in the air? Planes are doing a big job these days, old timer. And they'll be doing more big jobs when peace rolls around, too. Tell those grandchildren of yours that Aviation is looking for trained men and women, old timer. Tell 'em that Embry-Riddle can give 'em just the training they need to do planes—now and in the years ahead.

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