

EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

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APRIL 15, 1945

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FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

January 30, 1882

April 12, 1945

IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY



*Embry-Riddle Joins The Nation and
The Entire World in Mourning Our
Late President and
Commander - In - Chief*

FLY PAPER**"STICK TO IT"**

Published Monthly by
THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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Letters to the Editor

97 Herne Hill
London, S.E. 24

Dear Editor:

Since I was a pupil of the British section of Class 42-G at Carlstrom Field in March of 1942, I have been meaning to write to you and record my appreciation of the "fine foundations" Embry-Riddle built at its flying school.

I can say honestly that the good principals and—although at the time they did seem rather a bind—grand flying discipline insisted upon by the Instructors have remained with me throughout my flying career. The practice of "looking over one's shoulder" before making a turn, for instance, has paid dividends in one or two corners that would have been very awkward moments for me.

I have another reason for writing, Mr. Editor, and that is to ask you if I can make contact again through your Fly Paper. I should appreciate it greatly if it were possible for you to mail me all future issues—subject of course to your conditions. Who knows I may even see if Lt. George Ola (promoted by now I have no doubt) is still giving that dazzling display of aerobatics to cadets who are getting their final check.

I have a sneaking feeling that he was responsible for my desiring to become a Fighter Pilot, a desire that has been realized too, as I have been on Spitfires for quite a while now.

I wish you all the best of luck across there at Embry-Riddle H.Q. and keep on the good work.

Yours sincerely,
John C. Edmunds
W/O RAF

Editor's Note: We are very glad to add W/O Edmunds' name to our mailing list and hope that he will find many familiar names and faces in its pages. MAJOR Ola has indeed been promoted. He was commanding officer at Carlstrom Field for eight months previous to being transferred in December of 1942. We hope the Major sees this note and that he will write us of his whereabouts.

6 Barbara Street
Malone, New York

Dear Editor:

You have asked me to write of the activities of my son, Lt. Paul Inman Moomey, a former instructor at Carlstrom Field. You will learn from the enclosed clipping, taken from our daily paper *The Malone Evening Telegram*, that he has earned the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal.

He has been stationed in the India-China division of the Air Transport Com-

mand since December 7, 1944. On March 1st of this year he had completed 300 hours over "The Hump" and has a total of 3100 flying hours to his credit. Other than the work mentioned in the clipping he is an operations officer.

I am sending Lt. Moomey a blank to fill out for the Fly Paper, as I know to receive it would be a joy to him while so far away.

In a recent letter he wrote that he expected to have the pleasure of seeing Bill Lightfoot and Bob Campbell, formerly from Arcadia, who are now stationed near him in India.

Please accept my sincere thanks for your interest and for the copies of the Fly Paper which I hope may soon reach my son.

Sincerely,
Bessie T. Moomey
(Mrs. Walter)

Editor's Note: The newspaper clipping enclosed by Mrs. Moomey tells us that her son has received aviation's two highest awards, the D.F.C., for "extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight," and the Air Medal for "meritorious achievement," while on duty in the India-China theatre. After fifteen months of instructing at Carlstrom, Lt. Moomey entered the Air Transport Command in 1943 and after a rigid course in four-engine aircraft at Homestead, Fla., was assigned to a base in India.

England
March 28, 1945

Via V-Mail
Dear Editor:

Just a very brief note of appreciation for your continuance in sending me the Fly Paper. My parents forward it to me quite regularly as I am now over in England in a B-17 Group.

I don't believe that I've missed one issue yet and, believe me, it surely does seem too good to read about people and look at pictures of places that are so familiar to me.

I certainly am proud to be able to say that I had part of my training at Carlstrom Field, in view of its wonderful record.

I have very nearly completed my tour over here, and have the Air Medal with three clusters.

Thank you for your interest in sending me your paper.

Very sincerely,
LeVerne Spaulding

Editor's Note: Carlstrom Field is not only proud of its clean slate of safety but is very proud of the boys like LeVerne who kept it so and who are writing their names in the war-torn skies.

Letters from Britain

54 Gresham Road
Brixton
London, S. W. 9

Dear Editor:

It is with much regret that I send you this sad news. My son, Sgt. Reynolds Davies, was killed when his plane crashed over here in England on the 14th of January, 1945.

After he came back from his training last July he was continually telling us what a wonderful time he had in Florida. He was in Course 16 at No. 5 BFTS, Riddle Field, Clewiston, and also trained in Manitoba and Dafoe, Canada.

The Fly Papers, that we all enjoy so much, we are having bound into a book which will make very interesting reading for his two young nephews when they grow up. We should still like to receive the paper.

Thank you again for the grand time my son had in America, and the very best of luck to No. 5 BFTS.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Mildred Davies.

Editor's Note: Riddle Field and Embry-Riddle wish to extend sincere sympathy to Mrs. Davies in the loss of her son. We shall be happy to continue sending the Fly Papers and hope the bound volumes will give Reynold's young nephews a picture of RAF training in America.

"Selborne"
Orchard Road
Shalford, Surrey

Dear Sir:

Some months ago you were kind enough to write to me concerning my son, Robert G. F. Lee, who passed through your training school with Course 4.

You were anxious to have any news I was able to give you, and this kindly interest taken in him has prompted me to write this note.

He has reached the rank of Flight Lieutenant and is at present in Hospital recovering from wounds received during operations in France last August.

I will not go into details as when he was found by the American Red Cross an American correspondent named Ernie Pyle happened to be with them, and he has since written several articles which I believe have appeared in the American papers. In these he described my son's rescue.

He was badly wounded and his left leg was shattered. I am pleased to say that he has recovered from all his wounds apart from the injury to his left leg, and this will, I am afraid, still take some time before it is well and of use to him.

The American Red Cross were extremely kind to him and I shall always be grateful to them for their service and attention.

My son made many friends in the States

whilst training there and he remembers with much pleasure the kindness of so many people.

You will perhaps be interested to hear that he was awarded the D.F.C. some months ago.

I hope these brief notes will be of interest to you and I thank you for your letter.

Yours truly,
Frank Lee

Editor's Note: Our readers will remember the thrilling story about Robert Lee that appeared in Ernie Pyle's column all over the country and in the September 15th issue of the Fly Paper. F/Lt. Lee, shot down during combat over France, was trapped in the cockpit of his plane for eight days without food or water. Despite agonizing injuries the flyer assisted his rescuers in extricating him from the wreck, which magnificent courage gained the highest praise from Mr. Pyle. We are grateful to Mr. Lee for his letter informing us of his son's recovery and we sincerely hope that his leg will mend rapidly.

Royal Air Force
England

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving the Fly Paper quite regularly since I arrived back in this country, and after reading the letters that the rest of our chaps have written, I decided it was about time I got my two bits in.

I was one of the Course 11 types, in case you don't remember, and have recently completed a tour of ops in Halifax bombers. I am now flying that pilot's dream—the Spitfire—and I think they are about the best kites that ever got airborne.

I have heard of Geoff Cheesbrough (Course 11 also) through his father; apparently he was shot down in a Mustang over North Italy, but was seen walking away by his Flight Leader.

Alan Bruce of the same Course was recently awarded a D.F.C. after his tour of ops in Halifaxes. I met F/O Harwood and F/Sgt. Owens of Courses 10 and 12 respectively at OTU, but we split up soon after that to go on to squadrons. Well, that's a brief summary of my doings to date.



Best wishes to all at Riddle Field.

Fenwick R. Charlesworth

Editor's Note: Thanks to Flying Officer Charlesworth for his "two bits" worth of news—we hope it will become a habit and that he'll communicate with us frequently. He will be the envy of many of his fellow airmen in his flying Spitfires—probably the most remarkable "kite" in the sky.

24 Maze Road
Kew Gardens
Surrey, England

Dear Sir:

As I am in some doubt as to whether my letter to you actually reached you, I feel I must write again to let you know how my son, D. W. Finlay, fares at this time.

May I thank you for sending the Fly Paper to us so regularly. We find it most interesting and are keeping the copies for Douglas to read when he returns home.

He has been a prisoner of war in Germany since September 1943, when he had almost completed his first tour of operational duty flying a Lancaster bomber.

You will be interested to know that he was awarded the D.F.C. and I enclose a copy of the official citation which you would no doubt like to have for your records.

Both Mrs. Finlay and I feel we owe you all at Clewiston a very great deal—for all the kindness shown to our son and the hospitality extended to him during his stay with you, and for the fine training he received at your hands.

We have had several of your boys staying with us at different times and we consider it a very great privilege to be able to meet them in this way and return in

Continued on Page 11

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, Post Office Box 668, Miami 30, Florida. Requests for papers to be mailed to servicemen overseas must be signed by the addressee.

Name _____

Address _____

AIR MARSHAL DOUGLAS COLYER, C.B., D.F.C. VISITS RIDDLE FIELD



AIR MARSHAL DOUGLAS COLYER, C.B., D.F.C.

First Official Visit

On Tuesday, March 13th, Air Marshal Douglas Colyer, C.B., D.F.C., accompanied by senior staff officers, paid his first official visit to Riddle Field. Air Marshal Colyer recently succeeded Air Marshal Sir William Welsh, K.C.B., D.F.C., A.F.C. as head of the Allied Joint Staff and R.A.F. Delegation in Washington.

Air Marshal Colyer was received at Riddle Field by Mr. McKay, President of the Riddle-McKay Aero College, and Wing Commander C. W. Lindsay, A.F.C., Commanding Officer of the station. The

Air Marshal made a comprehensive tour of the whole unit and during the afternoon attended a talk given by Sir Norman Angell on "British Empire and World Security."

At the conclusion of Sir Norman's talk the Air Marshal paid tribute to Sir Norman for so kindly giving up his time to speak to the cadets at Riddle Field and he also took the opportunity of addressing the whole of the assembled company. In addressing the cadets the Air Marshal reminded them how fortunate they were to be training in the beautiful state of Florida and enjoying the warm hospitality of the residents of the district.

He felt sure that when they returned to England they would carry back with them a very true and great impression of the United States which would do a great deal to cement the friendship existing between the two great nations.

Nobel Peace Prize

Tuesday, March 13th was also a significant date in as much as the Field was honored by a visit from Sir Norman Angell who gave an address on the "British Empire and World Security." Sir Norman who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1933 will probably be remembered as the author of that famous book "The Great Illusion."

The chief emphasis of his talk was the chain of interdependence so strongly underlined by Clemenceau in 1918 between France, Britain and America. Sir Norman stressed the fact that the British Empire was in reality a great commonwealth of free nations and as such was bound to be a bulwark against any totalitarian dictatorship.

Sir Norman was introduced by Cadet Freeth who in a very able speech laid great emphasis on Sir Norman's interest in youth since he is President of the Students International Unit in addition to his many other activities.



SIR NORMAN ANGELL

Course 24

Having watched with envy the Graduation Parade of No. 22 Course, we are at last No. 1 Squadron, and now have the knowledge that on all future Wings Parade practices, we are rehearsing for our own Red Letter Day.

We understand that by now we should know something about the AT-6, and with the senior course syllabus ahead of us, with all it stands for, we should have the opportunity to prove it or otherwise.

Everyone is looking forward to plenty of Formation and Instrument flying, also the loss of sleep due to night flying.

Too Close

The Long Cross Country is only too close, and everyone is wondering how large an area of the U. S. we will cover before reaching, if ever we do, our final destination.

Ground School is progressing pretty well, although the D. R. Trainer still seems to belong to a period far ahead.

With Pre-Wings in a few weeks time, closely followed by the real thing, it seems to indicate some very hard work in the billets at night.

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WING COMMANDER C. W. LINDSAY, A.F.C., ENTERTAINS DISTINGUISHED VISITORS at Riddle Field. Beginning second from the left are: W/C Lindsay, Air Marshal Douglas Colyer, C.B., D.F.C., Lt. Van Benschoten, Lt. Cdr. Schenk, W/C Montague-Smith and W/C J. S. Widdows. A.M.M. 1st Class Soriano is on the extreme left.

A Pilot Is Born

Wings parade at Riddle Field. Young men of the Royal Air Force proudly standing in perfect alignment. Military and civilian officials at the reviewing stand. Colorful assemblage of visitors. The Stars and Stripes and the flag of the RAF fluttering overhead. Martial music.

A name is called. A cadet breaks from the ranks of Squadron One. A few brisk steps forward. A smart salute. Over a thumping heart Wings are pinned. Another smart salute. A diploma and a gift from America. A cadet has gone. A pilot has been born.

A short time elapses. England. Home. A brief leave. Training. Training. More training. A commission. O.T.U. "On ops." Fighting for England. Fighting for you and for me.

We are proud of these lads of the RAF. Particularly proud of those who trained on American soil. They have taken a little of us away with them, and they have left a little of themselves behind.

Sons of Britain

On Saturday, March 31st, at No. 5 British Flying Training School, the graduation of the 22nd class of Royal Air Force cadets swelled to almost 2,000 the ranks of "Riddle trained" sons of Britain.

On that occasion Riddle Field was honored by the presence of Air Commodore

H. E. Nowell, O.B.E., Director of Supply and Organization of the RAF Delegation in Washington; and Group Captain C. G. Lott.

Following the solemn ceremony of attaching wings of the Royal Air Force to the blouses of the new-born pilots, the Air Commodore addressed the assemblage. He extended a few words of appreciation to John G. McKay, president of the Riddle-McKay Aero College, and to the staff, flight and ground school instructors. He thanked the people of Clewiston and the nearby towns and cities for all they had done, and are doing, for the boys so far away from home.

For the Final Rush

He told the graduates that they had deserved their wings and had won them properly. That the standards of the Royal Air Force are very high and that only the fit survive the rigor of training. The Air Commodore hoped that they would arrive in England in time for the "final rush," but he assured them that, in any event, many of them would make the trip further east to finish the War in Japan as soon as possible.

He advised them never to forget the value of the mechanic—the man in whose skilled hands the pilot places his trust every time he goes up. He told them that they might be good up top but that the mechanic on the ground also is good



SALLY BAXTER and HILTON I. ROBINSON keep the weather under control at Riddle Field. "Robby" is the head of that department, while this pretty little Louisville, Ky., girl is, we believe, senior operator and has been with Riddle-McKay for almost two years.

and deserves full recognition of his importance.

In closing his address, Air Commodore Nowell wished the members of Course 22 "Good hunting and happy landings."

*And these are the sons of England
Her clerks and her engineers,
Her writers, her poets, her artists,
The wealth of her thousand years.
And their's is the honor and glory,
Their's is the World to Be
When the tumultuous night is over
And the morning is Victory.*

John G. McKay Officiates

John G. McKay, in presenting diplomas and gifts to the members of the outgoing Course, expressed the hope that each would return to this country when conditions permit travel. There is a warm welcome waiting.

Cedric Henderson, Course Wing Commander, took the honors as outstanding cadet and received an engraved wrist watch from Mr. McKay. Frank E. Waller of York and Ronald M. Cox of Cornwall also received recognition for proficiency and were presented with pens.

Among the interesting guests witnessing the transmigration of his fellow countrymen was Cecil Roberts, a prominent figure in British literary and political fields. Americans are particularly familiar with *Victoria at 4:30* and *Gone Sunward*.

Six Weeks

Mr. Roberts came to this country in 1936 for a lecture tour of six weeks, and has been here ever since. He has prepared to return to his native land on several occasions, but each time he has been requested to remain for one reason or another.

In the course of his stay, Mr. Roberts has been active in many war activities, has done historical research with the British Embassy and has appeared in every State of the Union, making 1,300 speeches in 624 cities.

On April 9 Mr. Roberts took time out from his social activities as a guest of Mrs. C. Aubrey Cartwright of Palm Beach and paid another visit to Riddle Field, and made an extremely interesting address before the cadets.



WHEN COURSE 22 WAS AWARDED WINGS AT RIDDLE FIELD, ON MARCH 31ST, AIR COMMODORE H. E. NOWELL, O.B.E., DIRECTOR OF SUPPLY AND ORGANIZATION OF THE R.A.F. DELEGATION IN WASHINGTON, honored the Field as reviewing officer. In the above picture are, reading from left to right, a cadet of the Course about to receive those coveted wings; John G. McKay, President of Embry-Riddle, who presented a diploma and a gift to each graduate; Wing Commander C. W. Lindsay, A.F.C., Commanding Officer at No. 5 B.F.T.S.; Air Commodore Nowell and Group Captain C. G. Lott, who accompanied the Air Commodore for the occasion.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Laurie Speer



A/C HAROLD F. "CHICK" MILLER AND SAD SACK, the mascot of Class 45-F at Carlstrom Field.

Around The Circle

Here is just a bit of news we've picked up around the field—Tom Pate is back in the tower—looks mighty good to see that red ink shinin' on those envelopes again—that's a sign Tom is back with dispatchers. Glad you're feeling fine again, mister!

And it is news when they get Sgt. Townsend (Finance) out on P. T. Rumor says that it is his first offence, and he seems to have taken it in fine shape.

Lt. Rinker, one of our new check pilots on the line, was married the last day of March to the former Ethel Austin. Mrs. Rinker is a Canadian girl from Minneapolis, Minnesota. Congratulations to you two.

Big Business

Haven't you been missing "Scotty" Seres battin' around on the field? Cpl. Seres was transferred to Amarillo, Texas to train for flight engineer on B-29s. And he was mighty happy about the whole thing! Sgt. Whitton has also been transferred to San Antonio for the same type of training. That's big business, fellows!

Friends of Lt. Julian Onsrud will be interested to know that he is stationed at Bradley Field, Conn. Lt. Onsrud sent word to us at Carlstrom that he was "happier than he'd ever been in his life," and that he'd "never seen so much good food!"

Lt. Roy Weiner has just returned from two weeks training in San Antonio.

By the way, you people who may be losing various articles on the flight line—the Parachute department is now the official "Lost and Found" agency for that section of the Field. Please turn in all lost articles to Ray Farwell.

The Physical Training program for permanent party personnel now includes fundamental war swimming and water safety—also golf instructions. Squadron 3 of Class 45-F won the Intra-Squadron competition with 335 points and were awarded proficiency certificates in athletics. Squadron 2 was second with 250 points.

The PFR score average for Class 45-E was the highest ever attained in all of Carlstrom's classes. 45-E PFR average was 72.

Sad Sack Of 45-F

"Sad Sack" is the dog who won the heart of all the cadets and personnel at Carlstrom during his stay with Class 45-F. Sack adopted the Army back in C. T. D., where he first attended school, beginning his long career of learning.

When A/C "Chick" Miller and his pals found Sack he was about to die so the boys took him in hand, nursed him back to health and started him on his military career.

It was at C. T. D. that he first learned his lessons on discipline. When the bugle blew Sack would meet all formations and attend classes with one group every day.

WHY BUY BONDS?

Why buy War Bonds? So that you will be able to hold up your head when you see the heroes back from the wars and when you count those who never will return.

Try buying a Bond in honor of your relatives or friends in service. Think of that Bond, not as \$25, but as a machine gun or a grenade in some boy's hand.

When you get one Bond, start on another. This will give weapons with which to batter and defeat the enemy in double quick time and medical supplies to bring those lads back well and whole.

Put your all into War Bonds so that those heartbreaking messages, "We regret to inform you that—" will cease to cause anguish throughout the world.

He even stood retreat and made sure that no other dog came around howling when retreat was played.

Having completed a year in the army, Sack has traveled quite a bit over the country. He first attended C. T. D. at T. P. I. in Cookeville, Tenn.; from there he traveled by train to a pool at Marianna, Fla., to await Pre-flight.

Another Pool

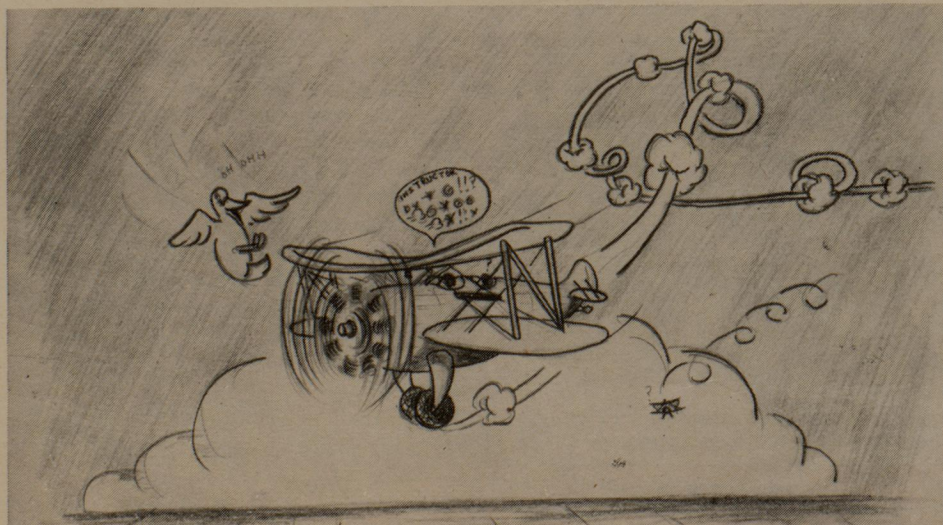
Pre-flight finally came two months later at Maxwell Field where Sack learned all the commands. The next station was Gunter Field for another pool, and then to Carlstrom. Now Sack has been graduated and is ready to move again.

Sack was spotlessly clean for the big graduation dance of 45-F. Everywhere his master goes there goes Sack—parades, open post, parties and chow, where he patiently waits outside until his food is brought to him. His favorite food is ice-cream! Any flavor!

Graduation Dance

Graduates of Class 45-F and Army Personnel of Carlstrom Field were the hosts for one of the biggest graduation dances on record at the Field.

The scene of this gala event was the Armory which was turned into a beautiful club for the evening. The entertaining floor show high-lighted the evening, and a buffet supper, including turkey, caviar, and all the trimmings, was served to approximately 500 guests, which included the personnel of the school. Music was furnished by the Hendricks Field band and punch was



SERIES OF TURNS AT 1580 (ALWAYS MAINTAIN ALTITUDE AS ILLUSTRATED ABOVE)



LIEUTENANT RICHARD E. ALMAN, ALREADY A veteran of the European Theatre of War, is now training with Class 45-G at Carlstrom Field. Lt. Alman has been awarded the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters and the Distinguished Flying Cross, and wears the European Theatre Operations ribbon with five battle stars. Lt. Alman, son of Elmer E. Alman of Chicago, is a graduate of Lane Technical High School and attended the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. Before entering the service he was employed by the Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago.



AS A BOMBARDIER ON A B-24 IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE of Operations, Second Lieutenant John F. Bergman has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, and wears the European Theatre Operations ribbon with two battle stars. Lt. Bergman, now training with Class 45-G at Carlstrom Field, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bergman of Pittsburgh, Pa. Although he is a veteran of 31 missions over enemy territory, Bergman is only 21 years old. He was graduated from the Mt. Lebanon High School in 1941.



A VETERAN OF 50 MISSIONS AND 275 COMBAT HOURS aloft as a bombardier-navigator in the 15th Air Force, Lieutenant Walter J. Brown wears the Air Medal and five Oak Leaf Clusters. Lt. Brown, who is son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Brown of Buffalo, N. Y., is now in training at Carlstrom Field with Class 45-G. Prior to entering the Air Force he was clerk for the Spencer Construction Company in Buffalo, and was graduated in 1939 from the Bennett High School. He recently returned to the United States after a year's service in the ETO.

served from an attractive solid ice punch-bowl.

Much credit should be given to the committees of enlisted men, cadets, and officers working with Capt. Bowen for making the party the success of the year.

Pepper

I just lost a friend that I'm missing no end,
A friend who would never fail
To sit and wait, be it early or late,
To greet with a wagging tail.

The master she knew would greet her, too,
With a pat and hearty hail.
She couldn't know what makes it so,
That a dog is man's best friend,

But instinct told when they made her mold
That she could always depend
On a life of ease, if she tried to please,
And she carried it out to the end.

No trouble, no care, but to always be there
Was the code she lived from the start.
To love and caress and to give happiness
Was the sole desire of her heart.

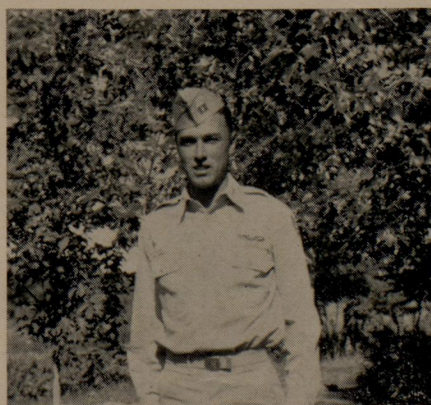
So why can't we pause, to study the cause
Of much of the pain we impart
For a lesson to log, from the life of a dog
Whose loss caused the tear drops to start.

H. Roscoe Brinton

Former Carlstrom Cadet Returns From Overseas

Capt. Murray D. McLaughlin, of Basin, Wyo., Class 43-C, has been on overseas duty from July 1943 until September 1944, serving in the European-Africa-Middle Eastern theater. After Primary Training at Carlstrom Field, Capt. McLaughlin attended basic at Bainbridge, Ga., and received his wings at Marianna, Fla.

He has been awarded the Silver Star, The Distinguished Flying Cross, One Oak



CAPT. MURRAY D. McLAUGHLIN OF BASIN, WYO., was a former cadet at Carlstrom in Class 43-C. Home from the wars, Capt. McLaughlin's tunic is weighted down with ribbons denoting decorations received while on active duty in the European-African-Middle Eastern theatres.

Leaf Cluster to the DFC, the Air Medal, 21 Oak Leaf Clusters to the Air Medal, the Distinguished Merit Badge with one Oak Leaf Cluster. He is credited with 108 Sorties (Spitfire) over Enemy Territory, 44 Missions (P-51) over Enemy Territory, and 7 Enemy Aircraft Destroyed, 1 probable, and 6 Enemy Aircraft Damaged.

Since his return, after reassignment at Santa Monica, Calif., he has been an instructor in P-40s at Dale Mabry Field, Tallahassee, Fla.

New Intelligence Officer

Carlstrom Field welcomes its new Intelligence Officer, Lt. Robert R. Reiber, and hopes that his tour of duty will be a pleasant one.

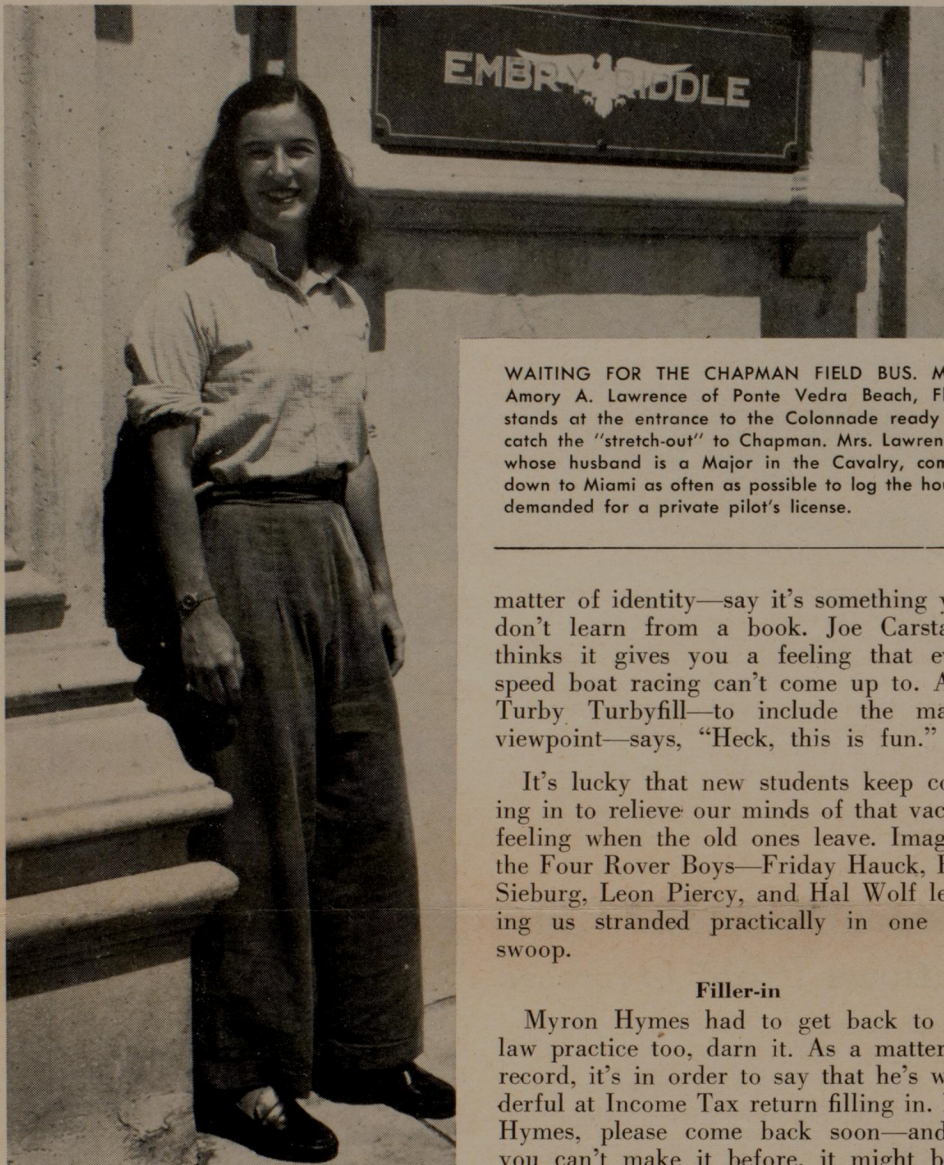
Lt. Reiber, who is a native of Trucksville, Pa., entered active service in July 1940 and served as an enlisted man in the Air Corps at Hickam Field, Hawaii, from August of that year to November 1942.

He then attended OCS and received his commission in March 1943. He served as Adjutant at Darr Aero Tech in Albany, Ga., until February when he attended the Intelligence School at Maxwell Field.

Transferred to Carlstrom last month, Lt. Reiber succeeded Lt. Alex A. Marks, who is now at Lodwick in Lakeland, Fla.

THE RED CROSS is at his side.
It's up to you to keep it there!

MIAMI FLIGHT DIVISION



WAITING FOR THE CHAPMAN FIELD BUS. Mrs. Amory A. Lawrence of Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla., stands at the entrance to the Colonnade ready to catch the "stretch-out" to Chapman. Mrs. Lawrence, whose husband is a Major in the Cavalry, comes down to Miami as often as possible to log the hours demanded for a private pilot's license.

matter of identity—say it's something you don't learn from a book. Joe Carstairs thinks it gives you a feeling that even speed boat racing can't come up to. And Turby Turbyfill—to include the man's viewpoint—says, "Heck, this is fun."

It's lucky that new students keep coming in to relieve our minds of that vacant feeling when the old ones leave. Imagine the Four Rover Boys—Friday Hauck, Bob Sieburg, Leon Piercy, and Hal Wolf leaving us stranded practically in one fell swoop.

Filler-in

Myron Hymes had to get back to his law practice too, darn it. As a matter of record, it's in order to say that he's wonderful at Income Tax return filling in. Mr. Hymes, please come back soon—and if you can't make it before, it might be a good plan to get here along about March of next winter to get your Commercial license! Our friend will be back some day, he thinks. We hope so.

George Estes is on his second stage now—full-fledged Private toward full-fledged Commercial. He hasn't been checked out on his motorcycle that I know of, but he does a smooth job on that too. And Jim Moore is getting firmly in the flying habit—it doesn't look as though he'll stop with a Private license.

Featherweight

Deaton Van Over—she's so tiny we wonder how she sees out of the plane—has her Commercial. (I'm about twice as heavy as she is. Could it be it's my little feeble brain that's holding me back?) Congratulations, Deaton.

Elsie Moomaw and Betty Sturges are definitely a boost to the looks of our Field. Their enthusiasm matches their glamour too. They sure are nice to have around.

This epistle couldn't possibly be closed without the help of our favorite Field Accountant, Les deVay. He's the one and

only Field Accountant, but none the less favorite—which feeling is one of those universal things.

Do you old timers remember how he laughs all the time? He still does it—even when he's saying he can't cash a check for you—and also when it comes to other even more delicate things. For instance, "Where the ***() & is the money you're supposed to be putting in your account? Haha. Well, why the ???% % don't you bring it in? And by the way, have you heard the one about the \$##"—? Hahahahaha."

So long till next time. Hahahahahaha.

Watching Them Tick

There is one girl who practically lives at Chapman Field. Spending all her spare time between lessons, Barbara Potts tinkers around with planes and watches mechanics at work, in an effort to pick up all possible knowledge about planes and what makes them tick.

It is most important to her to know the meaning of every bolt, because her plans are all set to buy an airplane after the war and teach private students at her home town at Rumson, N. J.

Among her first students will be her father and brother, who are both "dying to learn," she says. Her brother, William Brevoort Potts, III., is in the Marines, and her father, William B. Potts, jr., is a



THE UNUSUAL COMBINATION OF MOTHER AND SON as co-pilots will be formed when Mrs. E. G. Schaiberger of Ft. Lauderdale and her sixteen-year-old son, George, complete flight training plans at the Seaplane Base.

CHAPMAN FIELD

by Kay Van Aken

Night flying has been furnishing our excitement for the past few weeks. It rather took the crimps out of our social life—but who wouldn't prefer spending his evenings (or hers) soaring out over that beautiful black velvet carpet sprinkled with silver mist under that gorgeous moon (WOW) to joining the social whirl around the corner soda fountain looking for excitement!

They say it's a bit tricky to set the plane down smoothly at night with only those little lanterns to set the pattern—but we now have experts on that little matter.

Sue Graham says there's nothing to it—anyway not much. Ann Grizzelle says there's lots to it—but it's simple when you get the hang of it. Merrie Carpenter and Willie Willcox are all out for the practice-makes-perfect angle.

The Barbaras—Cummings and Potts as a

captain in the Army Air Corps, just returned from overseas. Her father is a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and her grandfather, William B. Potts, was once its president.

Barbara wants to get an instrument rating after completing her present course.

Born in New York City, she moved with her parents to Rumson at the age of two, and has lived there since at their home, "Pinewood." She attended the Shipley school in Bryn Mawr, Pa., and decided to study flying in preparation for her aviation career of teaching, instead of attending college.

Human Glider

"I've always wanted to fly," Barbara says. "When I was a little child I used to stand on hill tops, and run and flap my hands in a take-off, practically a human glider. All my life I've dreamed of flying and it would be so real, when I awakened I wouldn't know for a moment whether it hadn't been true. Opportunity didn't have to knock twice for me. As soon as I had a chance to study, I took it."

Barbara also plays the drums, enjoys sailing, tennis, and horseback riding, and wants to own a motorcycle as well as a plane. She has ridden one a couple of times but has "never soloed on one."

At home she sails on the Shrewsbury River from the Rumson Country club. She belongs also to the Seabright Beach club and the Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket club.

SEAPLANE BASE

Family Affair

An aviation combination of mother and son as co-pilots will be formed when Mrs. E. G. Schaiberger and her sixteen-year-old son, George, complete their flight training plans at the Seaplane Base. This youthful mother is taking lessons at the Base on the MacArthur Causeway and her son will start when the school term is over.

Her husband, Dr. Schaiberger, also is interested in flying, and "might learn later when he has the time" from his duties as a physician in Saginaw, Mich. Eventually they hope to have their own plane.

"I'm looking forward to flying with my son," said Mrs. Schaiberger, "because we have done so many things together." In Saginaw, these future pilots made a hobby of showing three and five gaited horses and have many trophies and ribbons to prove their prowess as equestrians.

Since living in Ft. Lauderdale, where her son is a junior in high school, Mrs. Schaiberger has concentrated on flying though young George expects to have his own horse here and will continue perfecting his horsemanship while learning to become a pilot.

P.S. The drive is on . . . buy War Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Support the mighty Seventh!



AT A RECENT PARTY GIVEN AT THE SEAPLANE BASE, JOHN G. McKAY, PRESIDENT OF EMBRY-RIDDLE, was presented with the new Base pennant. In the upper left hand picture. Mr. McKay (left) receives the flag from F. Webster Wiggin, Manager of the Base, while Lt. Comdr. Beckwith Havens (right) assists at the ceremony. Mrs. McKay is seen at the upper right. In the informal group below are WAVE Nan Day, Ad Thompson, C. J. McCoy, Jr., Mrs. A. deWolf, Mrs. McCoy, Martin Weissman, the top of Patricia Dreis' head and Mrs. William Hays seated in the chair. Third row from the top (left) are Miss Tony Skeen, Mrs. Cay Sillocks, Mrs. F. Webster Wiggin and Mr. and Mrs. James Clarke. On the right are Mr. McCoy, the back of Mrs. McCoy, Patricia Dreis and her sister, Mrs. deWolf. Lower left are Cay Sillocks, Thornton E. Frantz, Mrs. Frantz, T. H. Tennent and C. R. MacMurray. On the right Mr. Wiggin and Miss Dreis look the situation over from the terrace of the Wiggin bayside cottage on the MacArthur Causeway, adjacent to the Seaplane Base.

COLONEWS

by Jo Axtell

I've been warned that I'm just two jumps ahead of the deadline, and I haven't the nerve to assign this little chore to anyone else at this late date (really, I'm just hogging the glimmer, the glamour and the glory of this column).

In my moment of need I have turned to friend Gertrude Bohres and between us we have bent over backwards in an effort to compile the following. (I read somewhere that it is sometimes better to fall flat on one's face than to bend too far backwards).

Overdrawn

Andy Godfrey, recently discharged from the Navy, is back in the old Embry-Riddle drivers' seat, and we might say the Navy sent him home paler, thinner, but saltier. Sam Spark's reaction to the change was, "Andy, you look a bit overdrawn at the Blood Bank." Maybe Sam should divulge the secret of those new wonder vitamins. It's reached the point that Gertrude and I no longer bat an eye when Sam, alias Vitamin Flintheart, jumps into the air and kicks his heels.

Ensign Robert Hillstead was home on leave last week, having completed his training course at Harvard University. The Navy likes him so well they've decided to keep him and are planning a little tour of the South Pacific for him.

Speaking of tours, Colonnaders Ann Baldwin, Louise Drury, Mary Valowe, Florence Gilmore, Wain Fletcher and Mrs. G. T. Richards, mother of the two last mentioned, toured up to Riddle Field a couple of weeks ago to witness a Wings

Parade. Each and all were properly impressed, although their trip wasn't really complete as they didn't have even one flat tire.

It's goodbye and all the luck in the world to Mary Rochford, secretary to Bill O'Neil. That's the little girl who runs around with the purple ditto ink all over her. Mary is going back to Indianapolis. We'll miss you, Mary, and all we can say is "nice to have metten up with you, and don't think it ain't all been too charmin'."

And as a parting item, I was thinking nothing spectacular had happened around here lately, but I forgot—Margaret Missio has cut that nice long black hair, and it is now arranged in a most attractive page-boy style. That, in itself was a sensation, but then she appeared on the scene with the page-boy tucked in a red snood. That was short-lived, however, as a certain person around here goes into a "snit" when he sees a snood.

A. & E. Division

by Mary E. Pinar

"Tempus" has "Fuget(ed)" and the time has come again for us to get our noses to the ground and dig up any choice morsels we might find to report to you via the Fly Paper. It's a job we don't mind, however, as we genuinely enjoy each issue, and through our contribution can let you know some of the things that go on inside the radius of our walls.

We could rave on and on about the really beautiful aircraft jobs that pass through our gates after undergoing the skilled touch of our personnel. We certainly wish (those of you who already haven't) that you could



SOMETHING ALWAYS TAKES THE JOY OUT OF LIFE!

see some of these expert paint jobs—they make you want one of those planes if you never did before!

March 26 was movie day for the A&E Division. Early in the afternoon all employees gathered in the "theater" (other times known as the dope room) and viewed the Navy films "Wings Over Leyte," and "Stepping Stones to Tokyo." The "show" was excellent and everyone had a good time. When it was over, remarks like . . . "What, no Mickey Mouse?" "Where's Bugs Bunny?" and "We want Lauren Bacall!" . . . floated through the air to the enjoyment of the operator of the movie machine.

Seabee

We were glad to see Walter Barrie, a former employee of the old Engine Overhaul Department on 32nd Street, drop in the other day. Formerly foreman of Sub Assembly, Walter is now one of Uncle Sam's boys and proudly wears the uniform of the SeaBees. Walter was on leave after action overseas, and we are glad to report that he looks fine, and we are happy he made it back to the good old U. S. again.

Guess I'd better start my swan song now . . . I'm inviting you all to come see me in my new uniform of Flight Stewardess for Pan American World Airways beginning March 16.

So . . . when you make that trip to South America, be sure you're on my plane and I'll take extra good care of you. I'm not exactly drumming up business for Pan Am., y'understand, but, if you are going South, I know where you can buy the tickets!

Happy Landings

Seriously, I'd like to take this opportunity to express how much I've enjoyed being with the company and how much I've appreciated your help and assistance. I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for Embry-Riddle, and for the splendid people I've known here . . . I really love you'all. Until this correspondent sees you again—Cherrio, and may many happy landings come your way.



BOSCO HAS NOT BEEN OUSTED FROM HIS COZY RESIDENCE IN SOME TIME, and RUTH WESTENHAVER is the culprit on this occasion. This charming young lady failed to get "Tech Talk" in the Fly Paper office before the deadline, and we're quite sure that she didn't believe we'd really put her in the Dog House!

FREEDOM OF SPEECH
Does Not Mean Careless Talk

EMRICO

by Eleanor Eagan

Of course, by this time you have all heard of our new division "Emrico Air Supply," but this is our initial contribution to the Fly Paper.

This division has finally made a three point landing in the east wing of the Aircraft and Engine Division at 307 N. W. 20th Street. Do come to see us, but be careful when you take the elevator to the mezzanine, where our newly established office is located. Tread lightly on our oriental rugs and please do not sit upon the mahogany desks, nor scratch matches on our mosaic walls. Soft music (a la Spike Jones) can be heard in the distance—through the open windows from the "Juke" across the road.

Now that you have a clear picture of our set-up I would like to introduce the office force: Ted Nelson, General Manager, upon whom the future of Emrico rests; Emily Conlon, the honey-voiced purchasing agent, (refer your purchasing troubles to Emily and she will straighten them out); and Eleanor Eagan, right now taxing what brain power she has to write this column, usually acts as secretary and field accountant.

Now, down the winding staircase to the Sales department where Lee Price, our supersalesman, holds sway. Over there in her private office, surrounded by brightly hued stock cards, sits Maxine Stevens. She is the gal who can answer the question—Do we have it? Oh, oh, here comes Timothy Colston, who bears the official



RADIO WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR IN THE POST-WAR WORLD, and it is the far-seeing veteran who will take advantage of the G. I. Bill of Rights and obtain instruction at Embry-Riddle's Technical School. The above picture shows just one phase of the training offered at the Tech School, where Aircraft Engine Mechanics and Instrument instruction also will open doors to important jobs in the future.

title of porter, and is Johnny-on-the-Spot when it comes to doing all the tasks no one else can do.

As you know, "Into Every Life a Little Rain Must Fall," so it is with us—"Joe" Simpson, so well known to everyone, is leaving on April 15th and we surely are going to miss him.

In case you aren't "in the know," the function of the Emrico Air Supply is to furnish a source of supply for airports, operators, private owners and other aviation enterprises. Emrico was recently appointed as distributors for Berryloid Aircraft Finishes and Warner, in addition to the many well known aviation lines they already represent.

Our ultimate aim is "SUPPLIED BY EMRICO!"

COURSE 24

Continued from Page 4

With our time fully occupied the days will pass very rapidly, and then, ah, yes and then—!!

Course 24

With Primary Wings exam and P.T.'s a thing of the past, we are having a very well earned rest. No doubt we shall be having a few sleepless nights on our leave, thinking of the task ahead of us, and are wondering whether the AT-6 is really impossible to fly, or whether 23 Course is shooting a line. Only time (and our new instructors) will tell.

LETTER

Continued from Page 3

some small measure your kindness. Needless to say, we shall welcome a visit from any one who finds himself near us when over on this side.

We hear fairly regularly from Douglas who seems happy and well and we look

forward with confidence to his return this year.

We share many common bonds with you now and together have achieved much. In the future we together shall achieve much more. God bless you all.

Yours very sincerely,
W. T. Finlay

Copy of Citation:

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS
ACTING F/LT.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS FINLAY

Flight Lieutenant Finlay is a cool and fearless captain of aircraft who is one of the outstanding pilots in his squadron. He has completed many sorties, the majority of which have been directed against industrial targets in the Ruhr. His skill and determination in action have helped to maintain a very high standard of morale in his squadron.

Editor's Note: Douglas Finlay was a member of Course 6 and received his wings at Riddle Field in the summer of 1942. These fine lads of the RAF have done, and are doing, a magnificent job and we are indeed happy if our training has produced such skilled pilots as Douglas. We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Finlay for their kindness to our boys who have had the good fortune to visit them.

The Mighty Seventh

Very little is asked of us who do not fight. The least that we can do is to assist in the transporting of cargoes to the distant theatres of War. Buying and holding War Bonds will help.

There is much that we can do at home to help those abroad. The Seventh War Loan Drive is on—it points the way.

Buy a Bond for a Boy in Battle.



CADET WING COMMANDER CEDRIC HENDERSON of Linares, Chile, took the honors as outstanding cadet in Course 22 which was graduated at Riddle Field on Saturday, March 31.

Prominent West Virginia Attorney Learns To Fly In Record Time At Embry-Riddle's Chapman Field

Flight instruction at Chapman Field and the Seaplane Base is not confined to young men and women just out of high school, nor to youngsters logging hours in preparation for pilot's licenses when they reach eighteen. Men and women of mature years also take time from their professional or domestic duties to join the legions of the air.

The former prosecuting attorney for Upshur County, W. Va., and prominent political and civic leader of that state, Myron B. Hymes of Buckhannon, spent thirty days of "cramming" and intensive study at Chapman Field in order to complete his training for his private pilot's license.

Ninety-Seven

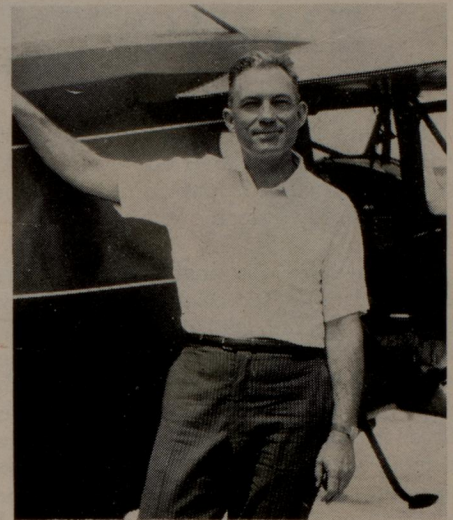
Mr. Hymes completed the six-weeks ground school course in a two-and-a-half weeks period by receiving special work, passing with a 97 average, and logged 12 hours of solo and 12 hours of dual flying time. He already had about 24 hours of flight time before arriving in Miami, but had no ground school work.

This distinguished attorney became interested in flying through his son, Myron, Jr., who persuaded him to let him take instruction at a school then operating at Buckhannon. Hymes went out with him a

few times, got the "bug", and began flying himself, only to have the school close soon after he had started. He enjoyed flying so much he decided to come to Embry-Riddle and complete work for his private pilot's license, as he intends to own his own plane after the war.

A Busy Man

He is former secretary of the Buckhannon Chamber of Commerce. He organized the Lions Club in Buckhannon, was its first president, and was governor of the Lions Club through the state of West Virginia for 1929-30, and is now an international counselor for Lions International. He is secretary of the board of trustees of Wesleyan College, of which he is a graduate, and is a member of the executive committee and of the budget and finance committee of the board. He is a Mason, and a member of Franklin Lodge No. 7, A. F. and A. M.; Upshur Chapter, No. 34, R. A. M., and Buckhannon Commandery No. 24, K. T. He served three terms as commander of Buckhannon Commandery. He is also a member of Beta Chi Chapter of the Kappa Alpha Order, and a counselor to that fraternity, and is a member of the board of trustees of the First Methodist church.



MYRON B. HYMES, PROMINENT WEST VIRGINIA ATTORNEY, temporarily put aside his law duties in Buckhannon to concentrate on flight instruction at Embry-Riddle's Chapman Field.

His son, Myron, Jr., 18 years old, is in the Army Air Corps at Keesler Field, Miss., while another son, Charles, 16, is in high school. His daughter, Marguerite, was just graduated from West Virginia Wesleyan College, magna cum laude and now holds a position with Bell Laboratories in New York City. Carol Ann, the baby of the family, attends Buckhannon Upshur high school, where she is cheer leader.

THE ALPHABET OF OPPORTUNITY BEGINS WITH



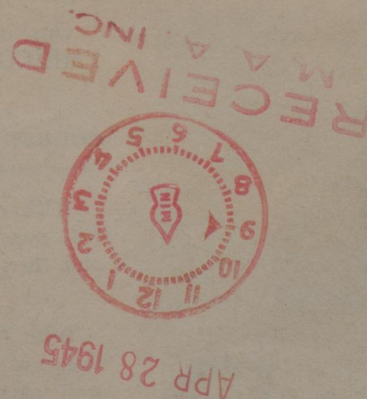
Time is the stuff that life is made of, and time is passing. There is no better time than the present to prepare yourself for that important future of yours.

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