Riddle Field Quintet, First Game Victors!

Here's the team that "brought home the bacon" by winning the first of the three game basketball series being played against the Tech School. Standing, left to right, are Paul Prior, Jack Hopkins, Francis Winkler and Manager Charles "Tubby" Owens; kneeling, left to right, L. Blount, Lou Place and Jim Taylor. Not pictured was Bob Walker, who was a little late getting there . . . for a good reason. The next game in this series will be in Clewiston this Saturday, at 8 p.m. Don't miss it!

GEORGIA SELECTS EMBRY-RIDDLE FOR STATE VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Adding still another feather to the well-decorated Embry-Riddle war bonnet was the announcement made Tuesday that the State of Georgia has selected our School as an integral part of their vocational training program.

The Georgia Vocational Educational Service, under the direction of P. S. Barrett, selects eligible young Georgians, verifies their employability with a well-known airline, and then sends them to our School for a three months' intensified training course in Aircraft Engines, Instruments, etc., as required by the air line. At the completion of their training, they return as specialists to the particular jobs for which they were trained.

During the next year, as many as 200 young men will be trained under this program. Among first arrivals were Sam Kelly, Crawfordville, Ga.; Hillyer T. Johnson, Jefferson, Ga., and Bill Benton, R.P.O. No. 2, Commerce, Ga.

Welcome into our "family," Gawkja boys! We know you'll "Keep Em Flying!"

RIDDLE FIELD QUINTET LEVELS TECH SCHOOL CAGERS, 28-22

Descending from Clewiston with "blitz-like" stamina and team-work, the Riddle Field Instructor's quintet upset the Tech School team 28-22 in a hard fought game at the Miami "Y" last Saturday evening. The first of a three-game series, the next tilt will be played at Clewiston this Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8 p.m.

REMEMBER!

Don't forget to remember the "open house" at George Wheeler's this Saturday afternoon . . . from 5 to 7:30 . . . 1000 Asturia avenue, Coral Gables . . . all employees of the School are invited.

WE DANCE AT DEAUVILLE!

Good news on the entertainment front is the fact that our next School party will be at the MacFadden Deauville, Miami Beach, Saturday, Feb. 21, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. . . . or thereabouts!

Special arrangements with the Deauville management make this possible . . . at no increase in price! Yes, sir! Admission will be only $1.00 per man for four hours of dancing to an excellent orchestra in one of the world's most famous hotels. Note that we say PER MAN! Yep, that's another innovation. To encourage more "unattached" women for visiting Cadets who have no chance to prearrange dates, women in evening dress will be admitted FREE!

FOOD? No! Eat at home this time, but special prices will prevail on other refreshments. DRESS? Optional. Wear what you please . . . but most of the gals will probably wear evening clothes.

TICKETS? Buy them in the Deauville lobby Saturday evening, Feb. 21, 9 p.m.

Play-by-Play

In the opening quarter of the game, both teams sparred around, keeping the score about even. In the second quarter, however, the Riddle Fielders hit their stride, rolling up 22 points over Tech's 13 at the half. The third period saw little scoring on either side, but in the final round, Tech got its second wind and made rapid strides towards equalizing the count.

Predictions about the score in next week's game sound like a typical political campaign . . . says Coach-Manager Charles "Tubby" Owens about the Riddle Fielders, "It's in the bag" . . . Team Manager Howard Beazell and Coach Jim McShane, in one voice, speaking for the Tech Team. "It's in the bag!" "Okay, okay, boys . . . we'll be in Clewiston Saturday evening to see who's right!"

RAFer Sees First Game

Witnessing a basketball game for the first time in his life, was RAF Cadet Ray DENTON, from Clewiston. Extremely interested in this typically American sport, Mr. Denton has promised to write us "A Cadet's Impression of His First Basketball Game" . . . this copy, we hope, will be in next week's FLY PAPER.

Among others in the cheering gallery were Boss Riddle, Tech Director Throgmorten, Grady Masters, Steve Anderson, Scotty McLaughlin, Elaine Devory, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bruce, Betty Abrams, Carl D'Auria, Betty Hair, Mickey

Please turn to Page 2, Col. 1
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

By Ad Thompson

The new “club house” is beginning to look quite sophisticated with the addition of a veranda overlooking the water. Sheltered from sun and rain by a bright yellow awning it is a delightful spot to while away time between flights.

Congratulations to Guy Pagano who climaxd a busy winter vacation by successfully completing his written and flight examinations for Private License Monday. Guy plans to commute between New York City and his summer home in Connecticut by seaplane when the war is over.

New students taking the seaplane refresher course include Willard Van Wormer and Harold Greene. Our cross-country team, Farkas and Rommelare have broken up due to Mr. Rommelare’s return to the northland. Clarissa Ellis is back in town and will keep in practice on the seaplanes throughout the season.

Typical “Duck Pond” Pilot

As soon as we can get all of the barnacle employees off the sick list at one time a botanical expedition will be organized to go to Ruth Nattelson’s home to dig in her tropical garden. Ruth has promised us some shrubbery to plant at the base and will assist in the planting.

Paul Horvath and Clyde Ellis have been as happy as a couple of school boys over an old boat that washed up with the tide on one of those windy days. When tired of playing “go to sea” they painted a big swastika on the topsides and then “blew it up” with the aid of a bombfire and some gasoline!

—“Remember Pearl Harbor”

Box Score

TECH SCHOOL CLEWISTON

Baldwin 2 Prior 6
Leatherman 13 Place 3
Hamilton 3 Walker 5
Lundblom 2 Hopkins 13
Abrams 2 Winkler 4
McShane 0 Taylor 1
Bromer 0 Blount 2

22 23

SHINING EXAMPLE!

We haven’t given an orchid for weeks..., but here’s a group of lads in the School who deserve a little special notice... Lieut. Burgin and all his Flight Instructors out at Municipal Base!

We just heard about it... and think it’s a swell idea! Without any publicity or fanfare, of their own accord, EACH of the Municipal Instructors is buying a $25.00 defense savings bond every pay day... two a month... $50 for democracy!

There are many “good” angles to this deal... it encourages thrift; it provides a “hedge” against rising income taxes; and best of all, it gives Uncle Sam DOLLARS FOR DEFENSE when he needs them most!!

It’s a good idea... why don’t YOU try it! BUY A BOND!

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

President Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Cadetes Intermesamericanos quo cursan aviaci6n en Embry Riddle
Miami, con bocas conferidas por el Gobierno de los E. E. U. U.

desean el Sr. Presidente Franklin Delano Roosevelt, la primera

figura de la democracia en America, muchos afeos de felicidad
y que este año sea año de la Victoria.

Argentina
Bolivia
Chile
Cuba
Ecuador
El Salvador
Honduras
Nicaragua
Paraguay
Uruguay
Venezuela

LEARN TO FLY NOW IN MIAMI!

Embry-Riddle offers short Government-accredited flight courses under some of the country’s best instructors—
at the Municipal Airport or Seaplane Base. Get your pilot's license—you can learn in your spare time!

Thousands of non-military pilots are needed now, for ferry service to foreign countries, and for civilian observation. You can qualify!

3240 N. W. 27th AVE., MIAMI, FLORIDA

PHONE 3-0711
DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO

A QUICK GLANCE AT CHILE

By THE CHILEAN CADETS

Chile is a narrow strip of land of almost 3,000 miles in length and only 100 miles in width. Its territory runs between the high snow-covered Andes mountains and the broad Pacific ocean which bathes its shores all along the territory. In this country, which we Chileans call “the remotest corner of the world,” live about 5,000,000 inhabitants, most of them dedicated to agriculture.

Chile’s richness has been discovered and developed only by its people since they became free in 1810, the third country to get liberty in the whole hemisphere. When the Spanish conquerors settled in wealthy Peru, they were welcomed by the Peruvian Indians about the poorness of their southern neighbor, so the Spaniard hesitated a lot before starting an expedition to the south.

At last, in the middle of the 16th century, Don Diego de Almagro, heading an expedition, started to toward the south. However, he didn’t succeed very well and returned to the Virreinato of Peru giving up definitely the conquest of Chile.

Years after the Almagro’s expedition two outstanding conquerors named Don Pedro de Valdivia and Francisco Pizarro began to enter the forgotten Chilean territory, building several forts and creating cities such as La Serena, which was founded in the year 1546, and Santiago, formerly the capital of the state), founded in February of 1541. This city is across the Mapocho river and circled by two green and beautiful hills named Santa Lucia and San Cristobal.

In Chile, the Spanish warriors encountered the most fierce resistance ever put up by the Indians of any country in South America. The bloody and long war the Spaniards waged for over three centuries against the heroic “ Araucanos” has been the theme for several epic poems which have spread the remarkable courage and the love for their land that those Indians had.

When Napoleon I invaded Spain and took prisoner King Charles II, several “artillists” held a meeting designating a body called “Government Committee,” the 18th of September, 1810, Chilean Independence Day. This Committee ruled Chile until January, 1818, when it proclaimed its independence from Spain.

In the war against Spain, the names of the “Patriots” such as O’ Higgins, the Carreras brothers, and Lord Cochrane, famous English admiral, have passed to posterity.

Once free, Chile began its independent life, creating a high standard of living. Several men whose names are today worshipped by the present generation ruled Chile through a path of progress and order between 1820 and 1860. Nowadays, Chile is a country of great possibilities, since its powerful richness in lumber, minerals, oil, etc., has not yet been well developed.

Like the United States and Argentina, Chile has been chiefly populated by English, Germans, Hungarians, Portuguese, Spaniards, Norwegians and Italians. Primitive Spaniards form two-thirds of its population. Today great industries have been created so the country is slowly turning into an industrial center in South America.

GROWING, GROWING, GROWING! SOME FACTS AND FIGURES!

The old Embry-Riddle School is growing, big and fast, bigger and faster than many of us right in the school realize. Some really eye-opening figures could be culled from our bases at Arcadia and Clewiston, but since that would be a “verbatim” information, we’ll have to concentrate on non-military figures...

At the Tech School in Miami, for instance, Ed China just told us that the new seaplane tank being installed to care for the dormitories will be of 14,000 gallons capacity... with over 3,000 feet of drain field... the biggest installation in Miami since the 1925 “boom”... the installing contractor, by the way, is John Henry O’Neal, whom I’m now flying with the Ferry Command.

NORMAN COOPER MARRIED BETTY BURROUGHS SUNDAY

Surprise of the week came for Ye Editor in the form of a phone call last Saturday from NORMAN COOPER, a Secondary C.T.P. Municipal Base graduate who is now an Ensign in the U.S. Navy Air Force, stationed at the Jacksonville Air Station.

Norm, calling to say “hello” and ask the whereabouts of some of his old pals at Municipal, told us that Sunday was “the” day in his life.

At the Boulevard Lutheran Church he married BETTY BURROUGHS, that pretty little gal he dated during his training in Miami. Following the ceremony, the newlyweds began a tour of the state before returning to Jacksonville.

Morton DuPre, Irvin Glickman and several other of our graduates are doing well at the Jax Air Station, according to Norm.

NEW CLASS U/K VISITS MIAMI BEACH FOR FIRST TIME

By SYD BURROWS

Just as regular as clock work, the cadets commenced to stroll in around mid-afternoon Saturday. This week it was my pleasure to greet some of the new cadet arrivals at Clewiston. Their unanimous vote indicated that Miami Beach was beautiful and that the Colony would definitely see them again.

The first group of boys to arrive, four in number and brand new from the other side, were invited to dinner as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edw. T. Kelley, 987 N. E. 99th St., Miami, and what a “ripping” time they had. The lucky boys were: Mr. Farrow, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Fee and Mr. Dowlen.

There’s very little more I can add except to again thank Mr. Tyson for providing the truck for the boys to get back to camp again. I’m positive they appreciate it.

The “Guest” List


February 12, 1942

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER “Stick To It” Page 3
THIS 'N THAT!
Jim McShane, not to be outdone by Geo. Wheeler's generous house warming this Saturday, promises a "door-chopping" party for his own new home. Sharpen your axes and watch for the opening date!
Jack Stewart, Ass't Aircraft Instructor, spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday last week with Johnnie Fradette at Arcadia renewing his parachute rigger license. Good luck, Jack, and "Keep 'Em Flying."

Sunday, on a mallman's holiday, we visited the sheet metal department and found Chief Inst. H. E. Richter, and Inst. Sid Wood working on some replacement parts for the trainers at Carstrom and Dorr Field.

Who's Going to Dance It?
After the game Saturday, Jim and Betty McShane, Howard and Mary Beazel, Geo. and Elaine Devery took "Tubby" Owens and his gang to one of the "high class" nite spots in Miami. Tubby promised Jim McShane a fan dance for next Saturday night at Clewiston. So, Tubby, we'll be looking forward to that dance.

Among the visitors at the Tech School last week was Ad. Thoms­ton, Chief of the Seaplane Base, looking for some floats for his "babies," Lt. Burgin stopped to say "hello" on his quick dash through the Tech School.

Back of the Tech School a new double tennis court is under construction for "Mother" Murphy and his Latin-American "chicks."

"Keep 'Em Flying."

WHAT TIME IS IT?
Monday. — Just in case you didn't know, the United States of North America went on daylight savings time today. That is, everyone did but Ye Editor! Here it is, mid-morning, and we still don't know what time it is.

Coming into the Main Office a couple of hours late, we're explain­ing the situation like this.... and "sticking to it!"... Sunday after­noon, someone set our clock ahead one hour. When we came in Sunday evening, we set it ahead another hour! Very nice indeed.... only nobody thought to wind the darned thing! Oh, well... it was a good morning for sleeping, any­way!

Malmsten Returns From N. Y.
Lee R. Malm­sten, Ass't Tech School Director, returned to the School Friday from his trip to New York and Washington. While in New York he attended meetings of the National Society of Aeronautics of which he is a member.

In Washington, he conferred with C.A.A. officials on the Latin-American training program. Welcome home, Lee! Dave Harlan, former sheet metal graduate, joined the "Emby-Riddle Family" as Junior Sheet Metal Instructor.

Kirby Smith, new Chief Engine Instructor, is an old friend of Boss Riddle's and Jim McShane, having worked with both of them at the old Lunkin Airport in Cincinnati. We sure hope you'll like the climate and the school, Kirby.

Last week, due to the lack of space, we were unable to carry the sketch of Chile. This week will start the series of sketches of the Latin-American countries.

Hasta la vista.

— "K.O. for Tokyo" —

FOUND
Found at the Main Office in Miami.... an auto use tax stamp! Owner may retrieve same from switch board operator by proving ownership.

Inter-American Cadets Get "Prop" Instruction

TECH SCHOOL, MIAMI — Shown here are South American Cadets Manuel Poveda, El Salvador, center, and Archibald Evans, Chile, right, getting their first look at the "insides" of a Hydro-matic propeller. Chief of Propeller Department Ashton Wiltach­keit, told us that the boys found "everything—" but more confusing than the old "wood sticks!"

TECH SOCCER TEAM PLAYS FIRST GAME
By Jim Pyott, Coach
MIAMI — Sunday there was played the first of a series of soccer (football) matches between teams within the Tech School. This series is being held in order to give every­one a chance to play this tough and exciting game. It will also give the "coach" an opportunity to look over them and select the best men to make up a team to challenge any soccer team at University of Miami, Arcadia or Clewiston.

Some outstanding players were in Sunday's game and though the score, 6-0, looks one sided, the "Equipo del Rio de la Plata" had to work hard to score their goals. The "Equipo del Pacifico" was handicapped by the absence of several good players. Sunday, February 15, there will be another match between the same teams. Everyone is welcome! The small field used now on 31st street, only two blocks from the Tech School.

"Equipo del Pacifico" was made up of men from Paraguay, Bolivia, Ecuador, Nicaragua.

"Equipo de la Plata" was made up of men from Argentina and Uruguay.

IT'S A BOY!
FLASH — Over the Ogden's house. . . it's a boy! Seven pounds and 13 ounces, he was born at Jackson Memorial Hospital 10 p.m. Feb. 4, Jean's own birthday! The newcomer's name, . . . Philip Ogden, Junior.

At the last report, Jean, Phil, Sr. and Phil, Jr. were all doing fine. "Tis rumored that the young man's education has been planned along those lines. . . . from 8 to 12 years, model building and reading of aircraft books; from 12 to 16 years, elementary Aircraft and Engines course at the Tech School; from 16 to 18 years, flight training at Municipal Base; at the 18th birthday, either a flight instructor or Air Corps Cadet at Dorr Field. Well, that takes care of that!

— "Mum's the Word! Don't Talk!"

MAIN OFFICE VISITORS
A goodly number of visitors to the Main Office this week, among those we noted were Carrol House from R. A. L. Arcadia; G. Tyson and Tommie Teate from Clewiston; Max Husted from Pan American Airways; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mc­Cumber and Bill, Helen Drabeck's family from Chicago, down for a month's vacation; Vaughn Dekle, Tech grad now at Intercontinental; Col. Douglas Givens, Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio; Warren Smith, and Lieut. Van Burgin, Arthur Gibbons and Betty Hais, representing Municipal Base. Betty, by the way, celebrated her first anniversary with the School on Feb. 5.

— "K.O. for Tokyo" —

NOTICE THE ADVERT!:
Special attention is called to the picture in this week's Embry­Riddle advertisement. Taken at Municipal Base about 8 months ago, the picture shows, left to right, MAX HUSTED, then a flight in­structor and now a pilot on Pan American Airways; SELVIN GARVER, then a flight student and now a flight instructor at Carlstrom Field, R.A.I.; and BILLY MCDougall, then a flight in­structor at Municipal and now in­structor at Riddle-McKay, Clewiston. "Our" boys sure get around!
DORR FIELD NEWS BULL-ETIN
Jack Barrington, Editor

by Ed Morey

Whoopee!

The Dorr Field athletes are really riding the crest of the wave these days. Last week our Army basketball team chalked up a 19 to 17 win over the local High School boys in a hotly contested game that ended in a 17-17 tie and had to be played into an extra period that was cut short when Lieut. Phillips shot the winning goal after about two minutes to play.

Now, just the other night, the Dorr Maintenance team swamped the Carlston Maintenance quint 32 to 18. High point man here was Langford, who netted 14 points, flipping them from all corners. Oh boy!

Off-Duty Episodes

A certain Ground School instructor seems to be very shy of blondes. After being asked no less than three times by one particularly daring young temptress, he finally succumbed to her fair charm and was led off to the execution of the intricate steps he's so famous for. We wouldn't want to mention any names, but the gent (whose initials are F.O.W.L.E.R.) ought to realize that chances like that don't come every day.

Then there's the flight instructor who was caught tip-toeing into a certain brunette secretary's office to leave a package on her desk. When asked about his contents, he hissed in the best sabotage manner, "Pineapple." Franter inve
gestation proved it, even to the chocolate coating, so he wasn't a gangster after all, but only a big school-boy—bringer apples to a lovely creature.

—Keep 'Em Flying—

"Cold Is Where You Find It!"

So's The New Instructor!

Doug Hocker is really the harassed fellow these days. Not only has his recent moving brought his home close enough to the railroad for him to light a match by holding it out a window for a passing train to strike against, but for days the new Grind School instructor he's been contacting has been looking all over town for Doug, at the same time Doug has been seeking him! But don't pull all your hair out, Doug; everything is bound to turn out O.K.

Surprising us is the fact that Lieut. Davis was formerly a buyer for ladies' lingerie. Sarasota witnessed an impromptu demonstration of his talents last week. How do we know? Well, even the walls have eyes.

Eager

Mr. Cutlers and his Maintenance Gang are anxiously waiting for the day when they can move into their new hangar. Although the fellows haven't beefed a bit about it, it's no cinch for them to carry on their job of "Keeping 'Em Flying" under present difficult conditions, especially working on the ships in the rain. Well, boys, it won't be long— we hope.

"K. O. for Tokyo!"

"DON'T WE LOVE IT ALL"

by A/C Louis C. Renaud

Squadron "D" Dorr Field

The early morning breakfast Led by many a sleepy yankee; The fall into ranks Though it isn't even down; A faultly step is surely To lead you to a fall! Yet, trudging onward wearily... Don't we love it all?

The ground school where we gather To see what makes it tick, Where back room seats are taken By the first to get their pick, When lift and drag coefficient And clouds are short and tall, When eagles are born addon, Don't we love it all?

The flying line that greets us; The instructor's parley-voos: To keep those wings so level The future always in view; The take-offs and the landings, The care in a spin or stall, How well we do—and don't do... Don't we love it all?

"Squire"

The rush and go of formations: Why, "We'll all enlist again!" The mail-call that we honor And remember the good times The double time that meets us As we leave the dining hall, The P-X where we gather... Don't love it all?

The upperclassmen's hazing, The braces we do us well; The solos we all brag about When chance so mightily swallow; The studies that we should do When "quarters" brings its call; Off to bed at nine o'clock... Don't we love it all!

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

MEET THE MAN! 
EDITOR'S NOTE: Just so you'll know Who's Who around the organization, we're going to run a biographical sketch on several of our "official" family. First to appear on these pages is THOMAS "Squire" GATES, Director of Dorr Field, Ardina, Florida.

At our request, the "Squire" wrote his own autobiography... and the "evidence" was so cleverly presented that we run it herewith,verbatim.

THOMAS L. GATES
Dear Editor:

In compliance with your note of January 26th my complicated life is unfolded as follows:

Born on a farm near Little Rock, Arkansas—100 miles south—continued a farmer until the age of 14, at which time a transient airplane flying overhead created the desire to change from a hoe handle to a control stick.

This desire continued until the dream was realized in 1931 when appointed as Flying Cadet in the U. S. Air Corps. Primary training was received at March Field, Calif., and basic was received at Randolph Field—the first class to receive training at Randolph. From Randolph to Kelly, where we graduated in June, 1932.

Not content with the responsibilities of 2nd Lt. Commission in the Air Corps, assumed the responsibilities of a co-pilot—the name Blanche Chapman. The following year was spent on active duty at Mitchell Field, New York. The interval from 1933 to 1936 was somewhat of a blur, but as I recall I did duty as a CCC camp-com- mander, bus driver, barstool and several other things not to be mentioned.

In '36 returned to active duty with the Air Corps to leave in '37 to accept a well-paying job in Civil Aeronautics Authority. With the CAA as Aeronautical Inspector until January 1941, when I came with R.A.I. at that time the flag pole at Carlston was only 2 feet high. No one can understand and appreciate any more than I the beautiful development of this organization.

The nickname "Squire" is enjoyed for it I feel I am a real Florida Cracker now. Hobbies—hunting and fishing; my boss—a red headed daughter, age 16 months. Sorry I can't give you any thrilling experiences in flying since (knock on wood) have never had an accident.

"Careless Pilots Die Young"

E-R Elite Graduates In U. S. Army Air Corps

Comes the word that several of our flight graduates, trained in Mi ami as civilians prior to the war, have been making an enviable record in the U. S. Army Air Force. First is Ted Bell, who took his primary training at the Seaplane Base last summer. Ted, a graduate of the University of South Carolina, took his basic training at Bingham Field, Texas, and is now at Randolph Field, where he will graduate in about four months as a second lieutenant in the Army Air Force.

In a recent written examination for Battalion Adjutant, Ted took second place in a field of over 750 applicants. "This," he said in a letter to the Fly Paper, "is due, I believe, to the excellent training I received at Embry-Riddle. Hats off and many thanks to the boys there who did such a swell job on me!"

Another grad doing things is Arthur James, recently graduated at Randolph Field with all honors, and a lieutenant's commission. He sent his old flight instructor, Charlie Barnhardt, at Municipal, a "slick" graduation card announcing the great event.

—Be Alive When You Arrive—

Ground School Controversy

Dorr Field. —Overheard as ED HOUSE and SAM CLAWSON were in a discussion... Mr. Clawson: "... and afternoon sessions of ground school certainly do break up the day."

And that quick as a flash response from Mr. House, "Yeah, Yeah, but those early morning sessions break up the middle of the night!"

Well said, Eddie! (Contributed by a sleepy Cadet.)
MENTIONING MUNICIPAL BASE  
By Lynelle Rabun & Bill Jaster

WELCOMING AN “OLD-TIMER”

Taken from the St. Augustine “Record” last week was an enlightening article which we quote in part:

"Lucius Rees, the only man in St. Augustine with an instructor’s rating, left here yesterday to take his position in Miami Flying School. His departure will be a blow to aviation enthusiasts here, but in view of the fact that he will instruct young fliers for the army, his many friends are extending felicitations to him, and are congratulating the school for securing the services of a man of his abilities in instruction and other phases of aviation. Instructor Rees learned to fly in the secondary blackboard since the last week and was an instructor in the former business for the St. Augustine for the army, which he left here the other day we happened to notice the absence of inverted spins with Charlie Resude, Max Husted, Lee Lord, and Jack Wants.

The spirit of cooperation here at Municipal was again demonstrated last Saturday when a heavy wind sprang up out of nowhere and threatened to take the cubs for an un-released joy ride. Everyone ran out to help hold down the ships take-off stage. Only the three dolls and dash and dash were missing!

Queer Things We’ve Noticed

Lt. Fator in his “skimo” flying suit on a cold morning—and along the same line, Fred Bull with two or three coats and wind-breakers on at 6:30 A.M. in that icebox he calls the stockroom.

—Mr. Gibbons’ face after a session of inverted spins with Charlie Barnhardt—Helen Carver with a dress on—Les Bowman in his F.D.P. uniform (Florida Defense Force)—the “blank” look on the secondary blackboard since the last student finished.

The starry-eyed expression on Betty Hair’s face when “Clewiston” calls—that the weekly flight hours have not dropped off noticeably since the fall government programs finished—the absence of “nickel dipping”—that “Pan-Am.” is a gasoline and not “Pan-American”—how Vernon Wunnenberg will bet a dollar against a nickel on anything and never seem to lose—the look on everybody’s face when someone mentions income tax—Jock McKay back from honeymoon!

CROSS COUNTRY CHATTER

By Tom Mosley

Back again after a long absence from these pages, we ride again with “This ’n’ That” about the lads on the Cross Country flight program at Municipal.

Spilling all the news that’s fit to print, we hereby accuse our new flight instructor, ALI L. LUMP-KIN, of having more than a little interest in his home state of Alabama. Anyhow, he’s been working like old Harry to get the lads thru Stage C, so he can get a few days off for that trip home! Couldn’t be a “fascinating’ female” could it, Mr. Lumpkin??

O’Neal, Day and Reid are his students. All have now finished Stage C and are now waiting to take flight tests from C. W. Tinsley, recently appointed junior flight examiner by the C.A.A. Students Cook, Gilmore and Mosley will probably be through Stage C by the time this is printed.

Sporting News, Unlimited

Jimmie Gilmore, better known as the International and Southeastern diving champ, upholds the name of Embry-Riddle at Alexander Ott’s famous water shows at the Miami Biltmore every Sunday afternoon . . . you ought to see him sometime . . . and for any timely advance information on local sporting events contact “Clocker” O’Neal, “Sportswriter” Reid or “Handicapper” Pearsall Day. They are experts on pin ball machines!

Another “Lad in Love” is Gippy Cook, who has just returned from Winter Park, where he visited THE girl friend.

ON SICK LIST

Tech School,—Instructor Sheldon Wells was forced to leave class last Monday and remain at home confined to his bed with a bad case of ‘flu for the rest of the week under the capable care of his wife “Millie” and Nurse Betty McShane. We are glad to report that he is back with us again. Also on the sick list was Grady Masters who had the same ailment.

While talking to Sheldon regarding his health he told us that Burrell F. Hammond a former Embry-Riddle employee is back with us again as Assistant Drafting Instructor. Burrell left here the 28th of October to take a civil service job in Key West at the new base there.

Miami,—Speaking of our growing “family” we have another new girl on the desk in the main office, Mrs. Peggy Cates who came to work as a teletype operator having been with Western Union for some time. She tells us that she and her husband have a 26 foot cabin cruiser on which they go fishing at every opportunity. Will file that information away in my little black book for future reference as soon as “summer time” weather gets here.

“Pay Your Taxes—Heat the Aisle”

Congratulations to Mary Brooks, who soloed her first student this week . . . to Robert Lewis, the student, and to Joe Thomas, who got his instructor rating.

“Mom’s the Word! Don’t Talk”

The world’s largest aircraft hangar, at Miami, Fla., houses clipper planes.

Adventures of CADET BURLEY

by Jack Hart

Lucius Rees

Lucius Rees
Dear Editor:

February 12, 1942

sadly neglected. However, people are doing. Let's see what people are doing. Entertain our visiting allies and try entertaining her parents, who are here on a visit from Buffalo, New York.

Are enthusiastic and energetic Red Cross workers, busy as bees knitting for the boys in the services. Monday. Tuesday.

The past week has been a week of starting things. All of us here have been very busy and the job of newspapering has been sadly neglected. However, people are always interesting to us, so let's see what people are doing.

They Tell Me

That Bert and Mary Brink are entertaining her parents, who are here on a visit from Buffalo, New York. We hope that they all are enjoying this warm southern climate.

That the women of Clewiston are enthusiastic and energetic Red Cross workers, busy as bees knitting for the boys in the services. That Dotty Woodward, Ken's Mrs., is an air raid warden. Good for you, gal.

That Mr. and Mrs. Bill King are hosts to Ginny's sis from Washington.

That Flight Commander Jones spent a pleasant week-end doing some deep sea fishing from the deck of his nifty water chariot. Were they biting, Boss?

"All Out" For the Week-end

Most of the staff here enjoyed another pleasant week-end. Saturday, day, cadets and instructors both were seen headed south, east, and west out of Clewiston, bound for the bright lights of Miami, Palm Beach and Fort Myers. We, however, stayed in town this week-end and particularly noticed that many of the local folks entertain our visiting allies and try to give them a social insight to our modus vivandi. We are most pleased to see this and wish to thank the people of Clewiston and neighboring towns for this hospitable and friendly gesture.

"Buy Your Taxes-Beat the Axis!"

Mary Francis Pernor, our Main Office switchboard operator who has been on leave, returned to work Monday. She was at Macon, Ga., to be near "hubby," who is now at Camp Wheeler.

CADETS VIEW ON FLYING FILMS

By P. S. Engelsbach, U/K, Riddle Field

When cadets on open post get tired of throwing balls at the pin boy in the bowling alley, they are usually attracted to the movies in Clewiston, not, as one might think, to forget themselves for a couple of hours, but usually to receive another form of consolation which will be explained later.

On open post nights Clewiston appears peculiarly addicted to flying films. These films can be divided into three groups—Civilian, Air Corps and R.A.F.—but the content is much the same. The whole plot and structure of the film is based on the one theme—how tough flying is.

The main characters are three, firstly, the hero, who for some reason or other (usually the same reason) nearly falls to make the grade; the stooge who does make it and the healthy Titan who cannot. When we compare our puny selves to these magnificent specimens of mankind who get eliminated in the most spectacular manner, we shudder in dreadful anticipation and wonder how we got as far as we did. The plot is guided by the wanderings of the hero, and the stooge, whose natural ability manages to keep him going, follows.

But our main interest is, of course, centered on the climax. When we compare ourselves with him at the outset we come off very poorly, but we begin to gain on him as his morale is steadily depressed by bullying and a tough time, we now realize we live in luxury and fully appreciate our being pitched.

We remember that we are not continually having nervous breakdowns, we are not always having to fight our friends, and in spite of our stupidity we still seem to get along. The result is that we come out of the movies greatly comforted. If we once thought we were having a tough time, now we realize we live in luxury and fully appreciate our position when comparing ourselves to the celluloid giants, who although perhaps greater and more romantic in training would probably be too apt to have a spectacular breakdown in action.

Anyway, now we have our own projector and the days are gone when we could see nothing but crashes on the movies. Soon we shall be devoting the whole of our open post to trying to hit the pin boys—a feat I have only seen performed twice.

ROVING CORRESPONDENT

Ralph Kiel, public relations department, just bounced in from a trip around the bases with several notes of interest.

At Riddle Field, for example, he found that R.A.F. Flight Lieut. Harold Rollins has left for another assignment in Washington, D. C., his place at Clewiston being filled by P/L G. W. Mickerson, just over from England.

Also at Riddle Field, the cadets are still looking for musical instruments with which to equip a Cadet Band. Come on, boys and girls, if you have any old trumpets, horns or drums and stuff lying unused around the house, why not send them in for the cadets and help them organize a band! No foolin'!

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CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

HEY, RUBE!
HE’S BACK AGAIN!

Feb. 8th. Still this year.

Dere Edditer:
I guess you wunder where I been this past week, since you aint heard from me fer so long, but I been busy as a one-armed cowboy. What with givin’ these Kaydets leckers an’ kerrekkin’ their papers, I aint hardly got a minit to myself. But it is some fun, I’ll say. Chum, I am learnin’ things about airplane engines that even my design-er aint never dreamed of. On a test one of the boys wrote that a 73-octane gas was one where there was 73 knobs of octave fer every knock of heptane. You better tell that to Ed Riopel, as I figure he can use in-

“Im Learnin’”
fermashum like it very well.
Another boy ask me what to do regardin’ engine operashun if his motor quit while he was takin’ off. Well, you know I aint no pilot, so I told him he’d better take the motor back to the fac’ty and get a new one, as these was all guaran-teed. Aint that right?

“He Didn’t Flunk His Solo!”
A funny thing happened over here the other day. We got a Kaydet named Jameson who had been in the Army just a year the day he sol-ed. Well, he was sort of proud of his-elf, like, so he called up his girl friend to tell her he jest went up for his first solo fite.
I gess she aint hep to our Air Corpse talk, cause she asked him, “Well, you didn’t flunk it, did you?” Jameson like to blowed a gasket.

He took a deep breath and roared into the room, “How the ‘oak! do you think I got back down here to talk to you if I’d flunked it?” O boy, I gess he told her!

We Keep Coal in Our Tub
Bud, we got a flite instructor over here that aint never goin’ to fly if ever it rains—he don’t like water ’cause it’s too wet. All durin’ this past cold snap, he didn’t take no bath or shower on account of he was afraid he’d get numonic. He said as long as he was flyin’ every day, he didn’t need to bath ’cause he was gettin’ aired out enuf as it was. He’s the only guy

“A city foler”
I ever saw who cleaned the dirt off his feet with a Arigum eraser. In fact, he got to the point where he went to the laundry with his clothes to see if he cudn’t get dry-cleaned too. They say when he was on his hi-school track team, he broke the rekord fer the 100-yard dash when his coach waved a pitcher of a bar of soap in back of him. Well, I gess you meet all kinds in this game.

Sounds Like “Horsplay”
Bud, have you ever rid a horse? I always been agin’ that stuff even since I got threwed off’n a amuse-

Cadet After Engines Exam-

CARLSTROM FIELD—With the caption prominently lettered “Shamus” some R.A.F. Cadets handed the above picture to Engine Instructor-Correspondent Jack Hobler, with the request that he run in his column to show how an U/K Cadet feels after taking a written exam, on engines. The Cadet was withheld as this picture will appear here as a sur prise, and shock, to him.

The roller-skatin’ rink the other nite me and Joe Woodward spotted that purty Laurie Hanson skatin’ by herself, so we made a dash for our skates. I turned around to wave at some girl outside, and that quick Joe had his skates on and I missed out on the date. I’ll know better next time.

Well, Bud, I aint got much more to say, so I better close. Look, some of my friends over here say you got a lot of words in my last letter spelled wrong. I can’ read, so I don’t know, but how about asking that novelist, Ursula Parrot, who’s takin’ flying out at Municipal, to give you some dual check on our country correspondence?

Distrustfully yours,
JACK.

Ed’s Note.—Dere Jack: Don’t say nuthin’ about our speling. Last week three printers went nuts on your copy, … an’ now you got us doin’ it!—Ye Edditer.

Three Musketeers

CARLSTROM FIELD—To the Editor: Here is a picture of three genial gentlemen known to the Cadets as, left to right, ‘Nimbo-stratus,’ ‘Lubber-Line’ and ‘Aero- st. They were heading for the Carlstrom dining-hall, hence the happy faces.

“—D. S. Peattie, U/K”

EDITOR’S NOTE: Many thanks to Mr. Peattie for the picture! Such contributions are very welcome. In the future, please “shoot” your “victims” close-up to give us better results with the engravings or “blocks” as we believe they are called in England.

ADD ARMY PERSONNEL
Up Carlstrom Field way, Ralph found that Second Lieut. Alba Klopfenstein, A.C. Reserve, has “joined up” as assistant Air Corps supervisor while First Lieut. Jerome M. Cebula, Medical Corps, is the new assistant surgeon under Capt. “Doc” S. J. Nethery.

“—Keep ‘Em Flying”

He: "There’s only one thing wrong with me, Blondie, I’m color blind.
She: "You-all sho’ mus’ be, Mistah."