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Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1944-03-03

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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BE GOOD TO THAT 'CHUTE

Men who go into the sky in airplanes sometimes have to return to earth by parachute.

And parachutes, as anyone who has ever used one will verify, are mighty nice to have around when needed. Many lives have been lost through sheer carelessness with 'chutes, carelessness that is practically an ignorant form of involuntary hara-kiri.

Little does it matter if a 'chute packer applies his training and precise care in packing a 'chute if the user slings it in a greasy corner, carries it improperly or allows it to become damaged by cigarette burns.

Taking excellent care of parachutes is the mark of the professional airman whether he be pilot or gunner. Such a flyer regards his 'chute as equal in importance to any other piece of flying equipment. Whenever possible he has it on, and the occasions when such is not possible are mighty few indeed. When not worn, the 'chute of a veteran is carefully stowed in a predetermined spot where it will be available instantly.

In the Flying Section of February Air Force there is described the death of two B17 crew members at Dyersburg, Tenn., caused by careless 'chute habits. "Two members of the crew," the paragraph states, "... were killed when they were thrown from the plane without their parachutes from an altitude of 4,000 feet. The men were catapulted through a hatch in the radio compartment as the result of a violent maneuver to avoid collision with another Fortress. This should be food for thought for men who regard a parachute as a useless encumbrance."

—Hq. AAF Office of Flying Safety

CARLSTROM CADET RECEIVES AWARD

A letter received from Mrs. George A. Glyer reveals that her son, John Robert Glyer, has been awarded the Silver Star and the Distinguished Flying Cross for gallantry in action. Many old-timers at Carlstrom will remember Capt. J.R. Glyer as a Cadet in Class 41-I in April, 1941. Congratulations to the Captain himself and to his parents—we know you're mighty proud! Thanks, Mrs. Glyer, for the delightful letter, and we can assure you that your son's name now appears on our Honor Roll Board.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELDS WHERE BOYS GROW WINGS ARE MARVEL TO VISITOR

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. Never will I forget the thrill of seeing our Flight Schools rising like a mirage out of a desert. After riding for miles in an absolute wilderness, seeing only an occasional cow or horse at pasture, planes begin to appear; then it is evident that the Field is near. Though the horizon can be seen all around, there is, as yet, no sight of the School.

All of a sudden, there arises in view the indescribable beauty of a small, complete unto itself city of boys growing wings. The beautiful modern architecture and excellent landscaping make each of the stuff of which dreams are made.

But these are not dreams, not in the literal sense of the word. Here is bustling activity from the Administration Building in the foreground to the Flight Line in the rear. Though there is likeness in a general description, each Field has an individual personality.

Cool, sparkling, diamond-shaped No. 5 BFTs is a swell bit of America with a British accent. The high point of our stop here was the Intelligence Room ably exhibited by F/Lt. Bruce Smith. This room is a whole story in itself and any narration of mine on its merit would be wholly inadequate.

After a most welcome and delicious repast with General Manager Ernie Smith and Assistant General Manager Jimmy Durden, we were taken on tour by Acting Guide Durden. My greatest disappointment was leaving uninstructed in the mysteries of a Link trainer.

Colorful, scintillating Dorr—here is evidence that all work and no play makes A/C Jack a dull boy. A sapphire swimming pool, red clay tennis courts and brilliant flowers on a beautiful expanse of green velvet are the hub. A Rumpus Room and the War Room occupy many evening hours. An obstacle course built by the students is immensely popular. After refreshments in the

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Letters to the Editor

Cuartel General de la Fuerza Aerea
Managua, Nicaragua, C. A.
February 11, 1944

Dear Editor,

First of all I wish to extend my regards to Mr. John Paul Riddle and to all the Instructors at the Tech School and Riddle Field and to all my friends in both places, and especially to Mr. and Mrs. Lawson in Clewiston, Fla.

As you may know, I am one of the Nicaraguans who took Aviation training at the Tech School and can never forget my stay there as well as at Riddle Field. The time is passing by and things change so fast that I just can't stop to think how everything happened.

My stay in the U.S.A. seems to have been a dream, but it really happened and I learned a lot, too, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Riddle and to the efficiency of all the Instructors. Here I am now serving my country and feeling very proud of it.

A few days ago I was very glad to have an issue of the Fly Paper in my hands. I could remember all of you and felt some sort of sadness or homesickness since Embry-Riddle was like a home to me.

I hope that it won't be long before I can go back to that good country of yours and say hello to all of you, at a time when the War will be over and there will exist just peace, happiness and prosperity.

Very sincerely, y hasta pronto Jorge Israel Silva
1st Lt. Nicaraguan Air Force
P.S. Please send me the Fly Paper to the above address.

Editor's Note: The Fly Paper is on its way, Jorge, and we're looking forward to that visit of yours.

Class 44-F
Dorr Field
Arcadia, Florida
February 9, 1944

Dear Editor:

I'm one of the graduating class here at Dorr and will soon be on my way to Basic. I've enjoyed and looked forward to every issue of the Fly Paper and I'd like to continue enjoying it. Would you please send each issue to my home? They in turn will forward them to me.

I have an "air-minded" sister of 17 who enjoys the issues I send home. Now she can send them on to me. I would appreciate this very much. Thank you.

Sincerely,
A/C Francis P. Hyland

Editor's Note: The Fly Paper is being sent to your sister, Francis, but she need not forward it on to you. If you will send us your address when you get to Basic, we will also send it to you weekly.

Tech School
February 29, 1944

Dear Editor:

It has just come to my attention that Fredda and I are about to become entangled in a lawsuit, due to a misleading statement made by us in our presentation of Tech School Personalities!

With March 15th just around the corner, neither of us feels that we can afford to become any more involved than we have ourselves at the present time, so I hasten to "retract"! Will you please offer our sincere apologies to Miss Ann Stahl for mis-representing a demure young lady as a "Tomboy"?

To further prove to Miss Stahl that we definitely are not hard-boiled reporters, we would appreciate it if you would extend to her an invitation to join us for lunch some day soon at the Tech School, at which time we hope to convince her that being a tomboy has its advantages—we know, 'cause we were a couple!

We are delighted, dear Editor, to have this opportunity to make amends—in this case! However, we do not promise to change our views on any of the pictures which were printed!

Sincerely,
Helen Burkart

Editor's Note: We are sure that Ann, who is a daughter of the Director of the Tech School, will accept the apology of Mr. Riddle's secretaries and will withdraw her threat to file suit against them. We hope to be on hand if the young lady comes over for lunch so we can hear a dissertation on the advantages of being a tomboy!

315th B.H. & A.B. Sgtd.
Wendover Field, Utah
January 30, 1944

Dear Buck:

Just a line to inquire how you and the gang are getting along. I arrived at this Base on December 10, previous to which time I had been stationed up in the northwest.

This is an O.T.U., so I have hopes of getting overseas from here. We are in the center of the Great Salt Desert on the Utah-Nevada line, the closest town being Salt Lake City, which is 127 miles away.

I am C.O. of the Air Base Squadron so you see that I have my hands full. I was made first lieutenant last July and yesterday the Colonel told me he had sent in my papers for captain, so I can't kick when I think that in June of 1942 I was a buck private doing K.P.

The temperature here varies from 30 below zero to zero and around 100 in the summer. They say anyone that asks to go overseas from here is just plain yellow and can't take it. A h— of a place for a Florida Cracker, I'm thinking.

Have you heard from Steve or Grady? How are Nick and the rest? Give them all my regards and I hope to hear from you soon.

As ever,
George Wygant, Jr.

Editor's Note: The above letter, sent to us by “Buck” Bixton, is from a former Chief of the Inventory Crew who is known to many oldtimers at the Fields and in Miami. For George's information: Steve Anderson is Staff Sergeant and is now overseas; Grady Masters left the Company to take flight training in the Air Corps and hasn't written to any of us. Steve's address is 421st Sig. Co. Avn., A.P.O. 528, care Postmaster, New York City.

315th B.H. & A.B. Sgtd.
Wendover Field, Utah
January 30, 1944

Dear Editor:

It is with great sorrow that I announce the death of my brother, William A. Watkins of Course 6 at Clewiston. Bill was shot down while on a fighter mission over Italy about the 20th of December.

Although his death was a terrible blow to me, I know if he had to choose the way he wanted to go it would have been that way.

Bill was the first "Yank in the R.A.F." to be trained at Clewiston. I know his training under Mr. Coon, Mr. Schneider, and Mr. Richard was very pleasant and he enjoyed every minute of it. I often think of the pleasant days I spent with him at Clewiston while I was a member of Course 7.

I am now a Cadet in the Army Air Force stationed at a Basic Flying School in Kansas. It won't be long before I will be finishing my basic training. I still receive the Fly Paper, and I certainly do enjoy it. I wish you would please send my copy to this address rather than the old one. Thank you again for sending it to me.

Sincerely,
A/C Woodruff W. Watkins
Class 44-E

Editor's Note: Our deepest sympathy to you, Woodruff. The nes you send, we know, will be a great shock to those who were with your brother at Riddle Field. We have corrected your address. May you continue to enjoy the Fly Paper.
Letters from England

30 Longford Avenue
Southall, Middx.
England
January 5, 1944

Dear Editor:

I would like to write once more to thank you for sending the Fly Papers to us so regularly. We read them eagerly for they keep us in touch with No. 11, the Course in which our son John trained until his death on January 19, 1943. He was so truly happy at No. 5 B.F.T.S. and wrote wonderful letters home about the generosity of the Americans.

I am writing especially to thank all the very kind people who beautify the graves of our beloved boys. No one can know what this means to us mothers and fathers here in England so far away and unable, as yet, even to visit Arcadia or send money for flowers.

There is one other great favor I would ask. Could you send us a copy of the group of Course 11, also one of the winning team published about October 29, 1942—Green Flight? D. Clodillon’s mother had them, Derek being captain of the team—he was killed with John.

We very much regret being unable to send any money to cover the cost of these prints, but will give an extra donation to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund which is doing such good work.

We would like to express our heartfelt sympathy to the school and the relatives of G. W. Tyson, Jr., and F./L Nickerson in their great loss.

Mabel W. Clay

Editor’s Note: We are having the pictures you request printed, Mrs. Clay, and we shall see that you get them before long. We are sure the families in Arcadia and Clewiston who do what they can for the British boys will appreciate your thoughtfulness in mentioning them.

“Río”
Railway Avenue
Whitstable
Kent, England

My Dear Jack (and all my friends at Clewiston):

You may not remember me; however, I hope you do.

Perhaps you may wonder why I have not written to you before, but you know how it is—kept putting it off.

Then yesterday, two copies of the dear old Fly Paper arrived from Miami, for which I am very grateful.

Being a tender-hearted individual and easily susceptible to very, very happy memories, I almost shed a tear as I saw some photos of familiar faces and places.

I think I made some good friends at Riddle! Bob Ahern, my primary instruc-

tor, Bob Westmoreland, my basic instructor, Tom Carpenter, my advanced instructor, Leola Jacobs, who makes the most delicious ham salad sandwiches and who still writes to me, Hilton Robinson of the Weather Bureau, who was very kind to me, and many others.

Will you please, as a special favour, see that they receive my kindest regards and my thanks for the friendship they showed me, and if this is the time, my wishes for a very speedy Victory and a Peace-making Year!

Since I left Florida, I have been very unsettled, and I am sure that the only thing that will make me really settled will be my return to Florida. If you doubt my intention to return, ask my friends in Ft. Myers, Dr. and Mrs. Gubbaur. I hear from them regularly and that’s the main topic they write about.

I am still in the R.A.F. Jack. I am on my second seven months course in 18 months, and if and when I pass out, I will be a group one technician.

Please thank the Head Office for the paper. It is a grand link with happier times and I appreciate it very much.

As for you Jack, I hope you are still full of smiles and genial "cracks." I’d give anything to hear you calling out, "Hi there, Martin!"

This will not be my last letter by any means. If you have time, Jack, drop me a line. If you can’t, I will quite understand—pressure of work and all of that.

Carry on with the good work. The best of luck to you and The Riddle family.

Yours very sincerely,

Maurice A. Martin

P.S. Please remember me to Lela Brannon and Bob Johnston. Have you ever had another Course other than Course 6 with the Athletic Cup twice during the Course? Naturally not—Course 6 was the best you’ll ever see! Betcha!

Editor’s Note: It was nice to hear from you, Maurice, as it has been a long time since Course 6 left. We hope you get your wish to come back to America after the War is won, and we know you friends here will be glad to see you again. An answer from Hoppy is now on its way.

Dear Mr. Durden:

The Adjutant of my present station called me into his office this week and warned me in ominous tones that he had received a file concerning me from the Air Ministry.

While I was busily searching my memory for details of my misdemeanors, and hastily manufacturing the appropriate excuses, he produced your letter and the box containing the bracelet. Consequently, I was doubly surprised to receive such a gift, and highly delighted too.

I must express my warmest thanks for this further manifestation of the great generosity of Mr. Riddle and those associated with him in his great organization.

I shall regard with pride this souvenir of the happy time I spent training at Clewiston. Such results as I may have achieved are due entirely to the indefatigable labors of Messrs. Taylor, Winkler and Speer on the flying side, and the hard working members of the Ground School or “Flannel Factory.”

Once again my thanks for this gesture, and best wishes to all who may remember me at Clewiston.

Sincerely yours,

F/O B. Partridge

Editor’s Note: James Durden, Assistant General Manager of Riddle Field, kindly sent F/O Partridge’s letter down to us.

We hope there will be many more from the same writer—his touch of humor are refreshing.

16 Belle Vue
Willington, Durham
England
January 11, 1944

Dear Editor:

Just a line to let you know that my son, Pilot Officer J. W. Simpson, who was trained at Embry-Riddle, Miami, Fla., has been killed through enemy action between the 3rd and 4th of April, 1943.

I thought I had better let you know as I still receive the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper. Yours truly,

M. Simpson

Editor’s Note: May we express to you the sympathy of the entire Embry-Riddle organization, Mrs. Simpson, and assure you that we should be very happy to continue sending the Fly Papers if you would like to have them.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you weekly, 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
EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER
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Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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EQUADOR

Excerpts from The Donkey Inside,
by Ludwig Belmellman.

"The prospectus of the Guayaquil and Quito Railway informs us that we are in a land of Old World charm, courtesy, and hospitality, a land with a delightful climate to suit every taste, ranging from the tropical to the temperate; that verdure-covered hills are set like jewels among snow-capped mountains; that the distance from Guayaquil (Gwah-yah-keel) to Quito is 462 kilometers; that the railway is the result of the initiative of General Eloy Alfaro and Mr. Archer Harman, a far-seeing North American; that the railway traverses banana and cocoa plantations, coffee, rice and tobacco fields; that the train stops in Huiragu and that from there on is the most interesting part of the trip, where the road goes up over Devil's Nose in a five and a half per cent zig zag and eventually comes to Riobamba, which lies at an altitude of 9,020 feet; that the population of this city is 30,000, that it is the capital province of Chimborazo, and that it has many fine buildings, parks, statues, and excellent hotels."

"A little farther on the railroad descends into lovely valleys, into a delicious landscape of geranium trees, of roses everywhere, of white volcanoes, a sort of geological Souffle-Alaska, hot inside and snow-covered outside. The sky is blue as it is in the South of France; it has been described as the land of eternal spring, but it is more like the last golden days of September, and the smoke that rises everywhere on the mountainsides supports this idea—it is like the burning of autumn leaves. All along the way there have been little restaurants."

"Vamos—Let's go!" shouts the conductor, and the train goes on, over the

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Charles W. Maydwell
Writes From Brasil

São Paulo, Brasil
January 26, 1944

Dear Florrie:

I made a contract yesterday with a Senhorita Lacerta to give me private lessons in conversation for an hour five days a week. She knows practically no English, so when she tries to explain something in English we wind up by my getting it in Portuguese and I'm that much ahead of the game. I had my first lesson today and she is good.

This morning Don Sprague turned over two classes to Alfo; consequently, I had him for four hours this morning and two this afternoon. And that boy is good—I get more from him in that six hours than I have in three weeks from others. With Senhorita Lacerta to help out I should get somewhere in another month.

I don't have any trouble getting my wants over to people in the shops and I do about as well with newspapers as I did in Miami—it's just that I don't distinguish words when they talk fast on the street.

I haven't been out one night since my arrival, but have put in the time studying. Later I am counting on some real pleasure, because Charlene Gould was telling us today, in Portuguese in Alfo's class, about a symphony concert she had attended at the Municipal Theatre and her account actually made me hungry.

We are expecting the President at this end in the next few days and they are working hard to have his office spick and span for his arrival.

I wish you could see our lovely school. From all accounts they have done a wonderful job at renovating. About equal to that which Mr. Riddle did at the Tech School. When a building is no longer used for its original purpose, the property is bound to get in pretty bad shape, but basically Edificio Imigracao was all right.

There are twelve to fourteen buildings surrounded by a high brick wall. The grounds were well planned so that with the bricks of the buildings and walls repainted and pointed up, they are very imposing. The grounds at the front are lovely with their trees and flower beds and statuary. There are porches everywhere just like the Tech School. And the flowers!

Have I told you about the flowers? The other night Lucile Foote was wearing two beautiful orchids, on a single stem, that Fred had bought for her on the way home for sixty cents. Gardenias are four for fifteen cents.

There are enormous flowerstands on the sidewalk of the Praca Republica, three blocks from here, loaded all the time with gorgeous flowers and, in addition, several flower shops in the immediate neighborhood.

The flowers and lakes and fountains and trees in the Praça itself are magnificent.

In a smaller way, this is what we have at the school, minus the lakes, with a flag pole in the center—it looks just like something that John Paul Riddle had his hands in.

Of course this is only temporary—then the new school with its runway (now building 3,600 feet I understand) and the more than one hundred buildings—well, it is just too big to imagine, especially so since I have not yet had the chance to see the location. More about that later.

Editor's Note: Florrie Gilmore, Postmistress at Tech, gave us permission to publish the above letter from Charlie Maydwell, who is an Instructor in the new Technical School of the Brazilian Air Ministry in São Paulo. Charlie's enthusiasm has given all of us a terrific yen to see that magnificent country. Write soon again, Charlie.

“Salute To Industry” Honors Embry-Riddle

Embry-Riddle received the “Salute to Industry” Saturday on a half-hour radio program presented at 1:30 over Station WQAM by Leonard Brothers Transfer and Storage Company.

Representing Embry-Riddle as guests on the program were Roscoe Brinton, General Manager of Carlstrom Field; Gordon Mougey, General Manager of Dorr Field; and Babs Beckwith, famous model who received her flight training at Embry-Riddle's Miami Flight Division.

Babs Beckwith, who holds land and seaplane ratings, a commercial license with an instructor's rating, and is working for her instrument rating, was interviewed first by Crosby.

"I think there is a great future for women in aviation," she said. "They will be working as instructors, ferrying planes, working in the sales end, demonstrating planes and, of course, continuing in all the technical fields they already have entered into."

Roscoe Brinton and Gordon Mougey described the work being done at their Fields in primary flight for United States Army Air Forces cadets. Both have been pilots since early barnstorming days, and each told anecdotes of his colorful career.

Commenting upon Carlstrom Field's outstanding safety record, Mr. Brinton said: "I'd say that it is the result of everyone's putting his shoulder to the wheel and pushing very hard. It's the result of constant care and thorough training of instructors; of the work of the ground crews in keeping the planes and equipment in top-notch

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SALUTE TO EMBRY-RIDDLE. The “Salute to Industry” program presented by Leonard Brothers over Station WQAM Saturday paid tribute to Embry-Riddle, its employees and students. Participating in the program and shown in the studio were, left to right: Gordon Mougey, General Manager of Dorr Field; Dell Crosby, producer and host; Babs Beckwith, Embry-Riddle student; and Roscoe Brinton, General Manager of Carlstrom Field.
RIDDLE ROUND-UP
NO. 5 B.F.T.S.
Matt Tierney, Editor
Associate Editors: Jeanne O'Neill, Neil Dwyer, Lois Heflin, Jock Moyes, Ruth Blount, John Todd.
Arthur Rushworth, Bill Hayman and Francis Sharples

COURSE 17
Night flying has caused keen competition between A and B versus C and D Flights for many courses have, for the most, past their solo time.
We are more than sorry to say good-bye to Squadron Leader A. G. Hill who left for England last week. His helpful and expert guidance has in the past paved the way for a smooth and efficiently run program, especially for Course 17, and we wish him the very best of luck in a future posting.
To make sure that the happy days here will not be forgotten, our future “eight-engined bomber pilot,” Jack Stedman, says “I'm going to name my first child Charles Clewiston Stedman,” which we think is the best compliment anyone could pay.

COURSE 19
“The Night is Past . . . The Day is at Hand.” Not only at hand but within our grasp. What changes has the last fortnight seen in the lot of Course 19! Those adventurers from the frozen North who, arriving so full of hope and so ready to expand to the southern sun, found a chilly ailment to be in their midst and themselves to be outcasts, shunned by men.
For long was their only solace found to be in that “leper’s hole” through which the gracious ladies of the canteen so kindly poured ice cream, milkshakes and oranges to assuage their fevered thirst.
Still do those days live in their memory as now, of night, each man claims his toadstool and vies with crimson-plumed warriors for the smiles of the fair. And still shall he not forget that kind Queenie who, though cumbered with suitors, yet spurned him not in his adversity.

Broader Horizons
Now wider fields have opened to our wondering gaze, though for the English it was sad that their first visit to Clewiston was to see the Belfie Fringe so triumphant on its Rugger Field. Later in the week they were put back in their place at Soccer, but however lost or won has not forgotten that the very circumstance of floodlighting, the sight of a town at night, did fill us with wonder.

If the lights of Clewiston warmed our hearts, those of Palm Beach dazzled us, while in the daylight was to see in reality what we had thought could exist only in “glorious Technicolor.” At Clewiston, at Palm Beach and on the road the warm hospitality of the American people has meant more to us even than those splendors. It has been terrific. The mere fact of our reaching Palm Beach was solid proof of that!
And so back, this Monday morning, to the Flight Line. How changed its aspect, for the Ready Room is empty now. Its sometime population of the timid and diffident, those who knew no line to shoot save of the “Tiger,” now like veterans soar aloft, and all of us know “how much more sunburnt you get when there is nobody in the front cockpit.”

COURSE 18
The past week has, to the majority of us, brought our greatest moment, that first solo in the AT. The first feeling is somewhat similar to that experienced by the earliest martyrs to be condemned to the carnivorous lion. Later on, however, the Cadet feels more like Frank Buck.
Before long Riddle Field will be reeled by the harmonious strains of a “barber shop” quartet; we are finally waking up to the fact that we have vocal talent in our own organization and the Entertainment Committee is currently planning great and resonant things. You, dear readers, may wonder what a few lone voices can do, but just you wait and see.
Flash! Who are the three gentlemen who instituted a square search for alligators on Saturday afternoon and caught nothing but a good case of sunburn?

SOCCER
Last Thursday night a very keen game was witnessed by quite a few spectators when an all-English eleven was opposed by The Rest (Scotland, Ireland and Wales). The game commenced at a terrific pace and within five minutes the English boys had scored their first. The incident which led to this goal resulted in an injury to Sgt. Moyes who then moved to the left wing and later retired from the game.

Too Much for Rest
Despite this handicap, The Rest fought back and at half time the score was standing at 4-2 for England. After the change round it was obvious the handicap was proving too much for The Rest and soon the score reflected this fact. However, the game continued at a fast pace until the final whistle, when the score was 8-3 in England’s favour. England’s best were Bowden, Boyle, Jackson-Moore and Patrick, while The Rest were well served by Chisholm, Ferguson and Clarke.
 Scorers—England: Bowden, 4; Boyle, 2; Patrick, 1; Clewes (1 goal). The Rest: Chisholm, 2; Gillie, 1.
Referee: F/O Kenyon.

"WHY WE FIGHT"
Bring your family to the High School Auditorium in Clewiston on Wednesday night to see "The Nazis Strike." This is the second of the Army’s "Why We Fight" sound films to be released for War workers.
RUGBY

The Rest emerged victorious over the English fifteen after a hard-fought game. Rudd of Course 18 was the outstanding player on The Rest side, scoring two tries himself and converting all four of his side's touchdowns. He was ably supported by Parquharson. Another feature of the game was the very fine penalty goal kicked by White from midfield. On the losing side Crossley, Berkeley and White shone.

Result: England, 4; The Rest, 20.
Referee: S./L. Hill.

This game was S./L. Hill's last appearance in a role he has so often and so capably filled. Thanks a million, Sir, and may we wish you "All the Best."

CANTEEN TALK

Hello, Folks:

After reading the Fly Paper every week, we have decided to add our bit. Sometimes it seems such a little we can do here in we ole Canteen to keep 'em flying, but if you drop in about 11 a.m. I think that you will agree we are pretty busy. Thanks to Mrs. Welsh's excellent managing, even with the food shortage you can always enjoy a special.

Let me take this opportunity to introduce our girls. Cashiers are Rosa Lee Allen, Ruby Davis and Ruth Blount; counter girls are Louise Taylor, Lois Curry, Alma Carlton, Margaret Fort, Florence Roberts, Faith Harris, Mrs. Royals, Ruth Nicky, Lottie Robbins and Anna Pool. In the kitchen we have the very efficient Mrs. Riodron, Mrs. Reddish, Mrs. Dupree, Mrs. Mizelle, Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Mallory. Mrs. Welsh is Manager and Leola Jacobs is Assistant Manager.

If you hear about the "leper's room" and are in doubt, please consult cashier on duty.

We are all wishing Leola Jacobs, who is now in the Clewiston Hospital, a very speedy recovery. Welcome to Florence "Sally" Roberts, a new addition to our crew.

Clara Dowdy came breezing in Monday after an 11-day vacation with a beautiful engagement ring, a pair of wings and a smile that just wouldn't stop. Vacations must be wonderful—especially when your "one and only" has his leave at the same time.

A. L. Richardson, Aeronautical Training Society, Atlanta, Ga., who is compiling a history of the Field, visited here Tuesday. Major Price, finance officer, Nashville Army Air Center, also called on us last week.

Annie Lou Caldwell was a recent visitor in Nashville. Mrs. Dudley Burton, Hilda Moffat and Maurine McCord went to Memphis last week end. Myra Taylor has just returned from a visit to Knoxville.

"Irv" Houston and "Bird" Payne have moved back to Fulton, so I'm sure Union City will be much quieter now. Poor "Mac," too bad you won't get to take "Bird" home every afternoon now.

'ROUND RIDDLE

We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate AT Instructor Lou Mancuso and Link Instructor "Markus" Blount for coming out on top in the recent golf tournament at Clewiston. Everyone is looking forward to the mixed two-ball foursome tournament to be staged on March 12 and the following girls are brushing up on their game by taking lessons: Mrs. Lynnwood Blount, Mrs. Binkley, Mrs. Glasgow, Mrs. Ruth Bryant, Juanita Brown and Miss Dorothy Webster.

Elmer Montgomery, Mechanic, has been accepted in the SRU of the Navy and now is awaiting orders to report for active duty.

In Palm Beach

Katie Crawford of the Timekeeping department is in the Good Samaritan Hospital at Palm Beach. Ruth Blount, Francis Merideth and Lola Asbell were among her many friends who went to visit her.

We are glad to see Virginia Dwyer of the Link department back from Washington where she had a minor operation performed. Mrs. Dwyer was accompanied by Mrs. Carl Ziler who continued on to New York to visit relatives.

"Beg Pardon"

In the February 11 issue of the Fly Paper a typographical error stole into print and we wish to take this opportunity to redeem ourselves. "Mother" Wadlow of Palmdale can remember boys from Course One (not Course 11) at Riddle Field and each succeeding Course thereafter. She used to call for the boys here, entertain them at her home and take them back again with at least a week's supply of oranges, grapefruit and bananas.

Ralph Holt, Ground School Instructor, has left us and is now at Helena, Ark. Good luck to you, Mr. Holt. Lt. Bob Nussbaum, Randolph Field, Texas, came to Union City to see none other than our own little Alva Mae Taylor last week.

The regular monthly Safety Committee meeting was held Friday night, February 18, in the Meteorology Room of the Ground School with 18 members present.

Dr. Franz J. Polgar was here Sunday night, February 20. All of the Cadets were present for the program, plus quite a few members of the Field personnel.

Major McNally was such a good subject for the doctor to work on that he was able to put him to sleep with his back turned. In order to make it possible for the Major to enjoy the rest of the program, Dr. Polgar had to awaken him. Everyone enjoyed the entertainment immensely, and from here the Doctor went to Jackson, Tenn., to entertain the Cadets at that Base.

Just Imagine

How Sam Sparks would look without a mustache!

How George Jones would look without his Buck!

How Cashon would look without Shamp!

How Capt. Cromwell would look with tom-walkers!

FLIGHT LINE

by Marie Burcham and Louise Cashon

Fisherman Kairit and Farmer Tate left this Station about a week ago to go in the Air Transport Command. Good luck, boys!

Evidently all of Riddle-McKay employees and Army officers like boxing because all turned out for the boxing matches three nights in succession last week. (Sgt. Bodle, please get in shape before you box any more.)

We were pleasantly surprised by a visit of one of our former Dispatchers, Ann McCord, and her husband, Lt. Milton M. Reid, who dropped in last Thursday. They reside at Harris Neck, Ga., where Lt. Reid is instructing on fighter planes. He was formerly a cadet stationed at this Field in Class 43-E.

Well, well, it is truly remarkable! Instructor Shelley is the proud and strutting "Pop" of an eight pound, three ounce baby girl. And we almost forgot to mention . . . Lt. John Brannon is the "Pop" of a bouncy baby boy (well, boy, anyway). Louise, please explain the reason for your absence last Wednesday. At least seven people have called me up asking if you had decided to get married earlier than you had planned. Folks, rumor has it that she was down at Memphis shopping around for the necessary things. Proper term is trousseau.
DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

DORR'S KEYHOLE
by A/C E. D. Hightower

Because of an acute attack of checkitis (the forty-five-hour variety) we almost weren't present for this week's column. But at last the terrors of the dreaded forty-five have been dissipated and we've settled down to another pleasant two weeks of minding other people's business.

According to the latest reports, Squadron 4-G now boasts the presence of one of Michigan's most outstanding young skiers, Gale Eynon, who began his jumping career in the Iron Mountains way back in the antebellum year of 1937, often adds interesting accounts of his exploits on skis to the tall tales of his comrades.

Envious Record

Gale won the Central Junior Championship in 1937 with a jump of 171 feet . . . and out of a total of nine meets, spanning the following three-year period, he captured six first places and two seconds. Cadet Eynon has received pointers and bits of instruction at various times from many notables, including the internationally famous Torgil Torkle.

Squadron 6-G has issued a standing challenge to any existing touch football team. Piloted by quarterback Ace Stoll and sparked by fullback Tarzan Jones, the Golden Ground Loopers have amassed a formidable array of victories over various Squadron teams, including the highly regarded Texas Tarantulas of 2-G.

Tour Trouble

At the request of the Krell Girls, Louise and Annie Pearl, we pulled up the tower stairs to their third-story lair where they wait for the arrival of Form 1 errors. We pleaded long but in vain. They were unrelenting so we accepted the tour and strolled back to the Flight Line.

Class 44-H is rapidly approaching that period of despondency known and dreaded by every student pilot. Coupled with the threats and admonitions of their Instructors are their doubts of their ability . . . and those awful fingernail chewing hours spent in the Ready Room anticipating their dual ride of the day.

Two Throttles

Our correspondents report that A/C Dick Kaserman is slowly cracking under the strain. It seems that he now spends his spare moments searching for a ship with two throttles . . . one for each hand . . . so that he won't forget to "coordinate throttle and stick."

A remarkable sight greeted our eyes last Friday. We saw someone struggling toward the ramp from the vast reaches of the outer borders of Dorr Field, bearing upon his shoulders, like some junior-sized Atlas, a large, bulky bundle. Upon closer inspection this beleaguered individual proved to be none other than A/C Chatwin, the yodeling Romeo of 1-G. It seems that his Instructor didn't agree with his political views . . . or something . . . hence the long hike.

NEW DORR WAY
by A/C F. G. Brookings

The outstanding class book in the history of the Cadet Corps at Dorr Field is promised by 44-G. Such a boast is made only after the class book committee has expressed its vigorous enthusiasm in the form of hard work, the product of which is the March edition of Dorr Way. Now we say "Let the 44-G class book speak for itself!"

Chief among the outstanding features of the new Dorr Way will be the complete originality that is evident throughout the book. Due to time restrictions and the limitations on the availability of busy Cadets, it has been difficult to prepare and coordinate extensive original material. However, in the coming edition of Dorr Way, there will be found only two or three pictures taken prior to its preparation. These were used only because they were particularly adapted to the continuity of the book.

The 44-G men set as their objective the perfection of a new, distinctive and original Dorr Way; from the cover to the last page, we are confident all will agree that they have achieved their purpose.

We would like to extend our thanks and appreciation to Lt. Wilson B. Hand and his secretary, Miss Foster. Without the direction and advice of Lt. Hand and the assistance of his secretary, the success of this work would never have been possible.

Of outstanding interest in the new book will be the art work. A/C R. M. Roberts is responsible for the novel cover, while
A/C D. O. Moreton handled the layout work and the back cover. A/C Carter, together with the above mentioned Cadets, assisted with cartoons and other art features throughout the book.


All that need be added is that the coming edition of Dorr Way will have more of everything than has any previous class book. Cadets will find that there isn't a sequence in their daily routine that has been neglected. It goes without saying that Class 44-G may be proud of their Dorr Way.

GROUND SCHOOL

Much attention has been attracted to the Ground School this week by the huge new globe in the Navigation Room.

It is four feet in diameter and is placed on a stand which brings the total height to five feet. The globe is painted slate black with lines of latitude and longitude shown in white. The size and color make it particularly effective for use with large groups of students.

Most interesting fact about the globe is that it was built at Dorr Field. Its possibility had been discussed at various times in the Ground School, but nothing had been done about it until Chief Instructor House returned from a visit to Sebring. He was filled with enthusiasm for a globe he saw there, and immediately upon his return plans were made for the construction of such a globe here.

The plan was drawn up by Paul Mueller, Navigation Instructor, who also did the actual construction work. He and Bill Khalsa worked together on the frame, which consisted of steel bars bent to shape and welded together.

The globe was so large that the frame had to be taken to the Navigation Room before completion. Mr. Ellard brought his welding equipment to the Ground School, for it could not have been taken through the doors. The frame then was covered with steel mesh to give a foundation for the plaster. After the plaster had been applied the unit was painted.

It is a very imposing structure and certainly is the center of attraction in the Navigation Room.

"THE NAZIS STRIKE?"

"The Nazis Strike," which will be shown at the Court House on Tuesday night, should attract all Dorr Field employees. There is no charge and you can bring the family along. It is the second of a series of Army sound films and is well worth seeing.

Most any morning now we expect to see Instructor Bardol come to the Flight Line with a couple of little pigs on a leash— for further details see Mrs. Bardol! A lot of talk in the Ready Rooms on how big the big ones were that got away—even the ever truthful Johnny Lyons has joined the Ananias Club; just why is it that the biggest ones always get away? We never hear anyone say the little ones got away.

Jim Burt coaching Vinny Roach in a table tennis game; we will agree with Jim that the ball should be kept on the table, if possible, at all times; why doesn't someone start a new fad of putting the net on the floor?—sure would save a lot of trouble! One of these days we are going to spot Lt. Rubertos 14 or 15 points just to see if he can beat us just one game.

Vixen

We wonder if the red-headed young lady in Mr. Stroud's office has found out just what the word vi-cous means.

No, Hazel, prop-wash has nothing to do with washing airplane propellers...

The Swimming Pool is a very popular place this week—we stuck a finger in the pool one day last week, shuddered and decided to wait until at least the middle of August before trying it again.

The Army Side

Captains Farmer and Palmer to Thomasville, Ga., over the week end (wishing, no doubt, that the weather will close in—no doubt). At the carnival this past week we were met by Capt. Frank's two youngsters, Milly and Timmy. They asked us to see if we couldn't get their Daddy to quit riding the merry-go-round and take them home. We wonder if the Captain always turns that shade of green when riding carnival devices.

Congratulations to Lt. McLaughlin upon getting that tire fixed on One-Lung Lizzie. Boy, oh, boy! Is that automobile (?) of his junk! We understand that for spare parts he is contemplating robbing Lt. Rubertos.

Shame...

A most enjoyable Saturday night was spent by Lt. Austin as AO—he got at least two hours' sleep during the night. We understand that a new siren is on the way for the special benefit of the Intelligence Officer—the new siren plays "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

For the benefit of those that say the Editor of this column fell overboard on a recent fishing trip, we wish to state that we saw that we were going to fall so we jumped.

What makes Sgt. Lambeth tell such tall fish stories? First thing you know he'll be believing them himself.

Suggestion to Capt. Fink: Try the sterilizer at the Infirmary for that clogged-up pipe you smoke.

Toibly yours, Jack

P.S.—Note to Kay Bramlett: Whom shall we contact to find out just why they call Tom Davis "Chief Rain in the Face"?

BOYS GROW WINGS

Continued from Page 1

Canteen with General Manager Gordon Mougey, who probably was worn out with questions, we were off on the last lap of our journey.

Due to the late hour, we were unable to see enough of Carlstrom to do it justice here. We had a few minutes with the ever-smiling, lovely Kay Bramlett, spoke to our good friend Nate Reece and regretfully said goodbye.

Any trip would be incomplete without stopping to enjoy the southern hospitality, English colonial atmosphere, comfort and excellent food offered by the Clewiston Inn. With its perfect example of gracious living, it is a community gathering place as well as a "must see" for transients and we met many friends there.

It was a satisfying and enlightening trip, well worth every moment spent. Prose does not do justice to the wonderful beauty of these Schools of Aviation which are, in themselves, poetry.

—by Freda Poitevent

SALUTE TO INDUSTRY

Continued from Page 5

condition; the constant alertness of the control towers; all the men on the ground; the cooperation and efficiency of both the Army and civilian personnel and, of course, the eagerness of the Cadets themselves to carry the record unbroken through class after class."

"Look at what type of training plane was used at Dorr Field. Mr. Mougey stated: "We are using Stearman PT-17s with Continental Red Seal engines, and they are really doing a job. It's a red-letter day when we have a forced landing because of motor failure."

TIT FOR TAT

Lady to little boy: "Young man, does your mother know you smoke?"

Little boy: "Madam, does your husband know you speak to strange men?"
Yes, “Lil” Clayton, we were glad to write the column; it was an opportunity to phone the departments and renew Company friendships; and, when the calls were returned throughout the day, I never knew what was coming in next!

Congratulations are in order for the Instructors School of the Brazilian Division. The graduation class on February 26 included J. W. Chasteen, E. E. Cooper, W. A. Deister, James Moller, K. B. St. John, Gerrit Schipper, Clayton Seeley, R. S. Young, D. H. Hoffman and W. R. Durant. The graduation present: a tour of the Fields. They deserve untold praise, what with that Portuguese language course.

Frank (from Utilities) tells me that the Instructors School is now occupying its new quarters on the fourth floor and that the fifth floor will “house” Purchasing.

Swim At Deaville
Lorraine Bosley and I spent a most pleasant afternoon at the Macfadden-Deaville on Sunday. We saw about twenty or thirty employees and their guests also taking advantage of the wonderful accommodations there provided by the Company—two cabanas, lockers, outdoor swimming pool and the beautiful blue ocean. Aviation Field Day was thrown in with “slow rolls” by Gruman Hellcats and the smooth operations of the PBY4. We thank Mr. Riddle for placing the cabanas at the disposal of his employees.

There’s a well-worn path to the office of the Cashier; and who doesn’t like to stroll over to see congenial, likeable, Pauline Bodell? A call to Purchasing for news; nothing from this source, yet.

Helen Manos spent her vacation days “lolling in the sun,” she says. Wonder if she was out to get sunburned, or if she had company? Come, ‘fess up, dear.

Good News
Thrills galore in this workaday world: Mrs. Miller of the Canteen has just received word of her son’s whereabouts. Sgt. (Infantry) Charles Miller is in the vicinity of the Marshall Islands. Keep faith and hope uppermost in your thoughts, Mrs. Miller. All your friends here join you.

Our Company has a real friend and “cooperator” in the person of “Mom” Gates, who lives in this neighborhood. She’s willing at all times to help out in the “search” for accommodations for Brazilian Personnel. “Old Southern hospitality,” we calls it.

Sounds as if the Men’s Dorm at Tech is as popular to that sex as is our Girls Dorm in the Gables. Another star goes up for Embry-Riddle accommodations.

Whoops! Another “comet” for Embry-Riddle. Those tennis courts certainly are in demand, what with Helene Hirsch and Joe Keenan in a tournament all their own;

and then we’ve heard that Lorraine Bosley and “Larry” Cargnino go all out for the sport. The courts are available to all so give it a try, “you-all.”

Oh, yes! Had you heard about the special offer to Embry-Riddle employees (arranged by our Athletic Director, Lloyd Budge) of reduced rates for playing golf at the Miami Springs Country Club? Or have you? Newcomers from Michigan take note, please.

If you like dancing, girls, do come over to USO across the street on Thursday evenings to help teach the service men who are certainly willing and anxious to learn.

A Boy!
Ah, here’s another scoop: Minnie, former telephone operator at Tech and the Colonnade, and her husband, Lt. Fred Cassel, formerly stationed here, proudly announce the arrival of a baby boy on Saturday, February 26. Congratulations, both of you.

Lorraine Bosley of Brasilian Personnel had a surprise visit Sunday from A/S Robert W. Didion, USNR, with whom she was graduated from high school here in Miami. “Nan” Clifford of the switchboard has received a letter from Pvt. “Jim” McGuire who was stationed here during the good old Army days; states that he soon will be back in Miami Beach at OCS. He sent his best regards to all his many friends and acquaintances.

IT’S A BOY!

Thelma Ponso seems to be pining away during the temporary absence of husband Adriano. We like to see you two together so we’ll start “wishing upon a star” for his speedy return from Brasil. Will that help?

How’s the bowling doin’, Brazilian Division? Are you ready to challenge champions?

Welcome back to sunny Miami, Messrs. Street, Austin, Carpenter, Simon, MacVicar, Rickard and Marsh. We know your trip to Chanute Field was extremely interesting, but how about the freezing weather?

Speaking of living accommodations, “Peanuts” (Stockroom, first floor), we all thank you for past favors, Mr. Evans, Grounds Superintendent, too, for the lovely flowers at our desks.

Paging Mike
When are you coming back, “Mike” Lojinger? As representative of the Company, we know you’re doing a swell job, but don’t stay up North too long.

Floyd A. Pace and his wife, with a party of twelve Instructors, their families and friends, enjoyed that “delightful, delectable, delightful, delectable” sight-seeing trip around the islands of Miami Beach. “We like Miami,” they said.

Among my pleasant memories are those lunch hours with Dad at the Cafeteria. And about the evening meals now served to the general public, we’ve had some gay times with lots of idle after-dinner chatter; what say, Roy Avcnen (Drafting student), Howard Greedus (Machinist Instructor, Brasilian), Paul Papsdorf, Clyde Young and others? Mrs. Simpson, I thank you for your gracious hospitality and pleasant smile.

Adios
And now, with a sigh, I say adios to you all. I’ve been assigned to WASP class 13 March, 1944, so I’ll be lookin’ forward to my weekly copy of the Fly Paper coming in my mail at Sweetwater, Texas. May I say that I’m a staunch supporter of Embry-Riddle. The Company has given me opportunities to advance in position, and the Miami Flight Division, where I received my training in preparation for my future work, has been most helpful.

A COUNTRY WORTH FIGHTING FOR IS WORTH INVESTING IN. BUY WAR BONDS!
COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Kaye Wiedman

Our Colonnade folk have been busy lately making news and getting into the news, too—even the Vital Statistics column. Not all the laurels nor all the babies can be claimed by the Technical School.

For instance—in Saturday’s newspaper there was an item of interest to all friends of Minnie Cassel announcing the arrival of a boy, Mother and son both doing nicely, thank you, at the Bilmore Hospital.

Then there also was Catherine Shilling, one of our Link Trainer students, whose picture was in the Fly Paper an issue or so ago, making the Sunday papers this time. Wonder if we realize to what interesting doors our Technical courses sometimes lead?

When Mrs. Shilling gets her Link Trainer Instructor’s rating she’s going to be able to join her husband in Calcutta, India, reporting for duty with the China-India Airline. We’ll bet a lot of our students could report interesting aspirations and prospects.

Married Abroad

And by the way, did you hear that Betty Pongue, Harry Robert’s erstwhile secretary, who went to Trinidad last year, married her new boss? Now, don’t all you girls get the urge to set off for far places on the strength of that? Better just keep on keeping the home fires burning for our boys in the far places, so many in our midst are doing. Which brings us to the good news that Margaret Campbell in Accounts Payable received by way of cable word of her husband, Joe’s, safe arrival in England.

The “boss” of Accounts Payable was off on his first trip to the Fields at Arcadia and Clewiston last week. We can’t seem to get much of a report on said trip but we understand that some of his business between Carlstrom and Dorr was conducted via plane.

Looks as though the bosses around here are taking it all rather easy, for just as we welcomed Bob Hillstead back from New York, Chief Accountant Bill O’Neill left for a 10-day trip to Union City.

Perfect Record

Some of our folks stick around here pretty closely, though. When the bouquets were being handed out last month they missed our very faithful building Superintendent, John G. Young, who has been with the Company two years on the fifth of last January without missing a day from work. We haven’t any laurel wreaths to offer for such a fine record, Mr. Young. Would an orchid do just as well, or would you rather it be a vacation—with pay?

We did have a prize to give out this week, really. Our porter, Perry Welsh, was given one of those very original awards for his efforts in the Company scrap paper drive. He wore it very proudly, too. There’s to be another given each month, so come on, gang—see who can win at the Colonnade next time.

MACHINIST INSTRUCTOR CARL D. ANDERSON, left, and Ground School Instructor Robert E. Hoose have arrived in São Paulo to begin their work with the Technical School of the Brazilian Air Ministry.

CLUB CAPERS

by Vudah Walker

May I have this dance, sir? Who is that handsome blond with the crew cut coifure? Tag the one with the turned-up nose—he’s a terr-if-ic dancer!

Yes, it was “turn about” at the Embry-Riddle Leap Year Dance last Friday night, and every maid agreed that the tropical beauty of the Coral Gables Country Club could not be topped as a setting for lasses to win their laddies.

Undisputed belle of the ball was Vice President George Wheeler, Jr. His lovely smile and fragrant boutonniere were causes of the hair pulling, say the ladies who vied for his attention, and of course his terpsichorean ability had much to do with his popularity.

Voted most glamorous was Gordon Mongey, General Manager of Dorr Field, who was mistaken many times for movie actor Victor Mature. Title of most mysterious went to W. L. DeShazo, Jr., who finally made his debut after two years in hiding at Aircraft Overhaul.

Most surprised was H. Roscoe Brinton, General Manager of Carlstrom Field, when he found there was no charge for his flower. “Do you really mean I don’t have to pay for it?” he queried in an “it can’t be” tone.

Lt. Col. H. E. Couchman, USA, escorted by Lt. Clayton of the Legal offices, almost swooned in gentlemanly fashion when a messenger delivered a boutonniere to him at his downtown hotel. But stranger than the boutonniere was the arrival of a cab driver who explained very formally that Miss Clayton awaited without.

Toward the end of the evening Assistant Vice President Carl R. Anderson shot a disdaining look at wife Faye, “Cheap skate,” he accused. (Faye still had in her hand the ten-dollar bill she arrived with.)

“But no one has given me a chance to break it,” Faye defended, immediately ordering cokes for everyone. Later, counting her change, she found that she had $9.50. Note to Country Club: Faye’s knack for driving a hard bargain was overcome by her honesty, so you needn’t start checking your books.

From Aircraft Overhaul came Gordon J. Dickens, Chief Inspector, and his wife with a party we hope to see much more of. Nice to have you, Ensign Mary Jo Behane, Julie Behane and Bill Burk.

Leap Year Minded

Tech School proved most Leap Year minded of the Embry-Riddle divisions, with “Brasil widows” making up many a stable. Among those concerned with the São Paulo School were Mrs. Edwin P. Stahl, Mrs. Donald Sprague, Mrs. James Lummon, Mrs. Thelma Ponso, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hubbell, Lorraine Bosley, Laurice Anderson, Howard C. Greedus, Larry T. Cargine, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Lowe, George Poulas, Mr. Jean Carry, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Lichiter, Mr. and Mrs. James M. White and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lynn.

Other Techites included Gene Bryan, Rose B. Donaldson, Gene’s sister, and Estelle Woodward, all at the Beck and call of George Wheeler; Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin J. Turner; Helene Hirsch with Larry Hall—and did Helene have a time trying to keep her one-man Navy exclusive; Mr. and Mrs. George T. Ireland; Myllion and Kay Webster; and Bob Habig, formerly of Tech and always welcome at our gatherings.

Atlantic City Visitor

Ruth B. Thompson of Atlantic City, house guest of Alice Richards, Wain R. Floman, and Florrie Gilmore, paid us a return visit, and we only hope that she can be with us again before returning to the North.

Cliff Poitevint has become an old-timer at the dances, but he seemed a bit suspicious of this Leap Year business and stuck close by Fredda’s side despite the winks and nods of such wolves as Marty Warren, Jackie Dillard and Connie Henshaw. It was this sister trio that took the prize for breaking up happy twosomes on the dance floor.

And speaking of heartbreakers, we were all set to devote most of the column to describing the loveliness of Ruth Williams in a gown of icy blue when into the office she walked on Monday morning sporting a lobster shade of Sunday sunburn that would melt an icy blue. And thus has flourished our inspiration, except for one last bit of news:

If Leap Year is to be filled with fun, We must keep our complexion out of the sun!—Robert Burns, Inc.
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

A letter from Mr. and Mrs. James H. Peters (Jim was formerly a Flight Instructor here) reveals that they are now residing in Denver, Colo., at 1020 Sherman. Jim is with United Air Lines as a co-pilot and is anxiously awaiting the time when he will make flights to Australia or Alaska in a C-54.

One of Jim's former Cadets at Carlstrom, Lt. J. A. Hungerpiller, Jr., was the pilot of a B-25 in the New Guinea area for some months. Recent news releases revealed that Lt Hungerpiller dived his crippled plane at a Jap cruiser after bombing an enemy destroyer during a raid on Rabaul, New Britain. He and four crewmen were killed. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the family and many friends of Jim Hungerpiller, a member of Carlstrom's 42-1 who died a hero.

Class 44-H had its first open post last Saturday evening, and most of the boys turned out for the dance given in their honor at the Cadet Club. The Cadets from 44-G and the Arcadia girls served as hosts and hostesses to welcome the new boys to Arcadia and to the Cadet Club. A Cadet orchestra furnished the music, which was very good considering the little practice the boys have had together. All in all, the dance was a great success. Much of the credit for the entertainment goes to Capt. McCormick, who was more or less instrumental in organizing the orchestra.

A letter from Mrs. H. J. Drescher, Sr., 75 Royal Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y., advises that her son, Jack, who was a Flight Instructor at Carlstrom, is now attending Instrument School at Greenville, Miss., and will be there until April 1st. Jack is now in the Air Transport Command and likes it very much. We're glad to hear from you, Mrs. Drescher, and hope you'll write again soon.

Cpl. Randy Weaver left us last Monday for gunnery school at Panama City. Randy has been awaiting this transfer anxiously for some time, and we all wish him the very best of luck.

Cpl. and Mrs. Clayton MacPhail left last week to spend Clay's furlough at home in Wisconsin. Pvt. Ray Auler also left around the first for Wisconsin on his furlough and was accompanied by his wife. Our genial sergeant major, Sgt. Doyle B. "Papa" Edwards, returned March 1st from his furlough spent right here in Arcadia.

Capt. John Strach, Commandant of Cadets, also is on leave at the present time. Johnny and wife are visiting at their home in Lincoln, Neb.

Cpl. Scotty Seres reveals that his most able Cadet assistant in the Mail Room, A/C David "Nate" Nathan, receives at least five letters a day and then in all earnestness asks Scotty if that is all the mail for the day!

Cupid Again

Sgt. John Livengood of Army Engineering will take that fatal step Saturday, March 4th, when he and Pat Allen will be married here. All of us wish them both much happiness.

Surprise of the week was the return of Sgt. Dick Roberts of the Physical Training department to Carlstrom Field. Wife Doris, blonde Dispatcher, was somewhat surprised, too, but very happy!

Pfc. Arthur Karras' wife flew down from Detroit to make her home here in Arcadia. It's nice to have you, Mrs. Karras.

The formal Grand Opening of the new Enlisted Men's Club here in Arcadia will be held tomorrow evening, March 4th. The club will be entirely re-decorated by that time, and invitations will be extended to the officer and civilian personnel of both Carlstrom and Dorr Fields.

New Officers

New officers representing the Carlstrom Enlisted Men in the new C-D Club are: President, Sgt. Wade H. Howe, Jr.; Vice-President, Sgt. John A. Erwin; Sgt. at Arms, Sgt. Robert W. Whitten. The Carlstrom members of the Board of Governors are: Sgt. John L. Livengood (Flight Line); Cpl. Harry N. Ball (Link Trainer); Pfc. Arthur J. Karras (Infantry); Pvt. Raymond E. Auler (Headquarters); Sgt. Harold K. Treadway (Independent).

Flight instructor Marshall Anderson has been on the disabled list for a couple of weeks now. Two fingers on his left hand were badly injured when an electric fan fell off a pedestal onto his hand, the blades of the fan cutting his fingers badly. A quick recovery, Marshall!

It's goodbye to Katie Garner who has been working as a Cashier in our Canteen for quite some time. Katie is going to take a business course, and here's hoping she'll return to Arcadia when she completes it. The very best of luck from us all, Katie.

"THE NAZIS STRIKE"

All Carlstrom Field employees and their families should see the Army sound movie, "The Nazis Strike," which will precede the Foremen's Safety Training Conference at the Court House on Tuesday night.

CARLSTROM SPORTS

On February 19th, the Carlstrom Field Blue Devils engaged an enlisted men's and officers' Five from the Venice Army Air Base in a fast-moving basketball game at the DeSoto County High School Gym. The home team defeated the Venice boys by a score of 40-43.

The basketball game February 26th between the Carlstrom Blue Devils and the C. I. S. boys from Buckingham Field proved to be a very closely contested battle. The Buckingham team finally whipped the Carlstrom gang by a score of 46-45 in this overtime game. A/C George L. Galbraith, Jr., of Class 44-G was high scorer for the evening.

CHARLTON Z. MIKELL JR., Mechanic in the Aircraft Maintenance department at Carlstrom, has been employed since December 18, 1941, and has lost one day only from work during this period, it being due to illness. This is a record and although not a perfect one, he should be commended.
ENGINE NOISES
by Dick Hourihan

Last week the Aircraft and Engine Division had as its guests Yolanda Kiraly, Margaret Couper and Verma Disney, secretaries to John Morris, H. L. Doyle and Dr. Edwin F. Smellie of the CAA War Training Service of Washington, D. C.

After an afternoon at Hialeah Park, the young ladies toured the entire Aircraft and Engine Division and were shown about the various stages of aircraft, engine and instrument overhaul. At Chapman Field they were taken on a short flight over Greater Miami and part of the Everglades.

**First Hop**

This was the initial hop for Miss Kiraly and she enjoyed it so much that perhaps the Sales department can induce her to return for flight training.

Saturday night was reserved for a view of Miami night life and I understand a good time was had by all.

The visit ended Monday with a fishing trip to the Gulf Stream. Although the trolling was very poor, the still fishing was excellent and of a variety of fish, including grunts, yellowtails, groupers, cobias and morays, was caught.

There was a bit of excitement when Miss Couper hooked a moray. We don't believe she liked the snake-like appearance of this vicious fish. In fact, Miss Couper dropped her line and almost jumped over the other side of the boat.

We sincerely hope these three lovely young ladies enjoyed themselves as much as we enjoyed having them.

The new A and E offices at Engine Overhaul are at last completed and occupied. Division Accounting has moved over from Aircraft Overhaul and we expect Gordon Lennox of Purchasing any day.

W. M. Thomas, Charlie Grafflin, Jack Hale, B. H. Buxton and Dick Hourihan are the other occupants and are more than pleased with this new arrangement.

**Safety Meetings**

The safety meetings, sponsored by the National Safety Council and U. S. Department of Labor, under the direction of Henry Graves, are of exceptional value to all in attendance.

The meetings consist of a series of lectures, illustrated by slides, of the various conditions that bring about safety hazards, and the means of eliminating them. After each showing a short quiz and round table discussion is held, during which time our own safety problems are discussed.

Good Housekeeping was the subject of last Monday's meeting. The hazards of not keeping aisles clear, floors clean and material properly stored were brought to light.

It was shown that with very little effort these dangers could be eliminated.

An excellent illustration of Good Housekeeping is the submarine. As we all know, space in a sub is limited, but by proper arrangement the necessary equipment is stored away and ample room is left to enable the crew to carry out its duties safely. If each person strives to keep his work section clean, the Division's safety record will take care of itself.

**Official Films**

After each safety meeting, authentic sound movies of the present struggle are shown, the last of which showed definitely why and for what we are fighting. It is unfortunate the movies cannot be released to the general public, for they would go a long way toward enlightening the people as to the real reason why we are fighting and why so many men and so much money and material are necessary to final and complete victory.

The movies show us that Bond purchasing is necessary. Our Bond department is giving exceptionally good service through payroll deductions. The Bonds are being delivered with little or no delay. Let's purchase our Bonds through the Company and give Embry-Riddle credit for our purchases.

**What Price Tires?**

She: “Goodness, George, this isn’t our baby; it’s the wrong carriage!”

He: “Shut up. This one has rubber tires!”

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A. D. D.’S
by Mary Frances Fennel

Here we are again to say hello. The most important events on the schedule of activities at our Detachment this past week were visits of important guests. Our first visitor, Major Conrad C. Schatte, Director of Manpower at Warner Robins Air Service Command, arrived early Friday morning to conduct a Manpower Survey of our detachment. Saturday, Lt. Toby joined Major Schatte to help with the finishing touches on the Survey.

We were glad to have Major Schatte and Lt. Toby with us and hope they will visit us again sometime when they have more leisure time and less survey time.

**General Inspection**

A Commanding General Inspection of our activity was made by Lt. Col. Charles P. Brown, Control Officer of Warner Robins Air Service Command, on Sunday. He was accompanied by Capt. Cherry of the Radar School in Boca Raton. This was their first visit and we hope they will be back to meet all of our Detachment.

Catherine Kerr is back with us after her illness. We still have Erma Dienes missing, but hope she will be able to return soon.

At our General Meeting this week an insurance representative was out to explain hospital insurance to us, and you should have seen the rush to sign up. Hope our little “group” isn’t planning a mass sickness.

We all wish our little scooter would hurry and arrive so we could save some of that rationed shoe leather, but we wait and wait. Rose Burke had a thrill the other day. She tried on a dress in a booth next to Rita Hayworth, the movie star. Why can’t something like that happen to us? Goodbye, folks. That’s all the news.

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WING FLUTTER
by Chester Alsдорf

We are privileged to welcome two new men to Aircraft Overhaul this week. They are: Winston Ganyer, formerly with Consolidated Vultee in Allentown, Pa., and Jack Buxton, who came to us from Wright Aeronautical, Cincinnati, Ohio.

“Jack,” who was working at Patterson Field at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor, was one of the many who volunteered to go to Hawaii to help reconstruct the damage wrought. He was sent to Hickam Field, Honolulu, where he spent 18 months, after which he returned to this country to work for Wright Aeronautical.

*Continued on next page*
INSTRUMENTS
by Grace Noll Crowell

We at Instrument Overhaul have been busy as beavers, but unlike the beaver whose job is to build dams, we are tearing down the dam to let the flow of instruments back into service where they are so badly needed. Yes, we are busy and happy to be cogs in that great wheel of aviation which is contributing so much to the winning of the War. We also are glad to be a part of the Embry-Riddle organization which has and is doing so much to aid the War effort.

We enjoyed the salute to Embry-Riddle which was broadcast over WQAM last Saturday. It was quite enlightening to some of the newer members of the E-R family.

Mel Klein and Hugh Skinner have been busy making up some master air speed and other instruments for use in line checks which will be of great assistance in speeding this work while maintaining accuracy.

Here and There

Monday two of our most punctual and industrious boys were absent, Max Lubin and Richard Heid. No doubt they had the best of reasons, but we missed them. Margaret Rosebush is back with us after a visit with her son, who is with the Army Air Corps and is stationed in Wisconsin.

We are busy doing our work so that our fighting men may have the tools of war. Most of us also are buying War Bonds to pay for the tools and their maintenance. Why are we fighting? Here is a short verse which may help to explain.

HOMES
So long as there are homes to which men turn at close of day;
So long as there are homes where children are, where women stay,
If love and loyalty and faith be found across theseills,
A stricken nation can recover from its gruest ills.

WING FLUTTER
Continued from preceding page

He says that he was glad to get back after a year and a half of Hawaiian blackouts. The people in the Shop offer a vote of thanks to George Rynd of the Inspection department, who has been kind enough to help a great many of them with their Inspection problems.

Cliff Root of the Welding department reported for a Navy physical on Tuesday of this week. Cliff has fond hopes of becoming a diver in the Navy.

Earl Battersby, head of the Field Service department, reports that Field Service has graduated from working on Cubs and N3N-3s to the big time, Douglas DC-3s.

Kelly Newsome reports that he spent the week end fishing off the Cape of Florida with a party of six. The weather was good, the fishing excellent and in general everyone had a wonderful time. Kelly says that he was the only one in the party to get sunburned.

We would like to know the origin of those lovely yellow roses all the girls were wearing last Saturday. We hear that Mal Slocum hit a new low for bowling scores last Wednesday night. How do you do it, Slocum?

Al Fegan of the Paint Shop is on the sick list this week.

ECUADOR
Continued from Page 4

bridge along a river, over a hill in a sudden wide curve, and Quito is in its embrace.

"Quito, the oldest city in the New World, is seemingly built over a sunken roller coaster. Up and down in wide curves and sudden drops go its streets and white houses; the base of one monument is above the spray of the fountain in the next plaza. It is at once like Tunis and like Bruges, and its near-by backdrop of mountains reminds one of Innsmouth.

"The houses, good and poor, all have patios. In some of them are chickens and workbenches, and in the others pools of water or a fountain, an arrangement of palms, cacti, and tangerine trees. You find floors done in colored tiles, inlaid with the vertebrae of oxen, walked on until the bone has taken on the feeling of old ivory, and so arranged that the inlay forms a design or spells the family name, the date of the house, the name of a favorite saint, or a motto.

"Some of the patios are also painted with landscapes of naive, bright designs done with great individuality, sometimes by the owner of the house. There are majolica vases with a thousand small cracks in them and banisters, doorways, columns, and cornucopias which show restraint, good judgment of space, and a quiet humor. It is all old, worn, bleached, and made by hand.

"People come to the holy waters of Banos with twisted hands and with rheumatic troubles, and some of them can hardly walk when they arrive. The water is indeed miraculous. It cures most of them, and the few that are not cured are better when they go than they were.

"At the edge of the pool sheep and cattle graze, their hoofs buried in alpine plants and small flowers. The land descends in terraces to the church, to another pool that is filled with dark brown, tepid mineral water, and to the far emerald-green fields of sugar cane that fill the valley like a wide river.

"All around soar mountains so steep, so rigid that the light seems to tumble over them. The mountains remain opaque as if dark green chalk were rubbed over a rough black paper. After you look at them for a long time the shapes of trees and plants appear, softly and loosely sketched.

"In the early morning, in the first day-light, when the sun rises high up near the glaciers, clouds like the bellies of a thousand whales crowd themselves over the valley. The sun shines above them, and some light comes through. Then everything swims in bluish milk; veils of gray gauze fall over trees and houses and change all the distances. They stay awhile, lift again, sometimes dissolve, and when they come down too close, the air currents over the cold waters of the Pastaza tug on their edges, tear them up, stretch them out, and drag them down toward the jungle.

"A few feet north of the center of the square stands an immense, fanciful tree. Its wide branches carry stout green leaves in the shape and color of laurel. The trunk of the tree is bent and twisted and it is as if it were hammered out of dull silver. Most of the leaves hang down over a fountain, a severe octagonal basin which, like all the stone in this humid valley, is soft and gray against a background of sun-shaped miniature greenery. At the side where the water spills over the stone hang long beards of dripping grass, and from this grass that water flows down across the side steps that encircle the fountain.

"The water quietly enters a large puddle that is in the exact center of the square. In this dark brown water a white church reflects itself, making the fourth side of the square. On days when the sun shines, shadows heavy and black, like blankets of indigo, lie under the tree; the water in the fountain is black and the only light comes from a basket full of lemons spread in front of an Indian woman sitting under the tree."

Servicemen's Pier

A branch of the Servicemen's Pier recently has been opened in Coconut Grove and McFarland road, where weekly dances will be held each Thursday from 8 to 11 p.m. This branch serves, for the most part, sailors from the Coast Guard Base and Dinner Key, but members of all branches of the service are welcome.
It's a lovely day in Chicago this morning, the man says in a loud, clear voice. And it's a lovely day at Chapman, too... at least what can be seen of it through the early morning fog and haze. The multicolored sun is sneaking up over Chicken Key into Riddle Lake. And in this twilight you'll find Instructors, Dispatchers and Hangar Crew gathered in the Canteen for an early morning breakfast lingering over that traditional cup of coffee and discussing fishing, flying or students until the "All Clear" sounds.

Sky Blue Yonder

Then it's off to the sky blue yonder and pylon eights, coordination maneuvers and 5 turns become the business of the day. So here we are, the landerabs, the tree frogs, the fluorescent light, and me. I have come to the decision at this stage that fluorescent lights can very often become unnecessary nuisances, especially if they develop a nervous twitch such as mine. If rigor mortis sets in, as I'm sure will happen, there'll just be me and the animals. What fun, she says (in a gruesome sort of a way).

Speaking of fishing, as we were doing earlier in the morning, a few of the Instructors, viz., Davis, Moxley and Smith, had quite a successful Sunday in the wide blue Atlantic. They brought home approximately 115 pounds of fish, the average weight being 10 pounds per each. And says Smitty, that's not counting the ones that got away.

Third Degree

Have you all noticed the darker shade of brown Chapman has acquired over the week end? I know of very few who aren't sporting sun tans in all degrees (from first to third I mean). This should make those snowbound Tennesseans very envious. Our many and attractive, may I say, feminine students also find moments between classes to absorb quick doses of vitamin B, making for quite a picturesque scene. Just reporting the bare facts.

Mr. Heywood, Chapman Canteen Steward, reports that the record "Worried Mind" and "Lay That Pistol Down, Mussolini" have been removed from the juke organ. May the poor things rest in peace. And speaking of food, we'd like to commend Chef Charlie Bethal on the quick and tasty output of good things to eat. Keep up the good work, and you'll keep a lot of people happy.

Virginia Johnson returned today after an only too short a visit with her in-the-

Army husband. She's day dreaming of the day he'll be home for good.

And as a closing note we'd like to bring a wish from Van H. Burgin to be remembered to any and all of the ole gang. He was in today looking mighty fine but minus the familiar moustache. Van is now a Link Instructor at Eastern Airlines.

SAFETY SLANTS

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

Honors for January go to Chapman Field, Seaplane Base, Instrument Overhaul, Union City and G and A for perfect scores of no lost time accidents. Chapman completed four consecutive months without an accidental injury of sufficient seriousness to prevent the employee from working his or her next regularly scheduled shift.

It's Possible

An all-time low was reached by combined Embry-Riddle operations with an accident frequency rate of 17.8. This should be cut in half—zero is our goal and is possible. Let's try harder.

A very serious injury was missed narrowly last week when a fire extinguisher exploded with great force. When inverted for use on a grass fire, it failed to operate and was set aside. Later it was carried several hundred feet to a building where it was to be refilled. It exploded shortly thereafter.

Just Imagine

These cases are tested at 350-pound pressure. You can use your imagination as to what might have happened to the man carrying this extinguisher if it had burst a few minutes earlier. Examination showed the hose had become clogged.

If ever you have an occasion to use an extinguisher of the type which has to be inverted for use and it fails to function properly, loosen the cap just enough to release the pressure which may be generating inside.

WE PROTECT OUR SHIPS
WHEN WE ZIP OUR LIPS!
DORMITORY LIFE
by Mary Gillman

A circus has nothing on our Dormitory life. Step right up—five cents to look at this lady's muscles and for one thin dime you can poke them. Everyone desiring this fascinating experience is requested by the management to wear dark glasses as the sunburn on the girl is so bright 20-20 eyes are ruined at a glance. This lady, Miss Rusty Shethar, has acquired these Atlas proportions in just one week of being a mechanic's helper at the Seaplane Base. She can discuss spark plugs more intelligently than anyone I know.

May I now call to your attention the girl who swims in a bath tub filled with cold water plus ice cubes. The name is Martha Rae Howard, our latest solo queen. It took only eight girls to dunk her in said tub, but she came up smiling.

Mail Call

In this cage are the three smiling hyenas—Van Ober, Virginia from Virginia and Bette Moffat—the cause of their Chesire smiles is that the mail has come through from the males.

That collection of junk of all sorts and descriptions has been acquired throughout the week by one Mary K. Willis. When you ask her why she keeps it her answer is "I'm saving it for the Junior Prom."

Mary Jessup continues to have fascinating times at the Motor Pool. The only trouble is there are always fifteen people ahead of her at the Canteen no matter how she plans it—and she does plan.

Joke Box Cracker

The neatest trick of the week was accomplished by Topsy Gatson. Her slogan—"There isn't a joke box alive locked or open that I can't crack!" She removed the records sent with the machine and gave us a concert with her own records. The fact that the joke box man walked in in the middle upset her not one bit.

Blanche and Barby have started burning the midnight oil and are taking their exams any week now. Mary Amanek knows a plane needs gas, but how about giving a car a break every now and then? Mary?

Edith Buhas (alias Swingshift Maisie) is setting records at Consolidated Vultee. A totally unsolicited testimonial for Janne Williams—when a person ever needs a helping hand, she is right there.

Bicycles leave 235 Majorca from 7 o'clock in the morning on. Every hour on the hour and between times in hectic races to the Colonnade—three's a crowd but it has been done.

Housewarming

"Skip's" party for us and the girls at 122 was a terrific success. An orchid for Marty, beautiful flowers and heavenly food. Monday night everyone had that happy, well-fed look that is seen sometimes on a few but seldom on all faces. After dinner a cardboard model of the new Dorm was burnt—so 122 had a real house-warming—perfect in everything, every way.

Susie, we all miss you very much, in so many ways. Right now I'm missing you terribly—how did you do this every week? Help!

A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks, because a sensible girl has more sense than to go around looking sensible.

Alec Can't Understand Why The Coach Never Puts Him In The Game

You've got to have the right equipment to make the grade in any game—or business. In the case of Aviation, the equipment you need before you can really carry the ball, is TRAINING.

Here at Embry-Riddle we're training scores of men and women for positions of leadership in the years ahead. Would you like to join them? Write us for all the facts.

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2346 N. W. 21st Avenue - Miami, Florida