2-19-1942

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-02-19

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EDITOR TAKES VACATION, DOES NOTHING BUT WORK

By the grace of God and a competent secretary, Ye Editor finished up all his work on Wednesday last week and decided to take that "vacation" we've been talking about for the past two years . . . we'd go to Clewiston and Arcadia, and do nothing but "socialize"! . . .

And so what happened? Late Wednesday afternoon, Ralph Kiel called to tell us that Jack Clark, formerly City Editor of the Miami Herald, had joined Hal Leyshon's staff of publicists, and would we take Jack around the bases and see that he met everyone. Well, that didn't sound like work—so we got up at 5:30 Thursday morning, met Jack at the "School Bus" at 7, and took-off for Clewiston, and points north.

"I'd Like You to Meet Mr. Clark"

On a quick series of introductions, we stopped first at Riddle Field, where Jack met our R.A.F. officers, W/C Rampling, S/L Burdick and F/L Mickerson. Manager G. W. Tysoen was up Alabama way on an extremely "secret" mission and Asst-Mgr. Jimmy Durden was "out on a flight line, someplace," but we did see all the regular office gang, Ye and Fitch and Tubby, etc.

On up the line, at Carlstrom Field, Glen Kuhl made everything easy for us. He had all the department heads gathered in the Mess Hall lounge discussing the group insurance plan, so all we had to do was pop in, say, "Excuse it, please, but we like you to meet Mr. Clark." To top it off, we met Lieut. Beville, the A/C public relations man, on the front steps of the Admin. building, so that took care of that.

"Loan Me Your Tires!"

At Dorr Field, our luck still held good, for a while. Looking for Manager "Squire" Gates and Lieut. Please turn to Page 8, Col. 1
THrift
Only real qualification Ye Editor has for writing this editorial is the fact that way back in the first grade we won a five-cent savings stamp for being the only student who could define the word "thrift." As we remember it thru "all these years"—an officer from the local bank was starting a school savings club, and in answer to his question we piped out—"Thrift is saving money!"

Maybe we were wrong, but that definition fits the situation now existing in the aviation industry. After years of near starvation during the development period of aviation, many old timers are now making real money for the first time in their lives, same applying to "youngsters" who have stepped out of shorter technical and flight training programs into $200 to $500 per month. We don't blame these people for spending their money—they've earned it and the right to spend it, but too few are saving up for the proverbial "rainy day."

Frankly, we believe that aviation is "over the top," and will continue to grow into the nation's biggest industry no matter what happens in the war situation. However, even the great automobile industry has suffered occasional set-backs and we must be prepared to meet the same situation in aviation. Now, when things are the best, we must prepare for whatever might come in the future, and "No man ever went broke saving money!"

Several of the "smart" men we know in aviation are already saving against the future—buying small farms, ranches and other income property—setting a good example for us to follow. "If we hope many of our other friends will be wise enough to follow. Think this over—it may be ten years before this editorial means anything to you, personally—then you'll either thank us—or curse yourself!"

"K. O. for Tokyo!"

AN OPEN LETTER TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS

Dear Gang, this is an open letter addressed to Douglas A. Hawn, Box 40, Townsend, Montana, and to anyone else who might want to know something about our School and its operation. Anyhow—

Dear Doug,

Replying to your letter of January 21, which Johnnie Fradette forwarded to me from Arcadia, all I can say is—doggone, you sure ask a lot of questions!

First off, Doug, our School is not "strictly for Army, Navy and R.A.F.'ers." Up at Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, where Johnnie is, we have a big primary flight school for the R.A.F.; at Deer Field, we have another big primary flight school for various Air Corps; at Riddle Field, Clewiston, we have what is called "No. 5 British Flying Training School," for the primary, basic and advanced flight training of British Cadets.

However, that's just half the story. At the other end of the circuits, in Miami, we have a big hangar at the Municipal Airport and a Seaplane Base at the County Causeway. Both of these bases are engaged exclusively to the training of private flight students and Civilian Pilot Training Program trainees. For the training of aircraft technicians, we have a big, eight-story hotel building in Miami which is crowded with shops, class rooms, dormitories, offices, and so forth, completely equipped to train for almost any job connected with aviation.

In other words, Doug, Emery-Riddle not only can take civilian trainees, but after advertising $200 to $500 per month for our flight training programs, into the defense program and we are ready to give civilians like yourself anything from a short 120-hour revoting course at $85 to the aircraft and engines mechanics course, taking 1,820 hours of study and shop study costing $735. And if it's flying you want, we'll give you a seaplane hop over Miami Beach for $25.00, or "the works"... a complete course which will finish you off as a commercial pilot with a flight instructor and instrument rating for $5,200 for our standard approved course, or $3,750 for the advanced course. It's aviation, you name it and we got it.

Now, about your paragraph asking Johnnie if we still had time to give individual attention to our students. Having grown so fast here, that's a fair enough question, Doug, but I'll tell you how we've licked that situation; classes are limited to the number that can be competently handled by each instructor; so many flight cadets to each instructor and a certain number of students in each technical class. If that quota is filled, applications are taken and students begin in the next available class.

No, I think you won't find any lack of personal attention in our School. I do want to warn you, Doug, that we have a reputation for being a "tough institution." Our "Boss Man," Paul Riddle, is a flier himself, and I happen to know that his orders are, "Perfection, or else...!"

In the two years I've been with the School, I've seen quite a few of the lads "washed out," both flight and technical students, good customers, too. That hurt my Scotch soul, but the quality of our graduates; classes are limited to the number that can be competently handled by each instructor; so many flight cadets to each instructor and a certain number of students in each technical class. If that quota is filled, applications are taken and students begin in the next available class.

Just one more thing in that letter of yours... you ask Johnnie what he thinks about the future in aviation. Well, what he's done ought to prove to you what he thinks, getting his instructor's rating and all. But listen to what we think... as long as this war lasts there will never be enough men available, in the air or the ground... and after the war, well, Boss Riddle told me the other day that peace time would be the biggest industry in the world, and he's never seen that fellow guess wrong yet. Anyway, Doug, I honestly believe that aviation is the best bet, now and after the war, or you can bet your boots I wouldn't be in it!

This letter has grown too long, Doug, so I better say, "Switch Off!" I'll have the sales department send you a catalogue of the courses offered at our School, and I do hope you'll come down here so I can meet you.

Sincerely, BUD BELLAND, Ye Editor

P.S. If you do come down here, Doug, please leave that 41 degrees below zero weather back in Montana. Around Miami, if it hits 55 degrees above zero we scream... and when it gets to 50... we close the public schools. Right now it's getting on to midnight, and I'm sitting in the office in my shirt sleeves with all the windows open.
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

By Francis "Frank" Deregibus

Riding high, wide and handsome on a victory march, our Riddle Field Instructors riddled the Tech School five to the tune of 53-28 last Saturday night over on the Moore Haven court. Taking the lead at the outset, "our boys" had things pretty much their own way throughout the entire contest. That makes it two straight now, but the third game in this intramural series is still to come. We are all pulling for three straight. What say, boys?

After the game, Tubby Owens and the boys took the Miami visitors out to our night spot, namely Johnnie's Club, or also known as the "Jook." It was here that Chas. Tubby Owens remembered his promise and staged the dance which was quite a spectacle. Mr. Joe "chugulig" Obermeyer and his crew of Linkers were also very conspicuous by their presence. Everyone had a good time and everyone was happy.

It Happened This Week

Sam Paetro walked into the Seminole the other afternoon and had a super-smile of happiness on his face. It seems that Sam had a Valentine day date in Miami Beach. Yep, he up and got married. The new Mrs. in our family is the former Miss Madeline Ellis. Lots of luck to both of you happy people! Sam, incidentally, is one of our capable mechanics here at the field.

The B.T. line is back to its full strength of several planes with the arrival of a replacement Saturday afternoon. We have not seen it yet, but I know that Flight Commander Jones will probably be a very happy man again.

Congrats On Promotions

Promotions and more promotions! James Cousins has been appointed as Asst. Flight Commander. In the absence of Mr. F. J. Jones and Don Robbins, better known as "Doc," has stepped up to Advanced. New faces on the B.T. roster are those of Bob Westmoreland, C. C. Clark and Noel Ellis. Congratulations, fellows!

Well, Bud, there isn't much to be added so I had better sign off the air. As soon as I get over my first golfing venture, I'll get back to work. My head is still whirling from the score!

—Keep 'Em Flying—

RIDDLE FIELD Gossip

By Ye Button

The Administration Building at Riddle Field is now complete with a switchboard. Fletcher Gardner persevered and can be seen at odd moments gazing fondly at that very complicated instrument which he had such difficulty in obtaining.

Now added to the staff at Riddle Field are four operators, namely, June Crow, Betty Bailey, Margaret Von Mack and Betty Brannan. Fletcher's kindergarten certainty has enlarged, and for a time there he had his worries as to where to put all of them. (Speaking of Fletcher, ask him some time about his matrimony bureau.)

Where's "Boss" Tyson?

Our jovial "Boss Man," G. Willis Tyson, is "somewhere in the U.S." and doing an excellent job in his absence are the Messrs. Durden, Gardner, Hughes and Smith. In their respective departments they are keeping Riddle Field running smoothly.

Explain Yourself, Harry!

Engineering Officer Harry Lehman was complaining the other day about a kink in his neck, but a visit to Clewiston's capable Dr. Purden fixed him up and he is once more his cheerful and smiling self. Incidentally, Mrs. Purden is Mr. Tyson's private secretary, and an extremely capable one at that. Nothing ever stumps Nelva and she has more patience and tolerance than any ten people you ever knew.

There is a shortage of checkers, however, for all those who want to play. The other day, Witch Myers sat concentrating over some chess men and gathered around him were several of the boys all watching with awe. He seemed to know precisely what he was doing and a respectful silence hovered over the group watching a genius at work.

No one dreamed Witch could play that difficult game. After a bit, someone discovered that Witch was merely using the chess men as checkers. A few were disillusioned but we can certainly chalk one up for Witch for using his ingenuity.

—K.O. for Tokyo—

RIDDLE RAMBLINGS FROM RIDDLE FIELD

By Jack Hopkins

The new war time caused a lot of confusion at the field, and many of the cadets, as well as employees, couldn't quite figure it out... Continued improvement in the appearance of the field is made by the completion of overhead shelters between barricades.

Instructors' basketball team want to thank the management for the use of the field wagon for their trip to Miami last Saturday... The team had a good trip to the city, going along the beach via Fort Lauderdale, Hollywood, etc... Then, the team achieved the purpose of the trip— to trim Tech... Tennis courts are now under construction... More landscaping continues to beautify the field.

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Riddle Instructors defeated Clewiston basketeers Monday night 53-37... Now lead second half of league, after winning first half, with two wins and no losses... Work has started on the new addition to the Link building... Several cadets have been on the sick list with bad colds... Swing band composed of cadets and instructors has had several practice sessions... May make an appearance soon... Bye now.

—Mom's the Word! Don't Talk—

"JUNIOR" CHEF AT TECH LEADS IN BABY CONTEST

Not only does our chef at the Tech School turn out good food, he apparently has a pretty family too... we learned this week that J. Baxter Clifford, Jr., is leading the field in the baby show being sponsored by the Orange Blossom Club of Miami.

Votes are counted by the number of 25c chances sold on a $20 defense bond. Already "Baby" Clifford has over 2,000 votes to his credit, and stands an excellent chance to win. Come on, cast your "vote" any day in the cafeteria!

Adventures of CADET BURPLEBY

by Jack Hart
A Great Day For The Ladies

Another week has passed away and taken with it some of the funniest moments Arcadia has ever known. Just this past Thursday night a fully-packed high school auditorium witnessed a Saga of the Sirens. That age-old form of dramatic comedy—the Womanless Wedding—was given a new and screamingly humorous twist.

Heaven only knows how it all came about and went off such a howling success. There were no rehearsals. It was just that a group of the town's leading citizens were drafted together with an equal number of Carlstrom Field's dignitaries, jammed into crepe-paper dresses, and told to act coy. And that's exactly what they did.

Meet The “Girls”

But let's begin at the beginning. Led into one of the classrooms, we beheld quite a crowd of simpering men in yards and yards of vari-colored crepe-paper. The rubicund and rotted Doc Nethery was being enlaced in peach ruffles and broad-brimmed hat as a bridesmaid. A gladiola corsage graced his left shoulder and enhanced his loveliness. The handsome Sid Pfugler was blushing under the application of lipstick. Gaunt and funeral in a black guano sack, he was to represent Mrs. Holland—one of the guests.

Ray Fahringer (Mrs. Roosvelt) was a bedraggled picture of a harassed housewife in an orchid housedress and felt hat to match. Adept at the make-up business from way back, Ray was of invaluable help in applying the rouge and lip allure. A sudden burst of wonder from the doorway attracted all glances and a vision of feminine pulchritude wafted into our midst. Glamorous in a white turban, long black earrings and a bubble necklace, Jack Hunt glistened in, his shoulder blades flapping in the breezes, where his sheath-like backless gown left them exposed. This, the North, and, an hour later, had a Director of Flying.

Bridesmaid Nethery

But surprises were still to continue. With much giggling and tittering, a red-and-white polka-dotted figure came straggling in, replete with one hand and blushing to it. Someone else shoved on a vacation. Enjoying continuous side-splitting laughter at the discomforts of the revamped men, our mirth was abruptly checked when one of the ladies turned to us and demanded that we remove our shirt.

Protesting vigorously but futilely, a pale blue dress was slipped over our head and a skirt fitted to it. Unfortunately, the skirt was so short that our trousers showed beneath. But this didn't dismay our chambermaid; we were matter-of-factly ordered to take off our pants. Blushing furiously, we held up our skirt with one hand and endeavored to unfasten our belt inside with the other. Then it was painfully necessary to wriggle shockingly until the offending pants dropped to our feet. Immediately a cold front moved up under the skirt and we caught a chill. Someone else shoved from one side of the field and land on the other, promptly took off to the North, and, an hour later, landed to the South.

We include a snapshot to show the reception he received from his classmates.

Sterling Camden is proudly displaying the flight notebook he received from U/K Cadet Ian Turnbull. Ian, a cartoonist of no mean ability, has decorated each lesson with an appropriate picture consolidating enough humor with serious practicality to make Ray Fahringer look to his laurels. As soon as possible, we shall print some of Ian's efforts.

Look Out! It Mite Be Loaded!

Investigating the operation of the Army Office's new Multilith machine, Lt. George Ola quieted all queries with the remark, "I put a nickel in it, but no coke came out!" The thing is really a marvel, though, and has everything on it but flaps and bomb releases. Maybe they'll come next.

Another Poet

I guess you know that I got some purty talented students in my Engines classes. I seen one of them—Harold Smith, U/K—day-dreamin' out the window the other day while I was in the middle of a carburetor, so I asked him what was the matter. He said he was sort of homesick and handed me this poem which he had just writ.

A tiny basket into our hand and filled it with rose petals. We were a flower girl!

“Hold Your Chairs—Here We Come!”

If the dressing was laughable, our entrance into the auditorium for the “ceremony” was uproarious. If a barrel can be said to trip, you can imagine how Doc Nethery daintly wended his way down the aisle to the “altar.” With befitting dignity, the lordly Sid Pfugler sauntered down in turn, followed by the sylph-like Jack Hunt. Ye Ed floomed after, towing five nondescript quintuplets. Ray Fahringer, looking like something out of Mickey Mouse, brought gales of laughter from the throng. When our turn came, we fled to the safety of the stage, where stern and austere Larry Walden held forth in the minister's frock coat. Solenn was the occasion, but hysterical was the audience. As we've said before, it was a howling success.

Student Land—Down Wind!

In line of everyday duty, we've had our laughs too. When the traffic pattern was changed, everyone was advised accordingly. One cadet, told that he was to take off in a wind front, immediately nipped wind to his laurels.


carlstrom field, r. a. i. news

jack hober, editor

enland

in England, now, 'tis cold and chill: The blackout shrouds her cities fair; At night the ghostly sirens wail— The deadly Han video in the air.

the wintry sky is dull and gray; The drifts flood from pouring rains— Continued Col. 1, next page.
The countryside is veiled in mist
And horses shake their muddy manes.

Water drips from leafless trees
And lies in pools upon the road;
The farmer tends his shrunken herd
While tractors pull their heavy load.

To us—so far away from home,
Neath tropic sun and azure sky,
The longing very often comes
Of England’s fields again to fly.

We would not find it cold or wet—
The slate grey skies would ever be blue
And everywhere the sun would shine
Upon young British yeomen true.

The Hun’s would bomb and strafe in vain
For, one by one, we’d shoot them down,
And if, at last, they dared invade,
We, too, could surely see them drown.

Now, Bud, I can’t blame a guy for day-dreamin’ when he’s got things like that on his mind, so I give him 100% for the day, and wished him luck. In fact, I wish I was goin’ with him.

—*Keep ‘Em Flying*—

**TECH GETS WALLOPED? RIDDLE FIELD IS VICTORIOUS**

*By Howard Beazel*

**TIME**—8:00 p.m., Feb. 14, 1942.

**PLACE**—Moore Haven, Fla.

**EVENT**—The Slaughter of Embry-Riddle Tech by Clewiston Instructors.

Clewiston Instructors were “flying high” and “on the beam” to the tune of 53-29. Not making excuses for the loss of the game, but with Hamilton, Lubdibloom and Baldwin flat in bed with various ailments, the crippled Tech team plus a strange floor suffered their fifth defeat.

The game looked like old home week for Embry-Riddle with plenty of airline maintenance graduates present. Those attending from Miami were Betty Abrams, Betty McShane, Mary Beaziel, Paul Bartling, Eric Sundstrom, Mother Murphy’s assistant and Ramon Prado.

Box score:

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<td>Leatherman</td>
<td>16 Hopkins</td>
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<td>Brommer</td>
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<td>Gavilik</td>
<td>8 Prior</td>
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<td>Abrams</td>
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**TECH TALK AND MAIN OFFICE Gossip**

**PERSONALITIES AND PATTERN FROM THE TECH SCHOOL**

*By Bill (Keyhole) Burton*

Out the other lunch hour to Miami Springs with Jim and Betty McShane, to see their new house, now nearing completion. A beautiful house in a beautiful location. Why didn’t somebody tell me about this Miami Springs?

I see that I had to come clean from Baltimore (a seat in itself) to find a kindred soul.

Never yet lived in a house that had enough closet space to suit me, and always swore that if I ever built one that condition would be remedied. Jim seems to feel the same. There is also a new fangled fireplace with a heat chamber that will probably feel plenty good on some of these tropic nights.

One thing that worries me is that the CAA will probably hand Jim McShane a citation one of these days for flying too low. About the time we turned off 36th street for Miami Springs I caught myself feeling around on my left side for the ripcord. I always did consider the automobile a dangerous invention. Thank gosh it doesn’t look like the things are here to stay. (Ed’s note—Mobbe you ain’t lyin’, brother.)

To ‘Chute or Not to ‘Chute?
The human skyscraper with the winning smile you’ve seen about Tech’s marble halls recently is Paul Rodger Baker, our new parachute rigger and instructor. He is also a parachute jumper, I understand, as well as pilot. This jumping business is all right for those who want it, but I’ve always felt like some chap I once read about, who said, “What is the use of practicing something that you have to do perfectly the first time, anyway?” Paul Baker is originally from Asbury Park, New Jersey. Before coming to M’sami, he spent about a week at Carlstrom, refreshing. Said that each morning, after unwinding his six foot three from those bolts over there, he had to do twenty minutes of calisthenics before he could walk to the mess hall for breakfast.

**Sebie Smith’s Story**

I’m coming to the belief that the personnel of the Tech School contain a veritable gold mine of interesting experiences. Take Sebie Smith, for example. Smitty, who runs the instrument department on the fourth deck in his quiet and efficient way, spent something like four years in China, from 1930 to 1940, as a technical adviser to the air force of the Central Government of China, under Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek. While he modestly disclaims any active participation in bombarding raids by the Chinese, Smitty through countless raids perpetrated by the Japanese.

He went through much, if not all, of the vicious bombardment of Nanking by those sons of the Risorgimento during the forced evacuation of that city.

**And Here’s the Payoff**

Smitty, at the time of the evacuation, was to have come down river on the Panay (remember?) but, having a chance to fly out, passed up the boat trip. If you do remember, the Panay didn’t get there. That, by the way, is just one more note in our memory books, for the day when we change the name of that little island empire to the Land of the Setting Sun.

**Nominated**

For the best-dressed man in the Tech School, breezy Jim Blakely, from Curtiss-Wright in California. For the most effervescent, ebullient good nature, (even before breakfast), Lillian Bailey. “Polly” Flynn, late of Cuba. For the most vicious, bearish hurry while writing in the cafeteria for the first cup of coffee in the morning—me.

**Greetings From Curtiss-Wright**

Because I never get around to writing letters, I’m going to try and slip one over on ye Editor and extend greetings from the gang at Curtiss-Wright Field in Baltimore, including T. J. Sip, Larry Thompson, Bob Benson, Elsie K., and the rest to Brooke Harper, F.I. at Carlstrom, Tom Gates of Dorr, Len Povey of Carlstrom and Joe Woodward, G.I. at Carlstrom. Harper, incidentally, is the guy who first started to teach yours truly to fly. After four hours of dual he went temporarily insane, lit out southwards and “came to” at Arcadia. Fact!

That’s that for this time. I will now relax and enjoy the tropical night.

—*Pay Your Taxes—Beat the Axis*—

**New Tech School Students**

**Celestial Navigation**—Frank Miller, Glenn Minner, Ralph L. Calkins and Thomas Root.

SOMETHING ABOUT CUBA
By Maurice Molino

Aviation in Cuba has never taken such increase as in these times when the world is fighting against the new Nazi regime that is trying to be forced on us, violating all the rights that we as citizens are given by all constitutions.

In Cuba the training of pilots in quantity has been over-sold for this training money & planes are needed.

Cuba, however, possesses many different aerodromes, one of the principal ones being "Rancho Boyeros," where many large commercial planes, that cover the route between Miami and Havana, land daily. The whole island has magnificent natural fields that could easily be made into good training fields.

The Cia "Cubana de Aviacion," the president of which is Mr. M. Quevedo, one of the most competent authorities on aviation in our country, has rapid planes which cover the entire island. It takes them four hours to make the trip from Havana to Santiago de Cuba, stopping at Ciego de Avila, Camaguey, Guantanamo and Antilla, where planes leave for Jamaica and all of South America. The route between Havana and Camaguey was covered by Ford tri-motor planes.

Although Cuba is a very young country, she has been a republic for only forty years. She has been able to surpass her sister countries because of her rapid advancement and easy assimilation. Climate helps us a great deal and we also have a soil rich in minerals; like the iron that is extracted from the famous "Matahambre" and "Dalquiri" mines in Oriente, manganese from 42 to 47 per cent pure, and tungsten, gold and antimony on the Isle of Pines, as well as marble in great quantities. All most of these products are used in manufacturing war material, motors, etc., and there is a great demand for them the world over.

The principal industry in Cuba is sugar cane, where we are superior in quality and quantity to all our competitors. This month the sugar cane cutting will start and will cover about 4,000,000 tons of sugar which will be shipped immediately to the United States. Right now, new industries are being born that are as important as sugar industry. A short time ago, sugar and naphtha were found but asphalt is what really is abundant.

We only wish to place ourselves with all our forces and resources beside the great North American nation to whom we already owe thanks for so much help.

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

AMERICA LIBRE
by Segundo Jose Maya

Fresca aún la herida, que cuatro años de guerra clavó en el corazón del viejo continente, frescos los recuerdos y honores de la que se creyó sería la última lucha patriótica, frescos aún los ultrajes, que a la máxima aspiración de pueblos civilizados, su libertad, su derecho, había prodigado los ases inmejorables del dominio, creyendo que listos se hallaban a conseguirlos por la fuerza; latentes aún los dolores, de madres, viudas y hermanas; sufría aún el mundo con resignación y sus naciones libres de opresión creyeron que había llegado el momento de vengar por el resurgimiento individual y luego colectivo. La canuda y agotada Europa, dirigía sus languidecientes ojos, hacia el mar Joven y fuerte continente, el continente del progreso, el continente de la paz, el continente del futuro, el continente del honor, el inquebrantable idealismo de progreso y libertad, jamás doblará su rodilla ante ninguna fuerza que pretendía dominarlo; pues heroísmo sangre y fuego tuvieron sus antepasados, y dejaron como herencia eterna a sus hijos; y heroísmo, sangre y fuego de libertad harán saltar susheos, pues fuerzas mañanas; haciendo caso omiso de toda consideración humanitaria, faltando a todas las normas jurídicas ajustadas extremadamente al derecho, para que las naciones puedan vivir, y obtener los beneficios de una grande y continua Democracia; han hecho sonar sus bombas, preparadas con temible emboscada.

Nadie Lo Esperaba

Hace muy pocos años, nadie en esta América creyó que cercano estaba el comienzo de una nueva y catastrófica matanza; idea que solo lo estaban preparando aquellos que en el transcurso de su historia, jamás se saciaron con ninguna. Por eso ajenos a la vida guerrera, se dedicaron tan solo al progreso industrial de sus respectivos Estados y se miraron al espíritu, contento libre, continente luz, continente del mañana, Continente Americano, Este Continente Americano, vulgarmente conocido y divídido en tres: llamados Norte, Centro y Sud América, será a no dudarlo la clave a donde convergirán las órbitas del mundo; por que si la paz es necesario que reine en el universo, hacia la meta de la paz debe converger éste y demostrado está que el continente de la paz es el Continente Americano, y el hoy con justicia y dignidad ha empuñado las armas, es porque ama la paz y solo lucha por defender a ella; Oh! sarcasmo del destino, ir a la guerra en defensa de la paz; América del Norte, como hermana World, se dedicará con desarrollar impetuoso a su entero desenvolvimiento comercial e industrial, y así comenzó a dar vida a sus menores que luchaban por una mejor, económicamente independiente, pero su poco desarrollo industrial perjudicó a permitía, América del Centro, adentra y progresa, pues la cercanía a sus grandes vecinos le sirve de estímulo a la vez que la pujanza de sus mandatarios se toma cada vez más firme y progresiva. América del Sur, la joven, la joya deseada, la fuente incalculable de riqueza se yergue como todo un hombre, que comienza a sentir los beneficios de una vida económicamente independiente.

Volveremos a Tomar las Armas

Cien años y mas de vida libre, vida industrial aun viva, y la guerra comenzó, si bien muchas de sus republicas, democráticamente gobernadas, han alcanzado desarrollos ya notables, por la pujanza de sus hombres, sin embargo no son pueblos industriales. Su libertad, su suelo, sus riquezas, son objetivos coiciados por razas, ajenas al sentir Americano, y sueñan con ello, olvidando quizá el calor que corre por la sangre de sus hijos, olvidando quizá que nuestros padres murieron en el campo de batallas, no por codicia no por instinto de guerreros, no quados por un hombre, con fines netamente lucrativos a su raza, y proyectos terribles de exterminio, sino conscientes del deber que se imponían y con el valor que se defiende lo sagrado, regaron con su sangre los campos de batalla, y en el fulgor de sus combates resonaban sus trompetas, evidenciando el viejo continente que con sangre y el filo de su espada han servido para siempre a su ansiada independencia, y dejaban como herencia a sus hijos, “derecho de ser libres”, que para puedan obrar en el conglomerado de todo país civilizado; y que siempre ellos y sus hijos jurarán ante el emblema mas digno de su libertad, por Dios y por su Patria, volver a tomar las armas, y desenvanar el filo de su espada, si es preciso, antes que arrastrar nuevas cadenas.

MZAM 46 23 USGOV'T-SD WASHINGTON DC FEB 11 81 OP INTER AMERICAN AVIATION STUDENT

EMBRY RIDDLE SCHOOL
ON BEHALF OF THE PRESIDENT I TAKE PLEASURE IN ACKNOWLEDGING YOUR KIND MESSAGE TO HIM I WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS IN YOUR STUDIES

Cordell Hull
Secretary of State

R AM 46 ZS MFPT

"Keep 'Em Flying"

Damos las gracias por este medio a la Sra. H. Strongman Miller, de Miami Beach, por la gentileza y buena atención prestada a los cadetes interamericanos en la fiesta que dijo en honor de los mismos en el Club Napier en Miami. Todos pasaron una tarde muy divertida y alegre que se recordará por mucho tiempo.

Aprovechamos la oportunidad para hacer extensivo nuestro agradecimiento a la Pan American League que fuero años que patrocinamos esta fiesta y al Sr. Juan Pablo Riddle quien gustosamente facilitó los servicios del omnibus para el transporte de todo el grupo.

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

CARTA DEL PERÚ

Hemos recibido una atenta misiva de la primera dama de la nación peruana la excelentísima Sra. Enriqueta de Prado, a quien damos gracias por este medio. Atentamente,

"Be Alive When You Arrive"

RIDING THE BICARB CIRCUIT

last week were Tech School Director A. W. Throgonmorton, who addressed the luncheon meeting of the Greater Miami Airport Association on Wednesday at the McAllister Hotel and Philip de la Rosa, who took several of the Inter American cadets to the Rotary Club luncheon at the Columbus Hotel on Thursday.

"Careless Pilots Die Young"
RAY DENTON REPORTS
1st BASKETBALL GAME

Dear Editor,

I want to take this opportunity to let you know how thoroughly I enjoyed my first "basketball" game on Saturday night in Miami.

In England there is a type of "basketball" that is played by the girls, although we term it "netball" but it is in no manner like the American game.

The main rules of the game were explained to me by two charming young ladies to whom I had the good fortune to be introduced, and very soon I was "rooting" just as loud for Clewiston as they were for the "Tech" team.

I was amazed at the energy needed to play the game and at the accuracy with which passes and shots must be attempted. Also, I noticed that team work was a dominant feature during the whole of the game.

Naturally, I was very glad to see our Riddle Instructors win and I believe they have a very fine team.

In conclusion I would add that I am looking forward to the return match at Clewiston this coming Saturday night and urge as many cadets as possible to see the game.

Yours very sincerely,
Ray Denton, U/K
"B" Flight No. 5 EFTS.
Clewiston, Fla.

—Be Alive When You Arrive—

“SEND CIGAR LIGHTERS—KLEIN PLEADS FOR 'BOYS'

TECH SCHOOL — Mel Klein, just returned from Chanute Field at Rantoul, Ill., where he took an intensive Army refresher course in Aircraft Electricity and electrical instruments, brings back a human interest message that should be of interest to everyone:

"If you have a friend or relative in the service, for Heaven's sake send him a cigarette lighter! Everything else around the field was good, and plentiful, but for some unknown reason there is a decided lack of matches!"

Weather Not So Hot!

Any of you people kicking about our recent cold weather here in Florida, please take note that Mel reported temperatures down to 18 degrees below zero, and lots of it! Strangely enough, though, he found little complaining about the weather, and reported the morale of the men at Chanute to be "... excellent. Everyone up there is in a fighting mood new!"

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL BASE

By Lynelle Ruban & Bill Jaster

This week marks the last for colleague Ruban, who has resigned as dispatcher and will take his Commercial Flight to test this coming week. In his place will be "Red" Friant as dispatcher and it is up to ye oldie Editor as to who will be appointed to the FLX PAPER staff. We are sorry to see Lynelle leave and wish him some success in his new venture.

Among our many visitors this week here Joe Horton, Quint Fe-land and Dud Whitman, from Arcadia. Those on leave from Clewiston were Bob Thompson, Buddy Carruthers and George May. Len Povey flew in Saturday night from Arcadia. Our representative in Arcadia this week was Eugene Williams, who was forced down there with bad weather while on Cross Country. It seems that all the boys managed to make a vacation out of a cross country expedition.

C. W. and June Visit N. C.!

Most important news of the week was the forced landing that C. W. Tinsley had in Riddleville, N. C. He and June were flying the Stinson Reliant to the factory for a motor overhaul. Happily, no one was hurt. Les Bowman left by auto Sunday for Winston-Salem to see if the Stinson can be repaired. Mary Harvey, the latest of the "front office gals," has left us and was replaced by Hazel Thrall. We regret that Mary had to leave us but welcome Hazel into our family.

Congratulations to Clara Livingston, who received her instructor rating this week. She has left for her home in Puerto Rico but has promised to stop by and see us on her way back to New York. The new Stinson Reliant you see in our hangar was purchased from Miss Livingston a few days before she departed.

More Rules, But We Still Fly!
The C.A.A. "boys" have pounced on us with a whole new set of regulations. (Orders from headquarters.) It is necessary now to file a clearance certificate before every flight and an arrival certificate upon landing. It means a lot more inconvenience but we must remember that we are lucky to be able to fly at all.

—Keep 'Em Flying—
Co. "B" 124th Inf.

Dear Editor:

I do appreciate the FLY PAPER, so please note the change of address above. It looks like Uncle Sam is going to keep me with the ground forces so my flying is limited to what little I can get away from routine duties, which are many now.

You might be interested to know that the kid brother, Barney, is doing a fine job in the Army Corps at Randolph. He has recently been appointed Cadet Lieutenant and from all reports is doing a bang up job.

My regards to you and the rest.
Lt. Robert B. Turner, Jr.

—Pay Your Taxes—Beat the Axis—

Gene Cohen, former Main Office accountant drafted into the Army, has been promoted to the Post Finance Office at Fort Knox, Ky.

P. V. Irwin, former Municipal flight student, visited the Main Office last week resplendent in his new uniform as 2nd Lieutenant in the Marine Air Corps.

We nominate Betty Hair as the new correspondent of Municipal news after the fine help we have received from her in the writing of this issue.

—End—
EDITOR TAKES VACATION
Continued from Page 1

Jack Pinkerton, we found them both at lunch, together with Lieuts. Bentley and Bill Carpenter; Bill, by the way, has been assigned to West Point, leaving Dorr Field on February 21, and if anyone has a couple of good 6.00 by 16 tires, he'd be right obliged to "borrow" them for the trip.

Following an excellent lunch, we loaded Jack Clark aboard the "bus" for Miami, took a deep breath and said, "Now, we'll begin that vacation." For the first time since Dorr Field was built, we had plenty of time to just "mosey" around, look at things and talk to people. First we'd find Doug Hooker, Jack Barrington, Ed Morrey and a few American flight cadets to see if we couldn't get a "faithful" Fly Paper correspondent.

All Out, Open Post

That's what we thought! Because of "Zero-Zero" weather on the morning flights, all schedules had been cancelled and "open post" granted ... nobody was on the Field now except Squire Gates, Director of Flying Gordon Mougey and Steward Sam Nethery, that twin brother of Captain Doc's, who looks more like "Doc" does than "Doc" himself. Sam even told us about the chap who tried to pay him some money owing to his brother!

At least, we could tour the base and Squire Gates seemed to be just in the humor to act as guide. Dorr is our newest field, and still under construction, but it's rapidly shaping up, and will be soon completed. The "Squire", as Manager of the Field, is mighty proud of the base, and we know, won't mind being quoted as saying, "It's the best of all!" However, that's the same thing Captain Povey told us about Carlstrom ... and G. Willis Tyson said about Riddle Field!

As an unbiased observer, who knows all three fields, we'd say that each would solve tops in physical equipment. Whether one field is "better" than the other will now depend on the personnel at that field, their flying records and the "spirit" prevailing among the employees and students. Along this line, we'd like to see some intras­ field competitive sports like the basketball games now being played between the Tech School and Riddle Field.

When J. P. R. Was A Cadet

During our tour, Tom regaled us with side-splitting stories about the "old days at Carlstrom" when Boss Riddle was an Aviation Cadet. One in particular was about the original 'Riddle Bus' the Boss and another classmate bought an old model "F" Ford touring car and inaugurated a bus service between Carlstrom and Arcadia, at 25 cents per trip! A lucrative proposition, they said, paid for the car by the simple means of loading 19 cadets into the car and talking to people. First we'd find Doug Hooker, Jack Barrington, Ed Morrey and a few American flight cadets to see if we couldn't get a "faithful" Fly Paper correspondent.

A Pleasure to Be Sick

Another building just completed at Dorr is Captain Doctor Natchigall's hospital. Looking more like a wealthy man's Miami Beach cottage than a hospital, this compact little building has everything, including a modern 'dark room' for testing eyes, an eight-bed sick bay, reception room, laboratory, offices, surgical examination room, and patients three of them, all suffering from colds.

This is Unofficial, but in "Doc's" office we saw his conception of what the Flight Surgeon's official insignia should be. It's the Medical Corps insignia superimposed on the big center star of the Air Corps insignia ... an impressive looking design, it is the same thing he used on those 49 cent Christmas cards he sent out this year.

What's This PX Thing We Hear Of?

On our own last, we wandered out to the main gate to "hitch" a ride back to Carlstrom, and at long last discovered what the "PX" is. Several Cadet correspondents have mentioned the PX, and in our ignorance, we've imagined that it was the radio tower, or somepin'. Anyhow, as any Army man knows, the PX is the Post Exchange, where you can buy anything from a Mickey Mouse book to a cokie.

It was here that we finally found, and talked to, one of the American cadets, A/C M. G. Lowenthal. A line, we'd like to see some intras­ field competitive sports like the basketball games now being played between the Tech School and Riddle Field.

Back at Carlstrom Field, we discovered another "open post," and so spent most of our time "chiming" with Lieuts. Bill Hart and Jim Beville, and Nate Reece who was in the midst of organizing a group conversational Spanish class for the gang in and around Arcadia. "Si deseas hablar Espanol," was Nate Reece's. The class is now being formed.

Final­ ly, going to the post barber shop for a long overdue hair­ cut, we met cartoonist (?) Ray Fah­ ringer, who talked us into a late afternoon flight to look­see at Arcadia from the air, and the first group of ten houses being built there for R.A.I. personnel.

Editor Gets Tooken

Remember our story about Howard Wade being "tooken" by the city slickers in Miami? Well, we apologize to the Miami lads! This time we got too, and how, by the sweetest piece of smooth talk we have ever heard. At the Kentucky restaurant that evening, it was steaks we bought, and for none other than Capt. Nachtigall and Lieut. Pinkerton.

Well, we learned our lesson! And all we got out of it was a two­bit ticket to "The Womanless Wedding" at the Arcadia High School ... a ticket we didn't even get a chance to use, being further talked into taking an unrehearsed part as Mama Dionne! Imagine us ... Mrs. Dionne!

We Lost Our Britches!

Under Carlstrom Field News, Jack Hobler did a swell job of covering this event ... and all we can add is that Corporal Brooks, a husband, and Larry Walden, the preacher, were the only ones at the party who didn't lose their pants. Among the pretties at this shindig were Hobler, as a flower girl, Ray Fähringer, as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Sid Pfugger, as Mrs. Gov. Holland, Jack Hunt, as the glamorous girl Hedy LaMarr, and Capt. Nethery as a very, very lovely bridesmaid.

It was a grand play, and we all had fun! Especially the audience! Following the play, we dropped in at the Arcadia skating rink, where it was a pleasant sight to watch the British and American flight cadets enjoying themselves. As the crowd "on the floor" increased to the point where the walls were actually bulging, Ray drew back, cocked a eye at the whirling figures, and ventured the Remark of the Week—"Huh, Carlstrom Field traffic!"

PROGRAM

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

Feature Picture

"ROBOT PILOT"

with

FOREST TUCKER CAROL HUGHES EVELYN BRENT

Monday, February 23rd—Riddle Field
Tuesday, February 24th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, February 25th—Carlstrom Field

Feature Picture

"ONE RAINY AFTERNOON"

with

FRANCIS LEDERER IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT ROLAND YOUNG

Thursday, February 26th—Riddle Field
Friday, February 27th—Dorr Field
Saturday, February 28th—Carlstrom Field

For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents