SALESMEN “COME IN” FOR MEETING AT TECH SCHOOL

MIAMI.—For the first general meeting since the organization of the Tech School, Sales Manager Peter Ordway “called in” all representatives from the southeastern territory Wednesday for a discussion of Sales Policies. Featuring a tour of the school and “pep” talks by Throgmorton, Varney and Hinchcliffe, a most successful meeting was reported.

In addition to the “local” sales force composed of John Keelin, B. L. Helm, Miss Eve Atkinson, C. D. Carlton and Tom Davies, there were present Carl Huskey from Ft. Pierce, Gordon Batley from Jacksonville, Stanley Glisser, Daytona Beach; Ralph Taturn, Atlanta, Ga.; Gwynne Richards, St. Petersburg; R. L. Loyd, West Palm Beach, and Paul Morris from South Carolina.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Outstanding event of the week will be the match basketball game between the Riddle Field Instructors from Clewiston and the Technical School from Miami, to be played in Miami at the YMCA this Saturday evening, Feb. 7, at 8:00 p.m.

Both teams are leading their respective leagues; both teams are “hot”; both teams are determined to win! It’ll be a battle to the finish between two well matched teams. DON’T MISS IT!

A 25¢ admission charge, payable at the door, will be given the “Y” in return for the use of their playing floor.

RIDING THE RIDDLE “BUS” FROM DAWN TO REVILLE

That crack about “dawn to reville” is no mere idle comment, chilren! ‘Tis a fact... to get aboard our station wagon at the Miami end of the trip, “you gotta get up!” early. It was about 5:30 last Thursday morning when we very reluctantly rolled out of bed and dragged over to the Main Office. However, it wasn’t so bad after we got to the office... The companionship at that time in the morning is a wonderful thing. First person we saw was Lawrence Launderbaugh, one of the night guards, and then Tom Paine, night switchboard operator, who told us that Hollis Andrews, the driver, was waiting for us!

Much Activity For So Early Morning!

Quite a surprise to us was the activity around the Tech School... of course, there were still more guards than students, but the place was beginning to “wake up”... out at the station wagon Hugh Hinchcliffe was busy lining up some of the Jackson High graduates who were going to Clewiston looking for jobs... and you shouldn’t even see the “bus”... it had everything but the kitchen sink aboard... in other words, it was full of freight and passengers consigned for the upstate fields.

Promptly at 7:00 Andy “gave ‘er the gun” and we took off on what proved to be one of our fastest under way... we began talking to our passenger list... there was NORWOOD LATIMER, Tech grad and now employed at Riddle Field, returning after spending several days in Miami with his mother, who has been right sick but is recovering now... WELBORN JOHNSON, one of the sub-contractors working with C. Frank Wheeler at Dorr Field... MURRAY STEWARD, BILL ANDREWS and FRANCIS SUETTE, all looking for jobs at Riddle Field on the Maintenance crew... (P. S. They all got jobs, too!)

Impressions of a Fast Trip

Sleepy as we were and fast as the trip was, all we got were “impressions”... which we reproduce herewith... the beauty of the early morning is startling... wished we could write poetry... the bus has a log just like an airplane... add things we didn’t know before... the round trip averages 380 miles per day, with the bus covering about 12,000 miles per driving that seven days a week is another job we don’t want... but Andy seems to stand up well under the strain... has a fine baritone with which he relieves the monotony of the trip...

The Clewiston Coffee Stop

Included on the regular itinerary of the bus is a “coffee” stop in Clewiston about 8:30 every morning... and coffee tastes good then, too... one of the girls in the restaurant was AGNES PITTMAN, whose husband, Johnnie, works in Post Supply at the Field... at the Seminole, Latimer OUT and Melvin Carlton, ‘chute rigger, and James E. Sweat IN for a ride to the Field...

While Andy was discharging freight we wandered into Hangar 2... met W. Button and JIM COCKHILL, an A. & E. mechanic and Johnnie’s brother... Johnnie, by the way, has been promoted to

Please turn to Page 6, Col. 1

TYSON, DURDEN VISIT TECH SCHOOL IN MIAMI

Visiting the Tech School and Main Office in Miami on Monday were G. Willis Tyson, General Manager of Riddle Field at Clewiston, and Jimmie Durden, his assistant... on “official” business. Could it be that they came down to pick up the pay checks? And speaking of pay checks, the pay-roll department did a swell job with their new automatic check writing machine. All checks were signed, sealed and delivered the Saturday before pay day... then someone discovered that they were dated on Sunday and now everyone is wondering if it’s legal. Take it from us... cash those checks! They’re okay!

Here’s the Laugh of the Week

“G.” and Jimmie tumbled over themselves trying to tell us what should prove to be a laugh for everyone... at the Clewiston Canteen the other day, “Ernie” Smith walked in and ordered a banana split. Collusion, however, reared its ugly head, in the person of L. D. Hutson, who made a secret agreement with the lovely behind the counter, with the result that Ernie’s banana split contained a well concealed HOT DOG, buried deep within the crushed fruit and whipped cream.

“Honestly,” the boys told us, “Ernie didn’t ‘tumble’ for at least 15 minutes... but he did make certain pertinent remarks about that ‘tough’ banana!”

—Keep ‘Em Flying—

CARLTON FIELD—F/L E. R. Pennell, R. A. P., has been reassigned to CENSORED. His place was taken by F/L Edmond Taggart.
GET EAGER, CHAPS,
GET EAGER!
by Eric J. Hall, U/K, R.A.F.

We rise at five a.m. each morn,
Wishing that we'd never been born,
Pardoning to salute the flag
Is hardly the way to start der tap.
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

Just twenty minutes to do our chores:
Wash our face, sweep the floors,
Polish those taps shiny bright
And make those ruddy blankets tight.
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

Away to breakfast with no glee,
Praying for time to drink our tea;
Mouth's full of bacon when Teckner cries:
"Hurry up there, prepare to rise!"
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

Down to flying; whooppee, blues,
You're within fifty yards, put out the smokes.
Mark time, halt! Fall out!
Gosh, what is this all about?
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

Calisthenics! A snappy way to say,
"P. T."
Wiggle your toes; kiss your knee;
Get head and eye co-ordination.
What! You can't hear—inequilibrium!
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

On to Ground School with our books;
We talk a little, get dirty looks.
Theory of Flight is just too simple;
Induced drag may be just a pinkle.
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

Rhumb Line Rupert takes us next
On Navigation according to the text;
Gyroscopes, Astral Nav. and Torque
Proves to us we ought to walk.
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

Crankshaft Charlie tells us how
The Radial Engine is such a wow.
We fail to see how ten thousand feet high
We do running repairs in the sky.
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

Ground School and supper are things of the past;
We have forty-five minutes of leisure at last.
To our rooms once more confused,
What care we if it's rained or shined.
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

"Be Alive When You Arrive"—

America is going to need thousands of non-military pilots for ferry service to foreign countries, and for civilian observation work. Many are needed for the Florida Air Patrol. While in Miami you can qualify for a pilot's license by taking a course at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation. Instruction at Municipal Airport, or Seaplane base.

Visiting hours
9:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily

Embry Riddle
SCHOOL OF AVIATION
3240 N. W. 27th AVE., MIAMI, FLORIDA
PHONE 2-0711
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER
Frank Deregius and Bud Carruthers, Jr., Editors

Amanuense Reports on Riddle Field Clewiston
By Ye Button

Between the problems of the Purchasing Department during the day, and the ever-present trials and tribulations of ripping our trailer apart at night to see what we can do with it, it is a bit difficult to find the time to put into words the latest that is happening at Riddle Field. However, the "Button-ible" is beginning to look like something now and we have finally reached the stage where we can walk almost the length (27 feet) without falling over something. That doesn't include "Woo-Woo." He is still the little minx that wants to play at the most inopportune time. You'd hardly know him now. He's grown sooo big.

Typical Riddle Amanuense?

There has been added to his already bulky brawn at least one pound and all of three-quarters of an inch in height. His harness no longer fits him.

It Will "Sound" Better Next Week

Tuesday night, Bud Wheeler (a newcomer from California and as fine a boy as one would ever want to meet) Warren and myself came back to the field (even with the rubber on our tires going slowly but surely) to see "Queen of the Yukon." We were really amazed to find that it was a real honest-to-goodness "movie." There were two comedies, a short on Aviation and the main feature. There is a little matter of straightening out the sound apparatus so that the conversations on the screen sound a little less garbled but next week we will be back, wearing our colors, to see the double feature, which promises not only to be a good evening's entertainment but which will also put inches onto my knitting needle.

Swell, But Let's Have a Party at Clewiston

The party at the Mahi Shrine Temple proved to be a real treat for those of us who could come. Everyone was full of praises except we do wish we could have one of the parties at Clewiston some time. Everyone from the Tech School was in gay spirits and Betty Bruce told us of all the latest happenings. Incidentally, I hear that Betty is doing an outstanding job at my old desk working for Bruz Carpenter.

Bill Jacobs was there in all his glory for the party and as usual was having the time of his life. Bill certainly does get around and never let it be said that he doesn't have a way with the women.

Bob Reese and his fiancée, Nat Delephine, were there. Nat is a lovely, lovely lass who is sporting a gorgeous engagement ring. It is by far the best-looking one that has come to my attention in ages. The best of luck to you two!

Our regards to those at the Tech School and remember that those who forget to remember Pearl Harbor, we will remember to forget.

WRONG AGAIN!

Just got a letter from George Gibbons saying that he is NOT at Sebring, but is still with Embry-Riddle as assistant chief mechanic at Carlstrom Field.

Also, we've caught the devil for calling Class 3 at Clewiston Class 2. For these two mistakes we apologize . . . but, brother, you should see the ones that "didn't get away!" One mistake we caught last week gave Ye Editor three grey hairs . . . if that had run in the paper "we" would be running now, about four miles east of Africa, and going fast!

KEEPING 'EM "FIT TO FLY"
By BOB TOWSEN, Athletic Director

We make the athletic curriculum at Clewiston primarily a training ground so as to put these men in excellent condition. The function of the physical training is to direct the men in learning activities constituting efficient conduct in their training program. We have a relatively long list of diversified activities so as to make the training as pleasant and as enjoyable as possible.

Each group of cadets has a physical class which he must attend every day. In these classes the men run through calisthenics for 20 minutes, after which they play games consisting of competition in strength, speed, skill and endurance.

An "all-out" war demands modifications of practically all peace-time activities. The field of sports makes a definite and beneficial contribution to the physical and moral welfare of a nation—and that contribution is even more important in time of war than it is in the days of peace.

A few of the games in which the cadets participate in at Riddle-McKay are soccer, softball, horse shoes, volleyball, rugby and football. Very soon they will be playing cricket, basketball, tennis, and for relaxation they have a beautiful swimming pool. In the spare time the cadets play table tennis, and at night they use the game room, where they may find amusement games of all kinds.

In closing I would like to say that we notice the cadets growing bigger and faster and stronger and also acquiring a good coat of sun tan. They learn the worth of initiative in the field of competition and the even greater value of team work.

Keep 'Em Playing

Last Thursday evening the cadets from B and C Sections gave the town people quite a thrill by playing a game of rugby under the lights at the football stadium in Moore Haven. Believe me when I say that rugby is a tough game and very exciting. The game ended with Flight C, victorious by the score of 9-0. We had quite a large crowd to witness this game and the money for admission went to Washington toward the War Springs Foundation.

Diving Into Water

Keep 'Em Playing

THE GAY DESPERADO
with
LEO CARILLO  IDA LUPINO
NINO MARTINI

Monday, February 9th—Riddle Field
Tuesday, February 10th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, February 11th—Carlstrom Field

THE CRAZY FUGITIVE

"THE GAY DESPERADO"
with
LEO CARILLO  IDA LUPINO
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Monday, February 9th—Riddle Field
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"THE CRAZY FUGITIVE"

Feature Picture

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Monday, February 9th—Riddle Field
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Wednesday, February 11th—Carlstrom Field

THE CRAZY FUGITIVE

"THE CRAZY FUGITIVE"
with
FREDERIC MARCH  VIRGINIA BRUCE

Truth, February 12th—Riddle Field
Friday, February 13th—Dorr Field
Saturday, February 14th—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents
Flight Line Frolics

For the past several weeks we have been singularly lacking in real, live news from the Flight Line. The main reason is that all the boys have been so busy that they haven't had time for anything else but flying. However, we've cornered a few of them and rounded up some rather humorous accounts. First off, in Operations we saw Lee Hibson's instructions on Air Raid Warning Procedure. Excerpts read like this:

"If an incendiary bomb lands in your building, throw gasoline on it; you can't put it out anyhow, so you might as well get some fun out of it."

"If a bomb strikes you in a direct hit, don't go all to pieces; lie still so you won't add to the confusion.

"When you hear the airen, yell, holler and whistle; it adds to the general mix-up and will scare the devil out of the kids—they ought to be in bed anyway."

Of course, Lee is only kidding, and we don't propose to follow out his 'instructions' to the letter. You'd better not, either.

A hint on teaching a student how to taxi a plane comes from Charlie Close, and it's a lulu. After steering his cadet away from the yellow basket lane-markers three times, Charlie hopped out of the cockpit, grabbed up the next two baskets, ran back to his ship with them under his arms, and yelled at the student, "Now, '7@ #f;—1 it, at least you won't hit these two!"

And he swears he's had no trouble since.

Hobler

Yuh Gotta THINK to "Keep 'Em Flying"

Then, too, we'd like to brag about the resourceful cadet who, lost on a solo flight, landed his PT in a potato patch some 25 miles from Carlstrom. Ripping up some of the fabric on his lower wings, when he set her down among the plants, he repaired the damage with strips of masking tape he tore off the fuselage where it had been applied to facilitate painting numerals. Enlisting the aid of several farm hands to wheel the ship back to the other end of the field, he took her off and flew her back to the home base, making a perfect landing!

More Monkeyshees

Enjoying the Christmas goodies Wayne Martin and Bob Watts still had left over, Paul Dixon and Mark Bouncing Ball sat down a bit abruptly on Mr. Watts' bed, cracked a weakened spring rest and depositing the bedspring, mattress, Dixon, Ball, blankets, et al, on the floor. To provide Bob with his night's sleep, the boys laid planks across the bedboards and piled the spring, etc., atop them. When Bob climbed in that night his comment was, "Bob, now I know what an upper berth feels like!" It might be telling secrets to say that Watts got even, but we wouldn't want anyone to miss the fact that when Messrs. Dixon and Ball got in Sunday night from a super-deluxe date, their beds were "short-sheeted," and Dixon's pajamas had the pants cuffs, as well as the sleeve cuffs, neatly sewed together. Thumb fun!

Home to Roost

It is with warm feelings that we welcome Pilot Officer Robert Eggins back to Carlstrom Field. Bob got his R.A.F. primary training here some months ago, and has been sent back to ride checks on the U.K. cadets. A real swell guy, Bob knows almost everyone on the post by his own name, although he's only been here a week. According to Len Povey, Mr. Eggins' "wings" are a biplane, since he wears both the Army Air Corps silver wings and the embroidered ones of the R.A.F.

Visitors of the Week

It's always good to see old faces, and we have seen quite a few of the old gang this past week! "Speedy" Strider, Miami CPTP flight instructor, was roaming around town the other night after flying Boss Riddle over from the "magic city," Sunday brought us Bob Townson, who had just run over from Clewiston. Bob is sort of peeved at the picture of Alice, his wife, that was run in last week's issue; he says it doesn't look a bit like her, and if he shows up anywhere with his wife, people won't recognize her, but might thing he's being unfaithful. Our new Refresher Class includes none other than two inseparable pals of Miami Municipal, Roy Kunkel and Julian (Slick) Stanley. These fellows used to be our room-mates back there, and we're personally very glad to see them.

Heard About the Post

"Sir-rr, ye have verra disgusting hobbies. Law sworn a r-r-ravishing br-r-runette, 'n' tonight ye've a bloomin' blond!"—"Now we 'ave a clawas in Theory vs. Flight with Airfoil Artie."—"Well, Catherine, any-time we see you in such a hurry in town, we'll be glad to drive you home in time for your date, especially if it's with Sargeant White."

A New Discovery

After a classroom appeal this week for cadet contributions to the column, A/C Harold Smith, U.K., turned in this fine sample of his poetic abilities, entitled:

"ON GUARD"
At four o'clock the guard did mount;
There was no band, nor show of force
As through the night each sentry crept
To watch without relief.

The Winter wind blew bitter cold
And each man at his post did freeze,
But though the minutes ticked away,
He watched without relief.

There came the dawn with frosty light;
Reville sounded, lights appeared—
But though the throng went off to feed,
There still was no relief.

At last, too late, relief did come,
But sentries at their posts were still;
Of cold and weariness they died,
For Death was their relief.

—R.0. for Tokyo—

DR. POLGAR ENTERTAINS CADETS AT CARLSTROM, DORR

By Lieut. James Beville

ARCADIA.—Cadet detachments at both Carlstrom and Dorr Fields were guests last Sunday and Monday nights at a special entertainment feature provided by J. P. Polgar for their benefit when Dr. Franz J. Polgar performed feats of memory and hypnosis.

Dr. Polgar, a Hungarian by birth, but an "American by choice," is a graduate of the University of Budapest and has followed as his profession for many years the study of the mind and hypnosis on scientific basis. Currently, however, his remarkable ability has been transferred from scientific studies to the making of mental and physical features designed to help with morale-building among service men, and, in this capacity, is one of the outstanding members of the USA. His itineraries include calls at numerous centers about the country where men in the service are stationed.

Remember? That's Easy for Him!

Among his features as presented at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields the past week were unusual feats of memory which included the rapid memorizing of long lists of both names and numbers, all of which he repeated to the audiences upon call by various members of the audience. Dr. Polgar further displayed his powers along these lines by thumbing through a popular magazine for a few minutes, then distributing the magazine's pages, one by one, to members of the audience, who in turn mentioned the page numbers and were given a prompt reply as to the "jist" of the printed words thereon.

Each of the evening entertainments were completed by a display of mass hypnosis wherein from ten to twenty cadets were hypnotized at one time. Prompted by Dr. Polgar's powers, quartets were organized and songs rendered extemporaneously by many who, ordinarily, laid no claim to musical knowledge, together with other incidents both amusing and interesting.

Dr. Polgar was accompanied on his trip here by Mrs. Polgar and by Mrs. J. P. Riddle, the latter returning Dr. and Mrs. Polgar to Miami following the Monday night performance at Carlstrom Field.
FEBRUARY 5, 1942
Emsry-Sidgmai Fly Paper *Stick To It*}

Mentioning Municipal Base
By Lynelle Rabun & Bill Jaster

Old Ones Graduate, New Ones Start
Among our ever-growing list of flight graduates we find, for this commercial test and taking a job in Clewiston on the Link trainers, Eugene Le Mire the proud possessor of a commercial ticket, August Picken as a full-fledged instructor and Hansford Tyler wearing wings for the first time after successfully completing the primary C P T P. Heartfelt congratulations to all of you boys.

New students are coming into our fold daily, the latest crop being John Hayworth, Robert Lewis, Willard Van Wormer, George and Frank Blake, Cecil Coffrin, C. H. Judd, Herbert Heath, Harry Abrin and Lee Berkowitz. They vary from instructors to beginners and appear to be a grand bunch of fellows. Old friend and former student back with us again is Jimmie Donehue, who is knocking himself out in instructor ground school.

Graduates Become Flight Instructors
Lee Lord finally got back from his vacation in New York and then disappointed us by going to work for Pan American. We are glad to see you get ahead, though, Lee.

Added to the roll call of instructors are Lucius Rees, Jim Pollard and Bob Marshall, thus bringing the total of instructors to 16—and that's not counting Charlie Barnhardt or Lt. Burgin, who are ace instructors themselves.

False Alarm, Both Ways!
Tense moment of the week, here, was the testing of the new air raid warning signal. Its intermittent "brrrat-brrrat" is extremely nerve racking and came almost at the same time that Instructor Pator and student Jennings washed out an alleran in a half-hearted ground loop. Everybody's heart jumped on that one.

Pat McGeehee went to West Palm Beach and passed both written and physical for the air corps and was highest in the group. He's back with us, however, to finish his instructor course.

We sure miss Gene Smith since she got her private license. We were all glad to see you get it, Gene. Drop in and see us sometime.

Looky Them Platinum Tools!
Wayne Tucker, one of the newer mechanics out here, is the envy of the whole maintenance crew and his glorified tool box (826) is the pride of Embry-Riddle. The tools in it are valued at $100 and will continue to be worth more as the shortage increases. Not only that, but he is sporting a new motorcycle with new tires and all. Wotta lucky man.

Tom Lindsay, former chief of the line crew, is now in the air corps and Red Friant has taken his place. New member of the crew is Wallace Dunn. Welcome, Wally.

Has everyone noticed how the feminine influence of our two charming instructors has toned down the language of "the boys"? About the worst we hear around this place now is, "oh, phooey."

Brass Hats, Huh?
The Florida Defense Force has now acquired all the necessary identification bars and symbols. In fact, the government might take over the whole works because of all the brass they are taking away from national defense. Who remarked that the members are beginning to look like Christmas trees?

You should have seen Peter Brooks take up a Grummman with 1100 h.p. the other day. He was 2,000 feet up by the time he reached the far end of the field. That, my friends, is tall climbing.

——Keep 'Em Flying——

Country Club Draws Many of Gang to Dance
MIAMI.—It seemed almost like a School Party at the Coral Gables Country Club last Saturday evening... there were that many of our students and employees having a good time there.

Among those seen "flitting the light fantastic" were Bob Bartholomew, Paul Fleming, Claude Lee and Bill Landrum, Municipal Base flight students or graduates; Bob Hosford, Buddie Carruthers and "Scotty" McLaugh- lan, Riddle Field flight instructors, and Lee Harrell, former Carlstrom Field flight instructor now with Pan American Airways.

Joe Garcia and Bob Thompson were in from Clewiston, but were not at the dance. Also we learned that Tom Gammage, Municipal graduate, has joined the Naval Air Service and is now at Atlanta... and Bill McDougall, who went from the Miami police force to Municipal, thence to Primary instruction at Carlstrom, has now been trans­ ferred to Riddle Field at Clewiston.

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

Movimientos Juveniles en El Uruguay
Por Aquilino Machado Peekiha
El Uruguay siempre a permanecido al tanteo de los acontecimientos que se relacionan con el conflicto entre la democracia y las hordas bárbaras del nazismo. Ha estado siempre de pié, para defender el derecho y la libertad, que todo hombre consciente, debe y quiere tener, y que las huestes totalitarias, los hombres máquinas, pretendan sosjuzgando pueblos, llamarle nuevo régimen.

Antes de traducirme a este país, asistí a una de las últimas conferencias realizadas en pro de las democracias.

Su esencia y fines capitales eran demostrar el sentimiento de indignación, que había causado la alevosa agresión del Japón a la gran democracia del Norte. En todos los lugares del universo, trabajan solapadamente las quintas columnas; y como el Uruguay, todos los países de América, deben ponerse abiertamente contra lo que no desean el bienestar común, para implantar “doctrinas” por la fuerza. Lo hora en que vivimos, es de definiciones, y la entablada entre los totalitarios y las democracias es terrible y no reconocen fronteras. Nosotros combatimos por todos los medios a los nazi-fascistas vergonzantes; por la la radio, por la prensa y en las tribunas. Nuestro afán primordial, es deparar la democracia uruguaya, de los que le pueblan, ya ha señalado sus tra­iores.

"K.O. for Tokyo!"

Main office, — We are all waiting anxiously to hear from Dick His who left here Jan. 18, to go in the Army Air Corps. He has heard nothing other than he went to Maxwell Field, in Alabama, but as soon as we have some word we'll give you a detailed report.

Riddle Instructors Win First Half of Tri­County Basketball League
By Jack Hopkins
The Riddle Instructors were crowned champions of the Tri­County Independent Basketball League first half, with a record of six wins and one loss. The Ridders defeated Clewiston, Belle Glade, Lake Worth, South Bay, Moore Haven, and the Mechanics. Their only defeat was a 24-23 decision dropped to Pahokee. The second half of the league starts Monday, the 2nd, with the Ridders opening up at Moore Haven.

At a practice session last Thursday evening, Coach Charles "Tubby" Owens stated that his team was improving and that he felt they would be ready for the Tech school cagers when the series is arranged. The Riddler lineup consists of the following: Lou Place, Jimmy Taylor, Frank Winkler, Paul Prior, Bob Walker, Frank Devogulis, Johnny Davis, L Blount and Jack Hopkins. One more player is being obtained to round out the squad. New uniforms, consisting of black trunks trimmed in red, and red shirts with black numerals, make the Ridders look like a team at least.

It is hoped that the rest of the gang at Riddle Field, and the Cadets as well, will give the team their support by their attendance at all of the home games which are played in Clewiston.

"Be Alive When You Arrive!"

Tech Quintet Sits Tight in First Place
By Howard Beazley
Last Thursday night the Tech team put themselves solidly into first place by beating the Knights of Columbus five, 43 to 24.

Embry-Riddle started off to a fast scoring pace and were never behind at any point of the game. Baldwin, Embry-Riddle, was high scorer with 14 points and Leather­man second with 12 points.

Box score:
Embry-Riddle... K. of C.
Baldwin 14 S. Jostrom 0
Bromer 9 J. Harvey 4
Leatherman 12 Nolín 8
Lundblom 8 Blake 8
Hamilton 4 Barret 4
Abrams 2 Niehols 0
Turrinedeed 0 Dunn 0

Individual Scoring of Players

In Eight Games

Baldwin (5 games) 104 points
Leatherman... 70 points
Lundblom 64 points
Turrinedeed 34 points
Bromer 34 points
Abrams 10 points
DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN

Jack Barrington, Editor

AH, THE TRUTH AT LAST?

By Jack Barrington

The sky is the limit this week; after a great deal of persuasion we have received permission to give you the news from Dorr Field just as we see it.

Nothing But “Vital” Information

Let's start with a few statistics which clearly show how much we have expanded since the days of our infancy. The arrival of twenty more planes has brought the total number up to CENSORED. Our cadet corps has grown from CENSORED to CENSORED. The Instructor staff at present number CENSORED, and including the CENSORED move to be added at the completion of the current refresher class. We hope this will give you some idea of the important part we are now playing in the National Defense Program.

“Oh, Boy! Oh, Boy!”
The dance at the Instructor's Club on the 28th featured a 16-piece colored band (all brass), Mr. Fruda and a quantity of CENSORED. The following morning featured Robert (our good man Friday), 500 empty coca cola bottles, two strangers who didn't know they got there, and a member of the band looking for a trumpet, two trombones and bass drum.

Anyone interested in adopting a two-month-old pup may contact this correspondent. He has on hand four males and two CENSORED of assorted colors and breeds.

Incidentally, Mr. Gates, there has been some talk of censoring that calendar on the west wall of your office.

From our observation of the Guards about the Post we have found them to be well armed with everything from thirty-eights to sawed-off shot guns. However, we are curious to know just who carries the slingshot we saw hanging in the gate-house on our last visit.

Dr. Polgar, Come Back, Please!

By the way, we would thoroughly enjoy a return visit by Dr. Polgar. His performance was extremely interesting, both educational and amusing. After observing what he could do with a glass of water, I think he could save the boys a great deal at the next dance and it also appears to us that if we could develop mental telepathy in all our instructors we could save some sore throats and throw away the gags—but then it might be embarrassing at times.

Where Are the Movies?
The first nighters turned out in force Monday night for the new movie project which was held in the dining hall—Thursday night's performance was somewhat confused due to the fact that some of the boys reported to the Dining Hall and some to the Ground School for this movie—though that should be corrected by the completion of our new Hangar.

We understand that the bricklayers Fruda, Dwinnell and Sharman are constructing a barbeque pit at the Pilot's Club. This should be an ideal place for it due to the large inside seating capacity in case of rain. Do I smell barbeque in the near future?

—“Mum's the Word: Don't Talk”—

WHAT'S HAPPENING ? ? ?

What goes on in our back yard at the Tech School? There is much activity there—bulldozers, labor crews, trucks and what nots, working like mad... yet nobody seems to know what they're doing.

Best we can find out is that they are building two tennis courts, a ball diamond, a rugby field, a volleyball court and ... sssh! Nobody will talk. But keep your eye on that spot. Remember, patience is a great virtue!

Adventures of CADET BURPLEY

by Jack Hart

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION:

Now that we are at war we might renew the War Department's request for your cooperation in the use of the national slogan, "KEEP 'EM FLYING!" for the duration of the war. Let "KEEP 'EM FLYING" be our battle cry.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING" pertains to our flags, the wheels of industry, workers' hands, and all our activities as well as to airplanes. It is already being used extensively by individuals, fraternal, civic, patriotic and business organizations. The objective is to get people everywhere to use the phrase "KEEP 'EM FLYING!" as an every-day expression of felicity and high morale.

The use of the phrase "KEEP 'EM FLYING!", or the above design modified to meet your desires in any way practicable and agreeable to you that will keep it constantly before the public, will help. The following are offered simply as suggestions of a few possible effective uses:

(a) Employees use "KEEP 'EM FLYING!" to departing customers or visitors, and at the conclusion of telephone conversations.

(b) Incorporating either "KEEP 'EM FLYING!" or the design in newspaper, magazine, and other advertising or printed matter.

(c) Using "KEEP 'EM FLYING!" in radio scripts or as a program sign-off.

Thanking you for your prompt and favorable consideration of this appeal for purely voluntary and patriotic cooperation.

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

E. S. ADAMS, Major General,
The Adjutant General

P. S. The Army needs many thousands of young men every month for training as aviation cadets to become bombardiers, navigators and pilots. Information can be obtained at any Army Recruiting Station.

OKEECHOBEE OFFICIALS VISIT MIAMI BASES

MIAMI—Representative William Hendry and Councilman Page of the City Council of Okeechobee, Fla., were guests of George Wheeler and Emmett Varney for luncheon in the school cafeteria and then made an inspection tour of the Technical School and the CPT training program at Municipal, in which they showed considerable interest and enthusiasm.

Both Hendry and Page commented that they had no idea, before this visit, that our school offered such extensive possibilities in the training of students. They expressed particular interest in the recently arrived Latin American members of our rapidly growing family.
ALUMNI CLUB NEWS AND LETTERS
Bud Belland, Secretary


To the Editor, Embry-Riddle "Fly Paper"

Dear Sir:

Looking through some of the old copies of the "Fly Paper" I noticed you offer to send a copy to relatives or friends.

Well, I don't know just how many postings we are allowed, but I'm hoping that you can manage these two:

Mr. B. N. Coles Coplace Road, Grove Hill, Middlesborough, Yorks, England.

L. A. C. Davies, W. B. Royal Air Force C/o Southern Rhodesian Air Force, P. D. Box 1370, Salisbury, South Rhodesia

(This is my buddy who's on the same job as I am but he went east and is now in the Pacific.)

If it is possible I should be obliged if you could send the back copies from January 8th up to the present as well. Should you not be able to send on the back copies I should be obliged if you would let us know.

The following was told me in all good faith—however, "I ha' ma doets." A cadet was doing gilding practice, this happened after we had been here a week (around the 15th of this month) and his instructor said, "Hey! Mister! You're gilding too fast." So Cadet Blank immediately applied his brushes. Bet that revolutionized Theory of Flight!

Thanking you and all the gang for giving us such live news, I am Yours faithfully,

J. D. Coles, P. S. If I'm allowed more than two copies I should be very pleased to send on addresses.

Editor's note: The more the merrier, Mr. Coles! Send as many addresses as you wish.

"Pay Your Taxes—Rent the Aks!"

Eric Hall Goes Poetic!

Eric Hall is a pilot at Embry-Riddle Field. He is a good pilot, and he has written some poetry for publication here. If you can make it out, we couldn't.

The spring is springing, De gross is rise, I wonder where all de boidies is? De Boidies! De Boss on w'ing. Now ain't that aboid— I tol de wing was on de bold! What can we say to a poem like that? Anyway, Eric, thanks for the letter, and we are all glad to hear that the many Riddlets up there are doing so well. Keep 'em Flying!

And a postal card from Irwin W. Carter to Lieutenant Burgin at Municipal—mailed from "somewhere in Mexico," it says, "We made the trip okay and start flying immediately. As soon as we get 15 hours more on instruments we'll start flying Breezers, which should be swell. Best regards to all the gang at Embry-Riddle."

"Keep 'Em Flying!"

Dear Mr. Belland:

As I am about to graduate from the school here, returning to XXX I would like to "keep in touch," so I am writing to you.

If you would send "Fly Paper" to my home address in England, it is as follows: R. G. Wigmore, Corozal, Belize, British Honduras.

I have always looked forward to reading the "family news" and I know my people will be very interested.

May I also say, "Thanks" for the way in which you looked after us during our visits to Miami— I remember a night at the "Country Club" and Miami Bittmore.

Yours sincerely,

Robert G. Wigmore, U/K Editor, Fly Paper P. O. Box 668 Miami, Florida

"Keep 'Em Always Flying."

Sincerely,

Lt. A. L. Bachmann

"Be Alive When You Arrive"

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

By Ad Thompson

Editor's Note—We're sorry to report that our trusty correspondent has been down and out with a bad cold. However, Ad is recovering, and he will be back next week with more news.
This ‘n’ That

For the past week this column has been taking a beating for the error of placing the name of the U. of Austin, instead of that of the U. of Florida in the football schedule. We would like to apologize for this error.

The Maintenance shop has moved to its new quarters in the basement. Jim McShane continues to spread his Aircraft Department over the third floor.

We Accept the Challenge

At the last Embry-Riddle family party I was introduced to Coach (Tubby) Owens, who has challenged the Tech team to a series of three basketball games. Jim McShane has made arrangements for the YMCA floor for Saturday, February 7, and the big three-game series will start at 8 p.m. Admission, 25c per person. Everybody should turn out and see this game.

Dave Abrams, math and blue print instructor, had four of the Latin-American cadets visiting his alma mater, U. of Miami, last Saturday afternoon.

Anyone interested in Aviation should get the February 2 copy of LIFE. There are some swell pictures of America’s fighting army in full color. Well worth the dime.

Mrs. Dick, from the mimeograph department, is finishing up Phillip de la Rosa’s new aviation-terms dictionary. The book has the English name and translation into Spanish. Sneaking a preview of the unfinished book, I found it very clear and complete in its descriptions.

Yeah, We Play Soccer, Too!

Sheet metal Instructor Jim Pyott, former coach of soccer at Franklin and Marshall College, has taken over the soccer activities of the Latin-American students. Maybe the English cadets in the Embry-Riddle family would like to play the Latin-American students at some later date.

Boy meets girl, and so on, seems to have held true with a certain Argentina cadet and a very good-looking brunette from the downstairs office.

The “pent house” at the Tech school is being made into office space for the Main Office. Last week I was up there and almost got put into a partition, the carpenters are working that fast to complete them! For your own sake, don’t go up there! You might become a door or part of a wall.

“Pay Your Taxes—Beat the Axis”

TECH SCHOOL GOES ON FULL SCHEDULE

Justifying Ye Editor’s opinion that A. W. Throgmorton would make an aggressive and competent Director for our Technical Division of Embry-Riddle, the formal dinner for all Tech Department heads given at the cafeteria last week, at which time the new Director made a quiet, forceful talk, stressing the need for complete organization and cooperation among the different departments, “to insure maximum efficiency during the emergency, and afterwards.”

The New Schedule

While it was strictly a “family affair,” much that was said is of interest to our readers. . . . the Tech School will go on an immediate schedule of eight hours of day classes and five hours of evening classes, to be expanded as soon as possible into an even more intensive program to supply the trained men necessary to keep our flying ships in the air.

What startled us more than anything we’ve heard for some time was Throgmorton’s statement that it takes between 15 and 32 men on the ground, in all capacities, to keep one plane in the air. “It is not likely,” he added.

RIDING THE RIDDLE “BUS” FROM DAWN TO REVILLE

(Continued from Page 1)

flight instruction on the AT’s . . . W. A. Matney, the radio man, “flew” past us on some mission.

In the Administration Building

Jimmy Durden gave us the report on the first moving pictures . . . 86 cadets present . . . the sound was bad on the first showings, but that has been “licked” new with the addition of another loud-speaker . . . Ve Button volunteered as Riddle Field Society Editor . . . Fletcher Gardiner was moaning over a column of “fixers” that wouldn’t balance . . . Manager G. Tyson, spick and span in a new uniform, but mighty white in the face. . . . “Not sure!” how he felt, but probably something he ate.

“Tubby” Owens made final arrangements for the basketball game at the Miami “Y” this Saturday evening, 8 p.m. . . . Riddle Instructors vs. Tech School . . . met J. Hopkins, dispatcher—an ex-newspaperman, he volunteered to help Frank Deregibus with the Clewiston News Letter . . . Bob Towsen didn’t like the picture of Alice in The Fly Paper but was too weak to resist it . . . he had a bad cold for weeks . . . QUESTION: What was Mort Feldman doing at Okeechobee the other night? . . . RANDOM THOUGHT . . . some time when the bus is running empty, why not ship up a few hundred coconuts to Carlstrom . . . bet lots of these English boys never saw a coconut in its native dress . . . and we’d like to see them trying to husk one!

30 Minutes at Carlstrom

Running on schedule . . . 30 minutes allowed at Carlstrom Field . . . Lieutenant Jim Beville, for whom we have more respect each time we see him, reported 238 U/K Cadets at the “show” . . . the pictures are being run in the Mess Hall at 8:00 . . . and, we bear, one of the British Cadets named Huppern has been trained as “operator” . . . his family have four theaters in London . . . Ralph Kiel and Charlie Ebberts shooting publicity pix in front of the Canteen . . . Jack Hobler in the Ground School . . . with a clean shirt and very formal . . . he had a class.

With two minutes left for the Administration Building, it was a case of in again and out again . . . Kay Bramlitt told us “one on Hobler” . . . rest easy, girls, Jack is NOT married . . . sorry to have missed Nate Reece, but will see him next trip.

Dinner is Lunch Stop

At Dorr we lost our last north-bound passenger when Johnson got out . . . but picked up another passenger in the person of Bill O’Neal, who would travel back with us as far as Clewiston . . . all this happened before lunch . . . so we stop at the Dorr Mess Hall long enough to fuel the body . . . how do they serve such meals for 35c . . . steak, potatoes, hominy, salad, apricots, cake, coffee, milk and bread, butter and rolls . . . joining our table Dud Whitman and a group of new instructors whom we didn’t know . . . “cold upthere . . . never have out!”

Doctor “Nightengale,” recently promoted to captain, stopped past the table to ask Andy to buy some hardware for him in Miami . . . he meant those captain’s bars for his shoulders . . . along with his promotion he got a new secretary . . . Miss Margaret Estelle, better known as “Marky” . . . from Jersey and points east.

Saw Captain Len Povey looking over the new Ground School . . . thought he was getting fat . . . but it was only those “extra” coats and jackets . . . see? . . . Well, hold your hats, kids, we’re off on the return trip . . . arriving Miami by 5:00, sure! . . . wotta ride!

WE GOTTA NURSE

MIAMI—With the organization of a “Sick Bay,” First Aid room and Hospital at Tech School, we now see “Uncle Jim” McShane’s lovely wife Betty, running around in a spick and span nurse’s uniform. Betty, we learned, is a registered nurse, graduated by a Houston, Texas, hospital, and will stand by during working hours to give immediate first-aid to any student or employee requiring it.