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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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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. Leas 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 CUT-UPS

CARLSTROM FIELD, ARCADIA—“Jam Session,” English styled! 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 Poderwiski 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 R.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 Deregi-bus, 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 Beauville and Coral Gables Country Club. Don’t forget to save a date for February 21st.

—“Keep ’Em Firing”

FLASH! Sam “Mickey” Light-holder just passed his commercial flight test at Municipal and is already enroute to Riddle Field, Clewiston.
EMBRY-RIDDLE
FLY PAPER
"STICK TO IT"
Published Weekly by the
EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL
OF AVIATION
Miami, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL
INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE-MCKAY AERO
COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

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Dorr Field, Arcadia
Ray Fahringer—Jack Hobler
"Jack Hart—Sam Lightholder
Staff Artists
Charles C. Ebbets
Staff Photographer

CORRECTION
Last week we inadvertently
called the Pan-American League
the Latin-American League, for
this error our apologize. It is cor-
rectly called the Pan-American Lea-
gue . . . and they’re still doing an
excellent job of “taking over” and
entertaining the many Pan-Amer-
ican students in our Tech School at
Miami.

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 CONTRIBUTION
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 point, “We
Cover the Earth” . . . the same
could apply to our Embry-Riddle
graduates. Take for example the
letter from flight graduate T. Lion-
el Clark addressed to Harry Rob-
erts, head of the Auditing De-
partment in Miami:
“Dear Mr. Roberts, I left on May
5, 1941, on a cross-country flight,
expecting 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
civilian mechanic with the
Army Air Force at the overhaul
base, Sebring, Fla. Many congratu-
lations to George—and to Ed
Riepel, 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.
“1” 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)
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER
Frank Dereiggins and Bud Carruthers, Jr., Editors

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR
By Frank Dereiggins

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 adieu.

Saying good-by 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 heading Cleveland way. Dennis Racer 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!

FROM THE CADET HANDBOOK

Toe wiggling may be wholesome,
But it’s mighty relaxing!

So go ahead and wiggle'em!
Because it'll remind you to relax!

AW SHUCKS!
YA WONT WIGGLE YER FJUGIES!

SYD BURROWS’ REPORT
ON CLEWISTON CADETS

“Dear Editor,

“The cadets had a little 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 you, Bud, you run a dance at the Mahi Shrine Temple, there seemed to gather more good looking girls in one room than than its been my pleasure to see in a good many years. Even the wife says so!

“The boys seemed to have enjoyed themselves and the weather was glorious. To top it all, there was the biggest sigh of relief when the boys were notified that the truck was taking them back to Clewiston—what smiles! For myself, I certainly appreciated G. W. Tyson sending it down for the boys. It was swell of him. Also, the boys immediately put in 50 cents each to defray expenses.

The Visiting Cadets

“Bud, I’m just so tired that I can’t scribble anymore of this stuff, so here’s the names of boys and instructors who were here:


“Instructors: Keene Langhorne, Ray Morders, Ernie Smith, Bob Hosford, Lou Place and Frank Dereiggins.

“Cheerio! “SYD BURROWS.”

By Ray Fahringer
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 avanzado, 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 cor responsabilidad nos está llegando de Cuba, México, Costa Rica, Honduras Británicas, Colombia, Venezuela, Perú, Chile, UUruguay, 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 así mismo la ción 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 Latinoamericanos, a los cuales se adapta tan perfectamente el sistema de transporte aéreo, tienen en sus ciudadanos el elemento 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 desk 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.

MIAJII—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 Pomeroy, Uruguay; Ricardo De La Pena, Argentina; Adolfo Montero, Argentina; Rene Beno, Argentina; A. B. Roberto Machado Islas, Uruguay; Lincoln H. Glurio, Uruguay; Ismael Vigil, Uruguay; Oscar Yurasky, Argentina; Manuel Pico, Argentina; Francisco Mirich, Argentina; Dici Estravizas Collander, Uruguay; Dante Beiso Fernandez, Uruguay; Philip de la Rosa; Emnet Velury, Kneeling, left to right, Adelio J. Sousa, Uruguay; Guillermo Silveira Anthony, Uruguay; Carlos A. Morlaea Beiso, Uruguay; Gonzalo Lopez y Gorzon, Argentina; Arlakes Forin, Uruguay; Pedro Rey Bringas, Argentina; Malmiino Garcia, Uruguay; Agustino Machado Pereira, Uruguay.

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 Instructors 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 8 p.m., in order to wait for the ship's sailing that night at 11. While approaching the beautiful ship SS Santa Ross (now a dull gray in color because of the war), all of us silently said goodbye to our beloved land, starting in that way the thrilling voyage to America's 100 per cent democratic country.

Arriving Curacao (D.W.I.)
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 Magdalen River, docking at the quiet 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 Latest Contingent of Latin-Americans Arrive in Miami

Please turn to Page 8, Col. 4
“O’ Solo Mi—OH!”

In the Cadet Ready Room we note many happy faces, filling out solo cards. Amongst these we find Louisiana’s “T. J.” Stafford and his pal “Bill” McKee of New Jersey and room-mates Bill Martin and Bob Kayser, who are doing a good job of it. There is no end to this list of names, however. Second Lieutenant Herbert Davis and Cadets Holly, Bryan, Werden and Odem are leading the class. Keep it up! We heard that a certain Cadet soloed off Field One and flew back here and parked—then recalled that his instructor was still over there!

The prize, or pair of prizes, this week go to two inseparable pals. Both have our congress—Don Mol·ley of Ohio struggled to a first solo and down the field he went zig-zagging with a locked tail wheel into a fence. All this while friend “Ivan Red” Martin sitting atop his pillow and chute went around and round. Seems as though the plane took them both for a ride. And Second Lieutenant Edward McGuire soloed.

Grind School Goes “Artistic”

Once more in the class room we have our Engine Teacher still making “Rube Goldberg” drawings on the board—as Cadet Al Pepe says, for lack of something better; and our amiable Meteorology Teacher “weather man” accurately prognosticating the affairs of the troposphere. We surely look forward to his class in particular.

Viewing the new class, we see they had a ride or two in the blue already. Some say they “lost the field;” others “just a little wussy.” They wonder when the welcoming festivities will cease—seem to forget its part of the course. Outstanding is a team of about five of our boys who know the ropes on this end of the game, anyhow.

This week’s closing notes many new PT’S here. We hope this indicates a successful rejuvenation and continuance of the old Dorr Field of World War One.

MOM: ALL EMPLOYEES

Hospitalization benefits for dependents is to be made available for all Embry-Riddle employees in the near future. Further information will be announced at an early date.

The Bride

—Out courtesy of The Aracdia

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

by Ad Thompson

There were a lot of sharks as well as surf bathers disporting themselves along the beach between Miami and Delray one day last week according to our cross-country flight team, Rommelare and Parkas. In spite of the fact that these denizens of the deep may have been a harmless variety, the boys have given up surf bathing in favor of flying on the theory that what you don’t know won’t hurt you but what you do know might!

Our old friend and excellent wind sock the Goodyear Blimp has been called to the colors. The “Reliance” took off Monday morning for points west to join the Navy. We will miss the Goodyear gang—they were mighty fine neighbors.

Aero Inspector Henry Faller paid us a visit which resulted in a private ticket for Vivian Lerner and water ratings for Mitchell Spiegel and Jack McKay.

Paul Horvath who put on such a good show at our dance Saturday night is not only a good subject for a hypostat but is an amateur hypnotist himself and has been putting the evil eye on those who kid him too much about his antics while under the spell the other night.
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. Yip, yip! 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 palpitating 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 cassein 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.

We hope everyone noticed what a wonderful dancer flight instructor Elliot Meredith is. — No matter what kind of music is played, last, slow, tango, or just plain jitterbuggin.’ 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 breakdown is expected in the near future. Careful girls.

“Nosey Newshound”

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, 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 before.

Please turn to Pages, Col. 1
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

County Correspondent Reports
Jan. 26th, this year

Dere Edditer,
You shore are here and look at her a while.
Ennyhow, Mister havin' a picnic, wasn't no time before them Kaydets was fightin' each other to fotygrafer when a trumpet, city fellers call a boys to things he called pitchers is over.
Bud, we got some frum Mynmmie to take pitchers of all the Kaydets. That aint hncl us a time.

We Made Party Pitchers
First, that there fotygrafer feller, Charlie Ebbetts, come allay over here from Mynmmie to take pitchers of all the Kaydets. That aint unusual, but he bring with him one of the purretisest 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-classmates brag in some musical intermints 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 ash tray with some wire things he called "fazz 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 Ebbetta 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 fotos for publicity.

We Got Some Artist Fellers Here, Too!
Bud, we got some extra-speakul artists here besides them musihunks.
I mean some o' these boys can reelly 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 gess you no who THAT is. One o' the boys drew from memry a pitcher of his gal back in England, and he must have a wunnerful memry.
Another boy, who must be right much edicated, writ me a poem to send you. His name is George Maxted, and the poem shoundes 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—
Preferring 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 boasts 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 Red^er, eagles deep
Into the Libyan dust;
Would you—(the common, simple folks)
Of twenty different climes—
To them your silver armour 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 twice as long as he.

A Spin Left, a Spin Right,—and a One Point Landing!
These here bowlin' alleys in Arcadia has closed down temporary on account of reparis, so all of us fellers and gals has been goin' down the road a piece to the roller-skating 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 Drammilt is you just float along, graceful-like. This Lieut. Jim Reville aint beat yet, 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 Usens!
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 frum my 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 say. 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 paraphates 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, Dor 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 Dor 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 “snack” 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 “Capper” stories by Thorne Smith, “Topper Takes A Trip.” Don’t miss these two great shows.

Blackout Continued from Page 6

ni
ted them before when all 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 ’ills.” 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 to the coast, but no planes flew over the city as previously planned. It was so deathly quiet that the local speaker 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” Golleston 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 only difference between Rio de Janeiro and New York is that in “Rio” they have a cop on every corner and pay a peseta for six minutes.

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 long 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.

(No 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 forced 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 so everybody turn out at the Y.M.C.A. January 29, at 7:30 p.m. for this game.

Starting Line Up:

Embry-Riddle Miami Parts
Baldwin 10 To & Springs
Turnipseed 8 Kennedy 2
Leatherner 15 Vegal 5
Lundblom 2 Sandberg 4
Hamilton 0 Pickett 1
--- Stevenson 0
35 Baum 4
--- 16

MORE NEW EQUIPMENT

TECH SCHOOL—Chief Welding Instructor Art Barr is all smiles—with 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 260-amp arc welders. The arc welding course is now all “set to 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 Cummings from Dor 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 Skymaster 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 did not mention that it is not easy to forget 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 sound brotherhood our study, having in mind a real unity or hand-clasp of the American nations.

To those this description we want to mention how 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!