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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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ANOTHER LETTER FROM ENGLAND

Ye Editor has been feeling "off the beam" .. could be spring fever .. but something happened this morning that made the world right again! In the mail were several "sewll" letters, one from "Jerry" Reece at Arcadia, telling us that Nate's sister in Honolulu has written that she's still getting the FLY PAPER .. and liking it!

Says Jerry, "Thanks a lot, and DO keep it going to them out there as they enjoy getting news about our family, especially since the war. They have taken a personal interest in the little paper since there is so much news in it about the 'doings' at Carlstrom."

News From Sgt. Brown, R.A.F.

Here, however, is the BIG letter in the morning mail .. all the way from England .. from STEPHEN H. BROWN, one of the original chaps to train at Carlstrom, transferring to Clewiston for completion. Anyhow, here's the letter, and we're mighty PROUD to print it:

1210859
Sgt./Pilot Brown, S.H.
c/o 1, First Ave., Rainworth,
N. Mansfield, Notts,
England

Wednesday 1-21-42.

For F. C. Belland, Esq.
Editor
Emby-Riddle Fly Paper

Dear "Bad":

I hope you don't mind me calling you Bud, but as I don't know what the "F" or the "C" stand for, I can't do much else, can I?

The reason I am writing you is to take advantage of the Embry-Riddle offer to post the FLY PAPER to its old friends. It is the only way we can keep in touch with the people we learned to admire and respect, especially the instructors and staff at Arcadia and Clewiston.

I am writing on behalf of most of the Senior course at Clewiston. We all feel that we should like to

Turn to Letter, Page 8, Col. 3
Departamento Latino Americano

Philip A. de la Rosa, Director

A WEEK-END WITH THE INTER-AMERICAN CADETS
by William Rivas, Nicaragua

In order that the countermen of the Inter-American Cadets studying in the Technical School at Miami may have some idea of how well we are entertained here, I should like to write just a few words about our activities last week-end.

Saturday afternoon, six of us, including Ismael Vigil, Dick Estrada, and Roberto Machado from Uruguay, and Adolfo Montero and Gonzalez Lopez G., from Argentina were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Notman aboard their pałacete yacht, cruising among the beautiful islands of Miami Beach. Not only was the boat, the scenery and the food served, delightful, but further pleasure was added by the presence of four charming young ladies, the Misses Virginia Celement, Virginia Banfield, Esther Maxwell and Barbara Kerr.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ferber, secretary of the Pan American League, and to Mr. and Mrs. Notman, the Inter-American Cadets extend their most hearty thanks.

All Out for Party

In the early evening we returned to the school dormitory to dress for our regular School Dance, a party which, in the opinion of my fellow students from the South American countries, was the best "shindig" we have attended since arriving in Miami. Particularly, every Cadet commented on the rhythm orchestra which alternated with the swing orchestra. It is our hope that this band will be with us always at our dances, since it is our native music and makes the dances most enjoyable for us.

There were so many Cadets present that it was impossible for me to get the names of all their dates, but among those I noticed sitting near the dance floor, and not missing any chance to conga or rhythm were Grace Roomo and Maurice Molino, Lucille Valliere and Adolfo Sasco, Doris Heacock and Sam Boden, Joan Gluren and Roberto Machado., and our popular Puerto Rican friends Coca Gil de la Mata, dancing her delightful congas with our Cincinnati friend, Dan Willig, and Judy Lopes, with her incomparable interpretation of the Cuban Rhumba which I may say she danced perfectly with yours truly.

Sunday Morning

Still following the activities of my fellow students, I had the pleasure Sunday morning of seeing the first games to be played on the new tennis courts that Embry-Riddle has built at the school for the entertainment of the Cadets. The completion of these courts is a great thing for us. We are going to try to get "Pancho" Segura, the South American tennis star now at the University of Miami, to come over to play a match against some outstanding player. Also, we have in mind organizing our own teams to play in competition with other units in the school, and hope that we will be able to invite our friend over to participate in these games. Following this, we give the results of the first games played on the new courts:

Silvia Anthony, Uruguay, vs. Francisco Mircich, Argentina, 6-3.
Maximino Garcia, Uruguay, vs. Rey Bringas, Argentina, 6-4.
Adolfo Sasco, Uruguay, vs. Reno Bono, Argentina, 6-2.
Silvia Anthony, Uruguay, vs. Roberto Machado, Uruguay, 6-2.

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

Ecuador Celebra el 27 de Febrero de 1829
by Segundo José Maya

Inter America Cadet, de Ecuador

La República del Ecuador, nación soberana gobernada democráticamente y situada en el corazón mismo de la América del Sur; bañada por el que hasta ayer fue Océano Pacífico, y limitada por su inmenso río Amazonas; tiene una historia muy digna de su vida democrática, muy noble por la fidelidad de su palabra y muy grande por la caballería con que defiende; un ideal, un amigo o un hermano, "sufre, por que hace suyos los reveses y goza y ríe cuando el gozo. Sus hijos siempre fieles a su Lema "Vivir con honra o morir con gloria," poseen un pacífico concentrado, pero jamás estiman sacrificios; son valientes, temerarios, cuando la dignidad de su país está en juego o la honra de su patria quiere hollarla. Los hechos se repiten en la historia; cambian los nombres, los tiempos; pero las acciones mismas se repiten. El famoso Reino de los Shiris (Ecuador) era gobernado por uno de los Jefes mas famosos de su historia; Atahualpa. Su hermano mayor gobernaba el imperio del Cuzco (Perú) y con miras de conquista cruzó la frontera del reino de su hermano. Atahualpa sabedor de esta ofensa sale a defender su territorio y Huascar es derrotado en el batallon de Tumbez. Las tropas eran dos veces, las del Reino de los Shiris; mejor armadas y equipadas, pues el que da la sorpresa, siempre tiene una ventaja inicial, mas eso, no importa luego se impone el valor y el derecho.

Atahualpa nació en la Capital del reino de los Shiris, Quito (hoy Quito) y con esa nobleza legendaria dijo a su hermano prisionero: regresa a tu tierra yo no la quiero, pero exijo que respetes la mía.

Pocos años más tarde el mundo se asombra ante el derrumbe de una antigua potencia como el famoso Virreyes Genoves Cristóbal Colón lo demostraba, dando una nueva corona a los reyes de España. Cuatro siglos habían pasado y la América del Sur comenzaba a desprenderse y sentir los deseos de ser libre y el 10 de Agosto de 1829, Quito, justamente llamada "Luz de América" lanzó al mundo el primer grito de independencia. Sus héroes se levantan del enorme lechazo y se unen en un movimiento libertario; ofrendando en los campos de batalla, su sangre, sus vidas, sus fortunas, luchando por un solo ideal "Libertad, libertad, libertad;" no se distinguen razas, nacionalidades, sus ejércitos son euregónicos, Venezolanos, colombianos, ecuatorianos, chilenos, peruanos, argentinos y muchos europeos, ingleses, franceses, todos bajo una sola bandera, exigen el "Derecho de ser Libres" y sus decretos son cristalizados hacia el año de 1824, consolidándose la Independencia Sud americana. El Ecuador que habiendo lanzado el grito de libertad lució hasta el fin por sí y la libertad de sus hermanos del Sur, formaba en 1829 parte de la Gran Colombia; el sueño dorado del Libertador de cinco naciones "Simón Bolívar.

En la América del Sur, el Ecuador es la única nación que ha visto hollado su suelo por plantas invasoras, desde fechas inmemorables.

El mas pacífico de los pueblos, el mas fiel de los amigos, el que siempre ha proclamado y proclama que la unión de todos los pueblos de naciones civilizadas es el respeto mutuo y sujeción al derecho, máximo cuando este tiene fundamentos jurídicos inalienables; desconociendo todo cuanto se haga...
por lo fuerza, porque ésta solo inculta el apropi o y es germen de continuas luchas fácticas. Pues la posesión jamás de derecho alguno, contra el legítimo soberano; no hace sino producir un efecto jurídico, que implica el deber de restituirlo, para entonces establecer el orden conculcado.

Y era un día de 27 de Febrero de 1929, 4000 bravos ecuatorianos se habían movilizado para detener a 8000 soldados invasores, que olvidando que ellos derramaron su sangre por dardes libertad; que juntos entonaron los hinos de victoria; contra el yugo español; pisoteaban el derecho que habían alcanzado.

El fragor del combate se agigan
ta, los ecuatorianos luchan con coraje, porque suya es la justicia, porque no luchan por ambición, no luchan, por conquista, no luchan a tracción, frente a frente les salen al paso; pues los nobles y caballe-
ros recogen el guante exclamando, defendente que también atacaré, tu me has herido, las heridas de sangre y a tracción, solo con sangre son redimidas.

En las primeras horas de este día se había comenzado la batalla y 6 horas desques había terminado; las diams libertadas nuevamente se oyeron en los campos de Varqui y una vez mas, la justicia se imponía por las armas y el derecho confirmaba su victoria. El Ecuador añadía una gloria mas a su ban-
dera y creyó terminado su litigio. Salve; muertos gloriosos de mi Pa-
tria; yo os venero, ayer como hoy fuimos victimas, pero también como ayer; hoy y siempre nos le-
vantaremos en defensa de tu honor y mi honor.

Pues la grandaza de un pueblo y de sus hijos no son las glorias de Conquista, sino las glorias conques-
tadas, con la sangre y fortuna de sus hijos en defensa de oprobios; en defensa de su suelo inmaculado, en defend de derecho conculcado. Pueblo que por el derecho esta
dando, es pueblo que marcha a la Victoria, pueblo que recoge los rezos, fruto de trancias o sorr-
presas; los recoge y templa con ellos su carácter; las devolverá con eresas frente a frente, se cre-
ará que tamabla, pero nunca ar-
rodillarse adelante! prefeible es desaparecer en el campo del honor.

—Mom's the Word! Don't Talk—

IT'S A GIRL!

Congratulations to Clarence Boultinhouse, Tech School mainte-
nance carpenter, who became papa to a daughter last week.

MIA M—South American blood for North American soldiers. Responding to an emer-
gency call for blood donors on Monday by the Dade County Blood Bank, 43 Inter-
American Cadets at the Tech School and 36 North American students and Tech
instructors volunteered. Shown above, with Dr. Clifford Vincent of the Blood Bank, is
Lieut. Frank Medina Perez, Cuban Naval officer studying at the Tech School, who is
adding his blood to the "sweat and tears" already being expended by the Americans
in their drive to crush the Axis.

AUBERGER ENTERTAINS
ACCOUNTING DEPT.

Jointly celebrating the first wed-
ding anniversary of Bob and Made-
line Hillstead, Bob's promotion to
School Comptroller, Washington's
Birthday and the fact that their
department had completed the
monthly task of balancing the
books, Walter and Ann Auberge
to the Accounting De-
artment at a delicious spaghetti
dinner at their home Sunday
evening.
follows dinner, the gang en-
joyed bingo and darts. Among
others present were Fred Hawes,
Nancy Bowens, Gordon and The-
a Bowens, Mudge Kessler, Paul Miller
and his lovely blond date, Pat
Torge, Ted and Marie Treff, Henry
and Lucille Fox, Bill Frendell
and Dale George.

BRITISH CADETS,
BASIC TRAINING OVER,
VISIT R.A.I.

Four British cadets who took
their primary flying training at
Carlstrom Field and then were
transferred to Gunter Field for
basic training, completed their
course ahead of schedule, and were
given leaves to re-visit Arcadia
and their old friends here.

One of the lads, Bonnie Green,
stopped off at the home of George
Stonebraker, with whom he'd struck
up a friendship while here.

Two of the boys, Albert Southey
and Vic Sweeting, spent their fur-
loah with Dr. J. M. Morquus, while
the fourth, Bob George, visited Mrs.
Rupert Smith at her home.

All the lads said that they did
not know if they'd ever get back to
Florida again after finally complet-
ing their course, and wanted to
stop over and make a final visit to
the friends who taught them Amer-
ican ways.—The Arcadian.

INTER-AMERICAN
CADETS CONTINUE
SOCCER PRACTICE

by Chester Galeno, Chile

Editor's Note: The following story is reproduced just as it was
written in English by Sr. Galeno. We think it's a fine job of handling a
"foreign" language. Well done, Chester!

On Sunday, February 15, the Tech School teams, integrated by
Latin-American students, the "Río
de la Plata" and the "Equipó del
Pacifico," played an unofficial game
which had the score of 4:2 in favor
of the Atlantic's players.

The game was full of brilliant
and swift action and during the
first period the Pacifico's team
pressed constantly against their
contraries but failed to get more
goals, though their half line was
speedy and over and over started
attacks which didn't get good re-
sults due to failure in the forward's
line.

The Atlantic's team by the con-
trary, with its effective forwards
and wings, and with Ray Bringes
as goal keeper, got a victory after
having employed themselves deeply.

The goals were made as follows:
"Equipó del Pacifico," 2 goals made
by Archi Evans, Chile; "Equipó
de la Plata," 2 goals made by Prado,
Cuba, 1 by Pomeyov, Uruguay;
and 1 by de la Pena, Argentina.

Cheser Galeno, Chile, player of
the "Equipó del Pacifico," due to
an accident suffered while in prac-
tice three days before the game,
acted as referee in this second soc-
ner game played by the new Emby-
Riddle Tech School soccer teams,
which are carrying a severe train-
ing in order to concert games with
some team of the British cadets at
Clewiston maybe already are pre-
paring.

"Be Alive When You Arrive"

EMBRY-RIDDLE GOES
"ON THE AIR"

Not only is Emby-Riddle "in the air" much of the time, but we are
now "on the air" . . . radio pro-
grams and everything!

Beginning at 7:30 Monday even-
ing over radio station WKAT at
Miami Beach, was the first of 26
weekly programs called "Imperial
Leader," dramatizing the life of
Winston Churchill.

During the program intermis-
sion each Monday evening, some-
thing from the school will make a
short, informal talk on aviation.
Covering that "spot" on our first
radio appearance was Peter Ord-
way, advertising manager, and
next Monday Emmet Varney will
be the "selectee."
Mentioning Municipal Base

by Bill Jaster and Betty Hare

Prodigals Return

Les Bowman, O. W. and Mrs. Tinsley arrived in Miami via Les’ car Thursday night safe and sound after the harrowing experience of a crashup. Harry Wells took Bowman’s place, in his absence, as superintendent of maintenance and did a very good job—for which we heartily thank him.

Nite and Day!

Bad weather cut down our flying considerably this week but we'll make it up if we have to fly all nights—which is, in reality, what we are doing, for on the operations sheet the other day we noticed that Instructor Lumpkin flew his men on night flights until 2 o'clock in the morning.

Beginning this week the Municipal office force goes on a seven-day week schedule. It’s “all out for national defense,” and they are more than willing to help out in any way possible. We’ve been flying seven days a week for a long time so this new setup is just an old story to the flight instructors. The office will be open from 8 a.m. until 7:30 p.m.—flying from sunup to sundown.

C. P. T. P. News

The new C.P.T. program is due to get under way any day now and some of the new fleggers have already been out to look the place over. Hollahan, who has been plagued with birth certificate trouble and bad weather, still has an hour or two to go but should have his private ticket and finish the primary for us by press time next week.

The C.P.T. cross country boys are really doing a swell job of flying, thanks to their very capable instructors, Tinsley and Lumpkin. They just finished taking their written exams last Tuesday—which were given by Dean Triplett, ground school supervisor from Jax.

“One Foot on the Ground!”

We now have the latest device for training students to coordinate the movement of stick and rudder. It’s a Crowell Pilot Trainer that sits right on the ground but is capable of doing all the required flight maneuvers. Bill Hutchins, C.A.A. Insp., tried a few slow rolls and lazy eights, and, in keeping with his reputation, did a good job of it. Lt. Burgin seems to have the knack of the darn thing too, although most of the boys claim they can do a much better job in a real plane about 2,000 feet up.

Things We’ve Noticed

That Lt. Fator never loses in checkers ... What a gold mine the coke machine turned out to be ... Hal Ball trying to get priority papers to buy tires ... How many planes the line crew manages to get in the hangar every night ... Bob Marshall with nine people in his car on the way back from the Air base chateau ... Ted Hunter’s elaborate system of keeping track of who is on the flak list ... Jim Sayer, ex-mech., visiting us re-spellendant in navy uniform ... Everyone looking surprisingly fresh the morning after dance (the attendance by Municipal was low due to the tremendous amount of hangar gossip, cigarettes or gabbing women).

... Numbers among his ambitions, an aerial tour of the U.S. advertising Embry-Riddle Company after the war is over ... Sideline—of all things—raising flowers.

... Says his hobbies are training others to fly a good game of tennis (he used to be Southeastern champ, or something).

... “Is very happily married to a very beautiful belle and just recently bought a very pretty home in North Miami.”

... Will never forget how scared he was, after crashing behind theGer, that he made the landing on the next dome.

... Longs for a “day-off” with no telephones.

... Thinks that people don’t realize there’s a war going on.

... Prefers blondes (like wife), dill pickles and Lucky Strikes.

... Deathly afraid of R.R trains, rattlesnakes and automobiles.

... Grew his moustache while a prisoner in Germany and has had it ever since.

... Claims the “Hy” in his name stands for “Hampton.”

... Oldest son, Van Jr., is taking the primary C.P.T. course at Georgia Tech and is going to be a flier “just like his daddy.”

We asked the Lt. to write us an editorial, which he consented to do. Here, folks, is a personal message from our boss:

“Pay Your Taxes—Beat the Axis!”

The Way I Look at It

by Lient. Van H. Burgin

General Manager

Miami Flight Divisions

Don’t you get tired of listening to: “Why don’t they...” “It seems to me that if...” “I can’t understand why...” “Well, if you ask me...” “And, boy, it sure looks bad...”?

We poor, poor American people, isn’t it amazing how utterly dumb we can be? The whole world is alive with disaster and death and deadly fighting which knows no rules, and we—we are frantic because our tires are getting thin, and offended because our loyalty is questioned, or because conveniences are denied. We holler bloody murder when our working hours are increased and walk around with the look of martyrs when put on a seven-day week.

We hire hundreds of guards to safeguard our public works and vi-

dal defense plants, only to find that it’s just as easy to gain access as it was before. We organize “USO” clubs for the service man but find they would rather hit the night spots. We start a campaign slogan entitled “Don’t talk,” and then spread more false and vivid rumors in a day then the Axis, in whole, does in a year. We take raid precautions by placing “スポット” at various points around a city who don’t know the difference between a Heinkel bomber and a Piper cub.

If you stood face to face with a madman killer, would you stop to ask his name?—or extend him any courtseies?—or give him a sporting chance? Would you stand in the way of anyone who came to help you? There are, primarily, two opposing points of view in the world today. Half of the world population believes that dictatorship and a “new world order” are necessary, the other half believes in a democratic form of government. Half of the world is going to win, and live. The other half is going to lose—and die. My life—your life is at stake. It is imperative that we realize the enormity of that fact.

We must get tough—and when I say tough I mean that we must be bullies—who bite, and scratch, and kick, and hit below the belt. The dirty, rotten, stinking kind, who employ any and every kind of means to a victory. No more soft-heartedness, no more favors, no more sportsmanship, no more idealtastic thinking.

It is better that we give up our money, and sleep, and freedom, and speech, and time, and even our souls, voluntarily, now, rather than have them taken away forcefully and forever in the future, by a victorious enemy.

The Mystery Deepens

For two weeks now, G. Willis Tyson, manager of Riddle Field at Clewiston, has been “out of town.” Nobody knows where. Nobody knows when.

Monday he checked into the Main Office in Miami for just about that long, said nothing to anybody, and then took off again for points unknown! Well, it’s everybody’s guess what’s what it is! Anyhow, for the benefit of Mrs. Tyson, his family and all his employees and friends at Clewiston, we’ll say he looked healthy as the dickens, and probably the story of his whereabouts will all come out in due time! Whatever he’s doing, good luck to him!

February 26, 1942

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It"
DORR FIELD NEWS BULLETIN

Jack Barrington, Editor

Last Week's Report

Delayed but here it comes! Dorr Field is still on the map, very much so, if one would just come by and take a look see.

As we have already given facts and figures in the previous issue, we won't have many more facts but, in looking around, there are some new figures. I am afraid this department has slipped up in not announcing that Gordon Mougey is now our Director of Flying. Gordon dates away back with R. A. I., coming to Carlstrom from Miami Municipal and to Dorr from Carlstrom. He has relieved Mr. Gates of that very large order—FLIGHT LINE. Our congratulations, Gordon, and we think you are doing a swell job.

Could Spring Be Here?

Stanley Marxee is a changed man—just heard of his recent wedding. Congratulations, Stan. We will be very pleased to meet the bride. By the way, the subject has brought to light the sound of more wedding bells—same to you, Ralph Morris!!! FLASH!!! Another—Arthur Dalberth seems to have started this whole thing going. Why don't you fellows tell me these things? Congratulations to all of you.

This place is becoming more decorated each day. To the R. A. I. staff we welcome Miss Kathryn Sandersky and Miss Loretta Scarborough. Miss Betty Bal linger is now with the Air Corps, being in Lt. Bentley's office. To the Flight Instructor staff we welcome: Dudley Whitman, Don Brown, Quintus Feland, Arthur Johnson, Kenneth Neville, Chester Pickup, Kurt Kunau, Richard Life, Gene Mills, Ben Tolwe, H. W. Albersmeier, Edgar Blair, Frank Porter, L. Drake, E. R. McDuffie.

Everyone seems to be very happy and satisfied in that very attractive and nicely arranged administration building. We see in the East Section Mr. Gates' office and the accounting office and in the West Section are Lt. Boyd and his staff of army personnel.

This is a busy place with R. A. I. "Keepin' Em Flying."

Now, This Week's Story

The last of 42-F is safely on its way to Basic and the highways leading from Arcadia are crowded with the exodus of Instructors seeking a spot of high ground upon which to relax for a couple of days and dry out. The unseasonable rain has made things a little uncomfortable but we have the assurance of a good friend of ours, who is also a native, that this has been one of those unseasonable seasons which only occur four out of five years.

The arrival of Henry Warren, our new Ground School Instructor, has been one of the bright spots this month. Henry has been kept pretty busy working out the curriculum for the Instructors Instrument course. We are all anxious to get started with these classes and Henry may be assured of a large attendance. Recent advances include the step up to Flight Commander by Mr. Sharkey. Congratulations, sir!

Hereafter, during the rainy season the Dispatchers will each be supplied with a thatched roof hut on stilts. Stationed outside, two large members of the Wawamba Tribe, equipped with spears, will call the numbers of departing planes in their native tongue.

Our hard working Director of Flying, Gordon Mougey, really deserves a world of credit for the way he handled this program. He has managed to keep things going smoothly and all our heads above water.

NITE LIFE OF THE GUARDS

by Jack Whitnall

That man asked me to write this so bear it if you can: Dorr Field is well looked after at night—if you doubt it, try slipping over the fence some night. Each guard is armed with a double-barrel shotgun and a .38 pistol.

Note to the Editor

The slingshot mentioned in the FLY PAPER two weeks ago was borrowed by Jack Barrington and has not been returned. Back to the subject: Not much to do till 9 or 9:30 when all Maintenance personal have left—then till daylight, it's all ours.

Let's Make the Rounds

We've already been checked in by Mr. Hollingsworth at the Front Gate. We walk down to barracks, No. 1 and are halfway to the Mess Hall—sure is quiet—and not far behind us either—we turn around and are blinded by a flashlight (not so blinded that we can't see a man and a gun) that barrel looks big enough to run a train through.

Proving our identification and that we're on business, we finally make the flight line—or almost. We're stopped again—same procedure—and allowed to pass. Lots of ships down here. Sort of funny feeling when we know we're being watched—and the guard, who hears us coming, is waiting for us with bueecktub—til he sees who we are.

We finally make the tour and are almost back at the head of the line—and a sigh of relief. It's 1 a.m.

We Go to Parker Field Now

There, a few ships have been left out over night. It's about miles there and we see quite a number of possums. Arriving at Parker we've again stopped, this time by Mr. Hughes, who has just shot a "Jack-o-Lantern," said J.O.L. being a wad of fireflies the size of the business end of a coffee cup and resembling a flash light with the batteries just burned up. J.O.L. kept coming after being challenged three times. We hope we don't lose our voices!!

Back to Dorr—everything o.k.—it's getting on towards 6 a.m. Mess Hall is a busy place; Maintenance crew is coming in. We run into Hangar Chief Bishop with enough clothes on to sink a battleship. Bed's going to feel pretty good. Many thinks to Sam Nethery and the ladies who run our temporary P.X. for the surplus coffee they give the guards at night. After the fourth or fifth heating, it is one of the best hair restorers on the market.

To all R.A.I. Employees: Come up and let Sam Nethery show you the new game—it's called "Thump."

The Guard's Motto

"Go quietly and carry a big stick."

Typical Thoughts

Director of Flying: How can flight commanders be so dumb at times?

Flight Commanders: How can instructors be so dumb at times?

Instructors: How can cadets be so dumb at times?

Cadets: How can I be so dumb?

CARROLL HOUSE LEAVES FOR CAMP BLANDING

Leaving the school last week for his induction into Uncle Sam's armed forces was Carroll House, Division Purchasing Agent at Carlstrom Field, R.A.I. Carroll, who made a fine record for himself during his year with the School, was formerly with the purchasing department of National Air Lines and in the stores department of Pan American Airways. His position as purchasing agent at Carlstrom will be filled by Mrs. Mozelle Cross.

Among other recent changes in the purchasing department, we note that Brus Carpenter has been promoted to assistant to general purchasing agent Ed China, and that Jackson G. Flowers has been transferred from Emmet Varney's office to purchasing.

—Keep 'Em Flying—

Sgt. A. C. Aylard (to date): Do you like to dance?

Date: Yes, some too!

Aylard: Well say, that's better yet!

AIR CORPS OFFICERS VISIT MIAMI BEACH

MIAMI—When the U. S. Army Air Corps officials visited Miami last week, "Boss" John Paul Riddle entertained at a reception at the Roney Plaza Hotel. Shown above are, left to right, Boss Riddle, Maj. Gen. Walter W. Weaver, acting chief of the Air Corps, Lt. Col. James S. Stowell and Miami City Manager A. B. Curry.
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

Washington’s Birthday (also this year)

Dere Eddit:
I don’t want you to start that there “Hey Ruble!” stuff again this week on account of how I ain’t no rube. My Mom and Pop spent good money to send me to school, so I’m a real dedicated guy. Also, if your printers don’t like the way I rite these letters, maybe they ought to go to school too. Even if they been to school, they ought to rite that eddichasan show don’t stop with book learnin’ and you can see by now that there is lots of stuff in my letters that nobody will ever see in books.

Kayedets Enjoy “Burlyque”

Now that you are straightened out, I want to tell you about somethin’ funny that happened the other nite. Friday afternoon most of the Kayedets got paid, and since I am sort of a man-about-town, they asked me what there was to do in Arcady. Well, they come to the rite guy, as I know about somethin’ nice, so I jest told them about the Dance Revue that was bein’ given in the hi-school oddity room. They asked me if it was a shore-enuf leg show and I said it was. They asked me if the gals was young and purty, and I said they was. They asked me if it was expensive, and I said it wasn’t. So, starved like they are for somethin’ new, they all fixed up to go see it.

Well, when that there curtin went up at eight o’clock, they musta been thirty or forty Kayedets in the oddience. I was sittin’ behind Joe Woodward (55c seats, too) and the boys was strung out on either side of us. Bud, it was a beautiful show and guys like me and Mr. Woodward (euchurched and refined that we are) enjoyed it a lot. Somehow, them Kayedets kept lookin’ at me kinda funny all evenin’, and when the shincig was over, they waited to escort me from the hall. I tol’ it was of them, but when we got outside, they really give me the third degree, sayin’ I done them dirt. Sittin’ here in my bed now, nursin’ my wounds, I wonder if the fact that most of the gals was school kids, 12 and 13 years old, had anythin’ to do with the beatin’ I got. I dunno; it beats me.

Personally, me and Joe that the gals was cute; that purty Betty Parker led the band in some real hi-brow musik, Jack Hunt’s darlin’ little dattier Clara Louise danced like us grown up in a sure-enuf evenin’ gown, and that byootiful Carolyn Hendry done some rite smart conga steps. In fack, her conga was so good that none of the others cud keep step with her. I guess she is too good fer you and me, which is bad, as I am kinda worried on her if she can swim?

Hello, Johnnie!

Say, Bud, we had us a real celebrrity over here this week. You know that little feller that hollers over the radio, “Cal-1-1 fore Phil-lip-p Mor-is-ee-s!”? Well, his name is Johnny, and he was in our Canteen givin’ out free samples to all the boys. He shore is a nice little feller, altho he ain’t no bigger than a minit. Anyhow he, wants us to send him the Fly Paper and I said we wud. I guess we are up in the big time, now, hey?

“Nellie” Lands at R. A. I.

By the way, chum, who do you think is over here now takin’ an Instructor Refreshers course? It’s that tall, good-lookin’ guy that used to be a line-boy over in Myammie, Lynelle Rabun. He tells me he is now a regular air-machine driver, as he got his comershal license at Municipal a cupila weeks ago. He is hangin’ around with Roy Kunkel, Slick Stanley, and Jimmie Sutton, all of them lerinn to fly the Army way. Just, they stick to flyin’ and don’t parade their masculine beauty (how’s you like that big word?) before these Arcady gals, it’s alrute with me.

We heard a cupila kids arguing in the other day about who was fightin’, the Chinese or the Japs. One said that the government said we was goin’ to wipe Japan off the map, so the other said he didn’t know what the government had to do with it, but that Captain Povey said we was warinin’ on the Japs, so he gesssed we must be frends with the Chinese. It looks like Len Povey is a bigger guy that we thought he was, don’t it?

The Feud Goes On

Bud, remember that golf feud I was talkin’ about last time? Well, Lieutenant Freeman just beat Sid Pfluger yesterday at Fort Meyers. Sid had jest got a new pair of store-boughten golf shoes, and we think that is why he didn’t do so well. And, speakin’ of athletics, our Director — Jess Thomas — got transferred up to Georgia. Damnit, I liked Jess; in fack, all of us did, and we shore hate to see him go. You know, his wife Charlene run that dancin’ school that put on the Revue I’m now sufferin’ for.

“We’re Agin’ It!”

Well, Bud, I ain’t got much more to say, except that these danged winmen folks is after us men to put on that there Womanless Wedding show again. I think we ought to put our fot down, as I—for one—ain’t got over the last one yet. You know, I didn’t get all the lipstick off that nite, and when I went back the second time later, the rinkmaster assts me who I bin kissin’? He’s up and around now, but he got a nasty scar on his forehead, so I guess I slapped him too hard. Emninyhow, I wish you luck if they catch you over here again.

Painfully yours,

—JACK

CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE
by Tom Taylor

From here on in we will try to drop in a line or two on the happenings on the “Fright Line.” The excellent job of reporting done by Dale Delanty and Lee Herrell in the past will be awfully hard to equal, in fact, that no effort will be made to do so. However, with Ray Fahringers assistance (he promised) some of the side lights on the “Of Pilot Plant” will be sent in.

Blow Me Down!

All of which brings to mind the recent incident when the wind was raisin’ hell around here, Charlie Sullivan insisted that the wind was so strong the sea gulls were walking from pond to pond. Some wind!

I had in mind sending in the names of the Flight Commanders and their assistants but the situation changes so suddenly that I am about three echo behind, so that’s how it is. But let us take this opportunity of giving out our heartiest congratulations to the newly promoted gents, we are all with you, so let’s keep ‘em flying.

Hey, how come Joe Horton was seen muddling around in the plantation in “store clothes”? Looked right “purty,” too. Incidentally, I have had the occasion recently to observe the equipment in other sections of the country and I am not kidding the least little bit when I say that Joe Horton’s crew really do a swell job of keeping our equipment in beautiful shape. Thanks Joe.

Well, I’m afraid this will have to do for this week due to a rationing of time, BUT we’ll be back!

—“Num’s the Word! Don’t Talk”

APPY BIRTHDAY!

Among those in the school “gettin’ a little older” last week were Ed Hurley and Mrs. Charlie Bos­ tono, who, together with a group of friends in Miami, celebrated at a joint birthday party on Feb. 21. Well, many more of ‘em, kids, and may they all be HAPPY!
TECH SCHOOL FIVE TAKES RIDDLE FIELDERS—
AT LAST!
by Howard Beazel

Saved by a narrow margin was the "honor" of dear Old Tech last Saturday evening, when the Miami quintet, in full force and pretty uniforms, finally tossed out their twice successful and hard playing opponents from Riddle Field to the tune of 41 to 30.

Lending the scoring for Tech was Baldwin, who rang up 12 points, while Winkler and Blount each netted 6 points for the Clewiston boys. All in all, it was a darned fine series, and did much to promote friendship between our two bases. How about some more intranet contests in the near future?

Inter American Cadets Play
Staunton

Preceding the Tech-Riddle Field game, the Inter American Cadets from the Miami Tech School lost to the Staunton Memorial quintet in a closely fought game. Having had only two practice sessions, the Cadet team, composed of Garcia, Icaza, Evans, Noriega, Flores, Silva, Bolden, Estrazulas and Eberhard, made a fine showing against the strong Staunton team, having lost by only 3 points.

Box score, Tech vs. Riddle Field:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tech Team</th>
<th>Instructor</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Baldwin</td>
<td>12 Walker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leatherman</td>
<td>7 Place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bronner</td>
<td>2 Hopkins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keyes</td>
<td>9 Winkler</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hillbush</td>
<td>2 Taylor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hamilton</td>
<td>4 Prior</td>
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<td>Abrams</td>
<td>6 Blount</td>
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<td>Lundblom</td>
<td>5</td>
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Total 22 Total 25

"Keep 'Em Flying!"

Wanna Bet A Hat?

Rumor has it that Lee Mamsten, our assistant director, is offering to bet anybody a hat that it's going to be a hot Monday. He has been advised that betting on the stock is a long shot, but insists that he's going to have a closet full of hats if any one will take him up. Take-uppers see L.R.M.

TECH TALK AND MAIN OFFICE Gossip

PERSONALITIES & PATTERN FROM THE TECH SCHOOL
by Bill Burton

After a honeymoon of three or four days, Cecilia Hill returned to us last week as Mrs. Mack Hilliard Hancock. Cecilia was married on Saturday evening, Feb. 14, at Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in West Palm Beach. An air minded family, the bridgegon is connected with Pan American Airways here at Miami. Welcome back, "Celia," and congratulations to your bridgegon.

Director Throgmorton is back with us after a flying trip to points West. Leaving via Eastern Air Lines right in the middle of our very unusual weather last week, he must have been on instruments most of the way. How about it, Mr. T?

It is with regret that we report the resignation of John Hay, who left us as of last Saturday. John has been associated with the registrar's office and has been teaching the Civilian Pilot Training Program ground school at the University of Miami. Wherever you go from here, John, all the best of it!

Flash! Diplomatic Relations to Be Broken Off? Is It War?

From usually well-informed sources comes the information that Cincinnati is about to break off relations with Miami. Authoritative quarters indicate this break may result from Embry-Riddle's action in snaffling many of Cincinnati's leading technical instructors. The following list of recent arrivals from that city gives weight to the rumors:

Truman (Skinny) Gill, formerly Director, National Aircraft Institute and former Air Corp technical instructor. Learned to fly at old Carlstrom Field, way back when.

George Uffenord, junior engines instructor.

Bob Townsend, senior welding instructor. Formerly with Washington Court House, Ohio, Vocational School and National Aircraft Institute, Cincinnati.

"Mike" LeJouigner, senior test instructor and elementary instructor. Formerly with Wright Engines Training Program, Cincinnati.

Floyd Brewer, senior assembly instructor. Formerly with Wright Engines training program, Cincinnati.

Jerry Mega, senior welding instructor. Formerly with Armored Forces Training Program, Cincinnati.

Jimmy Clarke, who was with the old Embry-Riddle School of Cincinnati, and who has since been associated with American Airlines and Lockheed.

Cincinnati's loss is Embry-Riddle's gain. Welcome, ladies. If we have to fight the whole state of Ohio to keep you, we'll do it, by hook or by crook.

Welcome also to Charles Restoso, engines instructor, who comes to Tech from E-R land base at Municipal Airport.

"IT STARTED WITH EVE!"

Hi, gang! Meet EVE ATKINSON, the new saleswoman attached to the Miami units of our school. Recognizing that aviation is a woman's game, too, and that more and more women will be trained not only to fly, but to do much of the finer work in the manufacture and maintenance of airplanes, Eve was added to the sales staff in order to meet the prospective girl students, and talk to them "in their own language." Any of you girls interested in talking either flight or technical courses, see Eve!

"K.O. for Tokyo!"

MEET THE "FAMILY"

Tech School Director A. W. Throgmorton returned Monday after a hurried trip to Tules, Oklahoma, where he picked up his family ... and what a family ... they're all good looking girls! First off there's Mrs. Jeannette Throgmorton; then, Mary Ann, age 11; next, Gerrie, age 10, and last but not least, Annette Louise, age 7 months. An extra nice looking group, and a swell addition to our big Embry-Riddle "family." Welcome to them, and all happiness in their new home.

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At the dance Louie Jaramillo, Emmet Varney and Jim McShane put on the finest act of the hidden ball trick I have ever seen in any vaudeville. How about it for the next dance?

This column thanks the girls who dated the Clewiston team at the dance and hope they had as good a time as the boys said they did.

"Kernel" Rinkley, the best dressed man at school, has promised to give us his tailor's name. He'll be sorry!

Seems to me that somebody once said the Latin-American students didn't know any girls but from the display of girls they brought to the dance they sure learn fast.

Which reminds me the Spanish classes are still being held in the aircraft lecture room from 5:30 to 7 p.m. or Monday through Thursday. Maybe the answer is to learn Spanish.

Walking in Jim McShane's office the other afternoon and glancing through a cloud of dust I saw Mrs. Willard Rodney Burton dusting off and cataloging books for the school library. Mrs. Burton, who will be librarian, says she will have one of the finest aviation libraries of any school.

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"Be Alike When You Arrive!"

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Embry-Riddle Fly Paper "Stick To It!"
SCHOOL PARTY
Continued from Front Page
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A lot of names on the list we just have to pass up 'cause we can't figure 'em out. No reflection intended on the ability of our gang as pen-men, but take the case of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hosington, Dorr Field instructor... it took Elizabeth Hirsh an hour to figure that signature out! But to continue with some of the names we can decipher, there is Irene Cropp, Dottie Schoolie, Grace Roome, Eve Atkinson, Irving Magid, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Paetro, Clewiston, F. N. Alexander and F. R. Haines, England, Jimmie Pollard (the Glamour Girl), Dan Willig, Sid Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Clifford, G. A. and Ida Cochran and Charles and Sara Kilgore from Dorr Field, "Roots" T. E. Frantz from Carlstrom Field, Betty Hair from Municipal, Sam Lightholder, Stanley Reeder and Carl D' Auria from Clewiston... whee! We're getting tired!

Then there is Connie Young, Uncle Joe Hiss and the miasus, the David Abrams, Tommie Hilbush, about 15 names we can't read, Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Teat and Scotty McLaughlan from Clewiston, a whole bunch of signatures from New Orleans and Washington, D. C., Henry Warren, Arcadia, Val and George Richards, Dorr, from the Colony Hotel, Jack Hopkins, Tuhby Owens, Frank Winkler, Lou Place, E. P. Rooney (or something), J. J. Obermyer, R. Vele, Mr. and Mrs. Lynwood Blount and R. V. Walker, Clewiston, and last, but not least, A. Lee Harrell, from Pan American Ferries.

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Sec. 562 P. L. & R.

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