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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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**THROUGH DORR’S KEYHOLE**

by A/C Norm Sharpless

Everyone out here at Dorr is all hepped up over the newly reconditioned Cadet Club in Arcadia for the Dorr and Carlstrom cadets. Without a doubt, it will be the finest place of its kind that we know of.

As yet, the new room appears a little bare while awaiting arrival of the lavish furniture and fixtures which have been ordered. But as soon as shipping facilities permit, everything will arrive and through the generous labor and goodwill of the VFW, the new club will be in full swing.

**Thank You**

The “Vets” have done a lot of work on the new club and merit the appreciation of all cadets in this section.

Bill Rourke tells us that the refined atmosphere of the new clubroom has really affected the regular inhabitants. Why, Rigney even puts on a clean pair of trousers now!

Double flying schedules are the big news items around here. Never before did those good “ole” bunks feel so soft and comfortable. “Nort” Davis says that it feels funny to be doing his coordination exercises in his sleep every night. He just can’t seem to get them off his mind. And, it is said that if things don’t improve with him, the fellows are going to install a gyro compass on his bed to keep it going straight.

The boys in Squadron 1 are right on the heels of Carl Dunn. It seems that Barick, Brunner and Callahan have been seeking a long time for a few packages. Also, they were considerably embarrassed when they invited Haste, Jones and Harlan in to sample some Christmas packages. Mr. Jones lost a molar on the fudge—which had been kicking about Uncle Sam’s post office since December 11.

There is a wistful cadet in Squadron 2. His name is Phil Dahlberg and his home is in the frozen north. However, it isn’t just his homesickness which has produced that woebegone look on his face. Rather, it came there after Phil had been looking through a page in the Wisconsin Alumni and discovered that he was listed as Pvt.

Continued on Page 9
Letters to the Editor

"Emceieu"
Burbage, Hinckley
Leicestershire, England
December 8, 1943

Dear Editor:

I would like to thank you so much for continuing to send the Fly Paper in respect to my late husband, P/Lt. G. W. Nickerson. My son and I enjoy the paper, for it seems a little of my husband's life and the glorious 18 months which he spent at No. 5 B.F.T.S.

The paper is read by quite a wide circle of friends and then is passed around to my son's friends in a training school in this country.

Thanking you and all kind friends in the U.S.A. for more than they are aware of.

Yours very sincerely,
Florence Nickerson

Editor’s Note: Thank you for your lovely letter, Mrs. Nickerson. Your husband became a personal friend of the members of the Fly Paper office during his posting at Clewiston, and we, like all those who worked with him, held him in the highest esteem. On many, many occasions he showed us kindnesses “beyond the call of duty.” So often did he speak of you and of your son that we felt we had received a letter from an old friend when yours arrived.

Keesler Field, Miss.
January 2, 1944

Dear Editor:

You do not know me, but I am one of the older members of the Riddle family. After nearly three years service with the Riddle Aeronautical Institute at Carlstrom Field and Embry-Riddle Field at Union City, Tenn., I have joined the Air Corps as a Cadet.

I miss the Fly Paper very much and I can’t tell you how much I would appreciate it if you would send my copy to me.

I close with best wishes to all the Riddle family. Keep ’em flying.

Yours truly,
A/C Hilton Bonard

Editor’s Note: The very best of luck with your flight training, Hilton. We’re sending you the Fly Paper and hope you’ll keep in touch with us and let us know how the Air Corps treats you.

George Field, Ill.

Dear Mr. Colosimo,

I still remember the maneuvers and the exactness you required, I was plenty burned up some days when I got down from a ride with you. (As you probably were with me.) I couldn’t understand then why everything had to be just so. But I know now why you kept me at all the time. They sure require precision here, as well as in Basic. Tell your students that the more they can learn about flying an airplane while in Primary the better off they will be when they reach Basic and Advanced.

Precision is one of the main requirements. You can’t come in on the traffic pattern any old way. You can’t land any old place in the field; you pick your spot and that’s where you land. If you don’t hit that spot you go around and try again. We have as many as six planes on the approach leg at times so you can see what that would do if one plane didn’t land where he was supposed to.

They are bearing down on instrument flying now; when they say they want 120 miles an hour with 1925 R.P.M. and letting down at 500 feet per minute, that’s just what they want—nothing else. Tell your students to be accurate in their instrument readings (there aren’t many in Primary) but they can still keep the old R.P.M.s on the ball.

I thought there were an awful lot of instruments in that PT-17 but after being in this ship, the AT-10, that was a mere drop in the bucket, so to speak. Here in the AT-10 everything is doubled: 2 tachometers, 2 throttles, etc., and three trim tabs; aileron, elevator and rudder.

That is an important thing—learn to use the trim tabs. Mr. Colosimo, I believe you would help your students a great deal by making them trim tab conscious. Move the trim tab while they are in flight, then let them trim the ship again. That will help them later on; here we have to trim the ship so that it will fly hands off (using 3 trim tabs).

I guess that’s all I can think of about flying right now. But be sure to stay on the ball—they don’t tolerate sloppy flying. If you don’t get anything else out of this letter, get that: Precision and accuracy count.

I still thank you for all the training you gave me. I surely have appreciated it.

Your student forever,
Harold

Editor’s Note: The above letter, sent to us by A/C Lester Davis of Dorr Field, was written by Cadet Harold Witchow of George Field, Ill., who was in Class 44-B, to his primary instructor, L. B. Colosimo.

We are certain that the precision required in flying as the cadet progresses through Basic and Advanced will prove of intense interest to our Cadets in Primary training.

Riviera Hotel
Copacabana Beach -
December 23, 1943

Darling,

We are still in Rio and what a city! I have never seen a city more beautiful. It is located in the mountains, and one could never imagine how it looks unless he were right here. We have been transferred from the Estrangariros Hotel to the Riviera right on the ocean. We will remain in Rio until after Christmas and we will probably leave for Sao Paulo Sunday morning on the train.

I wish I could describe the city the way it really looks. The buildings are more modernistic than anything one can imagine. Much more so than Miami. You would have many a laugh to see and hear us trying to get around. However, we make ourselves understood pretty well. The people of Brazil are very courteous and very helpful.

Now I will try to tell you just what we have done. Yesterday we did the downtown district. One can buy anything one wants—from radios to aluminum pans or electrical equipment. They even have tricycles here! The shoes are beautiful and prices are about the same as in the States. The clothes may be a little less, and I believe food is less. The people are all very well dressed—the women dress to kill. They are all well groomed. They are far in advance of any city in the States.

Last night we met a U. S. Army Lieutenant who rode down on the same plane, so we saw a little night life. It was really an experience. This morning we moved to the beach so we did no sightseeing, but this afternoon the sun came out for awhile so we went to the top of a mountain to see the statue of Christ. It was certainly a sight. It is 2,300 feet high, and one can see the entire city below. I shall never forget it.

We took a cog-train to the top, and the vegetation it passed through was beyond description—tropical jungles with tree ferns and vines—and probably full of snakes and monkeys. Anyway, I have seen nothing like it. On the way down we stopped at a hotel and had a bite to eat—

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
a type of hotel that one can only dream about—in the mountains with a beautiful view.

The city is full of apartment houses, and such fine ones. There seem to be very few houses—most of the people live in apartments. Oh, yes, I must tell you about the meals. They really know how to eat here. Every meal we have at least five or six courses. Breakfast is served in our rooms. We eat until we are stuffed.

Tonight we went to the Urea Cassino which is one of the nice night clubs here. It was really a show. They had two orchestras, 50 chorus girls and about 10 fellows, all wonderful dancers and singers. The club was so very modernistic with balconies, etc., and the stage lifted up and down with the orchestra and also moved out automatically when they needed more room for dancing. It has anything I've ever seen before. It was very much like a Warner's production in the movies.

When you come down, I have decided that some week-end we will come back to Rio and take in these things that are so interesting. Everyone tells us that São Paulo is much the nicer city, which is hard to believe, and that prices there are about 30 percent lower, which is good news. Tomorrow we are going to go to the top of Sugar Loaf which you probably remember seeing in many pictures. The harbor is beautiful with mountains extending out for over 2,000 feet.

Copacabana Beach is more than I expected. We look out of our hotel windows and see the big waves roll in. If the sun comes out, we are going swimming—probably on Christmas day. They have a number of lighted Christmas trees downtown, but the weather doesn't seem right for Santa Claus.

We have a regular apartment in the hotel here. There are six of us together. We have three bedrooms, living room, bath, and two other rooms. Everything is so modern—luxury is the only word I can think of to describe it. We were told today that Embry-Riddle has rooms waiting for us in São Paulo. São Paulo is also built in mountains so I imagine it will be just as beautiful.

You should taste the fruit here—everything imaginable. Strawberries, pineapples, peaches, apples, papayas, oranges, limes, and many more the names of which I do not know. Their markets are very interesting and they have anything one wants.

I think I was very lucky to have the chance to come down. I don't see how a city could be so beautiful. The streets are designed in patterns and are lined with trees and flowers. Each apartment or house has some kind of garden connected with it.

Love,
Maurice

Editor's Note: Mrs. Maurice Brayton kindly gave us permission to publish the above letter from her husband, who by this time has reached São Paulo and has joined the instructors at the new technical training school.

Hotel Riviera
Rio de Janeiro
December 25, 1943

Dear Flotte:\n
We had a wonderful trip with perfect weather all the way. I'll try to tell you all about it when I reach São Paulo, although I warn you that I am going to prove awfully deficient in my capacity to describe courses. The grandeur of cloud banks below us at 11,000 feet elevation, rugged mountain ranges and magnificent rivers, of which the portion of Brazil we have been over has plenty. It will take more than one letter to tell it all.

Just how long we will be here is uncertain, with Sunday preventing business tomorrow, but probably two or three days. We found the preceding group still here and will probably move on together.

Tonight we are due to get the first real sleep since we left and I am "hitting the hay" in a hurry, but first I wanted to write my initial letter from Brasíl on Christmas Day.

With lots of love to you, your Mother and Wain,

Yours,
Charlie

Editor's Note: The above letter, sent to Flotte Gilmore of the Mail Room at Tech, is from Charles Maydwell of the new Technical School in São Paulo. We hope Flotte will permit us to publish subsequent letters from Charlie as we feel sure that his descriptions of that magnificent country will prove interesting as well as informative.

% Beaver Club P.O.
Spring Gardens, S.W. 1
London, England
December 13, 1943

Dear Karen:

Was just looking through my photo album and there you were, looking very lovely. So I thought I should drop you a line. Most surprising, I imagine.

Life over here is much the same as when I left it. Food is ok but not very interesting.

Remember the very few times I saw you at the Macfadden-Deauville? I can't for the life of me understand why I didn't spend more week-ends in Miami. I really had good times there. But that's life and I think I'm a most peculiar type of bird. I still get in a fair amount of flying over here. I'm back on my old job of bombing Germany. Of course it's most interesting but not as much fun as it used to be. I'm always quite scared and get many thrills. I guess that's why I came back.

I've done a total of forty-nine raids so far and hope to do about seventy. Then I want to return to America—to Clewiston preferably. But I don't know what my chances are.

I go on another week's leave on Wednesday. I've planned to go to London once again, so I imagine it will be a very hilarious week.

How are Miami and the Tech School getting on? I wish I could be there. Give my regards to John Paul Riddle, June McGill and all the gang. And, of course, keep 'em flying.

Once again I have an English pilot. He's very good and we get on extremely well. The thing I like about him is that he's quite careful and takes no unnecessary risks.

I have a young brother over here also. He's got a few more months training though before he sees action.

I'm afraid I've run out of words so will close now. How about writing sometime and giving me all the news from Miami?

As always,

Bill Reinhart

Editor's Note: The above letter from F.L. W. L. Reinhart, former Navigation officer at Riddle Field, was received by Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women. Thanks, Karen, for permitting us to publish it.

4 Rhode Island Ave.
Fl. Myers, Fl.
January 2, 1944

Dear Editor:

Will you please put Pfc. Robert Pearl, 545 Bomb. Sqd., 384 Bomb. Gr., A.P.O. 643, c/o P.M., N.Y., on your mailing list for the Fly Paper?

His copy has been coming here, and he has requested it from England, where he has been stationed for over seven months. He is a Radio operator with his squadron. He attended your school for several weeks about two years ago.

I will be so very much obliged if you will do this.

Very sincerely,

"Bob's Mother"

Mrs. Lewis Pearl

Editor's Note: The Fly Paper should reach Bob in England before long, Mrs. Pearl. We should appreciate it if you would drop a note from time to time telling us a little of his activities.
El Salvador

El Salvador is the smallest but most densely populated of the Central American countries. It is bounded on the northwest by Guatamala, on the north and east by Honduras, on the southeast by the Gulf of Fonseca and on the south by the Pacific Ocean. It has an area of 10,000 square miles with a coast line of about 160 miles. There are approximately 1,704,497 people in Salvador, the population being mainly Spanish and Indian.

Due to the fact that Salvador has two mountain ranges, the climate varies from true tropical at the coast to temperate on the mountain slopes.

It is a republic headed by a president who governs through his five ministers. There is a Congress of 42 deputys elected for one year. Voting is compulsory for men and voluntary for women.

The language of the country is Spanish although English is spoken and understood in most of the cities.

Because of her climate, El Salvador’s agricultural products are most varied. Her largest crop is coffee. Other products are sugar, sisal for rope, indigo, balsam of Peru, cotton, tobacco and many fruits.

Cattle, sheep and pigs are raised in the fertile pasture lands. Gold and silver are the chief minerals.

The roads in Salvador are better than most of those in Central America and are passable even during the rainy season which extends from May to November. There are several short line railroads which connect the larger cities.

The principal city and greatest commercial center of El Salvador is, of course, the capital, San Salvador, with a population of 103,000. It is a most beautiful and modern city dotted with numerous parks and playgrounds.

Continued on Page 10
TECH TALK
by Grace L. Thompson

Everyone knows what a grand person Dorothy Burton is, and we all have the highest regard for her, especially myself, but when she asked me to write Tech Talk for the week my first thought was, "Boy! and I thought you were my friend."

I never attempted to do anything of this kind and certainly do not feel capable of doing it justice, but not wanting to disappoint Dorothy, will make an effort to write something which might perhaps be of interest to you readers.

The girls in the Brazilian department thought they were going to be orphans when George Ireland and Mike Lojinger left on their trip, but Floyd M. Brewer has the situation well in hand and it has been a pleasure working under him.

Worth Knowing

Kay Heaver, one of our new additions, is working hard to get her speed up in stenographic work and is succeeding very well. There is a swell girl, and if you don't know her, better get acquainted. You'll find her worth knowing.

Then there is Frances Locke, a girl who says little but thinks a whole lot. One of the Brazilian group (a genial sort of chap, always with a smile, no matter what happens) is very much concerned because she is not yet married. But leave it to Frances—she's not telling all she knows, and don't be surprised if you hear wedding bells toll very soon.

NEW QUARTERS

You should see the Brazilian department's new quarters. Some difference from the room previously occupied, where on cold mornings the wind would greet you the first thing and almost make you forget you were in Sunny Florida, but now everyone is happy, although we do miss seeing the boys drop in and hearing them talk about their plans when they get to Brazil.

Since there have been so many changes made in the N.E. wing of the building, Lorraine Bosley is having a hard time trying to keep track of the comers and goers. It keeps her dodging from behind the post all the time.

Welcome home, Pauline Bodell. Sorry to see you were evicted from your "cage" during your absence, but you know it's an ill wind that doesn't blow some one good, and your cage certainly makes the Brazilian quarters most comfortable.

Gift From England

Jean Carter received a beautiful sterling silver evening bag from her husband in England. Can't say he isn't thinking of you, Jean. Edna Rusk seems to be unusually busy and has little time for anything but work.

Suzie Bryan, who has been helping Dorothy Burton out the past week, is now back in her old niche.

Mary Manos received a letter from Eric Sundstrom in which he said he was getting along all right but had too much ... walking to do. Army life certainly will get you in trim for walking so the gasoline shortage should never worry you.

Nice Going!

Carl Jordan, guard, took a Gyro Instrument Course and completed same on January 4th with an excellent average. Bette Onoprienko of the Mimeograph department is severing her connections with Embry-Riddle on the 15th to remain at home, as she is expecting a "little visitor" shortly. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Onoprienko.

Helene Hirsch is very happy now that she has been transferred to Floyd Brewer's office. By the way, if you are in need of a bicycle, would suggest you get in touch with her as she has one for sale—26-inch frame. She is located on the first floor of the building in the northeast wing.

The Mimeograph department, which has been doing such excellent work for all departments, deserves much credit for their cooperation and the efficient manner in which they have turned out work under the able direction of Frances Tolman.

Let's thank Nurse Julia Richardson for the lovely new lounge and endeavor to keep it attractive to show her we really do appreciate her efforts.

Edwin P. Stahl left on the 7th on another business trip. From all appearances, traveling is good for him. He certainly looked exceptionally well after his last trip.

Perhaps you have been wondering what has become of "Reds," the little dog who was always at the front gate. Well, Reds thought he'd like to get into a fight, so he and a Chow dog had a scrap and poor Reds is now in the hospital but is coming along all right, I understand. Many of his friends have been inquiring about him.

MAJOR HAL LEYSHON
Back From England
Lauds RAF Spirit

Private flying schools such as the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation and its affiliates have made a tremendous contribution toward the winning of the war, according to Major Hal Leyshon, formerly executive public relations officer for the United States Eighth Air Force, who has just returned from England.

"One of the most important tasks Embry-Riddle has undertaken is the No. 5 BFTS," said Leyshon while visiting at the Tech School Tuesday. "Almost all of England has been a battlefield and training in the midst of nuisance raids was difficult. Here, far from combat areas, British fledglings strengthen their wings in peaceful skies and need not lose one hour's flying time because of enemy maneuvers."

Major Leyshon believes the RAF is one of the fightingest outfits in the world. "When our flyers arrived in England," he said, "time was saved, effort was saved, lives were saved because the RAF bought their training with blood and losses and gave us the benefit without cost. They learned the hard way and taught us the easy way."

What impressed Major Leyshon most during his tour of duty in England was the cordiality and cooperative attitude existing between the RAF and the AAF.

The Major reports for duty next week as executive officer under Col. William Westlake, chief of public relations for the Army Air Forces, Washington.
UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

T. C. Cottrell, Editor

Associates—
Ernestine Mathis, Buildings and Grounds
Margaret Burcham, Administration
Luther D. Neeley, Canteen
Joe Harpole, Parachutes

We're sorry to hear about our three guards, Mr. Cook, Mr. Roach and Mr. Board, being sick with the flu. Two new relief guards have taken their places, Willis D. Easley and Luther D. Neeley.

Folks, have you seen the big cedar tree by the flag pole? It was decorated for the cadets and was really beautiful with all the lights and trimmings.

George Loddel has just come back this very minute from Fort Oglethorpe. He was placed in limited service and told to come back to work. We are really glad to have him back with us.

Tommy Teague, the well-known woman hater who loves all the women, was bragging about all the money he had. He said the only way to have any money was to leave the women alone and stay single. This is his advice to all those who have girl friends. Boys, we all think he is wrong, so please don't take his advice.

Event-To-Be

We had a lovely Christmas party here in the Administration building. Presents were exchanged and cokes were served by "Boots" Frantz. The highlight of the afternoon was when Mr. Loddel opened his gift. It contained dainty items for his expected visitor—the blessed event-to-be.

Congratulations are in order for both of our bus drivers, Floyd I. Tuck and J. O. Jimerson. A Safe Driver Certificate has been awarded each of them for having driven for a period of one year without accident.

Brainstorm

Tommy has had another one of his brainstorm—he is organizing a "Civilian U.S.O. Center." For those civilians who wish to join the club, see Thomas Elmer Teague, Jr.

Several cadets had their parents and other relatives visit them during the holidays. Of course, we must not forget those visitors who were not related to them.

A/C Burman Caton of St. Joseph, Miss., and Dorothy McKinney of Welse, W. Va., were married in Union City Saturday, December 25, 1943.

We are wondering what happened to the Fly Paper. We haven't received it in two weeks. It's rather a mystery. Could it be that Sam Sparks has had something to do with this? You will recall his trip to Florida!

Mr. Holliday, Mr. Lynch and Mr. McDaniel of the Defense Plant Corporation visited the Field Tuesday. We are always happy to have them.

Rumor

It has been rumored that petite Clara Dowdy of Army Headquarters is no longer on the eligible list. When A/C Fay Lippard gets his commission, they plan on tying the traditional knot.

Folks, here is news that won't stop... Tillie Clear got a pair of nylon hose for Christmas. Yep, that's what we thought at first... "Black Market"... but we hear her Pop got them from Mexico.

The phone rang loud and long this morning in the Manager's office. On the end of the line, a nervous, quaking voice spoke—none other than Sam Sparks. His daughter, Barbara, was getting married at 11 a.m. and he was to give her away. He was more nervous than Barbara and he said he was never going to be in another wedding unless someone tricked him into it.

Without any Limitation

Our teletype soon will be connected directly with Nashville and we will have 24-hour service.

Jeanne Williams, switchboard operator, resigned January 1st in order that she might further her study of music.

A party was given at Sgt. Cannon's home for enlisted men New Year's Eve. From what we have been able to find out, a good time was had by all who attended.

The following was found posted on the bulletin board in Army Headquarters:

Honest

I'll Never Zoom Another Cow!!

To your Participation

Without any Limitation

In giving Consideration

To agreeable Modulation

In office Conversation

And probably Eradication

Of across office Elucidation

And that your Compensation

Will come with Mystification

In the Realization

Of this Congregation

To that of any Station

As to Cooperation

In orderly Administration.

(Inf other words, "Quiet, Please")

—C. W. O. Dickinson
Maureen McCord made use of her holiday and went to see her sister, Mrs. Paul Silvey, at Macon, Miss. S/Sgt. Don Cunningham and Sgt. Cannon have been granted furloughs and have gone home.

What certain blonde in the Accounting department received a telegram and was so excited that she wasn’t able to work any more all afternoon? Can’t say that we blame you. Wish we had a husband who would soon be coming home to stay.

Someone just told us that a new 2nd lieutenant has just been transferred to Army Headquarters. Upon investigation we find that his name is Saul H. Sheriff and that he was formerly stationed at Columbus, Ohio. He succeeds Lt. McRae as Statistical Officer. Lt. McRae has been appointed Ordnance Officer.

Lt. Leo Beaupre is ill at home with influenza this week. Sgt. Lane from Nashville is substituting for Sgt. Swartz, finance officer, who is enjoying a leave of absence at his Bronx, N. Y., home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Caughron of Gary, Ind., visited their daughters, Marcella Harrison and Ernestine Mathis, at the Main Canteen Wednesday.

**Versatile "Chamby"**

In the Link Trainer department, S/Sgt. Bond has inaugurated for cadets a series of lectures on aircraft instruments. The talks are illustrated with visual aids made by Pfc. Glenn Chamberlain.

This is but one of the times Chamby’s artistic talents have been called upon since he arrived at Embry-Riddle Field last August. Another example is his decoration of the Cadet Club.

But it is his pre-Army career that’s really newsworthy. One of his paintings, Country Road, now hangs in the White House. It was selected by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933 when Glenn was but 19 years old. He was still an Iowa country boy. With this recognition, he studied both sculpturing and painting under Grant Wood, at the Minneapolis Art Institute, at New York City Art Students League, and in the picturesque Mexican mountain art colony village of San Miguel Allende.

**Bachelor**

A bachelor, Chamby does his own cooking in his own apartment. One of his fellow soldiers, Pfc. Treyz, presented him with a dainty apron as a sly joke at Christmas time. Chamby turned the tables by wearing it. To thank him, Glenn invited Treyz to dinner. Treyz praised Chamberlain’s cuisine but allowed that he would have preferred a little more food with the garlic.

Chamby’s tastes are as varied as his knowledge. Deeply interested in the psyche of man, he has decorated his living room with his own surrealist paintings. A gifted raconteur, with a passion for the mot juste, he can entertain by the hour. A lover of things Mexican, he can tango or rhumba to the delight of an Arthur Murray.

Chamby loves to recall the speech given by his first Commanding Officer at Miami Beach. The G.O. is a true G.I. zealot, informed all the recruits that they were to be stamped into the same mold. Glenn tells the story with flamboyant gestures. A top-drawer soldier and a swell guy, he still retains his striking individuality.

**Flight Line Flashes**

_by Marie Burcham and Louise Cashon_

We hear there is a super-duper jacket insignia which the instructors are now wearing. What will they have next! Super-duper-duper? This smart insignia was created by the keen mind of one of Harold B. Prather’s cadets.

Someone please tell us who gave the lovely “mystery” party at the Davy Crockett Hotel on New Year’s Eve. The deed has just about been pinned on John Corey. Thanks for a good time, anyway.

Wanted: Information as to where Jones & Sullivan imported their dates over the holiday season. Reward is offered.

**“Swamped”**

It seems that C. Sullivan and H. Galloway went hunting late one afternoon not so many moons ago and had good intentions of getting back for dinner, which was to be given for “Chic” and Millie Clark by Hunter Galloway. Instead of arriving at the scheduled time, 6:30, they made their appearance only two hours late, 8:30.

Evidently they got into too much “swamp water.” By the appearance of the car in which they were driving you would think they were trying to fool the whole German Army. Anyway, it was really a good job of camouflage with all that swamp mud, water and sticks covering the car completely.

**DORM LIFE**

_by Suzie Bryan_

There are so many new faces at the Dorm that it might be a good idea to get acquainted with them. Here is the lowdown on the personalities of five of the new dandelions.

Ginney Worley comes from Lynchburg, Va. She attended the State Teacher’s College at Fairville, Va., where she majored in chemistry and history. One day, while looking through Flying Magazine, she saw an Embry-Riddle advertisement and, always wanting to fly—well, she’s in Miami now for her private license—her aim is to join the WASPS. Ginny will start flying at Chapman on Tuesday. Her only vice as far as we can find out is playing rummy—but always insisting on her own deck of cards!

**Private License**

Bonnie Bonner, Ginney’s roommate, is from Batavia, N. Y. After high school she attended the school of Physical Education in Bouve, Boston, for three years and the University of Wisconsin for one. She then taught Physical Ed for two years in Washington, D. C. However, she decided to take up flying and came here for her private license, having completed ground school in Rochester, N. Y. Bonnie loves Florida, with one exception, having to get up at chilly dawn, 5:45 to be exact, to fly at Chapman Field.

When we first spied Deaton Van Over, she gave us a friendly smile but didn’t say much—for a very good reason—laryngitis. However, the vocal cords responded to some well-earned rest and she is just as talkative as any of the rest of the Riddle Dormitories. Deaton attended Asbury College in Wilmore, Ky., and obtained her Master’s degree in Art and Education at the University of Kentucky. Deaton admitted that as a small child the bug to fly had bitten, so not long ago she left Wooton, Ky., to do just that. Deaton has been airborne two years this coming May. Her husband is a communications officer somewhere in South America.

**Artist**

Blanch Sevick, Deaton’s roommate, hails from Chicago. Besides attending regular school, Blanch also went to art school for two years. She already has had twenty-two flying hours and is here at Embry-Riddle to complete the thirty-five hours for her private license.

Chris Tuck has a new roommate—Mary Parke from Cortland, Ohio. Among other things, Mary worked in a factory and was at one time a Postal Telegraph operator. This is her first visit to Florida and she seems to like it. Mary is taking Link Instruction and if she and Janet ever get together the “hot pilots” won’t have a chance.

Last Monday saw the first of a series of open discussions to be held every Monday night under the direction of...
DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

by Jack Whitnall

This week we take up the subject of pipe smokers, several of whom we have on the Field. First, we'll take Lt. Farmer and his "friend of a quiet evening at home." Why don't he leave it at home? It has been the comment we have heard from several of the fellows in Army operations. Now, there is a pipe what is a pipe, short and stubby, caked to the nth degree, and it has been told that the lieutenant was heard boasting that it had never been cleaned out. Huh, he needn't boast about it—anybody getting within 50 feet can tell that for a fact.

Ground Fog

Then we have those two Dorr Dispatchers, "Pop" Schiebeler and Errol "Honeyman" Morgan, both addicts of the crooked-stem pipe. It has been requested on several occasions that since one operates from the west end of the flight line and the other from the east end of the flight line that they take turns smoking so that it will not cause such a ground fog.

Next we have Capt. Fink of the Medical department. We understand that Capt. Palmer has returned all the ether and chloroform to the base of supply. When an anesthetic is needed, the captain just lights up his pipe and blows the smoke into the patient's face, and presto, the patient is out for the duration.

Then we come to Art Ramer. Now there's another pipe. Ah, but what a pipe! With each puff Art looks at it and frowns deeply (we often wonder what he's thinking about). After about the third pull on said pipe he makes a quick dash for the nearest exit.

Three For Five

Of course, we have several politicians on the Field who smoke only cigars, among them being Lt. Frank. Many's the time we have heard him remark, "Only the best brand will suffice for me, young lady. Kindly give me 5 cents worth of those three-fivers." Then we have Capt. McCluen. We asked him what his preference was. Huh, we should have known better than to ask an old Army man that. He comes back with "I don't care. What you're smoking will do me,"

Visitors this week were Mathild Claxton and Ralph Kiel up here collaborating with Lt. Hand. Ralph has been out of breath ever since. He's been here trying to keep up with the lieutenant. We have noticed on several occasions that when the lieutenant is walking with a nice looking young lady he always makes his stride fit hers.

Welcome to Ann Oldacre, secretary to Gordon Mouguy. OK, you wolves, she's single and right good looking too.

We all hated to see Lt. Moore leave us for Maxwell Field this past week. Best of luck to you, lieutenant. Our loss is Maxwell's gain. Lt. Gailey has taken Lt. Moore's place in the Commandant of Cadets office, assisted by Dr. Vetter, another ex-patient to Dorr. Welcome, lieutenant. (He's single, too. We have already contacted him about some of our Egyptian Love potion. Said he'd see us later.)

Grind School

Among the Ground School equipment received from the Army is a three-bladed hollow-shaft Curtiss electric propeller. This will aid the Engine department greatly in demonstrating operation of this type propeller. Several flight and engine instruments also were received.

Our Wright engine has been delivered to the Ground School and is awaiting the wrenches of the engine fiends. Also received were a couple of float-type and pressure-discharge carburetors.

Very few people know about it, but Eddie House, head of the Grind School, is an accomplished cook (well, he says he is, anyway). Mrs. House and daughter are away on a visit, Eddie has the run of the house (we also understand that he has all the dishes stacked on the back steps waiting for it to rain so that he will not have to do any dishwashing).

Brown Tickets

From Eddie we hear that he eats steak every night with French fried potatoes and would appreciate it if some of the Ground School personnel would come up some night for supper. Just what about those dirty dishes, Eddie? Attention, Mrs. House: We trust that you took the ration books with you when you went on your visit, especially the meat ones.

Special note to Henry B. Graves, Safety Director: We suggest that you bring a paid audience with you next time you come up. Glen Kuhl already has made application for the ticket concession. Emmit Varney, not to be outdone, is going to sell peanuts and cold drinks.

Another horrible example of a hunting trip was related to us by CENSORED. Seems that those ardent sports addicts, Mouguy, Dunn and that fellow from the auxiliary Field, assisted by none other than Mike Robertson, went a-hunting south of here.

What with running out of gas two or three times and the car getting hot from lack of water, a certain General Manager taking the radiator cap off to put water in and getting scalded for his trouble, and running the car off one of those narrow little bridges, the car was had by all. Oh, yes, we wonder what the outcome was about the bet concerning the bird dogs?

Here is a new service offered to all by the writer of this column. For the price of a cake we will say something nice about you in the Fly Paper. Of course, there are a few exceptions to this rule. For all Intelligence Officers the price is a double malted milk. Also to Otto Hempe the price would be the same as to the Intelligence Service.

We wonder if Mary Edna Parker enjoyed her ride to town the other day with Messrs. Taylor and Whitnall. We hope that A/C Poole sees this.

We are now going to look for some little ducks to push in the water. That's how just we feel. You want to come along? OK, Sgt. Sharp, you can come along too. Tol-ally yours,

Jack

FLYING INSTRUCTOR FRANK A. LLEWELLYN was employed as a civilian pilot at Dorr Field just twenty-four years and six months after he had been awarded the Croix de Guerre for gallantry in action in France. Since that day, June 7, 1942, he has kept up a steady and unbroken line of brilliant instruction.

SPORTS

by A/C H. H. Winn

When Dorr and Carlstrom clashed in their athletic competition, no one had any definite knowledge of the strength of the teams of either side. But it soon developed that Carlstrom packed more big guns where it counted. Result: Carlstrom won three events and Dorr won two. Upon closer inspection it can be seen that in each event the score was lopsided, one way or the other.

In volleyball Dorr achieved a quick smashing win to the tune of 21-3 and 21-5. Led by Hunning, the team showed remarkable teamwork and ability all the way.

Over on the tennis courts the Carlstrom
TOHAREAH HARCH!
by Sgt. Bovee

Hup! Hoo! Hip! Horp! Tohareah Harch! These are familiar sounds that have been ringing in the ears of the Enlisted Men of Dorr Field for the past several weeks. To these we add the familiar but unwelcome sound of the Alarm Clock which has an annoying way of appearing quite happy and gay in the early hours of the morning.

Yes, every EM at Dorr must arise early enough to catch the 7:30 bus (and we might add that as the moon and stars are brightly shining at this hour of the morn, we sometimes feel like the milkman) and report to the Field for a class at Basic Training.

This training consists of drilling (Oh, my feet hurt!) and periods of instruction covering subjects such as Military Courtesy, Chemical Warfare, Marksmanship, Military Intelligence, and Malaria. The lectures are delivered by the Officers of the Field who all deserve a note of thanks for the extra hours they must put in preparing them. Even some midnight oil is burned on this job.

So if there is anyone working on the swing shift who would like to see a bit of real snappy drilling, drop over—the boys are really good.

DORR'S KEYHOLE
Continued from Page 1

Dahlberg. They aren't very hopeful about you, are they fellas?

The more artistic cadets are displaying their talents with paint brushes. Lt. Cameron is using all this available manpower to good advantage in the construction of a new Obstacle Course. (A lot of people are gonna hate me for that statement!)

Here and There Around Dorr: R. Barnes is going in for writing in a big way now. His thousand-word theme on traffic patterns is soon due. . . . As an example of cadets who use their winning personalities to influence people, we give you A/C France. His eagerness to secure solo ships is causing him to turn a lot of smiles toward the dispatchers.

Someone should mention that Squadron 5E furnished men for every team which competed against Carlstrom, and that their boys did a fine job for us. . . . R. S. Murphy is a bit peeved these days. He can't seem to get that locker straightened out. And, the reason that he drew second and third terms as room orderly isn't because he campaigned for the job!

DORR WEDDING
by A/C H. E. Rotchford

Here's a toast to Lt. William F. Rubertus and his lovely bride who were married in the lounge of the Dorr Field Mess Hall this past Saturday afternoon.

The bride, the former Harriett Troy, is from St. Petersburg, Fla. Her father formerly was a colonel in the United States Army Medical Corps.

A native of Montevideo, Minn., Lt. Rubertus graduated from St. Thomas College, St. Paul. Before entering the service (Infantry) on November 20, 1940, the lieutenant was engaged as a commercial artist.

He joined the United States Army Air Forces before Pearl Harbor and won his wings with the class of 43-B. Prior to coming to Dorr in March, 1943, he attended Central Instructor’s School, Maxwell Field, Ala. At present he is assistant operations officer on the Field.

The newlyweds met while Harriett was secretary to Gordon Mougey, General Manager of Dorr Field. The bride is a charming and lovely person, and her personality will be greatly missed here at Dorr Field.

Best man was Lt. Wilson B. Hand, Field Intelligence Officer. Harriett's bridesmaid was Joan Green of St. Petersburg. Our popular Chaplain Shonfelt performed the simple but impressive ceremony which was attended by many of the Officers and personnel of Dorr Field.

At the conclusion of the ceremony an Honor Guard composed of ten cadets stood by and formed a passageway through which the bride and groom proceeded.

I'd like to take this opportunity on behalf of all the cadets on the Field to extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a long dual flight.

A ROMANCE AT DORR FIELD WAS CULMINATED LAST SATURDAY when Harriett Troy became the bride of Lt. William F. Rubertus. The right-hand picture shows the wedding party: Lt. Wilson B. Hand, Intelligence Officer at Dorr, who was best man; the bridegroom; Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt, who officiated at the ceremony; the bride; Joan Green of St. Petersburg who acted as maid of honor. The left-hand picture shows the Cadet Honor Guard forming a passageway as the bride and bridegroom leave the Lounge of the Mess Hall where the ceremony was performed.
Two graduates of Course 13, 2nd Lts. John R. McDowell and J. P. Reeves, returned for a visit last week-end. They are flying currently as co-pilots on Curtis Commandos for Eastern Airlines—on A.T.C. missions to the West Indies and South America.

Both are enthusiastic concerning the training they are getting (almost as much Link time since leaving as they had while here). Their transition to twin engines was on DC-3s and Lodestars.

A third member of Course 13, 2nd Lt. William A. Lawrence, is stationed with them in Miami but could not make the trip to Clewiston.

Friends wishing to write can reach these three at: 25th T.T.T.D., 36th St. Airport, Miami.

S/L Hill received word from F/L Bill Reinhart, once stationed here as Navigation Officer. He has completed his 48th raid in a Mosquito bomber.

Col. Rodieck, Commanding Officer of the 28th Flying Training Wing, was a visitor over the week-end.

Stop Me If You’ve Heard

The Art Richarsonson announce the arrival of James Robert Richardson, who weighed 9 lbs., 8 ounces at his birth in West Palm Beach.

“Ruby” Robinson will be absent from the Weather Bureau for several weeks to undergo hospital treatment in Miami.

Mary Lewis Lehman, wife of the Director of Flying, has returned from her parents’ home in Alexandria, Va., giving us a chance to see Harry’s 6 month old “Third Officer.”

Lynwood Blount, Link Instructor, and his wife Ruth, cashier at the Canteen, celebrated his birthday with a party at their home. Unfortunately, “Marcus” was ill, but unwilling to let that spoil his fun, he wrapped up in a blanket and enjoyed the party from a couch. Those attending were: F/Sgt. D. J. Kennard, P. T. Sgt. Jock Moyes, Sgt. W. M. Studley, Jimmie Walker, Katherine Crawford and S/C Bob Johnston.

The following Primary Instructors have been assigned to take the Advanced refresher course: W. H. Peters, J. D. Coleman, J. Van Petten, H. T. Carter, H. Langhorne, W. B. Dozier, M. S. Bobst, G. V. Cook and A. R. Mueller.

Sgt. George E. Horanic of the Medical Unit has been transferred to Clarksdale as Surgical Technician. His wife, Virginia, has resigned as secretary to Mr. Bjornsen to join her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelley, Purchasing department, are the parents of a 6 pound boy, Eugene Daniel, Jr., born in the Clewiston hospital January 4.

Sgt. and Mrs. O. L. Baird have returned from their honeymoon in Palm Beach. Mrs. Baird, the former Lorine Jones, left last Tuesday for the WAVES.

Changes

Ruth Ratley has been transferred from Timekeeping to Army Supply, replacing Dolores Ross who has returned to her home in Leesburg. Ruth’s position in Timekeeping has been taken by Lillie Montgomery.

“Bill” Dolger of New York has joined the Link department and is at present taking the refresher course. Bill comes here with an interesting background—having been a Chief Dispatcher in Birmingham, a Director of Flying in Mobile and a Flying Instructor in Elmira, where he acquired several hundred hours in gliders.

Sim Speer spent last week-end in Miami with M. G. O’Neal, former instructor here. O’Neal is a co-pilot for National Airlines. In his travels he ran across Bruce Crawford, who received a R.A.F. wings in Course 9. Bruce has since been made a first lieutenant in the AAF and is flying Mustangs.

New Instructor Club

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Herbig will be stewsards at the Instructors’ Club. The club members feel fortunate in getting a host and hostess with many years of experience in such work. The Herbigs come to us direct from the Huntington Yacht Club of Long Island.

Opening Night at the Club under the new stewardship was well attended last Saturday. Light refreshments were provided by the Co-Pilots. Later in the evening a skit was presented behind a shadow screen—“Doc” Walker performing an operation on DeMarco with the assistance of Mrs. Carl Ziler as nurse. Later, behind the screen, Bob Johnston gave a dance, with no apologies to Sally Rand.

On Wednesday a large group of members, their wives and dates enjoyed another famous “DeMarco Dinner.”

This Saturday all members are invited to another party sponsored by the Co-Pilots. Members also are invited to drop in on Sunday from 4 to 6. The following week the Club’s flurry of activity will include dinner on Wednesday, party on Saturday and informal gathering on Sunday.

“How hard do I have to hit it to knock it into the water?” asked the wife of an official at her first ship launching.
COURSE 17

Our New Year celebrations were prevented from being completely uneventful by a fifteen minute broadcast from England. We heard the BBC speak for the whole of the British people in wishing the fighting men overseas (that’s us) a very Happy New Year.

From the sports field this week comes news of glorious successes at soccer and rugger. Course 16 were the losers this time, the scores being: soccer 8-2, rugger 3-0. An onlooker was heard to inquire, “Has Course 17 found a decent team at last?”

Here’s an interesting piece of news from Cadet Williams. He received a letter the other day from his Grading School Instructor who was a graduate of Course 8.

May we take this opportunity of wishing Course 16 every success in their Wings Exams which take place shortly. Good luck, boys—we’re right behind you!

Our new editor, Harley Case, puts “acting” after his name and while his stay with us may only be temporary, we hope it’s a very pleasant one.

Golfers Wanted

The Belle Glade Golf Club has challenged the Cadets to a game planned for Sunday, January 23, at Belle Glade. Five more players are required to complete our side. Those desiring to play should give their names to Sgt. Moyes.

COURSE 16

Many futile hours were spent last week during which nearly everyone developed “House Maid’s Knee” drawing innumerable tracks over innumerable maps.

Our long cross-country dwindled rapidly from the Mississippi to a tour of Florida to three times ‘round the lake. It’s now hoped to run the long cross-country after “Wings” which are a reality now. Our first Signals Practical came at the end of last week and Armaments Practical was due this week.

The rest of the exams have been put forward to the twenty-first and second of this month.

The night flying for the squadron finished this week without any major mishap, and the nerve-racking experience of being wedged in two and three positions of five ship formations are through except for our “Wings fly-past.”

SPORTS RESULTS

by P. T. Sgt. Jack Moyes

Rugby: Course 17 defeated 18, score 3 to 0. Referee S/L Hill.

Soccer: Course 17 defeated 18, score 8 to 2. Referee Sgt. Moyes.

In the soccer Inter-Squadron Cup Game, Course 18’s A Flight won over B Flight, 1 to 0. C and D Flights of Course 16 defeated C and D Flights of 16 Course, 3 to 0.

In Softball, Courses 16 and 18 tied 4 and 4.

In Volley Ball, C and D Flights of 16 have one game to their credit.

Soccer—17 Course vs. 18 Course

The first half of this game was evenly contested. 18 course took the lead and looked as though they would hold it. Gillies, of 17, up to this time had been wandering about the pitch like a deflated set of bagpipes—then found his wind and also time to “lick” his side into shape—and periodically found time to “slander” the referee.

From this time on Course 18 gradually faded out. Course 17 emerged winners rather easily by 8-2.

Rugby—17 Course vs 18 Course

Course 17 completed “The Double” against Course 18 when they scraped home by an unconverted try at Clewiston on Thursday evening. This was a grand game! Both teams were evenly matched and did not spare themselves. It was “Nip and Tuck” until 17 scrambled the ball over the line for a try which Ferguson failed to improve upon. Rudd played an outstanding game for 18, while Farquharson, Crossley and Berkeley played well for the “Nudists” (so called because their jerseys were in the laundry).

We were very pleased to see the Commanding Officer, the Adjutant and Lt. Upham at the game. We are still wondering if they came to see the game or to see referee S/L Hill in “civies.”

GROUP CAPTAIN RAMPLING

Riddle Field’s former Commanding Officer is now Group Captain Kenneth Rampling. D.F.C. His many friends at No. 5 B.F.T.S. will be very happy to hear of his promotion and will be interested to learn of his being awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Where Are They?

Frank Pegge, Course Commander of Course 7, has been promoted to Flying Officer and is now with the RAF India Command.

I have received a note from the parents of the late Colin Yates, Course 8, and have complied with their request for the names and addresses of some of his classmates.

A letter arrived from my friend Brodie Reid of Course 12, who is in Scotland at an O.T.U. He tells that Charlie Mears, Larry Horsn, Roy Parkitt, Oakes and Owen are at his old A.F.U, Tommy Reynolds and Jack Davis also are at an A.F.U, while Jack Gough is an Instructor’s Course.

Dave Blackhall of Course 13 writes that he is on an “N.C.O.’s Leadership” Course along with Eric Denham, “Paddy” Dineen and “Tich” Goddard. Dave also asks to be remembered to Bob Westmoreland and Hal Harding.

A lovely Christmas card arrived from Freddie Cox of Course 10, who says “all the Riddle Field boys I know are doing A1—best regards to Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Reeder.”

Editor’s Note: Jack Hopkins, former Riddle Field editor, was kind enough to send us the above.

“POP” ELLIS, Advanced Flight Commander at No. 5 B.F.T.S.
It's again time to say "Goodbye" to another class of Cadets. We hope you boys of Class 44-E have enjoyed your brief stay here as much as much as we have enjoyed having you. Although we are sorry to see you leave, we wish you the very best of luck in your future training and are looking forward to seeing many of you again.

Welcome to Class 44-G! You will soon begin your flying career at the "safest flying school in the nation." Both American and British Cadets who trained at Carlstrom made this record, over a period of three years, and it is up to each of you to help keep the record. We're glad you're here and want to do everything possible to make your stay pleasant—so don't hesitate to call on us.

Cadet Cross

Eliece Cross of the Maintenance department recently was notified that she has been accepted as a Cadet Nurse. Eliece leaves soon for Charity Hospital in New Orleans, La. Good luck, Eliece, and let us know how you get along.

Lt. Alvin May is now back on the job after a ten-day furlough.

Visiting on the Field last week were Lt. Frank J. Gallagher, Lt. Walter Hayes and Lt. Thad Fisher. Lt. Gallagher and Hayes were classmates of Lt. Frisbee (of Army Operations and Engineering) here at Carlstrom in Class 42-I. The three visitors are stationed at Cross City, Fla., and flew three P-47s on to the Field.

Lt. John K. Dreisback of Class 43-E visited his former Instructor, R. C. Cross, and his former Flight Commander, H. M. Jones, last week. Lt. Dreisback is now instructing on B-17s at Sebring.

New flight instructors are: D. P. Govoni, Max Kress, W. Harley Miller, F. P. Fahs, Wallis C. Smith and Harold F. Beach.

Welcome to the ranks, fellows!

Lt. J. W. Brooks recently was assigned to Carlstrom Field as Statistical Officer.

Lt. H. S. Agne is the new Medical Officer on the Post. Welcome, gentlemen!

Hold It, Cadets

Carlstrom Field athletes again defeated Dorr Field boys at the Athletic Meet which was held at Dorr Field this time. Carlstrom won out in football, softball and tennis, while the Dorr gang defeated Carlstrom in basketball and volleyball.

Lt. Weiner, one of the Athletic Officers at Carlstrom, stated that if Carlstrom defeats Dorr in two more meets, the '44 trophy becomes the permanent possession of the Carlstrom boys. Go to it, Cadets!

The uniforms for the Carlstrom Field basketball team, composed entirely of enlisted men, are here and are they snazzy! They are royal blue shorts and shirts trimmed in gold with royal blue knee guards to complete the outfit. The team has chosen the name "Blue Devils," and their first game with Army competition was with the Hendricks Field, Sebring, team. Final score next week.

Hablo Español

Instructors DeFranceschi of Carlstrom and Aguirre of Dorr have approximately fourteen instructors lined up for a course in elementary and technical Spanish which they are going to teach. Both of these men are well qualified to instruct this course as both are familiar with several foreign languages.

A short time ago I talked to a man who had flown 55 combat missions. That set me to thinking about morale. For his outfit, there were no USO shows, no Hollywood beauties, no superficial stimuli to morale, only an occasional movie. How do they keep it up day after day and week after week? What is the basis of true morale?

A statement by Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, United States Army, answers my question: "It is morale—and I mean spiritual morale—which wins the victory in the ultimate, and that type of morale can only come out of the religious nature of a soldier who knows God and who has the spirit of religious fervor in his soul. I could rely heavily on that type of man and on that kind of Army."
True morale is a combination of such spiritual qualities as courage, tenacity, hope, confidence and devotion. The inexhaustible reservoir of such qualities is the Holy Bible.

Fear, that enemy of morale, is dispelled when one can say, “The Lord is my Shepherd.”

A man will never lose courage as long as he believes with the ancient Psalmist: “I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust.”

There is no hesitation in line of duty for one who is motivated by these words of Jesus Christ: “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.”

That pioneer Christian, Paul of Tarsus, who experienced hardship and suffering equal to that of our own day, was never without hope because he believed: “For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.”

Your nation is counting on that kind of morale on the home front and on the battle front to win the military victory and establish an enduring peace.

**Dorr Sports**

*Continued from Page 8*

Netters did an equally efficient job in polishing off Dorr’s boys by four matches to one.

Out on the gridiron Sagnette and Hodges led our team in a fighting but losing battle as Carlstrom shoved across two touchdowns in the fading minutes of the game. Final score, 13-0.

And that softball game is not to be talked about. Definite lack of practice on our part was shown when a definitely superior opposing team walked away with a 15-0 win to put the clincher on the day’s work.

Dorr’s quintet did its share in posting one-sided scores by tromping the Carlstrom five 37-18. Big Nickel was on the go and his play was outstanding in this smashing triumph. Jones, Winn and Rentz deserve credit for a well-planned, hard-fought game.

Carlstrom’s victory enabled them to tie the competition between the two fields 2-2. It is now up to 44F to get that old cup back to Dorr permanently by winning next month.

**O’Neil’s Problem**

Our genial Chief Accountant, William B. O’Neil, at the Colonnade is in a dilemma. He’s an expert on figures—but it seems that he has a clock, on which the dial is twisted around—and the striking mechanism is out of order—so that, when the hands of the clock point to ten minutes past nine, the clock strikes three, and Bill then knows that the actual time is sixteen minutes past eleven.

But the trouble is—he has not as yet figured out how to set his alarm so that it will go off at six-thirty, actual time.

**From Far And Wide**

**Come New Students**

_by Mary Frances Quinn_

While roaming around trying to find what news there was to be found, I dropped into the office of the Dean of Enrollments, here at the Colonnade. And lo and behold, there I found news.

L. D. Carlton tells me we have a new group of girls with us from all over the country. Texas, Maryland, Kentucky, Michigan, New Jersey, District of Columbia and West Virginia. Dear old West Virginia. That right, Lillian?

I think I’d like to devote the column to these girls for a hearty welcome.

**To Fly ’Em**

Just to mention a few, we have Martha Raver Howard from Baltimore, Md. She came to us from the production department of the Glenn L. Martin Aircraft Corporation in Baltimore. She learned how to build them there, and now she’s going to fly them. After that she plans to join the WASP.

To Theresa Labaldo I’d like to say just a little special welcome for she’s from Huntington, W. Va. Theresa’s studying to be a Link Operator.

Also for the Link Training Course we have Bette Moffett from Detroit, Mary Parke from Cortland, Ohio, and Catherine Schilling from Silver Springs, Md. And I think we will be hearing quite a bit about Catherine’s husband who is a famous flyer.

From Washington, D. C., we have Mary K. Willis who is taking a Commercial Flight Course. And Elisabeth Joost from Long Island is here to obtain her Commercial license.

At Embry-Riddle to get their private pilot’s licenses are Dottie and Jerry Otis of Dover, N. J., Virginia Worley, Madison Heights, Va., and Mary Gillman from Boston, Mass.

Among those girls who are also going to qualify for the WASP are Marcelle Gaston from Texas, Dottie Drews, Martha Raye Howard, and Mrs. James Henry Van over from Wooten, Ky.

All of these girls are living at the Embry-Riddle Dormitory and, gals, I know you’re going to like it.

Welcome to you all and we’ll be seeing you!

**YOUR BADGE**

Your badge may look like something out of this world, and better off out, but it is necessary that you wear it in plain sight at all times while you are on Company property.

It is the business of the MacAllister Guards to protect you and the place you are working. Their orders are to admit no one to the grounds unless that person is wearing a badge.

The guards don’t find it pleasant to remind us time after time to “put your badge on.” They don’t like to be “stuffy” and make a record of our names when we forget our badges. But that’s their job and they are pledged to do it.

Let’s help them out. Let’s resolve to wear our badges every day in plain view. Remember, it’s for your protection that the Intelligence Division of the United States Army has set forth this regulation.
“Now, who he wishes to eat these cakes?”
Outra vez ninguém.
Another time no one.
“Agora, quem quer comer estas bôlos?”
“Now, who he wishes to cook these cakes?”
“Eu quero,” disse todos.
“I wish,” he said all.
“Pois não os comerão porque fui eu que os fiz,” disse a gallinha.
“Well no them they shall eat because I was. I what them I made, she said the hen.
Tão, Os que não trabalham nao comam. So, they what no they eat.

Até Logo.

INTOLERANCE

Since the dawn of time Man has engaged in great wars. The cardinal factors in the disharmony among peoples have always been selfishness and his running mate, intolerance.

This unfortunate character is not one to play his insidious trade with bands playing and flags flying. Far from it, his action is slow, sly and deceitful. It appears in many of us in diverse forms and it is no respecter of class, clan or monetary state. In this respect it is democratic but it has no place in this world.

To imagine a world without these characteristics is to dream of Utopia. The Millennium is not yet at hand so we all must gird our loins for battle against it. Either fight a bloodless spiritual battle against it while conditions are suitable or we will again be forced to fight a gory, dirty and miserable battle against other of the races of mankind in the years to come because someone has acquired these attributes of all that is mean, low and despicable.

Force

It has been the selfish attitude of an Austrian paperhanger and his yellow friend which has plunged this world to the brink of destruction. Their desire to acquire that which was not theirs, to add to their ill-gotten gains in wealth and land without regard for people’s wishes, and to force the doctrine of the minority upon a whole nation must always take its place upon the roll of infamous deeds.

This is not a special attribute, however, of dictators. If it were, it easily could be dealt with. It is all too unfortunately a latent characteristic of the entire genus Homo. In most of us it is kept well controlled. It is when it becomes a predominant factor in the life of the individual that it becomes known.

The robber, the swindler, the murderer, the corrupt politician are all typical examples of the extremes of selfishness. These too are somewhat easily dealt with through segregation. It is those occasional lapses, probably unconscious for the most part,

FIFTH FLOOR FLURRIES

by Dottie do Rio

Since many of us are having trouble with translations, I thought it would be a good idea to simplify matters for all concerned by showing how it is done. I found a story about a little hen. Remember the fable about the Little Red Hen? Well, this must be the Brazilian counterpart. Anyhooo here goes.

Uma gallinha estava no jardim.
A hen was in the garden.

“Encontrei um grão de milho,” disse a gallinhe.
“I have found a grain of corn,” said the hen.

“Quem quer semear este milho?”
“Who he wishes to sow seed this corn?”
“Eu não,” disse o gato.
“I no,” he said the male cat.

“Não.”
“Nem eu,” disse o gato.

“Neither I,” he said the little pig.

“Pois en o semearei,” disse a gallinhe, e semeou o grão de milho.
“Well I it I shall sow seed,” she said the hen, and she sowed the grain of the corn.

Ben depressa começou a crescer o milho.
Good quickly he commenced to grow the corn.

“Quem quer regar este milho?” perguntou a gallinhe.
“Who he wishes to dilute this corn?”
She asked the hen.
E ninguém quer.
And no one he wishes.

“Pois en o farei,” disse a gallinhe.
“Well I it I shall do,” she said the hen.

Então começou a herva a crescer.
Then he commenced the herb to to grow.

“Quem quer arrancar a herva?” perguntou a gallinhe.
“Who he wishes to jerk out the herb?” she asked the hen.
Ninguém quer.
No one he wishes.

“Quem quer moer este milho no moinho?”
“Who he wishes to reduce to flour this corn in the flour mill?”

E ainda ninguém quer.
And still no one he wishes.

“Quem quer fazer bôlos com esta farinha?”
“Who he wishes to do cakes with this flour?”
Ninguém!
No one!

“Agora, quem quer cozer estas bôlos?”
UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letters addressed to the following will be found in the Mail Room at Tech: Mrs. P. Crawford, Joyce James and Arthur Mokray.

and during which transgression there is no violation of society's legal code of conduct, which are most insidious in their attack upon the social welfare of a people.

It is the little unplanned and unconscious acts which hurt individuals that are to be guarded against. These can lead to dis- sension in the family and this strikes at the very foundation of modern civilization.

Then there is selfishness of groups such as clubs, organizations and the like. They band together for the purpose of obtaining certain advantages for themselves. This may border on the selfish if the results which they obtain are of benefit only to them to the detriment of the rest of the people.

The Individual

We are concerned primarily with the conduct of individuals because it is here that we find the majority of the transgressions. In this present War effort we must stamp out, even as we are stamping out the Axis, selfishness. If we don't, we are prolonging the conflict just so much.

If we lose the spirit of service, of cooperation, of volunteer work under the clouds of our own selfish desires, we are failing in our duty to our loved ones, to our neighbors and to our community.

When donations are to be made to the Blood Bank, we should give that priority over the afternoon bridge game. When there is a call for volunteers for Civilian Defense, that should take priority over the weekly poker game. When we are asked to cooperate with the authorities in the rationing of various essential items, no matter what our opinions might be, it is our duty as citizens to follow the rules as they are set up.

Black Markets

If we desire to obtain for ourselves a little extra gasoline, an extra pair of shoes or a larger steak through Black Market operations, we have committed a double crime against society. We have first given way to our own mean, selfish desires and have obtained for our own selfish satisfaction and pleasure something at the expense of the majority. Secondly, we have allowed a pernicious type of individual to prey upon our country.

When we are asked to invest our surplus in War Bonds and we spend that money for some of those things which are not essential to our continued healthy living, again we have deprived our fighting forces of some badly needed sinews of War to satisfy those same selfish desires. To state it more concretely, we have our new radio while the neighbor's boy in Italy is needing more ammunition for his machine gun.

Then we have the morning after a large evening when we just don't feel like going to work and we stay in bed instead of doing our part in turning out those essential munitions. Or else we decide that we have made a little money and will take a few days' vacation. Here again we are benefiting ourselves at the expense of the majority.

Another form of selfishness which most of us probably don't recognize is intolerance. We are all well acquainted with religious and political intolerance and do our best to reject them from our personalities. Are we all as well aware of personal intolerance?

Are we willing to accept people for what they are? Do we accept the fact that although "all men are created equal" their development is determined by their environment and judge others with this thought in mind? All too often most of us don't.

Let us, in the true spirit of cooperation, be unselfish and tolerant in our attitudes and give all credit to the person who puts forth effort to better himself and realize that "There but for the Grace of God go we."

Let us consider again this Utopian world in which selfishness and intolerance are unknown. It is primarily an individual job. It is a job to which all of us must apply ourselves every waking hour. The world-to-be would be well worth it, for the reward would be the extinction of wars and differences. If we apply ourselves to it now, the immediate reward will be a speedy return of the members of our forces and a future of peace.

Is this a reward worth working for? Think about it. Then start working for it.

February 14, 1944

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It" Page 15

LOCKING DOORS

by A/C W. G. Sanders

Dorr Field

The importance of keeping barracks' doors locked and keys in the possession of the room occupants is being made an item of particular stress at this time.

The scarcity of metal evidences the need for each room occupant to return his key upon being shipped from the Field, as a lost key usually is not replaceable.

Failure to carry door keys on the person has resulted, in a number of cases, in forced entrances through windows, a practice which could, and has in the past, led to damaged screen and window metal parts, items which are also non-replaceable. This practice could likewise act as an incentive for other parties to make similar entrances.

Among the "don'ts" which should be followed to safeguard your property and help to save valuable material are: (1) do not leave door keys hanging on stop or under door mats; (2) never enter a room by pushing out a screen; (3) do not tamper with door locks.

In any case of faulty equipment, notify the Supervisor of Barracks and have it properly corrected.

Can you sing or dance? Have you ever taken part in a Minstrel Show? Would you like to take part in one? If so, be at the Tech School Cafeteria at 8:30 sharp on Tuesday evening, January 18. Tryouts and rehearsals will take place at that time for the Embry-Riddle Minstrel Show. A lot of fun is guaranteed. Come on out and do your part to make this first Embry-Riddle show a top-notch one.

OFFICIAL FLY PAPER "DOG HOUSE"

RACHEL LANE REALLY DOESN'T RATE THE DOG HOUSE, but we had such a cute picture of her, one just the right size, that we thought we'd put her in just on general principles. Now when she IS bad, she'll have the consolation of already having served her Dog House term. Rachel is a chauffeurette at Tech.
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Guest Artist Billie Fernandez

Gloomy Reflections of a Flu Victim

Oh! Oh! Oh! Those cokes couldn’t have done this to me! It must have been that chili, that delicious hot chili that I love better than life. But oh my head!

Does chili give you a temperature of 102°, Mother? Chili will not give you a temperature, she says, so this must be what the flu is like. They ordered a very particular brand for me with a little pleurisy thrown in.

The doctor says when my temperature reaches 104° I’ll just drop off to sleep, painlessly, so get going, temperature. Looking at the new year through a rose colored oxygen tent. Ho hum!

Going to Live

All right, so I’m going to live. And for what? No food, he says. No cigarettes either and it is bad to read with fever. Plenty of unsweetened fruit juices and don’t forget the sulfa tablet and liver extract every four hours—one to tear you down—the other to build you up.

Can’t he make up his silly mind? Authority mad, that’s what he is. I’m buried alive in this cheerless tomb just so he can show his M.D. authority. What does M.D. stand for? Mad dog? Medical dope? Moronic Drip?—And everyone else back at work at Chapman—all bright and cheerful. “But I feel perfectly all right, Doctor. Oh all right, but my day will come—this War isn’t going to last forever and then we’ll see who’s boss around this concentration camp.”

Catering Knees

“But I tell you something has happened to them. I guess I should know how they act usually. Not since dancing the rumba with Guillermo McRathio have my knees ever cut such capers.” Now he tells me it’s because I haven’t eaten. “Well then, love of my life, how’s about some vittles? No!

Can you spare it? Not a whole potato? Well don’t think I don’t appreciate it.”

Well now, this is more like it. There’s really nothing to this flu thing. Especially if you get a good doctor. Now if some of the gang would just remember that this unhappy person still exists and bring me a pack of cigarettes. Why don’t some of you drop by tonight and I’ll give you a cup of tea and the flu. We could keep this thing going all winter if we really put our heads together.

As for me, that weird apparition you will see one day soon, walking (the doctor assures me I will again in time) toward Operations—complete with face mask, fending gloves, and portable iron lung—will be your bedside correspondent back at work and taking no chances on being grounded again by a silly germ.

Minstrel

Let’s see what’s happened around Chapman this week. We had our first meeting for the minstrel for one thing. Dave Narrow was elected Director, Cookie will be secretary, Ted Murphy, musical director, Mac Campbell script writer (and that promises to be good). George Maxey and I will handle the costuming and make-up, and for interlocutors, singers and general fun makers we have Lee Maxey, Tom Mooney, Pat Roberts, Sterling Camden and many others. The meeting was well attended and besides the business at hand everyone had a good time.

We all miss little Linda who was the victim of foul play last Sunday, but none of us misses her as much as Hugo who seems to realize it is not just a “between flites” vacation to Nancy Graham our sincere condolences.

Petite

The spry young lady shown in this issue is one of our petite Elementary Flight Instructoresses. Her name is Helen D. Allen and she was born 19 years ago on February 3rd at Staten Island, N. Y. She received her Commercial Certificate and Flight Instructor Rating on June 16, 1943, and began her present duties immediately.

And before we say so long, may we bid a quick but fond farewell to Bill Carey, former C.P.T. student, who shoves off for Randolph with “destination unknown.” Lots of luck and come back again soon.

Can you sing or dance? Have you ever taken part in a Minstrel Show? Would you like to take part in one? If so, be at the Tech School Cafeteria at 8:30 sharp on Tuesday evening, January 18. Tryouts and rehearsals will take place at that time for the Embry-Riddle Minstrel Show. A lot of fun is guaranteed. Come on out and do your part to make this first Embry-Riddle show a top-notch.

Chapman War Wings

Wallop The Axis

As one of the leading aviation training centers in the nation, Miami, during the year coming to a close, has provided a multitude of war wings for the fight against the Axis.

Down at Chapman Field, 17 classes of naval aviation cadets have been given elementary and intermediate flight training under the War Training Service since the program started last March, according to Sterling W. Camden, Jr., General Manager.

The program is operated in conjunction with the University of Miami, where the cadets are taking ground school and military training. At Opa-Locka other naval cadets have been receiving advanced flight training.

A total of 47 women pilots have been trained in the past 12 months at Chapman Field and at the Seaplane Base for entrance into the WASPS. A number of these former students already have completed training at Avenger Field and are now engaged in ferrying and other flying duties for the Army Air Forces.

Civilian training has continued at both fields during the year for candidates who intended to use their training directly in the war effort. Flight instructor courses provided additional personnel for the national training effort and instrument rating courses were given for various airline pilots.

“With increased facilities and equipment, Embry-Riddle’s bases in Miami will start the new year with an enlarged program for civilian flight training,” Camden said.
ARCADIA OVERHAUL
by Bleeka Kistler

What goes in the Dop e and Tape Room? 'Tis rumored that Louise Daughtery is the life of the entire group with Bessie Wilson running a close second and Lois Bellflower not far behind both. Then there's Bertha Hall, who always gets a laugh, with the aid of Alma Westberry. Of course, Lee Hill with that solemn expression usually gives out with something witty to top it all, with Alma Coker and Ida Mae Stone bearing up under the strain in their usual calm manner.

Pardon this, Dave, but it's just too good to leave out. Several asked me to be sure and mention your new hat. At first glance we thought we had a "Dude from the Bay X Ranch" in our midst. But upon closer scrutiny we found it was you, Dave, decked out in that one-gallon Stetson. We have to admit it's becoming.

Charles McRae is hoping that all in his department will soon be well as it was quite a job for him, Cassie Walker and Florence Brewer to get the work out as scheduled.

The winner of the bond was none other than yours truly for last month. I must say here and now it's the first thing I ever won and the shock was almost too much.

The girls are all "agog" about Alma Westberry's mysterious phone call Thursday night and why she blushes at being called "Girlie." Perhaps you'd be interested in knowing how Rames acquired the name "Muffin," just ask Al Williams. And where did Mildred Keene lose her shoe heel? A very likely story was told.

I'm told that Al Williams starts on his vacation Monday. Hope you have a fine time, Al. Now's your chance to become better acquainted with that lovely young daughter.

Florrie Brewer's young son, Owen, a cadet in the Air Corps, came home yesterday on a ten-day furlough. We are happy for you, Florrie.

HEADLINES
by Patricia Drew, Engine Overhaul

The glaring headlines told the news:
"60 bombers lost—most of the crew!
My heart turned over, and my spirit lagged,
Until I read on and learned how many
we bagged.
Then deep inside me—a slow anger burned
Resentment and desire together began to churn.
Resentment that 60 Flying Forts were lost,
Desire for revenge no matter what the cost.
News of our victories and a successful campaign
Are apt to make us over-confident and vain.
It takes a headline or two now and then
Of losses—setbacks—missing and wounded men
To make us realize we still have a job to do,
A mighty important one—it's up to you and you!
It will be time enough to shout and cheer
When the headlines scream "Victory and Peace Are Here!"

WING FLUTTER
by Medora Darling

Our office beauty, Aylene Arnette, is on her way to New Orleans, and the remaining office force wishes it were with her. The new club, "Wolves Inc.," has brought forth much comment and it seems that the one and only member wishing we had never mentioned it, Ah! The price we must pay for popularity.

If there is anyone in our limited audience knowing anything about C. Aldorf's romance and the class ring that was returned, we should like very much to talk with him. We know the class ring was returned but that is all we can find out.

Now it can be told. Bertha Roark is wearing a diamond and the engagement can be considered official.

There was excitement in the office this morning, Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women, visited us. Very pretty, too, in her gray suit and red shoes.

This clears everything up in fine order so bye now. See you next week.

ENGINE NOISES
by Lona Cochran and Meade Shepherd

"Thanks, Miss Howell, for allowing us a full week, less 6½ days, to write this epistle."

Changes seem to be the mode of living nowadays. Since we're no exception, we find upon arrival this morning a door cut in the side of what we understand to be Mr. Pelton's office. As yet we haven't a certainty as to what it will be used for, but if it were to find the same in a terminal, I would try to check my baggage.

"They come and they go,
Today we lost Moe,
When you pass Final Assembly,
Tell him 'Hello!'"

We welcome Allen Huher, "Pop" Huher's son, who today joined us in the Final Inspection and Treating department. We're sure if he is a chip off the ole block Allen will be a mighty good worker.

We're glad to see "Bones" Nordin back on the job; the boys say they missed him at the dreaded mystic hour of 12:30.

"The worst has happened to poor ole 'Pop.' His bicycle tire took a flat, but we should be ones to talk.
For some day we may have to walk."

Better late than never, Knute has finally persuaded the boss to build a bench in our department which we have needed "to these many days." Thanks to Bill and Charlie.

Charles Shepherd, who formerly worked for Engine Overhaul, has joined the Navy and is now stationed in Jacksonville for boat training. "Good luck, Charlie."

Continued on next page
NEW BOOKS at TECH


A. D. D.'s

by Dorothy Keyser

Major Howard F. Butler of WRASC paid us a visit here at the Air Depot Detachment last week and performed the duties of a Technical Inspector. Close on his heels was Major Conrad Schatte of the Warner Robins Manpower Utilization office. Major Schatte showed us some of the "ins and outs" of Manpower Utilization charts.

Sunday, Lt. David N. Henderson, also of WRASC, flew in and spent Monday and Tuesday going over the supply problems. Hardly had Lt. Henderson cleared than Major Butler appeared again; this time with Major Wilkinson. We were pleased to see our old friends and enjoyed meeting the new.

Her Own Enemy

Now that our chart of minor disgraces (The Absentee Chart) has been put forth, you'll have to forego that five or ten minutes turn over in bed. Odessa is in charge; seems like she's her favorite enemy. Will have to admit that the chart serves its purpose well.

Every road has its crossing, and this time we take leave of Dorothy Goyer. We will miss our personality kid and wish her loads of luck. Greetings to our newest members, Cornelia van Nus in the Bookkeeping department and Thelma Kirby and Samuel Fleming in the Stockroom.

Sorry to break New Year's resolutions so soon. I'll bet odds against myself that this doesn't make the deadline, but it was fun trying.

ENGINE NOISES

Continued from Page 17

We all extend our welcome to the boys from Cuba who are now getting practical training in the shop.

"With Shop's wit,
And my little bit,
I think it's now
Time to quit."

"Look out, bachelors, this is Leap Year!"

"Girls, Happy Hunting!"

Did You Know...

That Connie Young, formerly of Tech, is now a WASP, having completed her course at Avenger Field, Sweetwater, Texas?

That another Embry-Riddle-ite, Engine Overhaul to be more explicit, is a Sergeant in the Marines—a lady Marine? Gerry Goff, the last time we heard from her, was on recruiting duty in Richmond, Va.

That Bob Lipkin, former radio student, is making use of his Embry-Riddle training in the Aleutians?

Minstrel Show

Can you sing or dance? Have you ever taken part in a Minstrel Show? Would you like to take part in one? If so, be at the Tech School Cafeteria at 8:30 sharp on Tuesday evening, January 18. Tryouts and rehearsals will take place at that time for the Embry-Riddle Minstrel Show. A lot of fun is guaranteed. Come on out and do your part to make this first Embry-Riddle show a top-notch.
Charlene Gould 
Joins Faculty 
In Sao Paulo

Charlene Gould, who is widely known in Miami music circles as a piano, violin and guitar teacher, has arrived in São Paulo, Brazil, where she will teach car­burators to aircraft technicians for the Brazilian air forces and other Brazilian war workers.

When the war started, Charlene became interested in war work and was trained at Embry-Riddle to be an instructor. She taught carburators at the Tech School for some time and after special training was accepted as a member of the faculty of the new technical aviation school of the Brazilian Air Ministry, a branch of Embry-Riddle.

Charlene taught private music classes here for several years. At the time of her departure she was a member of the board of the Miami Civic Music Association and of the Miami Music Club. She is a former member of the Miami Biltmore Country Club and of the Coral Gables DAR.

Charlene came to Miami in 1926 from Chicago, her birthplace, and before her departure lived with her mother, Mrs. Charles B. Stearns, at 1118 Albereca St., Coral Gables, where they own their home.

She received a B.M. degree in public school music from the University of Miami and a B.M. degree in violin and composition from the American Conservatory, Chicago. She has studied also at the music school at Oberlin College.

She has been trained with other Embry-Riddle instructors especially for the Brazilian project. She was taught Portuguese, the language of the country, and was familiarized with the history and customs of the country to enable her to fit into the life of the South American community.

BRASIL EM MIAMI
by Otto F. Hempel, Jr.

We wish to take this opportunity to wel­come to our group Manual Nieves. He is the husband of Ruth Nieves and will be instructing in Portuguese. We are also for­tunate in having with us Dr. Charles R. Foster, Dean of the School of Education at the University of Miami, and Sr. Alber­to Raposo Lopes, Brazilian Vice-Consil. They are instructing a most essential sub­ject, personal relations, dealing with the Brazilian people in particular. We also have C. S. MacLaughlin of Inter-Continental who is instructing Teaching Technique. To these gentlemen we extend a most hearty welcome and hope that their stay with us will be most pleasant.

By the way, we have been informed that the correct spelling of the country is Brasil in English as well as in Portuguese.

We had a most pleasant surprise the other day when we saw that Gloria Meyers had decided to get well and join us. We did consider it most unfortunate that she should have been sick over the holidays. Let us hope that she has had enough illness for a long time to come.

If there is anyone who would like to have someone met at the train, wife, mother, mother-in-law or what have you, consult John Page. He is an authority on the subject of train meeting and we are sure that his experience will be of benefit to every­one.

The opening of the cafeteria for the evening meal is a most welcome boon to all of those members of the division who are living here as well as those who are rooming in the neighborhood. For Jack Whitnall’s benefit, we would like to state that we like it also as it fills in that break between the time that the canteen closes and we eat supper. It gives us strength to carry on.

We are still looking for a likely corres­pondent to carry on this work when we are no longer “one of those who are still here.” Any volunteers will be gratefully treated to a sumptuous repast—coffee and doughnuts. The line forms to the right and don’t trample the women and children.

For some reason or other this week has been uneventful. Maybe it is just the contrast with the holiday week. Maybe it is our own eyes which are not able to see the sparkle in our daily lives which are “News.” Maybe we just need a rest. We’ll try it now and todatari.

SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL, is now the scene of the activ­ities of Mrs. Galen W. Johnston (left) and Charlene Gould, who are instructors at the Technical School of Aviation of the Brazilian Air Ministry. This picture was taken in front of the Tech School in Miami on the morning of their departure.

Edith Johnston
Teaches Engines
To Brazilians

Mrs. Galen W. Johnston, who has made her home in Miami for the past four years, has arrived in Brazil, where she will in­struct Brazilian war workers studying at the newly organized technical aviation school of the Brazilian Air Ministry.

Edith has been an instructor at Embry­Riddle since December, 1942, in the mili­tary engines department. Her husband is employed by Pan American Airways in Natal, Brazil, and to be nearer him she joined the group of instructors receiving special training for the Brazilian air school. En route to São Paulo, she stopped in Natal to see her husband.

Edith, in addition to her experience at Embry-Riddle, taught in the schools of Grelton, Ohio. She received her education at Chicago Normal and at Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla. She lived in St. Peters­burg nine years.

Her only daughter, Sara Beach, 17, will be graduated from Miami high school in January and will attend Marysville College, Marysville, Tenn.

Broad Background
Equips Guy Dosher
For Sao Paulo Job

Guy H. Dosher, alumnus of the Universi­ty of Illinois, Champaign, Ill., has arrived in São Paulo, Brazil, to be an instructor in our new technical aviation school there. The school will be the most modern of its type in the world when building plans are completed and will be known as the Technical School of Aviation of the Brazilian Air Ministry.

After leaving the University of Illinois, Dosher attended the Sorbonne, Paris, France, and the University of Dijon, Dijon, France. He has had an extensive back­ground as an instructor, including teaching technical subjects in army service schools, both air corps and artillery, the organized reserve of the army, the Illinois National Guard, and the ROTC at Davenport high school, Iowa.

He has been an instructor at Embry­Riddle in Miami for a year.

EL SALVADOR
Continued from Page 4

Salvador is unique in that it is one of the countries in the world that boasts an active volcano, Izalco. At night it almost con­tinual flames provide a splendid beacon. This little strip of land along the Pacific coast of Central America with its dense population is increasing in importance, and with the resumption of travel, it will take its place among points of interest of the western hemisphere.
W H I T E C A P S

by Mary Amanek, Guest Writer

Well, here I am again, taking over the column for the Seaplane Base this week. How did I ever get mixed up in all this? Cay Silloocks certainly has a way about her—guest writer, she calls me!

This certainly was a busy week socially at our Seaplane Base. Among those warming their toesies around our oil stove at various times were Leslie Moore and Betty Bennett, the inseparables, whom we are always glad to see. Bill Hayes, Instructor at Chapman Field, came by, and—oh, yes, Mr. Gibbons and Mr. Sheffield were down to pay us a visit—business, of course.

Inseparables

And speaking of inseparables, Harry Barstow and his dog, Blackout, are here. Harry wants his water rating but all the dog wants is a ducking in the Bay.

Betty Rae has just finished taking her flight test last week, after which she immediately took off for Fort Bennett to attend her brother’s graduation. Betty reports to the Navy on the 26th. She’ll make a swell lieutenant, we’ll bet! Good luck, Betty.

Rosemary Bryant finally took that long-awaited cross-country. What’s this I hear about the 79th St. Causeway, Rosemary?

Walter Blake, who is taking his commercial, is now at Chapman charting his cross-country.

Lt. Payne, one of our Waves, is back with us after a short absence, and she’s been made a full lieutenant. Congratulations.

Back In the Fold

Among others who have returned is Mr. Russell of Fort Lauderdale, owner of our little sailboat at the Base.

Our very nice Lt. Sherry Kamon, our favorite Army nurse, has left us. She’s been transferred to parts unknown.

No wonder we’re freezing down here. In these days of rationing it just isn’t fitting to go knocking over oil stoves. But, Emmet, it seems, can’t keep out of water—hot or cold!

Could it be mental telepathy or just those Piper Cubs? Here we sat bemoaning the fact that we needed just one little carburetor. Quick as a flash Bruce Hadley appeared holding two carburetors, announcing that this was the first official errand of the new “courier” service. Next time we will wish for something better than carburetors—how about hamburgers?

LORRAINE MOONEY, Ground School Instructor at the Seaplane Base, has taken up flying in order to study various maneuvers and so perfect her method of teaching. Lorraine comes from Meadville, Pa., but now calls Miami her home.

“By whom,” asked a husband when told that his wife was outspoken!

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