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, Crawfordsville, Ga.; Hillery T. Johnson, Jefferson, Ga., and Bill Benton, R.P.O. No. 2, Commerce, Ga.

Welcome into our "family," Gwinja 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 opening house at George Wheel-er'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, at 9 p.m.

RAFer Sees First Game
Witnessing a basketball game for the first time in his life, was R.A.F. 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 Throgmorton, Grady Masters, Steve Anderson, Scotty McLachlan, Elaine Devory, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Brase, Betty Abrams, Carl D'Auria, Betty Hair, Mickey
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 climaxed 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 Rommel are broken up due to Mr. Rommel'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 Nattleson'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 bonfire and some gasoline!

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 Interamericanos quo cursan aviación 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 afoos 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
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 whom 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 repelled 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 toward the south. However, he didn't succeed very well and returned to the Viceroyalty of Peru giving up definitely the conquest of Chile.

Years after the Almagro's expedition, another 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 1540, 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 heroine "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 "meritorios" held a meeting designating a body called "Government Committee," the 16th 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 fearless "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 those who came from Iceland, Gotaland, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland.

When some of them have taken up arms to conquer patagonia, others have settled in the northern part of Chile to fish in the northern waters, and to farm and raise livestock in the highlands.

Great industries have been created here by English, Germans, and Americans.

Many of the modern towns are composed of English, Germans, and Americans.

Like the United States, Chile is a great exception in the world of color, with more than one thousand Indians of pure Spanish and Indian blood still living in the highlands, and many more Indians of mixed blood living in the cities and towns.

A strong argument for the Americanization of Chile is the fact that the great majority of the people are able to read and write in English, and that many of them are able to read and write in English as well.

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 Miami. 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 "ruffling" 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

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 Ashley Whitlatch, left, told us that the boys found it interesting—but a bit more confusing than the old 'wood sticks'.
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 contest- ed game that ended in a 17-17 tie and had to be played into an extra period that was cut short when Liet. Phillips shot the winning goal after about two minutes to play.

Dorr Field Athlete

Now, just the other night, the Dorr Maintenance team swamped the Carlstrom 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 particu- larly darling 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 its contents, he blushed and hissed in the best sabotage manner, "Pineapple!" Frantie in- vestigation proved it, even to the chocolate coating, so he wasn't a gangster after all, but only a big school-boy—bringing apples to a lovely creature.

"Keep 'Em Flying!"

"Cold Is Where You Find It!"

So's The New Instructor!

Doug Hocker is really the har- assed 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 look- ing 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 to us is the fact that Liet. Davis was formerly a buyer for ladies' lingerie. Sarasota wit- nessed an impromptu demonstra- tion of his talents last week. How do we know? Well, even the walls have eyes.

Eager

Mr. Cullers 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" un- der present difficult conditions, es- pecially 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 yawn; The fall into ranks Though it isn't even down; A faulty step is surely To lead you to a fall; Yet, trudging onward warily, . . . 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 cuppings are torn wounder, Don't we love it all?

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

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 so well, The solos we all brag about When chents 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 ap- pear on these pages is THOMAS "Squire" GATES, Director of Dorr Field, Ardmore, 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—con- tinued a farmer until the age of 14, at which time a transient airplane flying overhead creat- ed the desire to change from a hoe handle to a control stick. This desire con- tinued until the dream was real- ized in 1931 when appointed as Flying Cadet in the U. S. Air Corps, Primary training was re- ceived at March Field, Calif., and basic was received at Randolph Field—the first class to receive training at Randolph. From Ran- dolph to Kelly, where we graduated in June, 1932.

Not content with the responsi- bilities of 2nd Lt. Commission in the Air Corps, assumed the re- sponsibilities of a co-pilot—the name Blanche Chapman. The fol- lowing 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, barstainer and several other things not to be named.

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

The nickname "Squire" is en- joyed for I feel I am a real Flori- da 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 Flite Grad Succeed

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 Caro- lina, took his basic training at Bisham 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 after- noon sessions of ground school certain- tainly do break up the day."

And that quick as a flash re- sponse from Mr. House, "Yeah, Yeah, but those early morning ses- sions break up the middle of the night!"

Well said, Eddie! (Contributed by a sleepy Cadet.)
WELCOMING AN "OLD-TIMER"

Taken from the St. Augustine "Record" of 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 a position with Embry-Riddle Flying School in Miami. 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 last World War. He has some 3,000 flying hours logged, and a large number of hours not logged during the period when log books were not required by law. We believe that he will remain in Miami for the duration of the war, and feel confident the school will find him a capable instructor. However, when the war emergency is over, Mr. Rees will come back to St. Augustine, for that is the place he calls home."

O.K., St. Augustine, thanks a lot and we'll take good care of him.

Snyder and Carley to Ferry Service

Absent from the roll call this week are Clarence Snyder and Roger Carley who have, with others of our former buddies, joined the Pan American Air Ferries. The

we are sorry to see such good pilots and friends go, we must chalk it up for National Defense and admit that we're mighty proud of them, as well as happy to help by letting them go where they are most needed. Others that we know of in the "Ferry Business" are Andy McGurdy, Charlie Rexrode, 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 until they could be safely placed in the hangar—and we do mean everyone. Not only the line crew and all the instructors, but private students as well.

"V" Still Means Victory

Call it the hand of fate or imagination if you will—nevertheless it's true. While circling the field the other day we happened to notice that the automobiles in the army's parking lot at the south end of the field were parked in the shape of a "Y." Only the three dots and dash were missing!

Queer Things We've Noticed

Lt. Fator in his "sakimo" 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 ice box he calls the stockroom.

—Mr. Gibbons' face after a session of inverted spins with Charlie Barnhardt.—Helen Cuvir with a press on —Les Bowman in his F.D.F. 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 Sipping"—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—Jack 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 feminine" 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 do somersaults—. . . and for any ten tinent 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 Grumpy 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 Axis"

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.

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

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

Adventures of CADET BURPLEBY

by Jack Hart

Lucius Rees

[Image of Lucius Rees]
**RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER**

Frank Deregbus and Bud Carruthers, Jr., Editors

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**“TEMPUS FIDGETS”**

Dear Editor:

February 12, 1942

sadly neglected. However, people are here on a visit from Buffalo, New York, and especially by an extraordinary gesture. We are most pleased to see this and wish to thank the people of Clewiston and neighboring towns for this hospitable and friendly gesture.

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**CADET’S VIEW ON FLYING FILMS**

By P. S. Engelbach, 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 fails 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 manhood 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 “upperclassmen” and especially by an extraordinary fear of his first solo, which is the usual reason for his final elimination. For our own part we were fearing that the instructor had split some glue in his seat. Here we begin to see the discrepancy between the band of Titans in the films and our more frail but certainly preferable land.

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, we now 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, we now 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.

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**PROGRAM**

The Riddle “Family Theatre”

**‘HIDDEN ENEMY’**

with WARREN HULL and KAY LINAKER

Monday, February 16—Riddle Field
Tuesday, February 17—Dorr Field
Wednesday, February 18—Carlstrom Field

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**“THE LAST ALARM”**

with J. FARRELL MCDONALD and POLLY ANN YOUNG

Thursday, February 19—Riddle Field
Friday, February 20—Dorr Field
Saturday, February 21—Carlstrom Field

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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 a 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 night, 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.

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**ROVING CORRESPONDENT**

Ralph Kiel, public relations department, just bounced in from a help 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 F/L G. W. McKernon, 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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**The Hero**

**The Villain**

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Course, if you feel extra rich, the contribution of a few coins would help.

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More Growing Pains

Last but not least on the growing list is the little old FLY PAPER... circulation last week went to 4,750 copies... and still going up... the Miami Post, our publishers, tell us that they have laid in over two and a half tons of paper to be used in printing the FLY PAPER... a far cry from the 100 copies of our first issue!

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Keep ‘Em Flying!

Eddie Boniske, former Municipal flight student, recently won his commission as a Second Lieutenant in the Marine Flying Corps. Congrats to Eddie from all his old pals!
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS
Jack Hobler, Editor

HEY, RUBE!
HE'S BACK AGAIN!
Feb. 8th. Still this year.
Dere Edditer:
I gess 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 giv'in these Kaydets leckers an' kerrek'lin' their papers, I aint hardly got a minit to myself. But it is some fun, I'll s'ay. Chum, I am learnin' things about airplane engines that even the designer aint aint never dreamed of.

On a test one of the boys wrote that a 73-ocetane gas was one where there was 73 knobs of octane fer every knob of heptane. You better tell that to Ed Riopel, as I figger he can use in-

"I'm Learnin"'
"A city follies"I ever saw who cleaned the dirt off his feet with a Artigum eraser. It 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 record 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 "Horseplay"
Bud, have you ever rid a horse? I always been agin that stuff ever since I got threw off'n an amuse-

Cadet After Engines Exam-
He took a deep breath and roared into the room, "How the 'Oot! do you think I got back down here to talk to you if I'd flunkled it?" O boy, I gess he told her!

We Keep Cool In Our Tub
Bud, we got a frile instructor over here that aint never goin' to fly if it ever 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 numoen. 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 ment park poney when I was six years old. Well, this here Paul Dixon is a genuine horseman, and he talked me into forgettin' my scruples Friday afternoon to go out to the rodeo grounds with him and rent a horse.

Dixon and Betty Clemenst boosted me aboard one of them artilumes and I shook like a aspen leaf. There I was, so high above the ground without no safety belt. Lucky it was a gentle horse, or I'd a died from fright.

It was bad enuf when he started to trot, as every time the saddle came up I was comin' down, and we met kinda hard. But when he started to stop—O Lawd! I was up the proverbial creek without the proverbial paddle. I jest hung on to that there thing they call a saddle horn and prayed that he'd get tired of runnin' before I gave out comple.

Now, fer the past two days I been sittin' on my bed with my feet about a yard apart on account of how I can't get my legs together. Not only that, but I can't sit for long 'cause I'm sore. Unnerstand?

Well, I Can Always Eat!
Somehow, it aint hurt my appe-tite, 'cause our landlady—Mrs. Sandusky—had us boys down fer diner last nite, and I really put away a good substantial meal. Me and Paul Dixon helped her fix the steaks and french fries, while Mark Ball made eyes at her datter Kathry. It shore mista got Kathary all fustered up, 'cause she forgot to put lemon in the lemon pie she was makin'. It didn't turn out so bad, tho, as she did drop some of the lemon rind into the custard fillin' and we played games to see who cud find the most of the peelin's.

Chum, our athletic department aint doin much these days except in golf and roller-skatin'. A pill-pokin' threesome of Lieuts. Freeman and Breeding, and Sid Pfugler got a little work-out down Fort Myers way and Sid came off top man with a 76. The Army of-

CARLSTROM FIELD—With the caption prominently lettered 'Shame!' 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 on U/K Cadet feels after taking a written exam, on engines. The Cadet was withheld as this picture will appear here as a sur-

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-stat.' They were heading for the Carlstrom dining-hall, hence the happy faces."

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, Mis-tah."