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Embry-Riddle Papel Pega-Mosca 1945-02

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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Papel Pêga-Mosca

STICK WITH IT

VOL. 1

FEVEREIRO 18, 1944

NO. 5

WHAT WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED

An Editorial

In the light of conservative reflection and making full allowance for the long and arduous road we have yet to travel, we may now, to a modest degree, review our progress thus far.

We can all recall how only a few short months ago we had not yet given a thought to the possibility of being this far from our homes on a program of such importance. Our lives were confined to the domestic affairs of our respective communities and our talents employed in earning a livelihood commensurate with our stations in life. We had talents and skills, of which we were aware, but most of us considered them only as a means to the immediate end of making a living. The war, however, spurred many of us to try and employ those talents and skills for a purpose more useful to the needs of our country and humanity as a whole. The paths we therefore chose to follow because of the war, eventually led us to the doorstep of this program.

Meanwhile, in the course of international affairs and the pressing needs of the nations at war, such great men as President Getulio Vargas and Air Minister Salgado Filho of Brazil and President Roosevelt and General Arnold of the United States, having foreseen and envisioned the part aviation would play in effecting a greater solidarity of the Western Hemisphere and in particular, these two great countries, proceeded to do something about it. The plan of this program was formulated and within a short length of time, Mr. John Paul Riddle was selected by the Brazilian Air Ministry and endorsed by the United States Army Air Corps - as the man with the experience and organization necessary to aid in its early fulfillment.

We are all familiar with the speed with which the program was gotten under way and the rapid progress that was made under the pressure of war time necessity. Many of us thought that it could not be done. It has been done! A large number of us have actually been on the ground floor in São Paulo, Brazil, for two or three months helping to whip it into shape. Many difficulties, some foreseen and others unforeseen, have been solved and conquered, not the least of which was that very vital problem involving the humane element, namely morale.

It is a major undertaking to transplant a large number of skilled individual from their native soil to a strange country involving contact with different customs, a different language and requiring them to become separated from their families, friends and lifetime associations. It was natural for many of us to miss those familiar things at the first and to become homesick, cantankerous, restless and uneasy. It required individual stamina and fortitude to weather that first tempest and turmoil of making needed adjustments. It could even be expected that

(Cont. on page 2)

aprova termo de ajuste entre o Governo Brasileiro e cidadão Norte Americano, para instalação da Escola Técnica de Aviação.

O Presidente da Republica, usando da atribuição que lhe confere o artigo 180 da Constituição, decreta:

Artigo único. Fica aprovado o termo de ajuste assinado a 29 de Setembro do corrente ano pelo Ministro de Estado dos Negócios da Aeronáutica, em nome do Governo do Brasil, e pelo cidadão Norte Americano John Paul Riddle, para a cessão, organização e manutenção de uma Escola Técnica de Aviação, no Estado de São Paulo, nos moldes da Embry Riddle School of Aviation, existente na cidade de Miami, Estado da Flórida, Estados Unidos da América do Norte.

Rio de Janeiro, 10 de Novembro de 1943, 122.º da Independência e 55.º da Republica.

GETULIO VARGAS.

Joaquim Pedro Salgado Fº

PAPEL PEGA-MOSCA

"Stock with it"

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JAMES BLAKELEY

Director

Temporary

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Florence Williams
Jorge Pontual Student's News
Geanetto M. Chedick Brazilian Personnel
Leslon Pitzole The Innocents Abroad

a large number might succumb and fall by the wayside. It is indeed remarkable that those who did fall thus far can be counted on the fingers of one hand and that so few might be said to have even temporarily wavered. Fortunately, however, we found ourselves in a country and city where the people of which opened their hearts and held out their hands in a generous gesture of sincere welcome and intelligent understanding and assistance. This circumstance contributed greatly to the speed of our adjustment and the strengthening of our morale. How can we ever thank such staunch and steadfast friends with whom we come in daily contact as Col. Appel Netto, Major J. Mendes da Silva, Capitão Joaquim Bueno Brandão, Tenente Fernando M. Mendes and the many, too numerous to mention, who have preferred their friendship and help! Yes, we can feel that a great deal has been accomplished in this respect alone not to mention the many organizational problems that we have had to overcome and the good start in our work that has been made. In two or three brief months we have laid a firm foundation for our future on which to build.

Many obstacles and pit falls lie ahead! We should guard and watch our every step and not become complacent or over confident. Yes, our morale is now high and well tempered! Let us remember that it can be an invincible shield against the onslaughts of discouragement, dissatisfaction, unrest and unfounded rumours, just so long as we keep it high and well tempered, by retaining confidence in our leaders, each other and ourselves.

D. F. P.

BENVINDOS SEJAM OS AMIGOS!

It seems like old times to see the familiar faces (and figures) of Dave Beatty, Adriano Pouso and Charlie Ebbetts around the school grounds.

Its really good to have you here with us and we hope your visit is a long and pleasant one.

We are anxious to see some of those pictures you have been taking, Charlie.

Another welcome visitor seen about the Campus is none other than our old friend Steve Jachar, the famous architect from Miami Beach.

FAMILY GUARANY

By Wil & Bill

Helpful Hints to Housewives

A new gaz generator has been promised to the inmates of Guarany in the near future. Imagine ---- getting up in the morning and taking a shower with warm water heated by gaz, and then a warm breakfast, cooked over gaz, both without any intervals for station identification.

Rent payments for February will be picked up at the Escola next month. It looks as though ye editors will have to pay our rent promptly this time. Tsk! Tsk!

If you wish to procure a photo of the building to mail to your friends back home --- there are some at the rental office downtown. But don't mail them home and tell them "This is the new home that I just bought. Cute little bungalow, isn't it?"

Do you like to take a sun bath? The most perfect spot in São Paulo is the roof garden of the Guarany. Go to the 15th floor (andar), get out of the elevator, and walk up one more flight of stairs, and there you are. Gresse yourself well, for the sun is strong. Incidentally, we don't recommend using Mobilgrease for this purpose, because of its high melting point.

Need a phone? Bill Lehman has one and has generously offered its use to anyone needing one in an emergency. You fellows that have numbers of certain gals that you'd like to call, remember, that is no emergency!

Need a taxi pronto? Phone 3-1040, and there you are! Precisa que you fala a little Portuguese in order to mandar it to the Edificio. Sabe?

Did You Know? Department

That your radio must be registered here? Information on this subject will be forthcoming mais tarde.

Watch this column for later developments.

That if a boy child is born here, he must be registered within 10 days at the American Consulate, and that he must leave Brazil before attaining the age of 6, otherwise he will be considered a Brazilian citizen? This item is for expectant fathers only.

That there is a good English-speaking dentist in this town? Ray Stewart recommends him highly --- name Charlie Jones, look in the phone book for address and phone number. Special prices on job lots of upper and lower plates.

That there is one good place in town to buy good furniture (moveis) at reasonable prices? The Olympia, on Av. Rangel Pestana (same street we live on), No. 1280 is the place. Ask for José, he speaks English (after a fashion). Don't say that Red Duncan sent you! If José doesn't have it, he'll get it cheaper than you can!

That the largest market in South America is within a stone's throw? The Mercado is on the other side of the Parque. Visit it on a Sunday morning, it's well worth your while. Anything from parrots to potatoes!

FOOD FOR THOUGHT DEP'T

By Wil E. Betz

Has it ever occurred to you that what the Guarany really needs is a nice little rathskeller or tap room, where we American couples could gather over a copo or two of chopps, or perhaps a cocktail? What a boon to this town that would be. And perhaps a juke box, that would play a few records for a little bit of dancing. The Guarany probably has some available space in the building somewhere, and if enough Guarany Families would get together and organize themselves into a little clube, with a small entrance fee and monthly dues, who knows what could develop? Wouldn't it be nice to have a nice little clube where we could gather of an evening, do a little dancing, maybe a cerveja, talk a little, maybe a few games, perhaps some cards, and many other things too numerous to mention, ladies and gentlemen. Ye editor is very interested, are you? Let's have a few comments on this. Jot down your ideas on a piece of papel, and drop them thru the door of Apto. 32, third floor. Who knows? Maybe something may come of this idea!

THE STUDENT'S KEYHOLE

By Florence T. Williams
By Marie C. Williams

We feel that these talks given in Mrs. Eloise Featherstone's class are worthy of publication because they not only show progress but they indicate the enthusiasm of the Cadets of Escola Tecnica de Aviação.

MY BEST DESIRE

By Cadet Aref Bussamra
Number 18

Twenty days before I came here I was thinking about my future. Now I am sure that I did not make a mistake, because I know all the teachers of this school.

At the same time, I am very much contented and satisfied in serving my great country and in learning--both of which will be precious later. This I hope.

I have an ideal like all my fellows, because without an ambition nobody can be sure about his future life. I want to follow my masters I will never forget them.

WHY ARE WE HERE?

By Cadet Aziz Elias
Number 36

Some days ago, when the N° 2 of the Fly Paper appeared, many students had the opportunity of reading an article titled: Why Are We Here, by Mr. Donald Peck. Since I have seen this article, I have thought many times on the subject. Perhaps other boys have done the same. We must ask ourselves this question: WHY ARE WE HERE?

Naturally, it is not by pleasure or by one agreeable stay! It is true this course can be agreeable, but only by studying and acquiring important knowledge. In this school, we can help our native country occupy a good position with the other countries. We can also help the Allies obtain final victory. If we study and if we make effort, we will have answered the question of Mr. Peck: WHY ARE WE HERE?

MY SCHOOL

By Cadet Isaac Averback
Number 19

I am spending the better days of my life. My dream came true. I always wanted to join aviation. Here I am now, to study, to learn, and to serve my country. It was this school that gave this chance to me and to hundreds of boys as well. I intend to follow my aviation career. Like my fellows I say: My greatest ambition is to graduate from this school.

Group 3

Aziz Elias, Cadet Number 36, is from the town of Franca, in the state of São Paulo. Before entering Escola Tecnica de Aviação he was a member of the Força Policial do Estado preparing to enter the Corpo de Cadetes. Aziz is a very versatile young man being interested in technical subjects and philosophy. He has been interested in journalism for some time and has contributed several well written articles to the Fly Paper.

Aref Bussamra, Cadet Number 18 is from Ipaussu, São Paulo. He took a pre-engineering course at Mackenzie College. He was ready to return there when he heard of Escola Tecnica de Aviação. At present Aref is very happy to be studying and serving his country. His ambition is to be an aviation instructor, but he is anxious first of all in being prepared to serve his country in any eventuality.

Isaac Averback, Cadet Number 19 is a Paulista. His main interest at present lies in his studies here. Isaac is enjoying his life here as he is athletically inclined. He likes to play basket-ball and was on the High School team. He is fond of music and likes to read.

Eduardo Martins, Cadet Number 20 was born on a Fazenda near São Paulo. He studied one year in Rio de Janeiro and several in Mackenzie College of Engineering. Eduardo appreciates the opportunity of learning about aviation and serving Brazil at the same time.

Rui D'Elias, Cadet Number 21 is a native of São Paulo and was a Public
(cont. on page 5)

Official in this capital prior to entering Escola Tecnica de Aviação. He wanted to study medicine, but decided in favor of a legal career because he had to work part time. D'Elias plays tennis, swims, and is also interested in chess and reading. Although he has never had the opportunity to travel, actually he has travelled far and vicariously for his reading has been almost exclusively about travel. He hopes to learn aviation thoroughly.

Guido Schiaueti, Cadet Number 22 is from Nova Horizonte. Guido worked in a bank after finishing school. He is interested in sports especially swimming, tennis and ping-pong. The idea of specializing in propellers appeals to him strongly because in doing this he can be of service to Brazil.

Mecenas Bueno Jr., Cadet Number 23 from Sao Paulo is extremely interested in Aerial Navigation. He entered this school with the desire to specialize in this field and through it do his part for Brazil in the war effort.

Mario Fontes Monteiro, Cadet Number 24 is from the town of Santa Cruz, do Rio Pardo. Since Mario was a child his greatest ambition was to be a technician of aviation but his family's plans for his education was medicine. He followed their desire until the founding of this school. Now he is very happy being able to realize his ambition.

Sergio Murbach, Cadet Number 25 is a Paulista. He wishes to be a part in the great development of aviation in Brazil. Sergio feels he can give his best to this development by specializing in airplane motors.

Radamés Greti, Cadet Number 26 from Sao Paulo is extremely happy in being in the Escola Tecnica de Aviação. Before this school was founded he was an ardent enthusiast of aviation. He feels especially fortunate in being selected for this school. Radamés is confident that in the few weeks he has been here he has made definite progress toward his goal.

José Martins, Cadet Number 27 is from the town of Pompéia. He studied and worked before entering this school. His greatest ambition is to be a military pilot. However, interest in aviation is not limited he is also interested in the mechanics of aviation.

Getulio Corrêa, Cadet Number 28 came to this school from the town of Franca in the state of São Paulo. Getulio was employed in the Diretoria dos Correios e Telegrafos. He has always been attracted by aviation and feels that this school has been a "gift from heaven" for him. His plan as present is to specialize in propellers.

Group 4

Roberto Carlos de Freitas Botelho, Cadet Number 29 is a Paulista. He worked in the Colegio while he was studying thus paying all of his expenses. Roberto is keenly interested in aviation instruments. There is no Cadet in the school who applies himself to his studies and to the military training any more eagerly than no. 29.

Jorge Pontual, Cadet Number 30 is from Rio de Janeiro. He served in the publicity department in the office of the Coordinator of Inter-American affairs where he learned to speak English. Jorge is a pilot who enjoys flying immensely. He is intensely interested in aviation and plans to be an aeronautical engineer. While in Rio he spent much of his leisure time sailing in the bay. Jorge is an Associate Editor of the Fly Paper.

Luiz Achilles Piccinini, Cadet Number 32 has always lived here in Sao Paulo. The past few years he has been studying nights and working during the day. Like all of the other cadets he is anxious to receive training to enable him to serve his country. His ambition is to be a pursuit pilot. Luiz' grandparents came to Brazil from Georgia.

Luiz Martinelli Souza, Cadet Number 33 is a Paulista. He studied several years in the university working his

By Dorothy Goggin

way. Luiz regards the training he is receiving here as the opportunity of a lifetime. Radio has always fascinated him and now he hopes to realize his ambition and become a radio technician.

Alberto Leite de Freitas, Cadet Number 34 claims Sao Paulo as his home. He too worked his way through school before entering Escola Tecnica de Aviação. Alberto is very fond of outdoor life and hunting. He enjoys the routine of the school and is doing his utmost to excel in his studies. Serving his country as an aviation expert is his main interest.

Elson Alves Domingues, Cadet Number 35 came to Sao Paulo from the town of Lins. Before entering Escola Tecnica de Aviação he attended school at night and worked during the day. Elson has won prizes in several swimming and diving competitions. For the present he has abandoned these activities to devote himself to this course of study. He is enthusiastic at the prospect of being a military pilot.

NEW BOOKS JUST OFF THE PRESS

By Major Laff, reviewer

FABRICS AND FINISHING	by O.U.Dope
CARE OF THE EYES	by Ray Bann
APARTMENT FURNISHING	by Eddie Ficio
BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE	by Ella Fant
HOW TO TELL THE WEATHER	by Harry Kane
ALL THE BRAVE	by Freddy Katt
RETURN FLIGHT	by Al B. Back
DEEP SHADOWS	by Grace Kise
DON'T TAKE IT	by R. E. Morse
HAPPY DAYS	by Alice Well
ANOTHER ONE	by Phil.McGlass
TRANSPORTATION	by Horace Carr
THE EASY WAY	by Dave E.Garr
HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS	by Elsie U.Again
50 DIFFERENT GAMES	by Joe Garr

Merry Xmas! Or at least it seemed so last week, and people acted like they had really seen Santa Claus, Também. Boxes and boxes of equipment arrived and the Department Heads assisted Captain Sheffler in opening them - and how! In fact, I think the Captain was a trifle nonplussed at the enthusiasm of the people in opening the boxes. But - anyhow - the stuff arrived and was checked in. Even Sandy got his share of the equipment.

Made a trip to the Instructors Lounge the other day - and Gosh! What a place! There are people using it, too - chess, checkers (our speed) ping pong, games, a nice reading room and MAGAZINES. It is a nice place to spend your free time.

Ye Editor (of this colyum) has now arrived! (Bragging, of course). One of the new stenographers in the Basic School asked her if she could "fala inglês"! The steno thought that the editor was a Brasileira. The editor wishes to take a little space here to thank the School for the chance to learn the language and for the opportunities offered.

Has anyone seen the Parâchute Department? It is No Man's Land. It is our roving department, and the equipment is carried around by our fair instructors. More power to you - Gals. We hope you can get permanently located soon - it will be a load off your backs.

We wish, since this is supposed to be your column, you would report these social affairs we hear about second and third hand. They sound like good fun. Lets have some dope on them, and I don't mean 07.

We hear we have some of our Instructors on the sick list this week. Jorge Copland thought he had fleabitis - but it turned out to be Phlebitis instead. We are sorry that you are laid up, Jorge, and we hope you will be back soon. We are glad
(cont. on page 7)

INSTRUCTORS SCHOOL (Cont. from page 6)

to report Mrs. Barker on the "Almost-Well" list. Corny Cornell is improving and should be able to shake hands again before long.

Have you been to the Restaurante Harmonia yet? It is a smallish place - reminds one ever so much of an eastern college hangout. And the MUSIC; Wow, and other expressions of enthusiasm! Try it some time when you feel in the mood for an hour or two of really good music. The pianist really knows his stuff.

Our P. X. is really swell, isn't it? It sure is a life saver for the instructors, saves us time (and money). Thanks Van, and all of your staff.

"THE INNOCENTS ABROAD"

By "Pitz"

Remember the old gag - "Who takes care of the Caretaker's Daughter -?" It had its parallel here last week when Mr. Harold Hopkins, who translates English to Portuguese for all of us - accompanied Adriano Ponso, who translates Portuguese for Mr. Riddle - on a trip down town. Now we are wondering who did what for whom?

Note to music-lovers. Avoid Mel Goecke when he's busy in the canteen. He insists on singing while he works. Latest offering in his repertoire - "Fogo gets in my olhos" - rendered in an agonizing tremuloso as he patiently peeled onions for the "Hamburgers with - ". His room mate reports this selection is surpassed only by Goecke's Portuguese rendition of "St. James' Infirmary"; (Dave Morris - Need a vocal soloist for your orchestra?)

We are happy to report that the combined efforts of a former archaeologist, a newspaper reporter and a veterinary surgeon resulted in solving one of the mysteries surrounding Van Perrine's ability to "faz up" unsuspected vittles for unexpected additional customers. The shredded bones recently found on several plates after the hungry horde had departed were care-

fully analyzed and an impartial report indicates the bones were the remains of "Frango frito de sul" (Fried chicken to me). Please let us know in advance next time, Van.

Establishment of the school in Brazil has given rise to many a weird happening, but none so weird as our "Wandering Department" - better known as the Parachute Department - or "No Man's Land". For confirmation observe: Vera Whitney, Beulah Perrine, Ann Thilmony, Katherine Jeeters and Leonie Hodeck as they wander from corner to corner with all their work material en masse (J'ever see a parachute walking?)

Any guy with an extra pair of jeans - please see Galen Johnston, one of our latest arrivals. Coming here directly from Pan Am in Natal, where he had been crew chief - Mr. "Johnny" made the sad discovery that all the clothes he brought were uniforms - which to date are not usable in this school. Yipes!!

So Long and "30"

Pitz



(Could this be Goecke?)

FUTURE TENNIS

On Feb. 27 Sunday, the tennis team, representing the school, namely Cook, Troy, Mata, Setzer, Fouts, Goecke, Thomas, Ellis, Boddy and Saunders will play a team of 10 players representing the Clube Athletico São Paulo, a series of doubles matches both morning and afternoon, at their courts. You of the school are all cordially invited to attend either morning or afternoon matches, or both. It is very comfortable on the veranda at the club and a good view can be had of matches. Be a booster for your team.

PAST TENNIS

Sunday Feb. 13 tennis was a bit on the off side. All players were late due to our big party of the night before. Cook, Goecke, Mata, Troy, Boddy, Lang & Setzer all played and some very interesting contests were held.

BADMINTON

Tuesday Feb. 15th was our second night of Badminton at the Clube Athletico São Paulo. A very good crowd was present and some very interesting play was witnessed. Among our group attending were Cook, Goecke, Mata, Boddy, Saunders, and their guests were Mr. & Mrs. Hodeck, and Harold Hopkins. All of our group seemed improved and some very interesting matches were witnessed. Mr. Klabin was again the genial host providing candy for all, rackets, and his very interesting style of play. Mr. & Mrs. Lipsham were on time and the feature of the evening was Jimmy Wilson's side line prattle.

BASKET BALL

Our team is progressing slowly due to lack of practice last week. The new uniforms arrived and are very attractive looking. We hope in the near future to schedule our first game and have the support of the majority of our group and their friends. We hope to have a good representative team and certainly petition you all for your support.

I hope to be able to announce the exact date in the near future of our first school swimming party to be held in the magnificent Estadio Municipal swimming pool. All will be invited and it should be a must, for you will not be able to find a place so grand for night swimming. There will be no charge.

PING PONG

Those interested in ping pong, women or men, please sign the paper on the bulletin board so we can have our first ping pong tournament. It will be a double elimination tournament, therefore all will play at least twice. Everybody can play ping pong so lets have your entry.

STADIUM

Thursday Feb. 17 we had two parties visit the amazing Estadio Municipal de São Paulo. It was a marvellous trip and will write more about it next week. We were shown the swimming pool, the tennis courts, the gymnasium and the stadium.

BOWLING

On Feb. 13 the second group consisting of teams 5, 6, 7 and 8 had their 2nd night of bowling. Even tho it was the night after our big party a good crowd was on hand. Fred Mueller's team won 3 games, Fouts' team won 3 games, while Miss Humbles team lost 3 games as did Stewarts team. Goecke who was substituting for Betz who was unable to bowl, rolled two nice games 139 and 166. Fouts had a 167 game. Helm had two nice games 165 and 160. Bordas 154 game and Joe Graham 153. Averages of bowlers in 2nd group:

Helm	153	Harlan	110
Bordas	134	Soukup	102
Fouts	132	Karkeet	100
Graham	129	Chandler	98
Stewart	119	Mr. Whitney	88
Mueller	117	Miss Humble	67
Larimer	115	Mrs. Whitney	59

(Cont. on page 9)

NOTE NOTE

The first group will not bowl as planned Feb. 20 but will bowl Feb. 27 instead. Change due to the Carnival.

CHESS

In our midst we have a very fine chess player. He is a Brazilian champion, holder of many medals. It has been my good fortune to have him agree to play the 4 semi-finalists simultaneously some lunch hour. It certainly will be a worth while event and will tax our recreation room to capacity.

I could be coaxed into a small wager that he winds up the winner.

Our Brazilian employe's name is Cesar Anderas and he works for Jim Lunnon. So don't any of you chess players be so rash as to play him for more than cokes.

SPORTS COMMENTS

By Jack Mata

Members of the tennis team were out in full force last week-end and many interesting matches were played. It was good to see all the boys on hand, as the more practice they can get before our match with the English Club the better will be our chances.

Dover Fouts wielded a mean racket at the Harmonia Club and showed why he will be of great help to the team. A newcomer showed up at the Athletic Club, namely Snr. Betz, and he had a very successful afternoon. In his first match he teamed with Buck Setzer to take two "love" sets from Big Bill Boddy and Merle Lang. Big Bill complained all afternoon that he was off form and still thinks the net was a little high.

Helice Betz then took on Mel Goecke, the "Bounding Basque" of the Aircraft Department, losing the first set 6 - 4 and winning the second

6 - 0. At this juncture they decided to call it a day and play the decisive set this coming Sunday, however Jabalaba injured his leg while bowling and it is very doubtful whether he will be in shape to play.

In the "grudge" match of the afternoon, Snr. Troy and "Our Boy" Cook lost again to Jimmy Wilson and his English speaking American friend Jack (Old Boy) Mata. Snr. Troy, on last Monday, was still complaining of having sore shoulders and thought Cookie was getting heavier every time they played. Cook, however, still contends he was born unlucky because he had to come 5,500 miles and still get the same partner.

We wish to take time out, at this moment, to offer our thanks to Snr. Boddy and Snr. Finn for the fine "Bicycling in Guarujá" article. Guarujá sounds like a very lovely place and I am quite certain that many of us here at school, especially those that have lived in Miami and appreciate beaches and bicycling, will take advantage of this pioneering and arrange a visit to this splendid beach resort.

The play in the current Chess Tournament has reached the quarter-finals and from here on out we should witness some very fine play. Results to date show that Messrs. Cook, Boddy, Lehman and either Eduardo or Copland have survived the heat of battle to the round of four. It is indeed with great regret that we hear from the Aircraft Department of the illness that has overtaken Snr. Copland and it is our sincere wish that he has a very speedy recovery.

The interest shown in chess has been surprising. I don't think we realized we had so many players among our personnel. Therefore, with this same thought in mind we are planning to have both a ping pong and a checker tournament. All those interested please watch the bulletin board for the latest developments.

Tuesday night brought forth the usual group of school personnel, who are members of the Athletic Club, for their weekly game of badminton. Among those seen playing were Messrs. Boddy

(Cont. on page 10)

SPORTS COMMENTS (Cont. from page 9)

Cook, Hodeck, Saunders and Mata. They were cheered on from the side lines by Mrs. Hodeck and Snr. Goecke, still limping as a result of that leg injury.

The "cosinha especial" this week was the grilled cheese and ham served ala PX; finishing a close second was the popularity of the milk, which was added to the menu this week.

Well folks, that looks like about all there is for now - so here's hoping that you all have a good time during Carnival!

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

By Sandy Saunders

Our most sincere thanks to our many Brazilian friends, our English friends, our own personnel both Brazilian and North American, for their friendliness, congeniality and sincere enthusiasm which were the main factors in the party's success.

I am sure we were all amazed at the number of people present and would like to add it was the largest dance party ever held at Club Scandinavo. I feel sure Mr. Riddle was very pleased to be present in São Paulo and attend a party which was the largest gathering we have ever had to my knowledge. Thanks to Mr. Riddle, Mr. Blakeley and all who made this party possible. To those few who were unable to attend we missed you and are sorry you were not with us. The feature of the evening was the cordão which I am sure lasted for an hour. It was my first cordão and my only description will be just one word "sensational". The club was resplendent with color from the beautiful gowns and dresses worn by our lady guests, the pretty São Paulo flowers, and the many palms. In conclusion, my sincere tribute to all who gave their time and effort toward making the party a success and many thanks to the musicians and club employees for their cooperative efforts. P.S. When do we do it again? How about giving a similar party in cele-

bration of a holiday commemorating an outstanding Brazilian leader? Suggestions from our Brazilian friends in this connection will be welcomed.

COMMENTS ON SWIMMING

By Alfio Vieira

Now that you are familiar with the several strokes in swimming, I shall give you a few interesting points on the chief ones, namely, the crawl, back-stroke and breast-stroke.

Let us take up, today, the crawl.

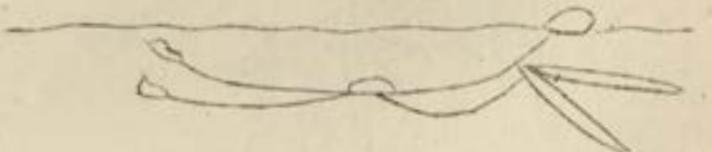
We already know that it is the fastest way man can swim and doubtless it is the most gracious, too. It originates from the Australians and was developed into what it is today by the Americans. The latter are among the best crawl stroke swimmers of the world. Among the former, Weissmuller and Fick are famous names.

A very important detail of the crawl stroke is the position of the swimmer's body in relation to the water surface. The Americans seem to like it better thus:



that is, with the body quite straightened and oblique to the water surface.

Others prefer to swim thus:



that is, with their trunks bent back.

Which one of these methods is the better would be rather a difficult statement to make; it seems that there is a special technique to be used in

(Cont. on page 11)

the case of every individual swimmer and several factors have a very strong influence in that respect. I met in the States a very fine swimming coach who always insisted that every swimmer adapts himself to a specific method or technique of swimming; by that he meant that there is not a general technique to be used in the case of every and all swimmers.

One of the most - if not THE most - important factors to be observed in swimming is breathing. The commonest mistake the untrained swimmer makes is to take too big a breath of air, thus straining the lungs too much.

If you tried to walk a few yards breathing more than you naturally do, the first thing you would know is that you would be unusually tired, is this not so?

Well, the very same occurs in swimming, whenever the swimmer does not relax and breathe naturally.

Next time I shall be here with some information about the part that the arms and legs play in swimming.

INSIDE BRAZIL

By Plinio Prado

CRYSTAL: There are three different classifications for crystal:- Class A, B and C. The crystal "A" is clean, lighter and has no defects. (Defects consist mostly of sand formation, points, and what we call "folhas" and "nuvens". These defects are the dirt inside the crystal.) The class "B" may have one or two defects, up to 80% of cleanliness, and the Class "C" is not used for war purposes.

After starting buying the mineral on my own, it happened that business was successful, as my first buy gave me a net profit of 100%. A kilo of crystal, class "A", is bought by the Metal Reserve Corporation (U.S.G.) at a base of 1,000.00 cruzeiros, and we could buy the same in the field for 300,00 only. But, we had to sell to a bigger buyer, and he realized almost all the profits.

The life in a "corrutela" is dreadful: - Food consists mainly of rice, meat and starch, no vegetables. A can of "corned-beef", which costs something like 3 cruzeiros in any town of Brazil, had to be bought at 20 cruzeiros in the field. A bottle of beer ...! 30 cruzeiros (we were usually thirsty around these places). The transportation is the cause of such prices.

Everybody rides horses, carry 38 caliber guns, and life isn't worth a dime. The first break down in prices caught me with all my capital invested in crystal. The big buyers sent word that the U.S. Government was closing down the crystal deals in Brazil. Prices were falling and we had to sell our stocks for almost nothing, and start all over again.

Diamond prospecting is more fascinating. Nevertheless, to find something that you haven't got is always exciting. And also what happens to a fortunate "garimpeiro"!.. He'll probably buy all the drinks he can. - I'm almost sure this is his first step. Then a silk handkerchief, a horse, a 38" gun (if he hasn't one, which I doubt) and finally instead of his own woman, he'll maybe have another two.

Funniest part of it is that they live very well, together in the "old man's" house, taking care of their children... How do you like that boys? No written law, no driving licenses, no guards, no automobiles, no hot water, no ice cream, no "Bidu", no lipstick, and still it's wonderful to live in a tent or a "rancho" under the "Cruzeiro do Sul".



Charlie Ebbets tops em again!
He now holds the high altitude
record for Americans in Sao Paulo.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Jeannette M. Chedick

Este grande vulto politico, norte americano, que brilhantemente dirigiu os destinos de seu país, e levou a victoria os exercitos Norte Americanos, foi um dos fundadores e o primeiro Presidente dos Estados Unidos da America do Norte.

George Washington, um dos maiores homens de sua terra, cujo nome jamais podera ser esquecido, nasceu em Bridge Creek, na Virginia, aos 22 de Fevereiro de 1732.

Ao contrario de Abraham Lincoln, George Washington era filho de pais ricos não necessitando de trabalhar para se manter.

Completo o seu curso de agrimensor publico, com apenas dezesseis anos.

Aos dezenove anos recebeu o comando de um dos distritos militares - da Virginia e dois anos mais tarde, a ele coube a missão de levar aos franceses estabelecidos sobre o Ohio a intimação para se retirarem.

Com 22 anos foi promovido a Tenente-coronel; voltou ao Ohio onde fora surpreendido por um exercito francês comandado por Jumonville que o derrotou fragorosamente.

Este fato é classificado por alguns historiadores como sendo um morticínio que pesa sobre a memoria deste grande militar Norte-Americano.

No ano de 1755 foi nomeado comandante em chefe das milicias da Virginia e depois de algumas vitórias alcançadas sobre os franceses, deixou o serviço para voltar um ano mais tarde como membro da Assembleia da Virginia.

Assim que surgiram as primeiras discordancias entre a Inglaterra e as suas colonias, Washington, promunciou-se com energia pela resistencia as pretensões da Metropole, tendo sido em 1775 nomeado pelo Congresso de Filadelfia, general em chefe das tropas norte-americanas.

Apesar da inferioridade numerica de homens e munições, Washington conduziu os seus exercitos a grandes vitórias.

Logo de inicio, obrigou os Ingleses a abandonar Boston e o Congresso de Filadelfia, animado com esse êxito

proclamou a independencia dos Estados Unidos em Julho de 1776.

Em 27 de Agosto, Washington foi batido em Nova York, mas depois tirou desforra em Trenton e em Princeton.

Não conseguiu impedir que o General Howe tomasse Filadelfia, mas um ano depois fez com que o general inglês a abandonasse e auxiliado pelos franceses, tomou a ofensiva em todos os sectores, derrotando Cornwallis, e fazendo com que este capitulasse em Yorktown.

Depois desta derrota, os ingleses não puzeram mais grande resistencia e com a assinatura da paz de Versalhes em 1783 a Inglaterra reconhecia a Independencia dos Estados Unidos da America do Norte graças a habilidade e a inteligencia de George Washington.

Mas, não foi ai que George Washington encerrou a sua carreira.

Havia libertado o seu país, mas agora precisava reorganisa-lo.

Foi eleito uma constituinte em 1787, sendo George Washington, nomeado seu Presidente.

Foi eleito Presidente da Republica em 1789 e logo mais, reeleito em 1793, tendo recusado a ocupar o poder na 3ª eleição em que também saira vitorioso, retirando-se para Mont-Vernon onde iria gozar as alegrias do convívio familiar.

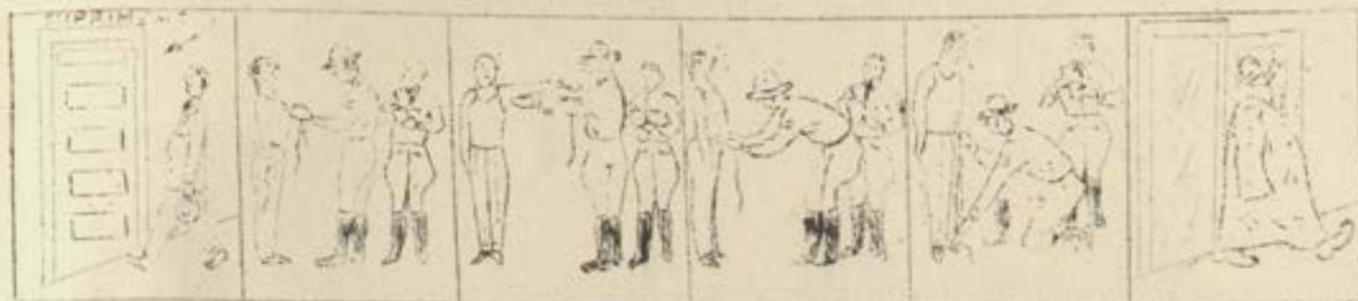
Em 1798, com as ameaças de guerra, entre a França e os Estados Unidos, organizou a defesa de seu país.

A paz acabava de ser estabelecida quando morreu.

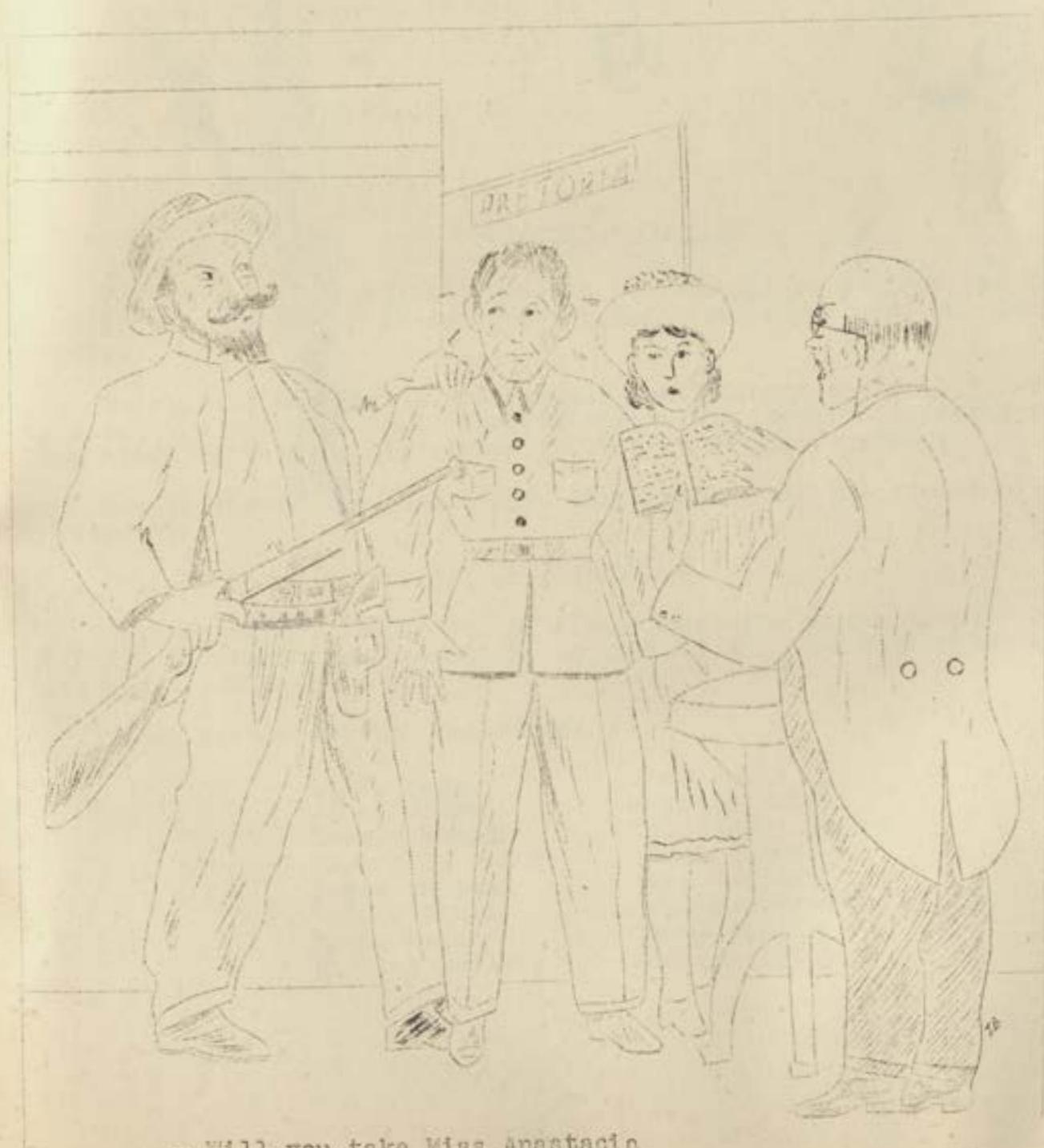
Todos os cidadãos trouxeram luto durante um mês e a capital federal tomou o seu nome.

Seu nome ficou para sempre gravado em letras de ouro, na historia politico-militar de seu país, onde escreveu as primeiras e mais belas paginas.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS



A private receiving uniform.



- Will you take Miss Anastacia
as your wife, of your own
free will? ...



Selet b e m v i z d o



'Douglas'

Designed and
written by
Wilson Figueiredo

WELCOME "DOUGLAS"

Yes, welcome, "Douglas", because you brought to us from the United States, the person who is our great benefactor and friend, Mr. John Paul Riddle.

Nearly all the Brazilians already know, if not personally, at least by name, the one with philanthropic ideals who does not hesitate in putting aside certain of his rights in benefit of the community.

How fortunate were those who, like myself, had the opportunity of meeting him!

Welcome then, to Brasil, Mr. Riddle ---

This greeting, simple but sincere, goes also to the people who came with Mr. Riddle on this voyage to be part of the already capable administrative and teaching personnel of our school.

These people are the following:

L. J. Page
James Hodeck
Leonio Hodeck
Howard R. Senior
Janis Englund
Walter Field
Irene Koger
Harriet Neeley

Mary Swank
Dorothy Wells
Will Henry Gordon
Elias Michel
Edna Carlisle
Adriano Ponso
David Beatty
Charles Ebbetts

By Jeannette M. Chedick

SECÇÃO dos CADETES ESTUDANTES

Editado por

JEANNETTE M. CHEDICK.

(A Translation)

"WELCOME TO BRAZIL,

MR. RIDDLE!"

"SEJA BENVINDO AO BRASIL,

Mr. RIDDLE!"

Cortando as ceus com uma velocidade fantástica, pousou em Campo Mello, no Rio de Janeiro, o possante quadrimotor Curtiss C-54, trazendo de muito longe, uma pessoa muito querida de todos quantos tem a feliz oportunidade de a conhecerem: - JOHN PAUL RIDDLE fundador de nossa Escola.

Começamos desde esse dia a percorrer os jornais, ansiosos por encontrar notícias sobre sua vinda para São Paulo.

E finalmente tivemos ordem de formar no pátio da Escola, tendo ainda em nossos ouvidos o ressoar daquela auspiciosa notícia: "ele chegará hoje".

Foi com a Escola formada que recebemos tão ilustre figura.

Após nos observar, um por um, dirigiu-nos algumas palavras em inglês e que nos foram traduzidas pelo Exmo Snr Major J. Mendes da Silva.

As palavras que nos dirigiu, por certo, só poderão nos beneficiar e nos servirão de estímulo para que chguemos vitoriosos ao fim da etapa que ora iniciamos.

Quero pois externar, em meu nome e de meus colegas, as palavras bastante encorajadoras que nos disse o patrono de nossa Escola.

E, terminando, proclamamos em uníssono: - "SEJA BENVINDO AO BRASIL, Mr. JOHN PAUL RIDDLE".

CARLOS NOVAIS.
(Aluno Nro. 38)

After a rapid trip, the powerful four-motor Curtiss C-54 landed at Campo Mello, in Rio de Janeiro, bringing from far away, a person of great importance to us. This person was Mr. John Paul Riddle, founder of our school.

From that day on we looked in the papers, anxious to read news about his coming to São Paulo.

And... finally we had orders to line up in the school courtyard, the great news "he'll be here today" still echoing in our ears.

And with the school lined up, we received this outstanding person.

After inspecting us one by one, he spoke a few words to us in English, which were interpreted by the Major.

And it was these words, so simple, but so expressive and spoken with such firmness, which filled us with pride and which will be kept in our hearts for a long time.

Today, conscious of our obligations and duties toward this school and also toward our Country, I and my pals thank you for those words, which instilled in us a wave of courage to face the future, which sometimes is so darkened.

Now, cadets and instructors, in one voice, express our feelings, saying with emphasis:

"WELCOME TO BRAZIL,

MR. JOHN PAUL RIDDLE!"

(The above article was translated by Harold Denis De Saone of our Translator's Department)

QUASI MULHER...

Sim, era quasi mulher... aquela garotinha de apenas quinze annos de idade, trajada mui simplesmente, exalando por todos os poros simpatia e graça sendo sem duvida a meu ver a rainha daquela festa.

Seu nome?

Não importa, chamo-a apenas "Felicidade".

Uma criatura dotada de graça, beleza, simpatia, educação, simplicidade proxima portanto da perfeição, só pode ser uma pessoa feliz...

Gestos simples e aprimorados e conversa agradável, completavam o seu todo...

Estivou-me logo que com ela conversei, porem, como diz o velho e sabio proverbio-"Não há bem que sempre dure"... , a festa terminou...

Agora passados alguns dias, não sei porque razão, recordo-me dela não sem saudades dos momentos felizes que a tive em minha companhia.

Por onde andará e a quantos mais estará cativando?

Quem estará sendo agora o privilegiado de sua atenção?

Vivo apreensivo desde o momento que dela me separei.

Como uma fada ela surgiu na minha vida para desaparecer em seguida deixando-me mergulhado no vacuo que essa separação me causou e deixando apenas como compenheiras, a saudade, a interrogação, a apreensão e a duvida...

Apesar de todo o mal que a sua ausencia está me causando, eu vejo ainda em todo esse sofrimento, uma grande compensação, um grande bem; o de te-la... conhecido...

"SIAL"

Á RAINHA DA NOITE

A lua surgiu por trás dos picos negros dos montes, e a sua luz suave, estendeu-se como uma mortalha sobre toda a amplidão.

Nesse momento começou a festa na taba.

Acenderam-se fogueiras e ao surgir a primeira luz da manhã, já tiveram inicio as pancadas firmes nos toscos tambores.

A pouco e pouco espalhou-se pelo ambiente o som de um ritmo macabro, e os instrumentos eram resolutamente tocados com profunda crença religiosa por esses nativos.

As mulheres, formando um grande circulo, acompanhavam o ritmo de musica, batendo palmas e balanceando o corpo.

Os indios, ao compasso daquelle extrenho ritmo, ginchando o corpo, batiam os pés descalços, no chão do episodio do pateo, enquanto vibravam no ar os sons rapidos de suas rijas lanças.

Durante a noite toda, ecoou-se pela imensidão da floresta, o som macabro daquelle ritmo exquisito sob a mortalha de homenagem da rainha da noite, a LUA.

"ANIRAM"

GUERRA

Nossa Pátria já foi ofendida,
Nosso sangue manchou já os mares,
Nossas almas estão já feridas
E feridos estão nosso lares

AREÃO.

SEJA BENVINDO,

MR. RIDDLE.

Quando os jornais da semana passada espalharam por todo o país a notícia de que havia chegado ao Rio, o maior avião transporte do mundo, todos os brasileiros sentiram-se felizes com tão auspiciosa notícia.

Para nós entretanto, esse acontecimento tinha duplo significado porque sabíamos que esse gigante metálico trazia de Florida uma pessoa que nos é muito cara:—MR JOHN PAUL RIDDLE

Trouxe também além dessa figura ilustre, vários professores que vieram integrar o já respeitável corpo docente e Diretoria de "Nossa Escola"

MR. JOHN PAUL RIDDLE dispensou o luxo e conforto que lhe poderia proporcionar um "Cliper" preferindo não se separar de seus colaboradores e vele acconedado entre pilhas metálicas e motores.

É um das provas das muitas que tem dado de que é um homem de espírito superior e amigo de todas as horas

A chegada de MR. RIDDLE, foi a oportunidade feliz que tivemos de o conhecer.

Seu nome já nos era bastante familiar.

Os alunos mais antigos que o conheciam, diziam "o Snr. RIDDLE é muito gentil e atencioso" e com um sorriso de satisfação acrescentavam, "quando esteve aqui conversou com todos nós".

Mas MR. RIDDLE, chegou finalmente para alegria de todos nós e para nos arrancar dessa expectativa torturante da espera.

E foi numa destas tardes chuvosas, tão peculiares a "Terra da Garôa" que formamos no pátio da Escola para recebermos MR. RIDDLE.

DIRIGIU-nos algumas palavras que nos foram traduzidas pelo EXMO SNR. MAJOR J. MENDES DA SILVA.

Disso-nos que recentemente havia visto em suas viagens a Inglaterra ou outros países, um grupo de alunos com tão boa aparência e que se admirava com a nossa atitude perfeita com tão poucos dias de instrução militar.

Depois disso ele foi assistir uma de nossas aulas e sentou-se entre nós como se fosse um aluno.

Temos em MR. RIDDLE UM grande amigo além de grande benfeitor.

Agora que já o conhecemos, nos sentimos com mais animo para prosseguir até o fim das atividades que há pouco iniciamos.

Naquele dia em que vimos MR. RIDDLE pela primeira vez, embora estivessemos imóveis e mudos, tínhamos vontade de proclamar em coro: "Seja Benvindo ao Brasil, MR. RIDDLE."

AZIZ ELIAS.
(Aluno)

"ESTA NOITE EU TIVE UM SONHO"

Às vinte e quatro de uma destas noites frias que tão bem caracterizam a nossa Pauliceia, achava-se o alojamento de nossa Escola, em um silêncio quase que absoluto.

Apenas se ouvia o tic-tac do relógio e de vez em quando os passos do plantão.

Subito, um ruído quebra aquela monotonia, de tal modo que poucos minutos depois vários colegas se achavam acordados.

Que seria?

Era a pergunta que pairava na mente de todos quantos haviam sido bruscamente retirados dos adoráveis braços de "Morfeu".

Alguem pronunciava desordenada e desenfreadamente, as seguintes sílabas:

Di, da-Da-di-di-di-da-da-di-da-di--Da--Dada.

(Cont. na página 18)

Dentre os que haviam acordado, achava-se o numero 18, que deu o seu espirito humoristico, foi averiguar o que estava succedendo para ter o que comentar no dia seguinte.

Pó ante pó, aproximou-se das camas "7-8", local de onde provinha o barulho.

Constatou que o autor do barulho era o numero 8.

Este foi bruscamente acordado pelo Arofe, e interrogado por ele, prontificou-se a narrar o succedido.

Pois bem, disse o numero 8; eu sonhava que estava na Africa, na cidade de "Comedor", acompanhado de varios colegas que para ai haviam seguido comigo para a expedição a esse continente.

Quais eram esses colegas?

Por favor, interrogava ansioso e afluente o Arofe.

E o numero 8 continuou: Lembre-me perfeitamente que o numero 10 achava-se entre nos, servindo de guia, dado os seus grandes conhecimentos; o numero 43, o "Reverendo", parala seguiu como confessor da turma; o numero onze era o cozinheiro e o numero 14 o musico. Apressou-se o Arofe; qual instrumento ele tocava?

Era um instrumento tão exquisito talvez de sua propria invenção.

O que posso dizer é que o 14 o manejava com perfeita habilidade.

Depois de uma breve pausa em que se esforçava para se lembrar de mais alguns companheiros, continuou: a o verdade, o numero 30, lá estava tambem.

E o Arofe sempre curioso; por favor, o que é que ele fazia?

Depois de vacilar, o numero 8, prosseguiu dizendo:

Ele era...ele era...ele era o instigador da turma.

Sim, mas só instigador, pois na hora "H".....

"O DESMASCARADOR"

NÃO É COM VOCÊ

Existia em tempos que não vão longe, em um pacato sitio de Itaquera, um escriptor ou melhor um escrevente que primava pela senolencia.

Um dia, não se sabe porque, um avião, talvez perdido, por lá passou.

Foi como era de se esperar um alarme geral na vila.

Todos os habitantes correram á rua.

O nosso amigo escrevente, como os demais, olhou-o admirado e disse consigo mesmo: ainda veréi aquele bicho de perto, bem pertinho mesmo.

Se assim pensou, melhor o fez.

Noite alta, sem que ninguem o perturbasse, com todo o cuidado, arrumou sua "trouxa" e embarcou para aqui.

Ao desembarcar ali na Estação do Norte, comprou um jornal, pois que queria estar ao par da vida desta grande cidade,

Logo na primeira pagina, em letras garrafais encontrou o que desejava.

Informações sobre a E.T.A.

Muito bem, como era pertinho, não lhe custaria nada dar um pulinho até a Escola e colher as informações de que tanto precisava.

Passados alguns dias o sonolento escrevente de Itaquera, se transformara em um elegante aluno da Escola Técnica de Aviação, notado em um alinhado issimo macacão azul, corte especial.

E a vida continúa...mas agora bem diferente daquela que há bem pouco levava.

Será mais diferente ainda quando esforcado escriptor completar o curso que hora acaba de iniciar.

Sua missão, seja talvez de para o futuro, transmitir a outros os ensinamentos que receber neste estabelecimento.

Nota: Qualquer semelhança com fatos ou pessoas reais, será mera coincidência.

AREÃO-

PORQUE S OFRER ASSIM?

E eu que pensei que tu me amavas
tento,
Que era sincero e bom teu coração.
E eu que sempre te amei, eu te perdi
Mas não fez mal, porque me afogo
em pranto,
Sempre, sempre, lembrando-me de ti.

E tu? Lembres as juras que fizeste,
Nas quais dizias seres meu amor?
E bem sabes que eu sofro tanto,
assim,
Mas não faz mal, porque também tu
sofres,
Sempre, sempre, lembrando-te de mim.

JOÃO STENDEL AREÃO

(Aluno Nro. 116)

VANDA

Eu te amo com paixão infinda.
Ó minha princesa tão linda,
Que neste mundo não tem rival,
Nem pode haver outra igual.

Tu és rainha em formosura,
E tens a alma límpida e pura,
Que no teu meigo e lindo olhar,
Parece querer isso provar.

Gostei de ti logo ao ver-te,
Amando-te com profundo amor,
E não mais pude esquecer-te.

Tu és da natureza um primor,
Ó linda quero dizer-te,
Que te amo com profundo amor.

FAUSTO PAULO BUENO
(Aluno Nro. 47)

BRASIL

BRASIL. Terra de Caxias,
Bravo e heroico soldado,
Que em sua vida, n
Nunca foi derrotado.

Terra querida, Terra que
Muitas vezes foi invadida,
Mas que nunca foi vencida.

Terra que antigamente,
Foi um covil de escravos,
Mas que hoje é um país de bravos.

Brasil. É o seu nome sagrado,
O seu solo é muito amado,
E o seu povo, foi e será sempre
abençoado.

"O VENENOSO"

ANJO DA GUARDA

Anjo da guarda
Meu bom guardador
Guardai a minha alma
Para nosso senhor

Anjo da guarda
Digo sorrindo
Valei por minha alma
Quando dormindo

Anjo da Guarda
Meu bom protetor
Sede meu guia
E meu servidor.

"O VENENOSO"

Use sua inteligência, resolvendo
este problema:

Eu tenho um certo numero de tes-
toões.

Si os colocar em pilhas de 19,
formarei um certo numero de pilhas
e sobrarão 12 testões.

Si eu os colocar em pilhas de 27
obterei pilhas menos que no primei-
ro caso e sobrarão um testão.
Quantos testões eu tenho?

SUGESTÃO

A ESCOLA TÉCNICA DE AVIAÇÃO, deveria atrair a atenção de nossas instituições educacionais, assim como a do Ministério e Secretaria da Educação.

Um pouco de estudo e observação poderiam dar a quem interessasse, ensinamentos úteis, sobre o que tem tornado o ensino eficiente nos Estados Unidos Da América do Norte.

Os nossos amigos americanos tem muita experiencia no assunto.

A Escola Técnica de Aviação, poderia ser um exemplo a seguir, caso ela consiga, como propõe, a formação de técnicos especializados em tão pouco tempo.

Aqui nos garantem, que no seu país, eles realizam há muitos anos cursos dessa natureza, sempre com ottimos resultados.

Oxalá, isso aconteça aqui entre nós.

A semelhança da Escola Técnica de Aviação, mais escolas, em outros ramos técnicos, deveriam ser creadas.

Poderiam ser militarizadas, ficando a parte técnica a cargo de nossas autoridades educacionais.

Formaria bons técnicos, bons reservistas e cidadãos úteis á sociedade, jovens com uma formação moral diferente, que nos falta de habito de disciplina, camaradagem e respeito mútuos.

Aluno da Escola Técnica de Aviação, a sua farda é bonita e lhe dá personalidade.

Compete a você, portanto o dever de respeitá-la.

"EDMARO"

CRITICA SEMANAL

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CONVERSA de TELEFONE

ALÔ...Aqui fala o 30.

Ó, querido, porque não vieste Hoje?

Lembre-se que ó Domingo.

É...aconteceu um imprevisto, um colega faltou ao serviço e como sou muito bondoso, pedi que me escolhassem em seu lugar...

Em seu último artigo, no "Papel Pega Mosca", alias, em serie, neu particular amigo, o lgo, encontrou um modo de perfilar as pás de uma hélice.

Porém, continua, segundo fontes fidedignas, procurando resolver o problema de perfilar em forma...

"JOANITO"



O CANTINFLAS, após a mais volta...
Desenho de o "VENENOSO".

VOCE SABIA QUE?...

O famigerado 111, o Cantinflas ó cantor de operas?

O 97 ó o mascote da E.T.A.?

O 114 ó o "Adoravel Vagabundo"?...

O 100 era professor de uma colonia japonesa?...

No alojamento "B" tem gente que dorme em cima das colchas, só para não ter o trabalho de arrumar a cama de manhã?... (89-90-84 e 88-108-100)

O 105 levanta de noite para dar instrução de Ordem Unida?...

O 101 ó o chefe da turma mais bace na da E.T.A.?....

Bois então fique sabendo sabendo o tem mais...

"U.Z.N."

PEGHINCHA....

O amigo urso, publica abaixo a relação de coisas inúteis que podem ser vendidas, alugadas, trocadas ou dadas:

Os apetrechos de aparar bigode do 58...

A barriga do Radamés...

O sonho do 30...

O s obrinho do 98... o (97).

O apetite do 11...

O papo do 2...

O s ono do 7...

A barba microscopica do 1...

Um saco de grão de bico (cru)...

Para a proxima semana, novo stok..

"GORILA"

22-----

ATENÇÃO....

ACHA-SE Á VENDA...

A mamadeira do noventa e....

O Farel do 30...

A meluquice do "Tarzan"....

O fanatismo do "Professor"....

Os pés do "Cantinflas"....

A ingenuidade do "Antona"....

O silencio do alojamento "B"....

"O SANTO"

IRONIAS DE CAIPIRAS

Transcrito e desenhado por Wilson.

Parcorrendo constantemente estradas e caminhos, em viagens de automovel, pelo interior, xingando o Governo que não força os prefeitos a colocarem taboletas indicadoras nas encruzilhadas, fazendo a gente "comer coruja" em pleno dia, pergunto sempre a caipira o caminho a seguir.

- Mecê segue por aqui, lá no espigão mecê quíbra a canhota e depois desce, desce, desce, até chegá nu reberão onde tem ua ponte; mecê passa porriba da ponte e querêno bébe agua, nu quereno, bote agua no tomôve e segue...

- Já a me despedir agradecondo, dize-me o caipira:

- 'O'i! O caminho é esse e mecê nu errano vai dá cortinho lá...

Ha pouco tempo, trilhando pelo meio do capoeiras, por vias que dizem ser estradas para Presidente Prudente, depois de sofrer o diabo entre Bartyra e Laranja Azeda, perguntei a um sertanejo:

- Daquí para diante a estrada é boa para Prudente?

- Ah! Daquí pra lá tem um estradão que é uma buniteza, mais ó só eroprano...

I N V E N S O ã S

Entre os "Grandes Inventos" de destruição, este merece registro.

Estava um cabloco a alizar um pedaço de vau, quando alguien lhe falou:

- Todo o S. Paulo trabalha para a guerra e você fica aí sem fazer nada?

- Eu? Eu tô fazendo uma inventiva boa mesmo. Um bodeque prá caçá arioprano

- Mas cómo?

- Ora... Eu faço um pelote de barro bem ariento. Quando o marvado passá, eu sento uma pelotada. O pelote se esfarinha tudo e entra as terras no motor. O bicho encrenca e cáí.

Eu, que já fico mascando fumo, corro ó guspo no zóio do aviador. Ele fica cógo e eu prendo. Tá í! Tão faci...

A C O N T E C E...

- Imagina você. Ha quinze dias perdi meu tio Antonico e hoje acabo de perder minha mulher!

- São coisas que acontecem, meu amigo.

Os períodos como'esses na vida são muito vulgares. Imagine que eu, numa semana, já perdi uma bengala, um sóbretudo e quatro guarda-chuvas!



UMA CARTA PESSOAL A

Todos os Estudantes-Cadetes
Escola Técnica de Aviação
São Paulo, Brasil

Caros Amigos:

A falta de tempo e outras circunstâncias evitaram que eu chegasse a conhecê-los intimamente, mas pelo menos tenho tido a oportunidade de seguir e observar o esplêndido progresso que todos estão fazendo, considerando o pouco tempo que estão aqui e as dificuldades sob as quais têm trabalhado.

Fico especialmente entusiasmado e meu coração pára de bater quando os vejo marchando fardados ou não fardados. Ficam esplêndidos nas suas fardas atreventas que são de fato emblemas de algo do qual devem se orgulhar, isto é, que foram selecionados, entre muitos outros, a frequentar esta escola para um fim que é mais importante do que qualquer um possa imaginar, penso eu.

A ciência da aviação do ponto de vista militar e civil tem progredido a um ponto de abranger muitos ramos altamente especializados e técnicos. Há muito tempo passou do seu estágio elementar lidando com perícia e conhecimentos mecânicos gerais. Os mecânicos de aviação, no significado geral da palavra "mecânico" pertencem ao passado. Um Mecânico de Aviação, como era conhecido, não poderia ter a esperança de resolver os problemas complicados agora existente na Aviação. Esses problemas complicados precisam agora ser resolvidos por Técnicos da Aviação peritos. Seus instrutores são Técnicos da Aviação e são os melhores que poderiam ser encontrados. Estão ansiosos ensinar-lhes o que sabem para que vocês possam empregar esses conhecimentos especializados para auxiliar sua pátria e todas as pessoas amantes da paz a exterminar a guerra por agressão. São todos jovens e têm portanto uma oportunidade invejável para desenvolver e aumentar o campo de progresso rápido da aviação em proporção direta ao interesse e esforço que devotam aos estudos durante estes poucos meses de treino nesta escola.

Eu sei que alguns gostariam de ser pilotos. Talvez, eventualmente, muitos serão pilotos, mas lembrem-se, um técnico de aviação é tão importante à aviação quanto um piloto, talvez ainda mais, visto que um piloto não poderia pilotar um avião se não houvesse técnicos. Lembrem-se também, que técnicos bem treinados geralmente são melhores pilotos. O treino técnico que agora estão recebendo permitirá que avancem mais adiante no campo de aviação a medida que fiquem mais velhos, do que seriam capazes se soubessem somente pilotar um avião.

Estamos aqui para auxiliá-los de toda maneira e nos orgulhamos de tudo que façam e efetuam, e farão e efetuarão quando completarem seu treino nesta escola e saíam para o largamente importante e responsável campo de dever e trabalho vital que escolheram para seguir.

Bôa sorte, meus amigos. Um futuro muito interessante e importante lhes espera.

Sinceramente,
James Blakeley
Diretor