WADE VISITS MIAMI; GETS 'TOOK' BY CITY SLICKERS

It shore be a pity when our poor, innocent country cousins come into Miami from the secluded safety of Arcadia, and get "taken" by these slick city fellers . . . but that's just what happened Tuesday to Howard Wade and Howard Boskin, down from Carlstrom for a day's vacation!

Beware of Double Talk!

Here's how it happened: Howard and "Bos" came into the Main Office for a friendly chat with Ye Editor and Ad Thompson. It being around lunch time, Howard made the mistake of mentioning food, and before he knew what it was all about there had been a rapid exchange of words . . . and he was buying lunch for all present! Poor Howard . . . he resisted to the last, but after a super lunch in the new cafeteria, he finally admitted that it was worth the $1.20 it cost him.

How High Is Up

The "up state" boys told us we missed the party of the year, given last Saturday at the Arcadia Pilot's Club . . . it was something to write home about . . . an then gave us the Laugh of the Week.

It seems Howard Boskin took a cadet up dual one day, telling him to fly to 2,000 feet and level off. At 2,500, and still going up, Howard grabbed the "Gaspipe" and yelled, "Hey, how high up are you?"

The student looked at the ground, then the altimeter. Very calmly, he carefully reset the altimeter, turning it back to 2,000, then reported to Howard, "Two thousand feet, Sir. See!"

Other R.A.ers In Miami

Among other Carlstrom Field pilots visiting in Miami this week were Ralph Cuthbertson and Dick "Squirt" Hall who were guests of Lee Harrell at Lee's recently acquired home in the "Magic City." Potter Smith, recently promoted to Assistant Flight Commander, was also in Miami for a short time.

CARLSTROM FIELD, ARCADIA—"Jam Session," English style! Here's a picture taken last week in the canteen while the boys were waiting to get "mugged" for their new identification pictures. Playing the guitar is Jack Humphreys; drumming on the ash tray is Doug Biggs; trumpet player, Ian Turnbull and the Poderowski at the piano is Charlie James. The other cadets in the background seem to be enjoying this impromptu performance.

WE LAUGHED AND PLAYED THE EMBRY-RIDDLE WAY

MIAMI—The School party last Saturday evening was more than the usual success. Despite the short advance notice of the affair, more than 300 people from our various bases attended for over four hours of dancing and "Mental Mystics" by Dr. Franz Polger, who entertained "Our Gang" in Miami Saturday, at Door Field on Sunday and Carlstrom Field on Monday.

The "seven day" schedule at Arcadia prevented many from those bases attending, but Riddle Field at Clewiston did right well . . . about 30 of the B.A.F. cadets were present, and many of the flight and ground personnel, including the Ray Morders, Ernie Smith, "Tubby" Owens, Bob Hosford, Billy Jacobs, Lou Place, Frank Deregibus, etc.

Best "turn-out" was by the Pan-American students, who came in a body to enjoy themselves at what was their first Embry-Riddle School party. Ad Thompson seemed to be the only Duck Pond representative present, but Municipal Base, the Tech School and Main Office were much in evidence. Municipal Maintenance crew was strangely absent, but we understand that they had a night shift to work. Tough, fellers!

About the Next Party

All in all, everyone seemed to have a swell time. Tentatively, the next School party in the Miami area will be held on Saturday, February 21st. In answer to the question as to what happened to our famous "dinner dances" . . . these have been cancelled due to the high winter season prices, but in the Spring, we'll be back at the Deauville and Coral Gables Country Club. Don't forget to save a date for February 21st.

"Keep 'Em Flying"

FLASH! Sam "Mickey" Lightholder just passed his commercial flight test at Municipal and is already en route to Riddle Field, Clewiston.
"Greater love hath no man, ..."

ROGER CROSSKEY, U-K
No. 5 B.F.T.S.
Clewiston, Florida, U.S.A.
January 20, 1942

"While preparing to defend his country"

"In the fragrant dawn of the morning, in the cool blue
dome of the sky,
The silver wings soar upwards, propelled by the men
who fly;
And these are the sons of England—her clerks and her
engineers,
Her writers, her poets, her artists—the wealth of her
thousand years.

They come from her grimy cities, from the earthy realm
of her loans,
To defend the land that bore them, the land that they
call home;
And their’s is the honour and glory, their’s is the World
to Be
When the tumultuous night is over, and the morning is
Victory.

— C. J. Cassidy U/K

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM
WUAL 8 TWS GOVE PAID WASHINGTON DC JAN 24 930
THE EMPLOYEES OF EMBRY RIDDLE COMPANY
THE ARMY IS CALLING ON YOU SOLDIERS OF PRODUCTION
TO BACK UP OUR SOLDIER IN THE FRONT LINES WITH
EVERY OUNCE OF YOUR ENERGY STOP THE ARMY LOOKS
TO YOU TO PROVIDE THE WEAPONS OF VICTORY STOP THE
FIGHTING WEAPONS WE LACKED YESTERDAY AT WAKE
AND MANILA WE MUST HAVE TODAY STOP YOUR CONTRI-
BUTION MUST BE PRODUCTION AND MORE PRODUCTION
STOP AMERICA IS CONFIDENT OF YOUR ANSWER
PATTERSON UNDER SECRETARY OF WAR 932A

"WE COVER THE EARTH"
Like that famous advertisement
for Sherwin-Williams paint, "We
Cover the Earth" . . . the same
could apply to our Embry-Riddle
graduates. Take for example the
letter from flight graduate T. Lionel
Clark addressed to Harry Roberts,
head of the Auditing
Department in Miami:
"Dear Mr. Roberts, I left on May
5, 1941, on a cross-country flight,
effecting to return in a week. How-
ever, when I arrived in Toronto I
joined the Royal Canadian Air
Force, and haven't been home
since! I'll be back when it's over
over there. Meanwhile, best wishes
to Mr. Malmsten and all the gang."

FIRST "E" STUDENT WINS
TICKET AND JOB
MIAMI—First Tech Schooler
to win his coveted "Engine" li-
cense is George Gibbons, who
took his examination last week
and passed with flying colors. In-
dicating the tremendous demand
for "E" men, we are glad to re-
port that George already has a
job—with good old Uncle Sam as
a civilian mechanic with the
Army Air Force at the overhaul
base, Sebring, Fla. Many congratu-
lations to George—and to Ed
Ripke, chief of the Engine de-
partment who was his instructor.

"WE—ALL"
The Japanese attack on the
United States instantly changed
our trend of thought in this
country.

Before that attack some of us
thought in terms of "I," others in
terms of "we." Neither of those
terms expresses our feelings today.

"I" represents only one person.
"We" may mean only two or a
few persons.

Our slogan now is WE-ALL,
which means every loyal individual
in the United States.

We are facing a long, hard job,
but when the United States decides
to fight for a cause, it is in terms
of WE-ALL, and nothing can or
will stop us...

President Roosevelt, our Com-
mander-in-Chief, can be certain
that WE-ALL are back of him,
determined to protect our country,
our form of government, and the
freedoms we cherish.

THOMAS J. WATSON,
President, International
Business Machines
Corporation.

(Full page advertisement in
Colliers, January 31, 1942)
A LETTER TO THE EDITOR
By Frank Deregibus

CLEWISTON—Another week has passed and a busy week it has been, for a good deal has been accomplished at our budding air yard. Even we who see the place each day notice the changes which are turning our workshop into a symmetrical creation of beauty and utility.

The flight line has donated its abundant share to our progress, too. Flight Four completed its course last Monday and instructors and cadets both have departed for sundry destinations to enjoy a solid week of relaxation or excitement, as the individual may prefer. Flight Three will have completed its Basic course by the end of the week and move on to Advanced, and closer to the day when they will bid their adiós.

Saying good-bye last Saturday was Class Two. These lads have grown up with Clewiston, many having soloed here for the first time. We all join in wishing them “God-speed and good luck,” and we look forward to news from them upon their return home. Happy landings, fellows; we are all pulling for you!

Personalities

Bill and the Mrs. King are spending the week in romantic Cuba. We hope you enjoy your rest, Bill; you’ve earned it.

Tommy Carpenter was last seen headed Cleveland way. Dennis Racener was plotting a course for Indiana. And so it went right down the line.

Merle Teate and Marie Robbins were up from Miami and have been spending the week with husbands Tom and Don. We are happy

Another Wedding Coming Up

We just received an invitation to the wedding of Samuel Paul Paetro to Madeline Jean Ellis, Saturday evening, February 14. Well, well, congrats, kids! We suppose after that’s over with, Sam will get down to brass tacks and begin to send us some copy about the Clewiston maintenance crew—we hope!

SYD BURROWS'S REPORT ON CLEWISTON CADETS

"Dear Editor,

"The cadets had a longer stay with us in Miami this last week-end. Quite a crowd came rolling in Friday afternoon, and stayed until Sunday evening. What a crowd! I must have had close to 70 cadets plus around eight or nine instructors, mostly with their wives and families. By Saturday evening things looked a little tough in regard to finding accommodations, but it worked out O.K. as I was able to get a good rate at the hotel next door. I think everyone was satisfied.

All Enjoyed Party

"Say, that was certainly a swell show and dance Saturday night. The wife and I were tickled pink at the wonderful demonstration put on by Dr. Polger. I noticed better than half the cadets from the Colony attended; most of them with beautiful girls on their arms. I tell

is for a worthy cause. See you there!

Heard from the Link Room

PRIMARY Instructor C. C. (Snuffy) Clark appeared for his first encounter with the Link armed with a parachute. They say that regardless of the altitude indicated, you can’t fall far enough to get scratched, C. C. There is also a persistent rumor circulating that ADVANCED Cadet Sims became so engrossed in a Link flight one day that he fell sound asleep! I’m mighty happy that it happened in a Link, Mr. Sims.

—Keep ‘Em Flying—

FROM THE CADE T HANDBOOK

By Ray Fahringer

TOE-WIGGLING MAY BE HARMFUL
but it’s MIGHTY RELAXING

AW SHUCKS! Ya won’t WIGGLE yer PIGGIES!
DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO

Philip A. de la Ross, Director

Nos es muy grato el ver el interés que ha despertado la Escuela de Aviación Embry-Riddle, en la América Latina, al anunciar que ofrecemos cursos completos en todas las fases de la industria de la aviación, tanto en la instrucción de vuelo primaria y avanzada, como en la de la parte técnica.

El correo nos trae cada día más y más cartas procedentes de la mayor parte de los países de Sur América, escritas por personas que comprenden la necesidad indiscutible de adquirir el adiestramiento necesario para poder ingresar con éxito en la industria prima de la aviación. La correspodencia nos está llegando de Cuba, México, Costa Rica, Honduras, Uruguay, Venezuela, Perú, Chile, U. Uruguay, Paraguay, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Brasil, Bolivia, Ecuador, Argentina y de Nicaragua, así como también de latinoamericanos residentes en este país.

También nos place observar que el estudiante procedente de los países de la América Latina, posee las características imprescindibles para el estudio de una carrera en la industria de la aviación, tales como, alto interés en sus estudios, aptitud innata, diligencia, constancia, y asimilación rápida. Estas cualidades les han de asegurar un avance pronto y seguro en el campo de la industria.

En vista de lo que exponemos, nuestra observación final, es que los países Hispano Americanos, a los cuales se adapta tan perfectamente el sistema de transporte aereo, tienen en sus ciudadanos el elmento humano, con el cual les es posible desarrollar y mantener la industria de la aviación.

A POME

(Here’s a poem we found on our deck with the notation, “From Wheeler’s carpenter, Clark. That’s all we know about it, but think it rates space here.)

The R.A.F. and the U.S.A.
Have taken out their maps,
And soon they’ll fly across the sea
To blow up all the Japs.

They’ll blow them into yellow dirt,
And this I hope they’ll save
To sprinkle it, when they go back,
On ignoble Hitler’s grave.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR TRIP FROM VENEZUELA

By Frederick Zerres, Venezuela, S. A.

Leaving La Guaira

On December 26, 1941, at 3 p.m., a group of 12 Venezuelans with scholarships sponsored by the American Government to become Instructor Mechanics and Service Mechanics in Aviation left the Colonial and First Venezuelan port of La Guaira.

In the beginning we were in small groups because of coming from different Venezuelan states, and most of us were not acquainted with each other, but in less time than it takes to say it, a joyful and sound fellowship was established.

As soon as our luggage was okeyed by the custom house an order was given to go on board at 5 p.m., in order to wait for the ship’s sailing that night at 11. While approaching the beautiful ship SS Santa Rosa (now a dull gray in color because of the war), all of us silently said goodbye to our beloved land, starting in this way the thrilling voyage to America’s 100 per cent democratic country.

Arriving Curacao (D. W. L.)

Due to a change in the ship’s timetable at 9 a.m., we were fortunate to get to Curacao Island—-which, with Aruba and Bonaire Islands, form The Netherlands West Indies, and as we were able to purchase our Winter clothing cheaper we were doubly fortunate. It is worthwhile to mention here that the native tongue is called “Papiamento,” a mixture of mostly the Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch language, and even a few English words. Interesting indeed!

Night-time in Barranquilla (Colombia)

On the 27th we left from Curacao at 6 p.m. and 24 hours later we were going through the Magdalena River, docking at the quaint Colombian port of Barranquilla. Here we spent a few hours in sightseeing and, at midnight, our ship was again under way on the last lap of our journey.

January 2, in New York

The last four days were devoted to swimming and making friends with some American tourists (there being two interesting young ladies among them), with whom we had long chats, spending unforgettable moments, especially on New Year’s Eve, which was celebrated by dancing to Spanish and American music. A Texan lady danced a “Joropo,” a typical Venezuelan dance, with one of our fellows, doing it as if she knew this kind of dancing a long time.

At 8 a.m. on January 2, we docked at Pier 57, which is the Please turn to Page 8, Col. 4

Latest Contingent of Latin-Americans Arrive in Miami

MIAMI—Pictured in front of the famous Streamliner that brought them to Miami are the latest contingent of Latin-American students who have come from South America to study aviation subjects at the Technical School. Standing, from left to right, are Guillermo Bustamente, Chile; Peter Ralph Pomerey, Uruguay; Ricardo De La Pena, Argentina; Adolfo Montero, Argentina; René Beno, Argentina; A. B. Roberto Machado Isais, Uruguay; Lincoln H. Oriera, Uruguay; Israel Vigil, Uruguay; Oscar Yarovsky, Argentina; Manuel Pico, Argentina; Francisco Mirich, Argentina; Dick Estrazulu Collander, Uruguay; Dante Beiso Fernandez, Uruguay; Philip de la Rose; Emil Varrey, Kneeling, left to right, Adolfo J. Susco, Uruguay; Guillermo Silvera Anthony, Uruguay; Carlos A. Moriego Beiso, Uruguay; Gonzalo Lopez y Gonzalez, Argentina; Ariadnes Forin, Uruguay; Pedro Rey Bringsu, Argentina; Maurnino Garcia, Uruguay; Aguilino Machado Pereira, Uruguay.

January 29, 1942
By Cadet Capt. P. E. Pedersen, A/C

The work has really been progressing on Dorr Field lately. Only once was this work interrupted—during the blackout of the entire area last Tuesday night. The huge lights bearing on the derick reluctantly died out. We are grateful to the young ladies in our temporary PX for extinguishing the bonfire with precious water so as to make the blackout complete.

How Long Is An Hour?

Heard about the 62-minute hour on the Adjustable parking meter in North Carolina—because Commissioner of Motor Vehicles was tired of hearing of the usual, "We are just a minute after the hour."  He hopes the boys take heed and return from open post on time from now on. We are grateful to Lieutenant Bentley, Commandant, for the surprise open post last Sunday.

We had quite a few of "us" boys called from the Navigation class a couple of days ago—to attend the "Wash Out Board," Yes, as someone said there. "Will soon have enough plotters to go around." How right he is!

Random Notes

Down in the rank this week we note a few events. Glad to see Second Lieutenant Dolan lending a helping hand in showing Mr. Hocker how to wear a flight cap. Then, the latter never wears one, anyway. We note Cadet Mansfield, "The Iron Duke," still prancing around worrying about something; and Sibergnall about with his jokes and pranks. "Phil Beta" Tagman is on the ball—both on the flight line and with his devoted reading. Glad to see "Mac" Jordan about after his stay in the hospital. Heard he wanted to fly a World War One Jennie over in Sarasota last week!

In class we have "Cadet Lieut. Brock," wanting to know about the "thermo conductivity" of gases. He's got troubles. Then out in front of our gym class this week is Cadet Schmidt, the former gym teacher. Note that the push-ups are fewer and far between, but we are improving with the daily practice.

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DORR FIELD CADET NEWS

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MENTIONING MUNICIPAL BASE
By Lynelle Rabun & Bill Jaster

Romance “In the Air”

Ladies and gentlemen; this week we have some real news. After a couple of years spent in fighting off her many suitors out here, Betty Hair finally succumbed to the handsome looks and wily tongue of none other than—Micky Lightholder. Yep, youse guys; Betty is sporting a diamond the size of a walnut and they are going to make it official next summer. Congratulations, Micky, and take good care of our little gal. We’re happy to see them happy — but a little sad to see Betty drop from the ranks of eligible females.

And another one of the gang to jump off the deep end is, of all people, Jack McKay, Jr., who has said “I do” to a charming young lady this week. Thus, we, of Municipal news, give up the battle and become an official romance agency — having scored a scoop in our column of a few weeks ago by predicting the possibility of a serious courtship between Betty and Micky. It seems that one cannot disregard the peculiar antics of Dan Cupid no matter how hard one tries.

Congrats to New Pilots

Among those reaching their goal this week we find Gene Kathryn Smith passing her private flight test, as well as Seller, Duvall and J. F. Hamilton on the primary program. Burch, Sutton, Stanley and Pollard passed their Flight Instructors test.

“Too Busy to Work!”

We are all busy as bees all the time now and the usual horseplay is noticeably lacking. Therefore, a lot of comical but interesting news is gone from the copy. To correct this glaring deficit we enclose the following poem, dug out of the dusty files of long ago — the author is unknown but it is suspected that he was the hidden passenger who flew with this pilot on his memorable flight. P.S. he didn’t have a parachute, —

The Gallopin’ Goose

The way was long; the night a crime. The pilot was flying on borrowed time.

His flying suit, well stuffed with hay, seemed to have known a better day.

The Gallopin’ Goose, the crate he flew, was put together with nails and glue.

It shivered and shook and waved its wings, and shook off nuts and bolts and things.

So frightful and palisied it was in flight that folks on the ground looked up in fright.

And others said, “For Heaven’s sake beware, there’s an airplane’s ghost up in the air.”

Yet on the dauntless pilot flew, trusting in God and casein glue.

But an evil angel flew around, three thousand feet above the ground.

It said, “Oh, pilot, come to my heart, before that damn thing falls apart.”

“Serves me right, quoth he, “I’m full of sin, but I’ll bail out, he said with a grin.

The tail group wavered and the engine heaved; the pilot stood up — it was time to leave.

His parachute opened in the clear ozone, and the Gallopin’ Goose spun in alone.

REPORT ON BLACKOUT
by Bill Jaster

After giving up a job as air raid warden in my district, because work at Municipal made it impossible, I pondered on where the best point of vantage would be to witness our first blackout. The bright idea hit me at 9:48 to go to the Seaplane Base. So-o-o-o-o-o, hopping in the old jalopy, a mad dash was made to get there before the deadline. Going down Flagger street, the lights were already beginning to flicker out one by one, lending a strange air of foreboding. After reaching Biscayne boulevard, the radio announcer stopped the program with the information that it was 10:15 and that the blackout had officially begun. My watch showed three minutes to go, and the city street lights were still on, so I decided to take a chance and see if I could possibly ‘make it. By this time lights were going out all around me at a furious pace, but still no sound of wailing sirens or factory whistles.

Slowly, Without Lights!

As I rounded the corner at Thirteenth street and started onto the causeway, air raid wardens began shouting at me from all directions—“Pull over, buddy, there is a blackout going on.” I told one of them I just had to make the Seaplane Base and he said, “Proceed slowly without lights.” That wasn’t so bad, as the street lamps were still on, so in this fashion I finally reached the duckpond. No sooner had I pulled in the driveway when the city lights went out as well as all remaining individual lights.

Sirens Give Warning

It wasn’t until this time that I heard the first sound of the sirens and at the same time noticed the Goodyear blimp flying overhead. It seemed funny that no warning should come until after the lights were out. Wonder what would happen if no advance notice of a blackout was given? Miami Beach was now invisible — its skyline completely blacked out. Toward the Miami side a red light could be noticed on the radio tower and the green harbor lights kept blinking on and off. Funny, I never noticed.

We hope everyone noticed what a wonderful dancer flight instruc-

tor Elliot Meredith is. — No mat-

ter what kind of music is played,

last, slow, tango, or just plain jit-

terbuggin.’ He says it was the

first dance in a year, for him and

that it must have been something

he ate?

Carlstrom Field, — An employee

is army operations and a neighbor

from the accounting department

at Carlstrom Field are very busy

these days trying to figure out the

male situation. A nervous break-

down is expected in the near fu-

ture. Careful girls.

“Nosey Newshound”
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Dere Editor,

You shore are ecly.

First, that there fotygrafer feller, Charlie Ebbetts, come alla way over here from Myammmie to take pitchers of all the Kaydets. That ain't unusual, but he bring with him one of the purtiest gals we ever seen. You 'member sayin' sumpin in last week's paper 'bout figgerin' she'd take over when she got here? Well, she done just that thing. Honest, it wasn't no time before them Kaydets was fightin' each other to get into the Canteen to get their pitchers took so's they cud stand there and look at her a while.

Ennyhow, Mister Ebbets short had his hands full, clickin' that there camery, so I helped him on account of how I always wanted to be a fotygrafer when I got big. We had a hard time tryin' to get them boys to smile, but soon they was all laffin' and havin' a picnic, 'cause some of their feller-classes brang in some musical interments and had what you city fellers call a "jam seshun." One o' the boys started beatin' it out on the piany, another blew a trumpet, one strummed a real guitar, and the fourth kept time on a sash tray with some wire things he called "fuzz sticks." Boy, we had some reel high-class musik! Even Miss McGill (that's the party's name) got rythm in her feet and wanted to sashay off and jitter bug. Mister Ebbets took some pitchers of the boys in action, 'cause when this war is over I and him figger on startin' a band and we might want some fotes for publicity.

We Made Party Pitchers

Bud, we got some extry-speehul artists here besides them musishuns. I mean some o' these boys can reely draw. I come into a classroom today and see a profile drawin' on the blackboard that looked like the spittin' imidge o' one o' the Grind School instructers here. It had "Crankshaft Jack" under it, so I guess ya no who "THAT" is. One o' the boys drew from memry a pitcher of his gal back in Ingland, and he must have a wunnerful memny. Another boy, who must be right much eddicated, writ me a poem to send you. His name is George Maxted, and the poem shounes nice, altho I can't understand the big words.

And You?

If Greeks could dye Thermoplae
Red with the Persian blood,
And later pledge their sacred oath
Before the Latin flood;
If Poles could die at Warsaw's gate
Ground in their native sod—
Pretting this to crawl and kiss
The feet of Prussia's god;
And Norway's brave refused to sell
Her birthright for a part
Of that "new order," fighting which
Proud Serbia broke her heart;
If Guam and Wake could take the road

Of honour—not of shame,
The Navy sink a thousand times
And still mock Goebbel's name;
And eagles fly with Britain's pride
To smash the vultures' nest,
And gallant men prove England still
Prime son of ocean's breast.
The Soviets brave from town and plain
For Russia's life blood pour
To crush the boast of Prussia's hosts
For now and everymore;
If China—still the sage and wise—
Can fight in tireless might
To help the A, B, C and D
The Rising Sun to smite;
And every son of Europe's lands—
The French, the Poles, the Dutch—
Can make their lives a Calvary,
Not counting cost too much;
And men from far Antipodes,
With song and cheerful lust,
Will crush the Russian eagles deep
Into the Libyan dust;
You—o' the common, simple folks
Of twenty different climes—
To them your silver armure lend,
Composed of silver dimes?
Come, then, you friends, and give a hand;
In hand with heroes go!
Help Destiny to draw her sword
And smite the final blow!

Now, like I said before, that is shore purty poetry and Kaydet Ma ought to get a lot of credit on account of how he writes as goe Shakespeare, only he noes more about airplanes and engines that Will ever cud have learned, even if he'd lived twict as long as he is.

A Spin Left, a Spin Right,—and a One Point Landing!

These here bowlin' alleys in Arcadia has closed down temporary on account of reparjes, so all of us fellers and gals has been goin' down the road a piece to the roller-skatin' rink. Bud, if you aint ever been on roller-skates, you jest aint lived. It is a reel art, and when you get as good at it as Kay Bramlett is you jest float along, graceful-like. This Lieut. Jim Brevile aint next to him, but Lieut. George Ola's co-ordination aint so hot, and he spun in frum a snap-roll across the rink floor. Howsoever, he is practisin' plenty, and expects to solo soon. Mister DeBor soloed last nite when he went skatin' with Ed Morey, the Grind School instructer from Dorr Field who wears Size 13 shoes. To get skates to fit Ed the rink manager took the chassis off a trailer truck.

Black-out Ain't No Hardships Fer Usus!

The most excitement we had this week was the blackout the other nite. Everybody was wuderin' what to do without the city havin' no lights on, but I aint that dumb—I got me a date and forgot about the war scare. If you cud see her you wud forget about it also.

I jest got a letter from my old pal Lieut. George Davis of 41-H who we used to call "Ink" fer short. He's instructin' up in Selma, and says he jest soloed his last Kaydet 'cause he was scared to ride with the guy anymore. Well, I am shore glad my feet is on the ground, 'cause these airplanes aint here to stay. Now I gotta close, but I will write you next week again.

Yours truly,

JACK

P.S. I jest found out that Johnny Fradet, who repacks our parachutes and runs classes fer other packers, jest got his Flight Instructers 'Rateing. He got it one day and they put him to work on four Kaydets the next. Past work, huh?

By the way, where is this here Thermoplae? I looked all over a map of De Soto county but cud not find it. Then I ast a feller frum up around Wauchula way, but he didn't ever hear of it before, so he's goin' to ast his brother-in-law that lives in Punta Gorda if it's down that way.

—J.
Movie Schedule Changed At Door, Riddle Fields
Just in case you didn’t notice it in the Riddle “Family Theatre” advertisement, Dorr Field and Riddle Field have “swapped” show dates. Beginning Monday, February 2nd, the moving pictures will be shown at Riddle Field on Mondays and Thursdays and at Dorr Field on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Preview of Next Week
As we go to press, no word has yet been received on how the Cadets liked the first week’s programs. However, Ye Editor had a “sneak” preview of the first program, “Queen of the Yukon,” together with the short subjects and community singing film, and we thought it was excellent entertainment.

Next week, beginning February 2nd, the films will be even better. The first half of the “Circuit” features a comedy, “One Rainy Afternoon,” with Ida Lupino and Hugh Herbert; the Thursday, Friday and Saturday show is also a comedy, and plenty of comedy at that . . . one of the famous “Topper” stories by Thorne Smith, “Topper Takes A Trip.” Don’t miss these two great shows.

Blackout Continued from Page 6
ounced them before when other lights were on. (P. S. These are now “blacked out,” too.) I started to light a cigarette while standing beside the car but thought better of it after a sharp warning, “A bomber could see that flash, buddy.”

Be Careful, Chum!
Walking, or rather, stumbling (for I couldn’t see a thing) over to the Seaplane Base office, I almost jumped into the guard, whom I recognized as Ted Hunter. He heaved a sigh of relief when he saw who it was and said, “Feel all right.” It was a service revolver and pointed right at me through his coat pocket. Can’t be too careful these days, you know.

The blimp was now circling back over the causeway and heading up the coast, but no planes flew over the city as previously planned. It was so deathly quiet that the loud speakers in downtown Miami could be heard.

All Over
Then, as suddenly as it started, the lights started popping on—sirens began wailing—cars started moving—once again the hum of city life and its brilliance was resumed. The past thirty minutes became unreal, as if but a dream.

TECH TALK AND MAIN OFFICE GOSSIP
by Howard Beazell

With the “Civil Air Patrol” getting under way, two members have been recruited from the Embry-Riddle Company: Jim McShane, chief aircraft instructor, and Sid Wood, sheet metal instructor. Everyone who is eligible should join this worthy organization.

Last week “Gawja” Gollston came around for a visit and you should have seen that pill-box hat she wears!

After two weeks of pleasant association with the Latin-American cadets the personnel of the Embry-Riddle School is getting a wonderful chance at learning the Spanish language by conversation. The cadets are very patient and helpful in their suggestions on how to say this and that. Your correspondent offers his personal thanks to all of you Latin-American cadets, and keep up the good work!

Wear Your Tag!
“Captain” Bill Williams and his guards broke out last week in new uniforms. And don’t forget to be careful, because every one of the guards is a special deputy. Talking to “Captain” Williams the other day, he mentioned the fact that some of the employees still are not wearing their identification cards. If I remember right, their purpose is to identify you as an employee of the Embry-Riddle School. Failure to wear this card is an injustice and a personal lack of interest to associate yourself with the school.

By the way, don’t you think the new parking system improves the appearance of the front of the school? But, remember, you should enter at the north and exit at the south ends of the driveway.

In talking with some of the cadets from Argentina, I found that the only difference between Rio de Janeiro and New York is that in “Rio” they have a cop on every corner and pay a penny for every inch. (Ida)

Starting next week a series of short articles on each of the Latin American countries represented at the school will appear in this column. The purpose is to better acquaint the readers of the “Fly Paper” with South America.

A. W. THROGMORTON IS NAMED TECH DIRECTOR
Hello, boys and girls, meet A. W. Throgmorton, officially appointed Director of Tech School at Miami last week. “A. W.” as he is called by his intimate friends, has more of those college degrees and stuff after his name than we can count, and has had plenty of experience with various governmental and private aviation agencies. Coming to Embry-Riddle from the Spartan School of Aeronautics, we believe that he has both the education and personality to make an outstanding success of his new job. Keep your eye on “A. W.” as a man who’ll make things hum around the Tech School.

Lee Malmsten, who has been Acting Director for several months, was officially appointed as Assistant Director.

—He Alive When You Arrive—

U. OF M. LEVELS TECH QUINTET
Friday night the Embry-Riddle basketball team went down to defeat against the University of Miami “B” squad. The game was well played by both teams and the University earned a well deserved victory. Final score was 40-23, not bad!

Tech Leads League
Monday, the Tech team foraged into undisputed first place by a 35-16 victory over the Miami Parts & Springs team. Knights of Columbus having beaten the Richman Clothes team in a close 24-23 game made this possible. Thursday night’s game with the Knights of Columbus should be a very good game as everybody turn out at the Y.M.C.A. January 29, at 7:30 p.m. for this game.

Starting Line Up:
Embry-Riddle
Baldwin 10
Turnipseed 5

Miami Parts
Leatherman 28
Lundblom 2

Springers
Bryan 35

Fordham
Pickett 0
Stevenson 16

MORE NEW EQUIPMENT
TECH SCHOOL—Chief Welding Instructor Art Barr is all smiles—his much-awaited new equipment for the Arc Welding Course is just about to be delivered . . . bushels and bushels and tons and tons of it!

Featured among this equipment are two of the most modern and up-to-date 300-amp. arc welders and two 250 amp. arc welders. The arc welding course is not all “set and go” and should be in full swing within two or three weeks.

—Remember Pearl Harbor—

HE WILL BE BACK—
BUT AFTER THE WAR
Visiting Miami on special 48-hour leave was Flying Cadet Roy Cummins from Dorr Field, who had his first look at the Magic City due to “fortunate circumstances.” Roy, Rochester, N. Y., lad, sings loud the praise of Miami. He’ll be back—after the war. During his stay he was at the Royal Palm Hotel.

—Mom’s the Word! Don’t Talk—

Venezuela
Continued from Page 4
Grace Line’s debarkation point. It was a cold and cloudy day, but we felt happy having before our sight the Skyscraper City, with its many interesting things to see.

Route to Miami
In the Venezuelan Consulate those who had been assigned by the Washington Committee to Miami said goodbye to those going to California, and proceeded on our way to the Pennsylvania Station, arriving there at noon.

We arrived in Miami at 2 p.m. the following day and the first thing we saw was that the beautiful landscapes which were caught through our eyes during the long trip to Miami. Mr. De La Rosa, who is in charge of the Embry-Riddle Latin Department, was waiting for us at the station and took us to the school, where we had the pleasure of meeting the other Central and South American Students, with whom we are now sharing in our brotherhood. Our study, having in mind a real unity or hand-clasp of the American nations. To give this description we want to mention that we like Miami and we think one single phrase is quite enough: It is a Paradise! And, really, Miami is like that—with its beautiful girls, its well-known bathing beaches, its clean and long avenues, and so on. Hurrah, MIAMI!