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 “swell” 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. The 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:

1210589
Sgt./Pilot Brown, S.H.,
ce/0, 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 Emby-Riddle offer to post the FLY PAPER to 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

ALL IS FORGIVEN, WE’RE FRIENDS AGAIN!

AT THE SCHOOL PARTY, MIAMI—Following the final game in the intro-unit basketball series between the Tech School and the Riddle Field Instructors, most of the gang turned out at the School Dance at the MacFarland-Deauville Saturday for an evening of dancing and friendly discussion about the comparative merits of the two teams. Final score was two wins for the Riddle Fielders against one victory for the Tech Schoolers . . . yet each team was claiming that the OTHER team was best! Shown above are some of the team members mingled with others of the School “family.” F.S. Don’t forget, the next School Party will be at the Deauville Saturday, March 7. This time, come early!

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS! NOTHING BUT GIRLS! AND THE PARTY WAS A SUCCESS!

Yeah, Man! Was our face red at the School Party at the Deauville last Saturday evening! Contrary to the usual situation where we have too many cadets for the available young ladies, this time we had at least 40 extra and very charming young things all set to “meet the boys.” And what happened! For the first time in months, the entire Cadet contingent at Clewiston had to fly, Saturday afternoon, Saturday night and all day Sunday! Gentlemen, you missed a party! But don’t despair, we will have another School Dance on Saturday, March 7th, at the Deauville, and hope to get all the same gals back again.

We called the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the R.A.F. at the University of Miami and by 10:30 had most all the girls fixed up with dates . . . then the party began to “cook with gas!” By 11 o’clock the floor was bulging with happy dancers, and the two orchestras, alternating between sweet-swing and South American rhythms, were really “beating it out.” Also “taking a beating” were the many games in the recreation room, which enjoyed extreme popularity during the evening. Everyone, from reports coming back, had a super-swell time, with the only complaint being that it “didn’t last long enough!” Well, kids, the answer to that one is to come earlier to the party on March 7th . . . get it?

In all, about 200 people attended the party, and skipping through the guest register we note that Helen and David Narrow, Municipal flight instructor, were first to arrive, being closely followed by La Ronna, Narino, Hawaii; Beverly Stiles, Senator and Mrs. G. Murphy, the Emmett B. Varneys, “Brad” Bradford and Lillian, the Ruhnkes, Mr. and Mrs. Matney, E. H. Wilbur, and three sergeants from Fort Benning.

MEET THE MAN

(Editor’s Note: G. Willis Tyson, Manager of Riddle Field at Clewiston, may be the “missing man” of the moment . . . but he’ll be back! And in the meantime, here is Assistant Manager Jimmie Durden’s biographical sketch of THE MAN.)

G. Willis Tyson

1925 — First soloed at Los Angeles, Calif., on Curtiss “ Jenny.”
1926-29 — Instructing and barnstorming California.
1930 — Started own flying school at Arcadia Municipal Airport.
1936 — Pilot on Los Angeles-Cali­liente Air Lines using tri-motored Stinsons.
1937 — Went with Dept. of Commerce as Aeronautical Inspector, stationed at Buffalo, N. Y.
1938-40 — C.A.A. Engineering Inspector stationed First Region, New York, N. Y. Flight testing new and redesigned aircraft for government approval. Conducted complete approval type certificate engineering flight tests on Piper J3, J4, and J5 series, Lancair 8 series, Bellanca, Ercoupe, Grumman, Widgeon and alteration flight tests on Sikorsky, Douglas Lockheed, Barkley Grow, Consolidated Boeing and similar types.
1941 — Resigned from C.A.A. to accept position with Embry-Riddle Co. Has over 5,000 hours certified solo pilot time.

“K. O. for Tokyo!”

Congratulations to Laverne Burrows, who was recently promoted to rank of Sergeant in the Army family at Carlstrom Field. His “tutor” to prepare him for the examination was Sgt. Norman E. Waite.
A WEEK-END WITH THE INTER-AMERICAN CADETS
by William Rivas, Nicaragua

In order that the1 crewmen 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 Estravazula and Roberto Machado from Uruguay, and Adolfo Montero and Ronaldo Lopez G., from Argentina were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Notman aboard their pa­latial 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 Clements, Virginia Banfield, Esther Maxwell and Barbara Kerr.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. R. 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 rhumba 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 rhumba were Grace Room and Maurice Molino, Lucille Valliere and Adolfo Phsaco, Doris Howcock and Sam Boden, Joan Glurin and Roberto Machado, and our popular Puerto Rican friends Coca Gil de la Mata dancing her delightful conga 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 friends over to participate in these games. Following this, we give the results of the first games played on the new courts:

Silveria Anthony, Uruguay, vs. Francisco Mirich, Argentina, 6-3.
Maximino Garcia, Uruguay, vs. Rey Bringas, Argentina, 6-4.
Adolfo Sasco, Uruguay, vs. Reno Bono, Argentina, 6-2.
Silveria 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 Canet, de Ecuador

La República del Ecuador, nación soberana gobernada democráticamente y situada en el corazón del país de América del Sur, fue batida 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 rie cuando el goza. Sus hijos siempre fieles a su Lema “Vivir con honra o morir con gloria.” poseen un paraiso concentrado, pero jamás estiman sacrificios; son valientes, temerarios, cuando la dignidad de su país está en juego o la broma invasora 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 más famosos de su historia; Atahualpa. Su hermano mayor gobernaba el imperio del Cuzco (Peru) 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 destruido. 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, Quitus (hoy Quito) y con esa nobleza legendaria dijo a su hermano prisionero: “vengan a tu tierra yo no la quiero, pero exijo que respetes mi mía.”

Pocos años más tarde el mundo se asombró ante el derrumbe de una antigua civilización e hizo que el famoso navegante Genovés Cristóbal Coló­n lo demostrara, dando una nueva corona a los reyes de Espa­

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OF BLOOD AND SWEAT AND TEARS

MIA-MI—South American blood for North American soldiers. Responding to an emergency call for blood donors on Monday by the Dade County Blood Bank, 43 Inter-American Cadets of 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 wedding anniversary of Bob and Madeleine Hillishead, 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 Aubberger entertained the Accounting Department at a delicious spaghetti dinner at their home Sunday evening.

Following dinner, the gang enjoyed bongo and darts. Among others present were Fred Hawes, Nancy Bowden, Gordon and Thelma Bowen, 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 Soutbey and Vic Sweeting, spent their furlough with Dr. J. M. Morquis, 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 completing their course, and wanted to stop over and make a final visit to the friends who taught them American ways.—The Areadian.

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 "Equipo 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 results due to failure in the forward's line.

The Atlantic's team by the contrary, 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: "Equipo del Pacifico," 2 goals made by Archi Evans, Chile; "Equipo de la Plata," 2 goals made by Prado, Cuba, 1 by Pomery, Uruguay; and 1 by de la Pena, Argentina. Chester Galeno, Chile, player of the "Equipo del Pacifico," due to an accident suffered while in practice three days before the game, acted as referee in this second soccer game played by the new Embry-Riddle Tech School soccer teams, which are carrying a severe training in order to concert games with some teams the British cadets at Clewiston maybe already are preparing.

"Be Alive When You Arrive!"

EMBRY-RIDDLE GOES "ON THE AIR!"

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

Beginning at 7:30 Monday evening 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 intermission each Monday evening, someone from the school will make a short, informal talk on aviation. Covering that "spot" on our first radio appearance was Peter Ordway, advertising manager, and next Monday Emmit Varney will be the "selectee."
Mentioning Municipal Base

by Bill Jaster and Betty Hair

Prodigals Return

Les Bowman, C. W. and Mrs. Tinsley arrived in Miami via Leesburg Thursday night safe and sound after the harrowing experience of a crackup. 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 night—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 8:30 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 fledglings 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 Triplet, 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 Hutchinson, 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. . . . Jim Sayer, ex-mech., visiting us redundantly in navy uniform . . . Everyone looking surprisingly fresh the morning after dance (the attendance by Municipal was low due to the attendance by Municipal was low . . .). . . .

This week marks the beginning of a new feature in our column, entitled, "Personalities," in which we will tell the personal history of a different employee each week. We had intended to start off with Mr. Gibbons, but could never corner him long enough to get the dope. So this week we'll start with the "big boss."

The Way I Look At It

by Lt. 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 paved 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
tal 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 stage 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 "spot- ers" 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 courtesies?—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—you 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 ideol-

The Mystery Deepens

For two weeks now, G. Willis Tyson, manager of Riddle Field at Clewiston, has been "out of town." Nobody knows where. No body 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 ex- pected that's what it is! Any- how, 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!
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 very 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 advancements 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 he can 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 ailing 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 personnel have left—then till daylight, it's all ours.

Let's Make the Rounds

We've already been checked in by Mr. Hollingworth 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 buckshot—till 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're again stopped, this time by Mr. Hughes, who had 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 blew out. J.O.L. kept coming after being challenged three times. We hope we don't lose our voice!!

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.

Note to all R.A.E. 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.E. 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 Eunus 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, me too too!

Aylard: Well say, that's better yet!
CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

Washington's Birthday (also this year)

Dear Editor:

I don't want you to start that there 'Hey Rubes!' stuff again this week on account of how I ain't no rube. My Mom and Pop sent good money to send me to school, so I'm a real educated guy. Also, if your printers don't like the way I write these letters, maybe they ought to go to school too. Even if they been to school, they ought to write that eddicsusn shun 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.

Kaydets Enjoy "Burlyque"

Now that you are strauched out, I want to tell you about somethin' funny that happened here the other nite. Friday afternoon most of the Kaydets got paid, and since I am sort of a man-about-town, they asked me what there was disfunt to do in Areday. 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 odditytory. They asked me if it was a shore-enuf leg show and I said it was. They asked me if the gal 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 Kaydets in the audience. I was sittin' behind Joe Woodward (35e 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 (euchured and refined that we are) enjoyed it a lot. Somehow, them there Kaydets 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 wasn't 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 gal 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 gal was cute; that purty Betty Parker led the band in some real hi-bruis music, Jack Hunt's darlin' little datter 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 I here on earth if she can swim?

Hello, Johnnie!

Say, Bud, we had us a real celebrit for this week. You know that little feller that hollers over the radio, "Call-I-I fore Phil- lip-p Mor-is-s-s-s!"? Well, his name is Johnny, and he was in our Can­ teen 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, he?

"Nellie" Lands at R. A. I.

By the way, chum, who do you think is over here now takin' a Instructor Refresher course? It's that tall, goodlookin' guy that used to be a line-boy over in Myam­ mne— Lynelle Ruban. He tells me he is now a regular air-machine driver, as he got his comershial license at Municipal a cupila weeks ago. He is hangin' around with Roy Kunkel, Slick Stanley, and Jimmie Sutton, all of 'em learnin' to fly the Army way. Just so they stick to flyin' and don't parade their masculine beauty (how'd you like that big word?) before these Areday gals, it's al­ rite 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 wan­inin' on the Japs, so he guesss 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 jest 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 atheltics, our Director—Jena Thomas—got transferred up to Georgia. Darnit, I liked Jena; in fact, 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 dangned wimin folks is after us men to put on that there Womanen Wed­ ding show again. I think we ought to put our fat down, as I—for one—ain't got over the last one yet. You know, I didn't get all the lip­ stick off that nite, and when I went around the shincig later, the rinkmaster asts me who I bin kis­ sing? He's up and around now, but he got a nasty scar on his forehead, so I guess I slapped him too hard. Emnhow, I wish you luck if they catch you over here again.

Painfully yours, —JACK

"Keep 'Em Flying"

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 ably handled by Jack Taylor, and with Ray Fahringer's assistance (he promised some of the side lights on the "Of Pilot Plant" will be sent in.

How Me Down!

All of which brings to mind the recent incident when the wind was raisin' h... (pardon) dust 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 changed so suddenly that I am about three evenin' 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 meandering around the plant­ ization 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!

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

APPY BIRTHDAY!

Among those in the school "get­ ting a little older" last week were Ed Hurley and Mrs. Charlie Boston, 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 Beazal

Saved by a narrow margin was the "honor" of dear old Tech last Saturday evening, when the Miami quinquet, 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:

**Tech Team**
- Baldwin 12
- Leatherman 7
- Bronner 2
- Keys 9
- Hillibish 2
- Hamilton 4
- Abrams 0
- Lundblom 5

**Total**
- 41

**Staunton Team**
- Walker 5
- Place 2
- Hopkins 4
- Winkler 8
- Taylor 3
- Prior 0
- Blount 8
- 

**Total**
- 30

---"Keep 'Em Flying"---

**Wanna Bet A Hat?**

Rumor has it that Leo Malmsten, our assistant director, is offering to bet anybody a hat that it's going to be a hot Saturday. 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.
SCHOOL PARTY
Continued from Front Page
You Figure It Out
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Then there is Connie Young, Uncle Joe Hiss and the missus, the David Abrams, Tommie Hillbush, about 15 names we can't read, Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Teat and Scotty McAlachlan from Clewiston, a whole bunch of signatures from New Orleans and Washington, D. C., Henry Warren, Arcadia, Val and Jorge Mr. and Mrs. Jim Carlstrom, Sid Rumford from the Colony Hotel, Jack Hopkins, Tubby Owens, Frank Winkler, Lou Place, E. P. Rooney (or something), J. J. Obermyer, R. Vele, Mr. and Mrs. Lynwood Blount and R. Y. Walker, Clewiston, and last, but not least, A. Lee Harrell, from Pan American Ferries.

Whatta list! We didn't even attempt to decipher the signatures of the Inter American cadets, but the "address" side of the guest book looks like a roster of all the South American countries, to say nothing of the representation from Massachusetts, Ohio, Washington, D. C., Rhode Island, New Jersey and Georgia.

If we missed YOUR name on this list, please forgive us... many forgot to sign and many were hard to read... but, anyway, we're glad you all had a good time, and DO please come back to our next regular School Party at the Deauville, Saturday evening, March 7, from 9 to 11 p.m. Tickets will be $1.00 per man, and can be purchased from your department head or at the Deauville the evening of the dance.

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LETTER
Continued from Front Page
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cere, Jones ("Frosty" to you), Frugoli and Heffron.
You might tell Mr. Lehman that Pilot-Officer Clevery and I are both writing to him as soon as we get on operations.
Here's a little personal piece—remember me to Miss Connie Songer.
Well, Bud, I'll have to end now, so "Keep 'em flying" and here's to our meeting again when this mess is finished with.
Yours faithfully,
Stephen H. Brown, Sgt. R.A.F.
P.S.—Don't forget G. Willis Tyson.
—"Keep 'Em Flying"—

MAIN OFFICE GOES ON 24-HOUR SCHEDULE
Joining the flight bases and the Tech School in their "all out" training program, the General and Administrative departments in the Main Office went on a 24-hour a day, seven day a week schedule, beginning last Monday.
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Sec. 562 P. L. & R.
TECH TALK AND MAIN OFFICE Gossip

PERSONALITIES & PATTERN FROM THE TECH SCHOOL

by Bill Burton

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, lad. If we have to fight the whole state of Ohio to keep you, we’ll do it, by heck!

Welcome also to Charles Bestoo, 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 manufacturing 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 gals 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 Tulsa, 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, Gurrie, age 10, and last but not least, Annette Louise, age 16 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.

TECH TALK

by Howard Beazle

The past week a couple of strange nicknames have been floating around the fourth floor. I’ll pass them on and maybe you can find out what they mean: “Chico” Besty and “Five Star” Richter.

For the benefit of those who didn’t go to the “family” dance at the Deauville last Saturday night, all I can say is that you missed a swell time.

At the dance Louise 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” Blakely, the best dressed man at school, has promised to give us his taller’s name. He’ll be sorry.

It 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 learned fast.

Which reminds me: the Spanish classes are still being held in the lecture room from 5:30 to 6 p.m. on Monday through Friday. 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 cataloguing books for the school library. Mrs. Burton will be librarian, says she will have one of the finest aviation libraries of any school.

If you see a tall man stooping to go in and out of doors at the Tech School and looks like an “All American” tackle, that is Paul Baker, the new parachute rigging instructor. Paul was formerly a professional jumper. Hope you like the family, Paul.

The reason the column is short this week is that I am “anemic” now, having given 500 cc.’s to the Blood Bank. Monday, you see your “pale face” friend bids you adios til next week when the surprise of surprises will happen, a picture of your reporter will appear at the head of this column, so hold your hats and watch for the “goon child.”

“Be Alive When You Arrive”

MAIN OFFICE, MIAMI—Thelma Bickerstaff, secretary to Harry Roberts, is reported to be recovering after a two-week siege of pneumonia.
SCHOOL PARTY
Continued from Front Page

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Miss Caroline Hendry
Arcadia, Fla.