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Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-01-22

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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HEY, GANG! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A DANCE!

WHEN—This Saturday evening, January 24, from 9 to 1 a.m.
WHERE—At the Mah Shrine Temple, 1415 Biscayne Blvd., Miami.
WHY—To provide a “gay time” for our students, employees, graduates and friends of the School. Dancing and stuff!
All the Latin-American students will be there, giving free rhumba lessons; and many of the British cadets from Clewiston, as well as our instructors, grade, other students and employees. It'll be a good crowd—having plenty of FUN!
TICKETS—Only 50 cents per person, “a buck a couple” . . . tickets sold only at the door Saturday evening . . . get ’em there! And don’t miss it!
REFRESHMENTS—Yep—same as last time . . . remember?
ORCHESTRA—Elmer Novak and his men playing popular North and South American tunes.

DON'T MISS IT!

IT CAN'T BE DONE—THERE'S NO TIME!
BUT OUR GANG DID IT AGAIN—AS USUAL!

Story of the week this week is a feature story, boys and girls—a story of how “Our Gang” at Embry-Riddle get together, cooperate, work like—and do the impossible. Now don’t get the idea that this is the only case on record—similar stories could be written about the flight instructors at the bases who put cadet classes thru “on time” and sometimes “ahead of time” despite weather, or about the purchasing department getting material when the supply houses said there was “non available,” or about the payroll department working all night to get the pay checks out on time, or about our “amanuenses” who

SPECIAL NOTICE
TIME: Friday night, January 23, 1942, 7:30 p.m.
PLACE: Ponce De Leon High School.
EVENT: Embry-Riddle vs. University of Miami Freshmen.
Everybody turn out and give the team the support it deserves.
DON'T FORGET!

Class 2, No. 5 B. F. T. S., Clewiston, Florida, U. S. A.
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
By Ad Thompson

Life at the Seaplane Base is getting to be a very comfortable proposition now that we have all the modern conveniences including electricity, running water, new desks and upholstered chairs. Even the old hand gas pump is being replaced with an electric one which will provide gas service to both ramps.

We hailed that old gas pump as a welcome addition to our equipment not so very long ago. It was a great improvement over the gasoline drums we had to wrestle all over the place. Yes, there have been some big changes since back in '39 before the CPTP when I first came in contact with the Embry-Riddle organization.

Reminiscing

Boss Riddle and "Jiggs" Huffman were the instructors and the equipment consisted of a 40 H.P. Silver Cub (that loved the water more than it did the air) and one brand new 50 H.P. J-3 Cub that all the students were proud to fly. Operations were handled by Bob Johnston, perched behind an operations desk made out of an old hatch cover in the shelter of a discarded tool shed. It was always a thrill to see Bob break out of that shed when a prospect for a local hop hove in sight!

The official uniform in summer was tan and shorts, proper attire for working on the ramp which always pulled stakes and threatened to float away with the tide.

"In the Drink"

We didn't initiate solo students then with a toss into the briny because they always initiated themselves by slipping on the ramp. Those were good old days, yes indeed, but let's turn the clock ahead to '42 'cause we have work to do!

Recent additions to the Barnacle Squadron include Bill Graff, working on his commercial and Captain R. F. Cornell who has forsaken the yachting fraternity to get his private rate ticket.

Earl Shuptrine is back at Municipal handling hayseed maintenance and Walter Halledorff is taking over our mechanical division.

"Keep 'Em Flying"

It was a big event the other day when Jean Ogden paid her former family here at the Tech School a visit and speaking of "big events" and "families" reminds me that the big event in her real family will be very soon.

GIVE? YES, GIVE HARD!

It's seldom that we of the School are asked to "give" anything but our hard work and loyalty to the organization—but here is a worthy cause that Ye Editor is mighty glad to endorse... THE COMMUNITY CHEST!

As most of you already know, the Community Chest is a clearing house for all worthwhile charitable organizations in each community—through contributions to the Community Chest you are supporting organizations which have proved to be honest, and doing the work for which the money is contributed.

We're in Competition

What makes it more important than ever to make a good showing in this campaign is the little matter of personal pride for our School—you see, we've been placed in competition with Eastern Airlines, Pan American Airways and Intercon- tential Aircraft Corporation... we're in the Aviation Division of the Community Chest drive... and we just gotta show 'em we got the right spirit.

To insure complete success in this drive, and "for the honor of the School," each department head in the Miami area will be appointed chairman of his department, and in a two-day drive, this Friday and Saturday, will endeavor to get every employee into the "I GAVE!" ranks. Come on, gang, give... no matter how much—but doggone it... GIVE!

FLASH!

We just got word that Mary Brooks, lovely and charming wife of Captain Peter Brooks, has been employed as a flight instructor at our Municipal Base. Her first student is Jack Johnson, lucky feller, who will go through training to become a commercial pilot.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

When Charlie Barnhardt stepped into the waiting room at the Washington, D. C. airport last week to await the next north-bound plane, whom did he meet but George Wheeler, awaiting the next south-bound plane. Small world, isn't it!

Bowlers Win Prize Money

In the final round-up of the summer bowling league, Tech School Bowler Jim Pyott came out as second high score man with an average of 161, losing first place by only one pin to Jack Price, Tech graduate bowling with Cunningham. In team standings, Tech was third place, winning $50.20 prize money while the Municipal Base Pilots tied for last place, winning $23.90. The prize money has been placed in a special fund to be used for recreational activities at the discretion of the members of the two teams.
Something to Remember

In fifty years time, when our flying hours have increased in proportion to our waistlines, and we are the centre of a bored group of grandchildren, recapitulating with gusto and Homeric hyperbole our American Odyssey, we shall turn to this unassuming little publication as a proof of our veracity. We shall state with great pride how we landed in Arcadia—“the home of Florida’s cowboy rodeo”; how it came to pass that we were removed to Riddle Field, that oasis of arid palms that blossomed (in due course) like the rose; how we flew to our own and our instructor’s inward marvelling; and “what we thought of America.”

We shall cast a watery eye on this yellowing paper, and chortle upon re-encountering Butterfield’s smirk, remembering with senile joy the escapades of the few and the foibles of the many—the little loves of Oscar, the minute moustache of Cassidy, the courts where Baxter gloried and drank deep, the groundshaking feet of Amor, the tremendous verve with which Keady scattered little crumbs of tobacco over carefully swept floors, the many and varied efforts of Arthur Wise to land an aeroplane, and the long-drawn Celtic sagas of one Tribbeck, look you.

We shall remember the cold chill of the checkride, and in our subconsciousness the shapes of Messrs. Hunziker, Johnston, Brink, Frosty Jones, Ray Morders, Cockrill and E. J. Smith, will loom chimerically gargantuan; we shall have to struggle hard to reconcile ourselves to the fact that they were very fine gentlemen, all of them, when they were not checking students. And even, sometimes, when they were...

We shall dilate upon our welcome in Fort Myers, in Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Clewiston and Moorehaven, and the excellent hospitality with which we were received. Queer tales of experiences in Miami, (suitably censored, of course, for grandchild consumption); stirring accounts of Christmas Day in Florida, and a New Year’s Eve spent in pursuit of Eros with the crazy aid of Bacchus, will flow from us like coca-cola at baseball games. Many stories will we be able to relate of the habits and the haunts of the Americans, that curious race of people we have been honoured to live amongst—almost as curious as the English, they loved liberty and freedom of speech. Strange Gods, in such a world as this.

And we shall never tire of recounting how proud we were of our training “westward, where the land is bright,” where Democracy is still a cherished ideal, and Freedom is not banished from the minds of men...

Words and Music by G. J. Cassidy
Produced by B. H. P. Keady
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

WELCOME, STRANGER

As we sit down today to recount the happenings of the past week, the most important event seems to be the return of our beloved boss, Mr. Riddle himself, to Carlstrom for a brief visit. After that long stay in England that kept him away from us all for so long, it was a real treat to have him back with us once more—if only for a day or so. As it was, he barely had time to shake hands all around before he was collared by Joe Horton to talk business, and we daresay that Joe wasn’t the only one who grabbed him off for such talk. The last we saw of him, his Grace’s wife was trying to detach him long enough to consider plans for dinner; she, it seems, had already “been filled with fried chicken by the Poveys.”

Queen of the Pins

The second important event of the week occurred in our athletic department. Lovely Ida Cochran, wife of Flight Commander George, knocked Zell Sammons’ existing bowling record of 186 into a cocked hat with a blistering 206—the best score that has ever been turned in on our local alleys by a woman. It should certainly appear that Ida’s mark will stand a long time, although Kay Bramlitt followed with an inspired 194 two nights later. Some day soon we’re going to bring our girls’ team to Miami to take over any and all comers that branch of our E-R family has there.

Congrats to Walden and Hobler

The week also brought two birthdays, our own and that of Larry Walden, head of our Ground School Meteorology Department. Larry’s parents came down from Plant City for the occasion, bringing him a cake and two luscious fried chickens. This chicken idea seems to be the thing when it comes to celebrating around here. We were tendered a fried chicken dinner on our own natal day at the home of Miss Freddie (Mom) Lewis, Dorris Field darling. It was quite an affair, actively attended by Paul Dixon and Brents Durrance—and we mean actively. We cooked the dinner ourselves. It must have been a comic picture to see Paul and us attired in aprons and paper-bag hats, bending over the kitchen stove with our sleeves rolled up. With pardonable pride, we might say that the menu was a honey-chicken, French fried potatoes, buttered peas, lettuce and tomato salad, home-made pickles, hot rolls and coffee. The cleaning up job fell to Brents, who gave a wonderfully domestic exhibition of washing dishes.

Metamorphosis

For a long time we have been receiving requests to put our “line” into print. Since this “line” was first conceived here at Carlstrom, it might be interesting to note the change it has undergone.

Back in our cadet days, we’d say to a girl (under proper circumstances, of course): “Ah, my dear, you’re beautiful tonight! I would love to take your chin in my two hands and, with a touch as tender and loving as a mechanic’s with a brand-new wrench, to softly caress your cylinder studs; to let my fingers wander up over the delicate shell-like beauty of your cooling fins and, while the fragrance of burned oil is wafted to my heart pulsing in the wings of the evening breeze, to gaze into your eyes—two limpid pools of liquid love. Seeing those crushed strawberries that are your lips, framing the dazzling pearls that are your teeth, I would like to clasp you to my bosom, tightly, so I could feel the pounding of your heart pulsing in the same cadence as my own—one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four!”

Watta Change!

Now, however, after teaching engines for a few weeks, it might go like this: “Ah, my dear, you’re cooking with gas tonight! I would love to take your crankcase in my two hands and, with a touch as tender and loving as a mechanic’s with a brand-new wrench, to softly caress your cylinder studs; to let my fingers wander up over the delicate shell-like beauty of your cooling fins and, while the fragrance of burned oil is wafted to my heart pulsing in the wings of the evening breeze, to gaze into your mag-nets—two whirling poles of shocking intensity. Seeing those crushing gears that move your cams and those shiny steel columns that are your connecting rods, I would like to clamp you into a test stand, tightly, so that I could hear the pounding of your pistons in the same cadence as the book gives—one, three, five, seven, two, four, six!”

Odds and Ends

Disgusting attitude of Ground School instructors toward cadets who defer the navigation plotting required of them animated itself in the provision of lots of little wooden blocks and lots of sheets of sandpaper for an impromptu class in furniture refinishing.—A letter each from Lieutenants Walter Mulligan and Dorsey Melton of Carlstrom’s first class of 41-H, both now instructing in a twin-engine school on the West Coast. “Give our regards to Mr. Riddle, Len Povey, Jack Hunt, Sid Pfugger, Doug Hooker, Lieutenant Hart and all the rest of the gang, whether they remember us or not. Can’t say we were California weather as well as we did the Florida kind.”—A humorous report turned in by Instructor Fredendahl on a refresher student who had just given up his lunch during a session of aerobatics: “Lost all interest in flying!”—Sergeant White pulling the worst bridge honer of the year; ask him about it and watch his face get the color of his hair.

A New Face

The Carlstrom Field Ground School welcomes its newest member, Paul DeBor, who comes to teach theory of flight and aircraft to the cadets. Paul hails from Pittsburg Institute of Aeronautics, where he has taught this subject for a number of years. He has also been engaged in practical aircraft maintenance and service work for an even longer period of time, knowing many of the country’s outstanding pilots personally. We are sincerely glad to have you, Paul.

Flash!

Lieutenant Thomas Bazzel of Class 41-H—Carlstrom’s first class of the new Air Corps—just dropped in en route to the West Indies. Lieutenant Bazzel is now flying a bomber and wants to be remembered to everyone who was ever in, or had anything to do with that first class. To him we wish the best of everything and lots of happy landings.

“K.O. for Tokyo”

June McGill took off for Arcadia Monday afternoon for her initial visit to Carlstrom with “Boss” and Mrs. Ebbets to make new identification tags for all the students there. Judging from her effect on a couple of the South-American students, need be no fear that two, she not only “took off” but will probably “take over” upon her arrival at Carlstrom.
FLASH! MOVING PICTURES
OK'd BY FIELD OFFICIALS
Happy Day! Quick action on the suggestion last week by Lieut. Jim Beville, Carlstrom Field, that we have motion pictures for the cadets at Carlstrom, Dorr and Riddle Fields! Owayed as a good idea by Boss Riddle, Captain Len Povey, Tom Gates and G. Willis Taylor, the matter has been “all settled.”

The first picture will be shown Monday evening at Dorr Field, Tuesday evening at Riddle Field and Wednesday evening at Carlstrom Field—time and place to be definitely decided by the officials, but probably will be right after dinner in either the hangars, mess hall or ground school class rooms.

It Depends on You
The second half of the “circuit,” with a complete new picture is Thursday, Friday at Riddle Field and Saturday at Carlstrom. To help defray the expenses of this entertainment, a charge of 10 cents per person will be made. Originally scheduled to give us two new pictures at each field each week, this entertainment can be continued only as your attendance justifies it! If you enjoy the relaxation and fun of having these shows, indicate it by your attendance!

The First Program
The first program beginning on Monday will feature a musical presentation, followed by Community singing, then an animated cartoon and the feature picture, “Queen of the Yukon,” starring Charles Bickford and Irene Rich. The second feature picture of the week will be “Phantom of Chinatown,” based on a story run in Collier’s Magazine and written by Hugh Wiley. The program for each week will be featured in an advertisement in the Fly Paper—watch for it—and do not miss these pictures!

FOR SALE: Piper Cub, 400 hours, excellent condition, $675 Cash. Contact G. W. Stevenson, 1863 S. W. 16th Terrace, Miami. Phone 3-4444.

List of Visitors

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER
Frank Deregbus and Bud Carruthers, Jr., Editors

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR
by Frank Deregbus

In an effort to secure a more complete and more representative coverage of the Clewiston Base doings, Buddy Carruthers has asked me to do the Basic and Advanced news. I will try to send interesting news each and every week and hope that it will help give our base a better column than that which has infrequently appeared in the past.

“Along the Line”
If you can give me a column about how about calling it “Along the Line,” referring to the Basic-Advanced Flight Line.

There never is a dull moment on the B.T.-A.T. line. Class Two, who have virtually grown up with our base, will soon bid their fond adieux to all of us and move on homeward. Class Three, the first all-Clewiston group, is rapidly nearing the completion of their basic training phase. Class Four is rapidly completing its primary training. Clewiston is really rolling now.

The goat of the week is Basic Cadet Dixon, who has set new standards of navigation hereabouts. En route to Dunellon on his solo X-C, Dixon took a short cut via Tallahassee. Sort of round about, don’t you think?

“No Time for Lunch”
“Keep ’em flying” is the theme of Basic Instructors Morders, Teate and Cousins. During the X-C days, in order to keep the flight going through the lunch period, the boys had themselves a weenie roast right on the line.

An interesting spectator of flight operations is friendly little “Oscar,”a white gull. “Oscar” hovers about at an altitude of about 10 feet, occasionally settling in for a perfect two-point landing.

Pretty to watch are some of the nifty five-ship solo formations with which Class Two is winding up its training here. The boys have come a long way since that afternoon they received their preliminary phase way back in September, 1941.

Frosty Jones, Basic flight commander, really looked frosty until he bundled up in his sandy green overcoat.

“On the Beam”
Instructor Jean Reahard had a close call the other day. Spinning his Link from 1,000 feet, Jean recovered to straight and level at zero feet of altitude. Mighty close figuring, Jean!

Boss John Paul Riddle’s address at the pilot meeting here last week was closely followed by all present. We appreciate his visit and were glad to hear what he had to tell of his visit to England. Come again soon!

Switch Off!

——“Remember Pearl Harbor”——

ON VACATION
Bud Carruthers is visiting a “gal” in South Carolina. Keene Langhorn is at Miami Beach.

Adventures of Cadet BURPLEBY
by Jack Hart

Riddle Instructors
Lead the League
by Frank Deregbus

At the Clewiston School on Monday night, January 12, the Riddle Instructors outclassed a game Clewiston team. The final score was 22 to 25. Taking the lead from the start, the Instructors opened up with a scoring spree in the first half and held their margin for the remainder of the cleanly fought tussle. Sparking the Instructors were Hopkins and Winkler, who respectively netted 16 and 14 points.

The summary:

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Referee—Turk.

By virtue of this victory, the Instructors are now leading the local County League with a record of three victories and no losses.

——“Keep ’em Flying”——

Report On Clewiston Cadets In Miami

“Dear Editor—

“A number of the boys came in the week-end of January 10th and 11th and judging by the number of messages and telephone numbers waiting for some of the cadets it looked to me like dates were o.k. for some lucky fellows. The usual dash in, wash up, and dash out, they sure move fast, these cadets!

“Well, around dinner time Saturday eve, the wife and I were going to dinner and then on to the Hi-Li games. The only boys around were Bassett, Brown and Haughton, so we invited them along with us. They hadn’t watched the game before—well what a kick they got out of it! We had reserved seats, a couple of “cokes,” lost a dollar—but who cares, a grand time was had by all.

“Chersie,

“Syd Burrowes.”
MENTIONING MUNICIPAL BASE

By Lynelle Rabun & Bill Jaster

Hello, friends, once again we meet for that weekly gossip forum on recent happenings. A lot has happened since we saw you last, so, without further ado, we'll dig right in.

First, and More Firsts

Roy Kunkel, you know, was the first of the cross-country boys to pass the commercial flight test, and now Bob Marshall comes along to grab first honors in passing the instructor flight test. All of this first cross-country group have set an enviable Ground School record which we bet will stand for a good many years. Their average for the commercial written was 96 and for the instructor written, 22. The real news, however, is the fact that Bob Marshall got a 97 and, by doing so, upset an old record of long standing. Jack McKay held the previous record with a 96. All Bob would say is: "Aw, thanks, fellows; it was nothing at all!" The rest of them—Kunkel, Stanley, Pollard, Burch and Sutton—will follow in a day or two. Thus E-R turns out another group of A-1 instructors.

No. 2 Needs Shop Repairs

One afternoon the fire truck on the field started its siren going and everyone dropped their business to find out what had happened. We never realized there were so many people working out here until we saw them all together on the field. It seems that one of our poor little cubs taxed into the prop. wash of Pan American's stratoliner, which was warming up all four motors, and got blown right over on its back. Lester Hudson was "behind the wheel" and seemed none the worse for the wear. The crowning climax appeared on the flight record signed by Hudson. It read: "No. 2 needs shop repairs." That's putting it mildly!

Our friend, Boss Tyson of Clewiston, dropped in last Monday for a short while and, as usual, grabbed the lunch check at the Air Base Chateau. Have any of you others had the same experience? I guess we'll have to go all the way to Clewiston to buy him a lunch. We never seem to get even.

I Love You, Lizzy!

Laugh of the week was on Elizabeth Hirsch who, among other things, answered the phone out here at Municipal. One day the voice on the other end of the wire said: "Hello, Elizabeth, this is Harry." "Harry" is the boy friend, supposedly in Tennessee. After turning three shades of red and then to a ghostly white, "Lizzy" managed to stammer a faint hello—only to find out that it was not Harry but just a practical joke. By the way, Elizabeth has been transferred to Mr. Lipe at Tech. School and we are sorry to see her go.

She has been replaced by Mary Harvey, who is causing a minor disruption around here. All the "boys" have been finding excuses to file through the front office in order to get a good look. It's no use, fellows. Her name is prefixed with a "Mrs."

More New Faces Here

We've been neglecting to acquaint you with all our new students and the list is growing daily. Here are a few of the latest ones:


At Municipal we find B. R. Bartlett, Doris Grady, Bill Bedell, Lloyd Wells, C. A. Terry, Bert Strook, Ray Peacock, E. Le Mire, Clara Livingston (who is widely known in flying circles), Harold Greene and Gordon Gibbs.

In the Ground School out here are Gilbert King, Melvin Tillman, Ben Lamotte, Charles Stahler, Bob Royce and Hall Gram.

Welcome to our family, everyone, we know you'll like it here. Have you ever heard of Ursula Parrott, the famous woman novelist? Yep, she's flying out here, too.

And still more instructors—added to our rapidly growing family are Mary Brooks, whose hubby is Peter Brooks, that champ of stunts; Lieutenant Charles Fator, formerly at Seminole Airport, and A. Lumpkin, down here to help us with the cross-country boys.

Charlie Bannhardt ferried in another new plane this week—a Fairchild trainer with a Warner motor. It will be used on the next secondary program.

Earl Shuprine and Henry Pelton are back with us at the Land Base and Walter Halldoff has been transferred to the dockyard.

Students Please Note!

Notice to all students: Please do not go through the front office and hangar to get to operations office. Use the north gate. Also, there is a pay phone located in National Airline's office and in the city office. Use these for all phone calls. We know you all so well that when you ask us a favor we find it hard to refuse. However, in the interest of efficiency, we must refuse. Just chalk up these two little inconveniences as doing your bit to help National Defense.

"The time to think is before an emergency—not afterwards."

—Remember Pearl Harbor

Ahern, Bamberger to Clewiston

Transferring from Municipal Base in Miami to primary flight instruction at Clewiston is our old friend, Bobby Ahern, who left Monday morning. He was accompanied by Tommie Bamberger, who, we hear, will apply for a job in the Link Training School at Clewiston.

DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO

PARA EL "FLY PAPER"

por Israel Silva D. Niegarau

Enero 11/42

El triunfo es algo que se obtiene con la lucha y esfuerzo: felicitos resulta­dos a los lados ideales Patrios y cooperad grandemente, preparando hombres de saber y de carácter en pro de la defensa continental.

Me siento altamente agradecido al gobierno de esta Nación, que tan bondadosamente me ha provisto de los medios para llevar mis estudios en este centro donde se imparte una enseñanza completa y de grandes méritos.

Al salir de mi País, para llevar los estudios que ya e comenzado, juré poner todo mi esfuerzo para obtener el triunfo en la gloriosa carrera de la aviación y ahora que me encuentro en el transcurso de ella puedo decir: ha comenzado preparación para el futuro, pre­paración de la cual quiero hacerme digno y digno por mi Dios, por mi Patrio mi Libertad...

¿Gloria a la Ciencia y a la Libertad!

¡Viva la Democracia!

Latin-American League

"Goes To Town"

Doing yeomanlike work in the entertaining of the Latin-American students at the Tech School is the Miami unit of the Latin-American League, headed by Mrs. Clark Stearns, president. Last Saturday, Mrs. Stearns, assisted by Mrs. Bertha Johnson, entertained the entire contingent at a tea at her home. Another tea will be held this coming Saturday for all the lads who do not already have a date for the Saturday night dance.

Other Entertainment

Thursday evening, the boys will be the guests of the management of the local Alai Fronton while on Sunday, they will be the guests of the Miami Biltmore Hotel at the famous Biltmore Water Show, thru the courtesy of Alexander Ott and Mr. Chapman, the manager. Saturday evening, of course, is the big dance at the Mahi Shrine Temple at 9 o'clock.

Andre Again

Just in case you didn't read it last week, David Andre was in Pensacola delivering a new ship to the Naval Station there. We're re­porting that here so we can use the "left over" type and picture that follows.

Which makes a swell place for us to use that picture we've been holding for so long—taken at the Embry-Riddle cabana at the Deau­ville, Miami Beach, last fall, it shows Midge Hudson, David Andre, Betty Hair and Paul Andre relaxing between dips in the good old Atlantic ocean.

—K.O. for Tokyo—

Junior Engine Instructor George Abbotts will soon enter the hospital for tonsilllectomy.

Note: A compensation has been assigned to this story. Please use credit correctly.
THE RIDDLE AMANUENSES

By Marjorie Pierce

According to Mr. Webster, an
Amanuensis is "one who is
employed to write at the dictation or
direction of another; a secretary."
Maybe we all aren't secretaries in
the strictest sense of the word, but
the girls at Carlstrom and Dorr
Fields thought the name pretty
cute, and we do have fun at our
parties, the last of which was given
at the home of Statia Dozier, Lieut.
Hart's amanuensis, but Statia and
Edna Poston, Flight Lieut. Pen-
nel's amanuensis, last Thursday
evening.

After the business matters of
the club were taken care of (by the
way, girls, remember to be think-
ing of a new mascot), we gathered
around the tables for "Michigan
Rummy." Sally Lambie, our die-
tician, ended up with the most
chips. Hey, Sally, are you a pro-
fessional among all these ama-
teurs?

Two new members were taken
into the club, namely: Jackie Liv-
ingston and Mary Frances Beverly,
both new employees at Carlstrom.
We look forward to our next meet-
ing at the home of Mrs. Maud
Dykes, next Thursday.

--Keep 'Em Flying--

Tech Wins Again (Ho! Hum!) by Howard Beazle

Last night the Tech basketball
team ran their winning streak
to seven straight wins and having
only one loss, that being the first
game.

Last night's score was 41 to 9
against the Dixie Tire Co.

Box Score
Embry-Riddle  Baldwin  Lan sbloom  Leather man  Broner  Turner
Dixie Tire Co.  10  Downs  8  Derby  12  Hamilton  0

--Mum's the Word! Don't Talk--

MAC'S "GOOSE IS COOKED"

Turning the tables on Jack Hob-
er, Ye Editor and the rest of us
who gave Jim McShane a "goose
for Christmas" as a grand joke, is
the story that came in Monday ... 
the goose was cooked—and pro-
vided a lovely dinner for the Mc-
Shanes, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Malm-
sten and the de la Rossas at Phil's
home.

Said McShane, as he contentedly
wiped his mouth on a snowy white
napkin, "Tanks, keeks. I'll expect
this every year now!"

TECH TALK AND MAIN OFFICE GOSSPIP

By Evelyn (Gawja) Gholston

(Dear readers and friends: You are very
sweet to want me to continue my little chatter
in this column. eren I am not an official
member of our "big family" just now, so just
for your sake I have slipped by the guard
peeped through the same keyholes,
and here I am ready to serve you
in any way possible.

Old Home Week

Reading like an Embry-Riddle
roll call is the line up of aircraft
sheet metal workers to represen-
tment Aircraft Corp. Such a busy
place with thousands of automo-
bles, the fiercest looking guards,
and some hundreds of employees,
among them our own Instructor
R. R. Spain. When you walk in the
first thing they do is ask about
former Intercontinental employ-
ees, Bosses E. B. Varney and H. E.
Richter. It would be impossible to
mention just how many Embry-
Riddle students are working there,
but it would be quite gratifying to
any of you to walk through and
hear the "hello's" coming from
every department.

Amusin' Though Confusin' the

The delightful costume here of
calling all the young matrons by
their first names has us buffaoled,
now that all the husbands and
wives are joining their better
halves in the very successful new
cafeteria. For instance, the first
thought that comes into our heads
upon being introduced is that this
is Mr. "Grace" Roome, Mr. "Helen"
Drabec, Mr. "Jo" Skinner, and so
forth. Of course we must apologize
to the husbands for even having
these thoughts, but you see how
confusin' though amusin' the situa-
tion is. We are delighted to have
the opportunity of meeting the rest
of all the very lovely families rep-
resented here at Embry-Riddle, how-
ever, so don't take this too seri-
ously.

Fair Exchange

Joining our office force is Eliza-
beth Hirsch, who came to us from
Municipal. We are very sorry to
have lovely Mary Harvey taken
away from us, but we suppose it
was a fair "swap," since she has
gone to Municipal. Another ex-
change was the transfer of Tommy
Whitehead and B. J. Michael
Geraghty to the sheet metal stock
room.

Latin-America Moves In

And we enjoy them more each
day. A never-ending source of
amusement is their struggle with
the English language, and our
struggle with the Spanish. With
due apologies for our Spanish,
which in every case is terrible, we
want to relate a few slip-ups:

William Silvaire Anthony of
Uruguay, who looks like a typical
Englishman, tried so hard to keep
a straight face while talking about
"a fat cow" in his English class,
but when he came to "horses," he
as usual did not pronounce the
"If," which proved very amusing
to the "American" section of the
class.

Romeo Rodriguez of El Salvador,
in passing a very nice compliment
to one of the young ladies here,
looked up the word he thought best
to use in a grammar book, but it
came out like this: "I never saw
so handsome a woman like you,"
which was very sweet, really, but
gives you an idea of how we must
sound to them when we make our
blunders in Spanish.

Angel Vararsky, who hail's from
"the romantic Argentin-
tine, the land of gauchos (cowboys)
and mate (tea), and," he added,
"of nice boys, too," which you will
believe when you see how hard
some a young man he is.

We have seen our first blond
Latin-American among the last
delagation. We must all get better
acquainted with our "Good Neigh-
bors," so that we can help them to
know our wonderful United States,
and to love it as much as we do.

This 'N That
Don't be surprised if little Ger-
trude Luebbert becomes a blushing
bride any day now. Little Audrey
Thomas was seen at the Olympia
listening to "that love of hers" sing
"That Love of Mine." Her face has
a wonderful voice and is a very
talented musician. Having a won-
derful time at the exciting jai alai
games this week were Dot Ciccarelli
and her room-mate, Daphne, and
Lucille Valliere. Best skater on the
floor at the Delta Zeta sorority
skating party was Dot Schooley.
Most co-operative keyhole-watcher
for your Girl Friday is Tom Davies,
who deserves a vote of thanks for
helping me keep tabs on your
social activities.

Passing Thought

If you listen to the general con-
versations in the cafeteria, it
sounds like an "international jamb-
eree." We hope the "fiesta" being
given the new Latin-American
students at the Coral Gables
Country Club proves a big success.

Know Me—Know My Car
John and Betty Gailbrath, a new
black Packard coupe; Sarah Gibs,
grey Ford coach; Robert Hillstead,
blue Chrysler sedan; Charlie Eb-
bets, Ford station wagon "de luxe";
Lillian Bradford, blue Cadillac
sedan.

—Remember Pearl Harbor—

TECH WINS AGAIN

by Howard Beazle

The Embry-Riddle Techpco.
and Dade Volunteers quintet to the
score of 68 to 18.

Box score: Embry-Riddle: Baldwin 18
Lambloom 12 Leatherman 10 Broner 11
Trunipseed 6 Abrams 1 Golly 0
North Dade Volunteers: Baucum 2
Apt 2 Fogarty 9 W. Boyer 2 Blackburn 1
B. Boyer 2 Goldstein 10 Donaldson 0
McLeod 0

The Richman Clothes also win-
ing their contest placed Embry-
Riddle and Richman's in a tie for
first place again. Each team hav-
ing lost one game, that being to
each other; Richman's winning the
first meeting of the two teams and
Embry-Riddle winning the second.
It Can't Be Done
Continued from Page 1

we don't look at the clock at quitting time if there is important work to get out... in fact, the story we're about to tell is merely typical of the spirit of the Embry-Riddle or ganization, and the reason we picked this particular story to tell is only because we happen to know all the circumstances.

Another Embry-Riddle Miracle
Our story concerns the miracle of the cafeteria at the Tech School in Miami—and it was a miracle. For instance, did any of you know that we got orders from Washington to be prepared to feed cadets at the school within ten days—and the cafeteria was operating in only nine days! It took only four days to get the necessary material and equipment from Chicago and just five days to convert the south wing of the first floor of the Tech building into a completed and operating cafeteria.

How It All Happened
All the department heads got together in one office, were told what they had to do, shook their heads, shouted in one voice, "It can't be done!" But just a few minutes later Purchasing Agent Ed China and Bert Swem, from the Albert Pick Company, suppliers of all equipment for our mess halls at all the bases, had their heads together. Two long distance telephone calls and then Ed hopped an Eastern Airliner for Chicago, arriving there at two in the afternoon. By seven that evening, all the necessary cafeteria equipment had been purchased and aboard trains headed for Miami.

Laugh of the Week
Biggest laugh of the week came from Aero Insurance Underwriters booklet, "Vanity vs Gravity." Discussing modern weather reporting service, they quoted a letter recently received from a pilot flying new air routes in Alaska:

"While in Cordova the other day, I was in the radio room to get weather reports. One contact which was made up in the Copper River district was with a Ham who had recently started operating. The Cordova operator asked, "What's your ceiling over there?" We heard, "Wait a minute and I'll see." The next blast from the Ham was, "I don't know for sure, but I think it's Celotex!" After a lot of explaining on both sides, we finally concluded that we had a 500 foot ceiling at that point."

"Sparkplugs All!"
When we say "go to work" we mean just that—not only our own gang but all the contractors and sub-contractors. In fact, we nominate the whole gang of them to our "Sparkplug Club."... not one outstanding individual this time, but like 8 plugs in a motor working together for maximum efficiency! Leading this man-attack was Cafeteria "problem" which lasted six days and night for five days, was W. B. Holden, superintendent of building maintenance, with his crew composed of Frank Marshall, carpenter foreman, and carpenters "Scotty" Hope, "Sweet William" Kirkland, Bill Barker, Clarence Boultinghouse and "Dads" Sites and Richter... they did the carpenter work, and were closely followed up by P. A. Nord, masonry, Ronald Gray and George Wygant from Westinghouse Electric Company, Mr. Laney of Melrose Electric Company, Mr. Council of the City Plumbing Company, Harry C. Wiggins, ventilating fans, J. Milone, plastering, J. A. Garfield, Miami Bottled Gas Company, and Miss Edna M. of the Little River Lumber Company—a "swell" gang... they did a "swell" job! Congrats. to all of them!

The Cafeteria Staff
Now that we got the cafeteria built, let's take a look at the staff who have been so competently serving all of us good meals every day—but wait a minute, hold everything—Our new "Girl Friday," Betty Harrington, just came in with an "inspiration," so we'll let her tell that story:

H. Van Buskirk, steward, who was with the "Talk of the Town," Miami, for three years; Bonart Club in Chicago and Venetian Hotel in Miami. "Van" shares honors with our own Helen Drabek, who was formerly with the accounting department and who specialized as dietician at the University of Chicago. However, perhaps the "power behind the throne," so to speak, belongs to Chef James B. Clifford, who was formerly with MacFadden Publishing Company, Miami Beach, who has unquestionably pleased the gourmets of the Tech School.

Meet the gal with the "Dough"
Due credit goes to Miss Winfred Hinnan, who has been in our neck of the woods for a year but who originally hails from Los Angeles, Calif. She is the little lady who cheerfully takes your money and without whom Helen would be lost, judging from the way they work together on what seems to be an unending inventory of their vast stock room.

To' very rarely seen by most of us, we must not forget to mention Miss Paula Baker, who so capably handles the secretarial work in Mr. Hiss's office.

Behind the Kitchen Door
While we are handing out orchids a goofy story should go to Michael Fortek, the baker and maker of the so delicious rolls as well as all the rest of the pastries, and Leroy Zion, second cook, and Frank Willis, the kitchen man.

With such a crew as this it is no wonder that nowadays every Embry-Riddle looks forward to lunch and by 12:15 the cafeteria is filled to capacity. We realize that it is necessary to feed our Latin American students well, but think what's happening to the figures of all of us gals.

BROOKS JOINS THE PAN AMERICAN
Roosevelt Field News, January 6, 1942
R. L. "Pete" Brooks, who made his flying headquarters at Roosevelt Field for many months, visited the airport last Thursday after an absence of several months. "Pete," who used to do his flying around here in his clapped wing Monocoupe, and who instructed on a Secondary Course for Embry-Riddle, has joined the Pan-American Ferry Service. He arrived in New York last Tuesday by Eastern Airliner and left Monday for Miami in the two-place Grumman Fighter purchased by Pan American Ferry Service from James P. Donahue.

Editor's Note: Congratulations to "Pete." This is a job for which he is particularly well fitted, and we know he welcomes the chance to "do his bit."

Among other members of "our gang" who have signed up for this so important war service are Bill Duff, C. K. Retrode, Jack Wants, Lee Harrell and Bill McCurdy. Good luck to 'em! And keep 'em flying!

"Mum's the Word. Don't Talk!"

Much to the consternation of a couple of gals in the Tech School was the fact that Dorothy Ciccarelli moved from N. E. 106th Street to S. W. 12th Street, thereby doing the gals out of that much coveted ride to work. So now they're back riding the bus with the rest of us.

PROGRAM
The Riddle "Family Theatre"

"Queen of the Yukon"
with CHARLES BICKFORD and IRENE RICH
MONDAY, January 26th—Dorr Field
TUESDAY, January 27th—Riddle Field
WEDNESDAY, January 28th—Carlstrom Field

"Phantom of Chinatown"
with GRANT WITHERS and LOTUS LONG
THURSDAY, January 29th—Dorr Field
FRIDAY, January 30th—Riddle Field
SATURDAY, January 31st—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents