SALESMEN "COME IN" FOR MEETING AT TECH SCHOOL
MIA-MI.—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 in the form of "impressions" or "happenings" around 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 Keehn, 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 Glosser, Daytona Beach; Ralph Tatun, Atlanta, Ga.; Gwynne Richard, 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 Instructional Teams 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 25c 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, chil- len! It’s 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... .

For a "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 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 SUTURE, all looking for jobs at Riddle Field on the Maintenance crew... . (P. S. They all get 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 389 miles per day, with the bus covering about 12,000 miles per month... a 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 8, Col. 3
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,
Parading to salute the flag
Is hardly the way to start der tag.
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

Just twenty minutes to do our chores:
Wash our face, sweep the floors,
Polish those 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 Ticker cries:
"Hurry up there, prepare to rise!"
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

Down to flying; whooppee, whookey
You're within fifty yards, put out the smokes.
Mark time, start! 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 knees;
Get head and eye co-ordination.
What! You can't hear—inevitable!
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 pinhole.
Get eager, chaps, get eager!

Rhumb Line Rupert takes us next
On Navigation according to the text;
Gyrosopes, 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 upper 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 Alike When You Arrive"
Amanuense Reports on Riddle Field Clewiston
By Ye Button

Between the problems of the 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-Ihole" 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 "Wee-Woo." He is still the little minx that wants to play at the most inopportune time. You'll hardly know him now. He's grown sooo big. 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.

Well, 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 Reece 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 an acting 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, volley ball, 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 Warm Springs Foundation.

PAY YOUR TAXES—BEAT THE AKS

Diving Into Water

Program

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture

"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

Feature Picture

"There Goes My Heart"
with
Frederic March
Virginia Bruce

Thursday, 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
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS
Jack Hobler, Editor

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 sirens, 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 of 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, @#!?!!—I'll bet you won't hit these two!"

And he swears he's had no trouble since.

Yuh Gotta THINK to "Keep 'Em Flying"

Then, too, we'd like to bring 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 Monkeysheen

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 basboards 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 Egiggins 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 has only been here a week.

According to Len Povey, Mr. Egiggins' "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. Pilot Officer Carlstrom, 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 peaked 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 think he's being unfaithful. Our new Refresher Class includes none other than that 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-ry, ye have verra disgusting hobbies. Lawst night a re-ravishing br-r-runette, 'n' to-night ye've a bloomin' blondie!"—"Now we 'ave a chicken in Theory v' 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 contribution to week 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.O. for Tokyo!"

DR. POLGAR ENTERTAINS CADETS AT CARLSTROM, DORR

By Lieut. James Bivreu

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. Riddle 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 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 promulgation of educational features designed to help with morale-building among service men, and, in this capacity, is one of the outstanding members of the USO. 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 thumping 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, held 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.
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 Pickens as full-fledged instructor and Hansford Tyler wearing wings for the first time after successfully completing the primary CPTP. 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 Dochau, who is knocking himself out in instructor ground school.

Graduates Become Flight Instructors

Lee Lord went to the Florida Defense Force with 2,000 h.p. and taking a ticket, he is now at Atlanta . . . . 

Jaster

Look! The! Platinum! Tools!

Wayne Tucker, one of the newer instructors out here, is the envy of the whole maintenance crew and his glorified tool box ($200) 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.

Tense moment of the week, "Mum's the word; Don't Talk" —

MOVIMIENTOS JUVENILES EN EL URUGUAY

Por Aquilino Machado Parrila

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 pie, para defender el derecho y la libertad, que todo ser humano consciente, debe y quiere tener, y que las huestes totalitarias, los hombres máquinas, pretenden sosujugando pueblos, llamarle nuevo régimen.

Antes de transladarme 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 nefasta 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 deseas el bienestar común, para implantar "doctrinas" por la fuerza. Lo haremos en que vivimos, de definiciones, y la entablada entre los totalitarios y las democracias es terrible y no reconoce fronteras. Nuestros 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 depurar la democracia uruguaya, de los que le pueblan, ya ha señalado sus trazos.

"K.O. for Tokyo!" —

RIDDLE INSTRUCTORS WIN FIRST HALF OF TRICOUNTY BASKETBALL LEAGUE

By Jack Hopkins

The Riddle Instructors were crowned champions of the Tri-County Independent Basketball League first half, with a record of six wins and one loss. The Riddlers defeated Clewiston, Belle Glade, Belle, 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 Riddlers 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 Deveugle, 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 Riddlers 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 QUIET SITS TIGHT IN FIRST PLACE

By Howard Brasel

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
Broner 0 Navy 0
Weatherman 12 Nolin 8
Lundblom 8 Blake 8
Hamilton 4 Barret 4
Abrams 2 Nichols 0
Turnipseed 0 Dunn 0

Individual Scoring of Players in Eight Games

Baldwin (5 games) 104 points
Leatherman 79 points
Lundblom 64 points
Turnipseed 34 points
Broner 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 numbers CENSORED, and including the CENSORED more 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 one 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 slung shot 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 preps—but then it might be embarrassing at times.

Where Are the Movies?

The first nighters turned out in force Monday night for the newly opened 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 the new Hangar.

We understand that the bricklayers Fruda, Dwinell and Sharman are constructing a barbecue 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 barbecue 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... ssssh! 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 I 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

Back again after a too-long absence due to lack of space, the Alumni Club section "rides again"... first report from a "graduate" is F. Webster Wiggin, formerly manager at the Seaplane Base in Miami, and now at the Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas—but here is "Wiggles" letter, which speaks for itself:

"Dear Editor—

Just a line to let you know that the E-R boys are well represented here. I have been made Chief Flight Instructor at the Instructor’s School and had the pleasure of putting Tommy Coles through his paces. He graduated above average and is now instructing in one of the primary squadrons and doing ok.

If S. Duval who went through secondary at Miami, is a Second Lieutenant in the Marines and is going through the school now.

"Jack Ott is here as a cadet and his flight record so far is excellent. All of them join me in wishing all of you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

"If it weren’t for strict censorship I’d like to give you some interesting facts about this station, but—"Says La Guerre!—"I am hoping for a transfer back to Miami—when don’t I know, but I’m hoping. If so, I’ll see you all— if not, I’ll keep in touch.

"Sincerely,

F. W. WIGGINS."

—Keep ‘Em Flying—

BACK FROM ENGLAND

Billy Hanks, well known to many of "Our Gang" around Miami, has just returned after more than a year in England, where he ferried many types of R.A.F. ships between the factories and front lines. Alive, well and happy, Billy says that he "wouldn’t swap that experience for a million dollars." After a brief vacation with his family in Miami, he will return "to the job."

Seen at the opening of the swank Brook Club last week was Lieut. Joe Thomas talking to our Seaplane Base graduate, the beautiful Babs Beckwith.

U/K A/C Coles, J.D.
Barracks 7-11, A-2 Squadron
Carlstorm Field, Fla.
Jan. 30, 1942

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
Copice Road, Grove Hill, Middlesborough, Yorks., England.

L. A. C. Davies, W. B.
Royal Air Force
c/o Southern Rhodesian Air Force,
P. O. Box 1379,
Salisbury, South Rhodesia
(This is my buddy who’s on the same job as I am but he went east.

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 doens." A cadet was doing gliding practice, this happened after we had been here a week (around the 15th of this month) and his instructor said, "Hey! Mister! You’re gliding too fast!" So Cadet Blank immediately applied his brakes. But 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 Axis—

Eric Hall Goes Poetic!

Then comes a letter from Eric Hall, U/K, Carlstrom Field flight graduate now at Gunter Field, Alabama—You’ll remember Eric as being the one who always did such a swell job of putting on the Cadet shows, and he hasn’t changed a bit since his "Carlstrom Eddies" days. In fact, he enclosed a little poem for publication here—maybe you can make it out, we couldn’t!

The spring is springing,
De gross ist riz.
I wender where all de boizies iz?
De Boodies! Deh o’ my wing.
Now ain’t thiz about—
I toit de wing iz on de boid!

Don’t be confused by it.

What can we say to a poem like that? Anyway, Eric, thanks for the letter, and we’re all glad to hear that the many Riddleites up there are doing so well. Keep ‘em Flying!

And a postal card from Irwin W. Carter in Lieut. 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 Bostwessers, which should be swell. Best regards to all the gang at Embry-Riddle."

—Keep ‘Em Flying—

Don Mr. Belland:

As I am about to graduate from the school here, returning to XXX I would like to "keep in touch," so would be obliged if you would send “Fly Paper” to my home address in England. It is as follows:

R. G. Wigmore, Esq.,
"Coombe"
Wallington Rd.,
Birtola, Glo.

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—"Embrace" on the way, the “Country Club" and Miami Biltmore.

Yours sincerely,

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

Wigmore, R.G.

—Be Alive When You Arrive—

Don Beardslee gave me good foundation in the rudiments of flying that I unfortunately wasn’t able to keep up or expand because of the expense of flying. However, it has helped a great deal—so far here. If you see him around on any of his visits please give him my best regards.

Please give my best regards to Bob Johnson, Max Husted and any of the others that were in the old outfit in the summer of 1941.

Very truly yours,

PHILIP CHENEY,

"Mum’s the Word! Don’t Talk!"

LIEUTENANT ALVIN L. BACHMANN

53 LENOX AVENUE

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

January 21st

Editor Embry-Riddle "Fly Paper"

Miami, Florida

Dear Bud:

I have just returned from a visit to Central America, Corozal being one of my stops enroute home to the U. S. via Vera Cruz, Mexico. And I was somewhat surprised and pleased to see the Embry-Riddle school emblem on posters in Corozal, and also in Campuche. If, for one, know the fine work that you, and the personnel at Embry-Riddle trying times.

I also would like to express my appreciation to you for the way that you are taking ahold of our Latin-American friends and teaching them the ‘Flying Game’ the way that it should be taught. I have a very good friend in Corozal, who is trying his best to save enough money to come to Miami and attend your school, to become one of the lucky fellows from down under to have had the honor to learn to fly and fight for his country.

You have him on your "Fly Paper" list, and he tells me that he never misses a word of what is written therein. All this adds up to simply this, Bud, I hope that the good work that you people are doing for Aviation, will not go unnoticed much longer. My best regards to you and the gang at E. R. "Keep ‘Em Always Flying."

Sincerely,

Lt. A. L. Bachmann

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

By Ed 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 will be back next week with more news.
TECH TALK AND MAIN OFFICE GOSSIP
by Howard Beazel

This 'n That
For the past week this column has been taking a beating for the error of placing Rio de Janeiro in Argentina, when it rightfully belongs to Brazil. My mistake, pardon me!

Through the courtesy of Austin Younts, athletic director of the YMCA, the book has the dictionary. The book has the de la ture.

stairs at Franklin and of the Latin-American students. Spanish.

school is very. Yott, Admission, has been taking a pardon me!

error of the YMCA, I 0

body belongs. Dick, from the mimeograph

Two minutes left for the Administration Building. It was a case of in again and out again. Kay Brammell told us "one on Holbler"... rest easy, girls, Jack is NOT married... sorry to have missed Nate Reece, but will see him next trip...

Dine 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 Bud Whitman and a group of new instructors whom we didn't know... "cold upstairs!... 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 "Markey"... 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!

RIDING THE RIDDLE "BUS" FROM DAWNTO REVILLE
(Continued from Page 1)
flight instruction on the ATS... 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" now with the addition of another loud-speaker... Ve Button volunteered as Riddle Field Society Editor. Fletcher Gardner was moaning over a column of "figgers" 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 Towsom didn't like the picture of Alice in The Fly Paper but was too weak to resent it... had 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 Carlsrom... 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 Carlsrom
Running on schedule... 30 minutes allowed at Carlsrom 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 8:30... and, we hear, one of the British Cadets named Hipperson has been trained as "operator"... his family have four theaters in London... Ralph Kiel and Charlie Ebbets shooting publicity pix in front of the Canteen... Jack Holber in the Ground School... with a clean shirt and very formal... he had a class.

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 all Aircraft Department Heads, for the purpose of discussing problems and procedures. All in all, the general reaction was extremely satisfactory, with the feeling prevailing that our Tech School would go far... and fast!