

EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. VIII

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NO. 16

Carlstrom Pledges Work Until V-J Day Is Here

With the news of V-E Day still ringing in our ears, all Carlstrom Field now takes up the President's challenge to work 'til the final blow is struck and V-J Day can be celebrated.

V-E Day was celebrated quietly at Carlstrom with an assembly of all military personnel at the official announcement of the Victory in Europe. The Rev. Waldo Wood of the First Baptist Church in Arcadia offered a prayer of thankfulness and humility in the victory which is now ours. Capt. Viser and Capt. Bowen read Army directives concerning the conduct of Army personnel on the field and off the post.

Tales of Heroism

For more than four years, Carlstrom Field has taught American boys to fly, girding them against the forces of evil, teaching them new methods, showing them new tricks of defense, of attack.

Thousands of cadets have passed through the gates of Carlstrom with a firm foundation of flying habits that eventually put them in the pilots' seats of the fighters and the bombers that did so much to drive Germany to its knees and Japan to its present precarious position.

Many of these young men have returned from duties overseas, their tunics proudly gay with the vari-colored ribbons denoting decorations, battles, wounds; some are still flying through foreign skies. Of a few of these we have brief tales of heroism and of brilliant achievement.

There is Lt. Edward F. Smithwick, former Carlstrom cadet of Class 43-G, who recently has returned to his home in Manchester, N. Y., wearing the Air Medal, the Purple Heart, the D.F.C., and the Presidential Citation. He also is a Caterpillar Club member and Evadoo boot member.

Lt. Smithwick was stationed in the southern part of Italy with the 15th Air Force. He completed 21 missions, and on his 22nd he was shot down over Austria; he and his co-pilot made their way back through the Underground, which took them 32 days. Lt. Smithwick was hospitalized for a time, but at present he is in Kansas attending a school for staff officers.



THE STARS AND STRIPES AND THE FLAG OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE FLOAT OVER RIDDLE FIELD.

And Class 43-H has a hero in Lt. George A. McCann of Shippensburg, Pa., who won the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with 3 Oak Leaf Clusters, Presidential Citation, and two Bronze Stars during his combat duty over Germany. Taking part in the D-Day invasion, he flew 35 missions.

Lt. McCann returned to this country in August of 1944. He is very happy that his original crew returned with him, not one of them wearing a Purple Heart. He is now stationed at the Army Air Base in Ardmore, Okla.

Troop Carrier

Class 43-E also is proud of Capt. Allen W. Carver of Sargent, Neb., who has 1305 hours of overseas flying and has landed his plane in 23 foreign countries. Sent overseas in September 1943, Capt. Carver was based in Sicily for some time, later he was sent to India. He is now in Italy, where he is Group Air Inspector attached to the headquarters of the 62nd troop carrier group. He wears the Air Medal, the Distinguished Flying Cross and Presidential Unit Citation. On page five is a picture of Capt. Carver that was taken in Rome.

Foreign deliveries of B-29s is the present occupation of Lt. Stuart H. Daigneau, of Syracuse, N. Y., graduate of Carlstrom's Class of 42-K. Lt. Daigneau has been serving with the India-China Division of the Air Transport Command since March of 1943 as a pilot, crossing the treacherous North Burma "Hump" of the Himalayas. During his operational tour of duty he has been awarded the Air Medal, the

Continued on Page 5

V-E Day At Riddle Field Is Met With Solemn Joy

V-E Day found the British cadets at Riddle Field carrying on as usual. But in their hearts there was joy, happiness over the fact that the buzz-bombs had ceased screaming above the heads of their families and had done with the dreadful destruction of their homes.

Some three hundred Royal Air Force cadets, thousands of miles from home in the heart of the Florida Everglades, assembled quietly Tuesday morning with their officers and heard Prime Minister Churchill proclaim over the radio the end of the war with Germany.

For them the proclamation meant that the lights were on again in England, it meant clear skies swept clean of enemy planes, freedom from the whine of bombs, and that their families and homes were safe for the first time in five long years.

Job of the Japs

"They felt a sense of relief," said Wing Commander C. W. Lindsay, Commanding Officer of No. 5 B.F.T.S. "All of us did. But we know also that this is just the end of the first phase of the war. We've still got the job of the Japs."

Riddle Field held no special celebration. Training schedules continued and the job of learning to fly did not slacken. However, the cadets were given "open post" over the week-end for 48 hours instead of the usual 24. It was left to the individual to celebrate in his own fashion.

The mood of the boys of Course 23, of Course 24 and of Course 25 was not jubilant, behind the relief concerning the safety of their dear ones was the sobering thought that only the first stage of the war was over. The second stage—the Pacific—looms before them. They know that hard work is ahead of them and they are resolute in their determination to equip themselves for the formidable part they will play in smashing the Japs.

Toward the victory in Europe, Riddle Field has contributed approximately 2,000 trained pilots, some of whom were among that immortal band about whom Winston Churchill said "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

FLY PAPER*"STICK TO IT"*

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Letters to the Editor

Box 42
Berry, Ala.

Dear Editor:

It is with regret that I send you this sad news. My son, Flight Officer Hobson E. Hudson, has been reported missing in the India-Burma area since April 5, 1945.

He was a flight instructor at Dorr Field in Arcadia, Fla., for some two years or longer and later was promoted to Squadron Commander. After leaving Embry-Riddle he went with the Air Transport Command, flying C-46s.

In this period of uncertainty it would help so much if we could hear from anyone who knew him while he was with Embry-Riddle. We did not know any members of his crew or anyone at his Base as he had been there only about three weeks at the time he was reported missing.

He was stationed in Assam, India. If there is anyone reading the Fly Paper who knows anyone at that post, please communicate with me at once.

Hobson liked his work at Dorr Field and made many friends among the personnel, who gave him the nickname of "Pappy." This name stuck to him, the proof of which is in a letter I received from the navigator on the ship he ferried to England en route to India. It referred to our son as "Pappy." The navigator is Lt. William Glick of the A.T.C. Ferrying Division, Long Beach, Calif.

While in Florida, Hobson roomed with Luther Ringgold, who also was a flight instructor.

Anyone writing anything to help ease my anxiety will be greatly appreciated. My sincere thanks for sending us the Fly Paper.

The best of luck to Embry-Riddle, and may God in his infinite mercy keep all your flying sons safe to return to the ones who love them, is our prayer.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) E. W. Hudson

Editor's Note: For security reasons we are unable to divulge the complete address given us by Mrs. Hudson, but we feel certain that someone who knew Hobson in India, and many of his friends at Dorr Field, will see this and will answer her plea. We take this opportunity to assure Mrs. Hudson that Embry-Riddle joins her in the prayer for her son's safe return.

Dear Mr. Smith:

In replying to your letter I must apologize for the fact that I must of necessity restrict myself to giving you a list of facts as they are known to me rather than expressing any involved personal opinions,

which, far from being of help to you, would hinder us both by being detained ad infinitum in the censor's office.

Most of my news will be no doubt old to you, since I am in an out-of-the-way place, and obtain most of it via Bill Lambert who was with me on No. 2 Course at Clewiston the latter part of 1941.

Bill is also a Warrant Officer and is now back in England after having finished his first operational flying tour in the Mediterranean theatre on air-sea rescue duties. He was decorated for rescuing an American bomber crew.

For a time I heard from Jack Pebody who was a fighter pilot in Burma. He had at least two victories before being killed in an aircraft collision in November, 1943.

Younie I met in Naples in July '44. He was a Flight Lieutenant and had just completed a tour of operational flying as a fighter pilot. He had been decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross.

I last heard from Keady in February '44 when he was on leave in Alexandria, Egypt. He was commissioned and flying single-seat aircraft. Painter is in Ceylon on twin-engined aircraft and also has been commissioned.

Shuttlewood is flying twin-engined aircraft in Ireland and is a Warrant Officer. I have news of him as recent as October '44. Edwards was in Cairo early in '43, but I've had no word of him since; he was on fighter aircraft.

Burt was made an instructor in England and was married about a year ago. Crabbe also was instructing in England but unfortunately was killed during a night-flying exercise.

Of the others I have had no news since we arrived back in England early in 1942.

If any of this conflicts with any news you have obtained from other sources I would like you to remember that most of my information is old and may in places be inaccurate.

I finished a tour of operational flying in July on fighter aircraft, and expect to go back for a second tour soon. At the moment, however, I have been grounded for medical reasons.

I hope this has helped you a little.

Arthur Wise

Editor's Note: Ernest J. Smith, General Manager of Riddle Field, was kind enough to send us this letter from one of our very earliest cadets. It took a long time to reach us from the Middle East, but we hope that much of Arthur's interesting information will be new to many of our readers.

**MAKE THE GOOD NEWS BETTER.
HOARD WAR BONDS—NOT CASH**

'ROUND RIDDLE

Hilton I. Robinson, Editor

Harold Cowlshaw of the Ground School submits the following:

Lt. Melvin Cummings killed in action. Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Cummings of North Caldwell have been notified by the War Department of the death of their son, 2nd Lt. Melvin H. Cummings, pilot of a Flying Fortress in Italy.

The 28 year old pilot was on his 27th mission when he was killed on January 21st. He was a graduate of Passaic High and Newark Tech. Later an engineer with Curtiss-Wright. He held a pilot's license before his enlistment in February, 1942, and was a member of the CAP.

After his training at Maxwell and Riddle Fields, he received his wings at Turner Field. Lt. Cummings went overseas in September, 1944 and was assigned to the 15th Air Force. While overseas he won the Air Medal, Oak Leaf Cluster and a Presidential Citation.

Missing

All Riddle personnel were shocked over the news of Ensign Fred A. Hunziker, USNR, reported missing following action in the Pacific.

Ensign Hunziker is the 19 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Hunziker of Clewiston. He was a member of the Riddle Field parachute department before entering Naval Aviation in 1943. He was a pilot before entering the Navy, having been taught to fly by his father, Fred E. Hunziker, Engineering Test Pilot at Riddle Field.

Young Fred is a member of a Carrier



W/O DENNIS MOYES, R.A.F., RIDDLE FIELD'S signals instructor joined the Royal Air Force back in 1938, and it was about six months ago that he arrived at Clewiston.

Based Night Fighter group in the South Pacific, an assignment requiring the most highly skilled Navy pilots. Most of their take-offs and landings are made from blacked-out aircraft carriers and their flying is done almost entirely by instruments.

Ensign Hunziker has been on active carrier duty for seven months and had made a previous tour of carrier duty for four months. He was among the first Navy night-fighter pilots to attack the Japanese mainland.

It is sincerely hoped that encouraging news will soon be received concerning the whereabouts of this young flier.



ASSISTANT FLIGHT COMMANDER BOB A'HERN, gets ready for a take-off in an AT6 at Riddle Field. Bob comes from Sarasota and has been instructing British cadets at No. 5 B.F.T.S. for over three years.

Quite a few Riddle Employees are finding amusement and recreation by participating in the Sugar Land Soft Ball League. All teams have been organized and a regular schedule worked out. Statistics of team standings will be available in a later issue of this paper.

Personalities here and there: Joseph Garcia convalescing from recent operation—John Cockrill getting married—Bob Walker not having been fishing in a week—Mrs. Leola Jacobs visiting Riddle Field last week—Night flying in full swing, everyone sleepy-eyed—Mrs. Dorothy Reynolds a new weather observer—Lynwood Blount attending Ground School—Glider fans testing convection currents—Jimmy Walker returning to work after 3 weeks illness.

Word has just been received from Scotland that Flying Officer Donald McIntosh has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

This Glasgow airman, who trained with Course 11 at Riddle Field, received the decoration for his part in the last and decisive attack on the Tirpitz.



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT "STEVE" HARVEY, R.A.F. flying supervisor at Riddle Field, has been in the United States a little over a year.

23 Course Reports

Night flying is now nearly over, and there remains only the long cross country flight ahead. The terrors of Pre-Wings are over and everyone is looking forward to the real wing examinations and final check. It seems hard to realize that the end is so near but another five weeks will bring those coveted wings—roll on June 16th.

This Is Course 25

Saying "HELLO" to the sunny state of Florida and to Riddle Field. We all have been waiting a long, long time to reach this stage of our training and many and varied have been our thoughts. But there is not one amongst us who has not been more than pleasantly surprised at the warmth of the welcome and the extent of the hospitality accorded us by the people of Clewiston and Palm Beach. Thank you Clewiston. Thank you Palm Beach.

Our introduction to the PT-13 has on the whole been a happy one, and for this all thanks to our instructors. Truly they must have the patience of the Gods. But the insistence of the Royal Air Force that a three point landing should not include a wing tip as one of the three points, is not meeting with much hearty approval. "Tee thing troubles," say you? "Lets hope so," say we!

In Memorium

HORACE BOWLEY-BOOTH

THOMAS WALLACE CALDERHEAD

Killed in the line of duty
4th May, 1945.

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Laurie Speer

On The Field

Welcome to the three officers and five enlisted men recently added to our post. First let's give a hearty hand to Capt. Frank Scott of Ann Harbor, Mich., our new Director of Physical Training, who comes to us from Maxwell Field.

Then on the line we have a new check pilot, Lt. Clifford Anderson, who returned from the European Theater of operations only six weeks ago. Lt. Anderson is a Floridian, having made his home in Ft. Myers before the war.

Our new tactical officer is Lt. Joe F. Levine, an Oklahoma man who came here from Columbus, Miss. You'll see him checking the barracks with pencil and pad in hand!

Two New Linx

Over in Link are two new faces—Cpl. Robert Jacobs and Pvt. Murray Winters who came from Napier Field. Sgt. Townsend also has some help in finance—it's Cpl. Steve G. Martin of Warren, Ohio. Cpl. Martin, who formerly was stationed at Buckingham, brought his wife and small son here with him.

And in Personnel is an awfully nice fellow from Boston—Cpl. John J. Brady—he's married, and came to Carlstrom from Gunter Field. Our new mail orderly (Scotty, Jr.) also came from Gunter; he's Pfc. Harold Hopkins and prefers to be called "Hop."

The score for the two teams of Carlstrom officers ended in a 10-10 tie, culminating in a very successful party at Anderson Lodge near Punta Gorda. The lodge is



AS LEAD BOMBARDIER IN HEAVY BOMBERS in the China-Burma-India Theater of War, Captain William L. Deck has flown over 600 hours on 76 bombing missions. He wears the D.F.C. with two Oak Leaf Clusters, the Air Medal and two Oak Leaf Clusters, the Purple Heart and the Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon. A son of Mrs. Kathleen Deck of Waynesboro, Ga., Capt. Deck is one of the student officers taking primary flying training at Carlstrom Field.



A VETERAN OF 13 MONTHS IN THE EUROPEAN Theater of War, Captain Robert E. Lee holds the Presidential Unit Citation, the D.F.C. and two Oak Leaf Clusters, the Air Air Medal and three Oak Leaf Clusters, and wears the E.T.O. ribbon with two battle stars. Capt. Lee, whose wife and parents live in South Boston, is taking primary flying training at Carlstrom Field.

located right on Charlotte Harbor Bay and afforded swimming, boating and fishing for the group during the afternoon . . . and the supper is reported to have been "something extraordinary." Capt. Viser and Lt. Glenn Smith were in charge of the arrangements for the party.

Charlene Eller, of Army Operations, and F/O Alvin T. Kyle, one of Carlstrom's first instructors were married recently.

Helen Taylor has returned to her duties in Supply after a ten-day vacation spent with her husband, Pvt. Gerald Taylor, who is stationed at Courtland, Alabama.

Albert C. "Pop" Myers is seriously ill in the Arcadia hospital. Everyone misses "Pop" around the field, and we sincerely hope he will be back with us soon.

The cadets are asking, "Who's the pretty blonde in headquarters?" Oh, no, fellows, that's Mrs. (Cpl.) Ben Lane. Martha, we're glad to have you back with us.

G & A Visitors

Two Embry-Riddlites from Miami paid us a visit the other day . . . they were Jo Axtell from the Legal department and Margaret Missio from the Comptroller's office.

Pfc. Berney Faught has been on furlough . . . Berney's gone home to see his wife and baby whom he's missed very much of late.

And last but by far not least—we regret very much to see Lt. Glenn M. Smith, Director of Physical Training, transfer from Carlstrom.

Lt. Smith is originally from Arkansas and came to this Field from Smyrna, Tenn. The improvements made on the athletic area under his supervision are outstanding, and we won't forget fellows like Smitty for a long time.

So-long for this time . . .

P. T. Shorts

New's flashes of the men who build muscles. Lt. Roy J. (Joy Boy) Weiner, who lately took unto himself a bride, is back from P. T. School at SAACC. While out in Texas the Lt. snared one of the five superior ratings passed out in class 45-3.

Sgt. Mickey Treadway spent his furlough in North Carolina eating fat back and cracklin bread . . . these long skinny hill billies sure can eat.

In case anyone around Carlstrom thinks the Army has allotted three ice cream good humor men for the field they are wrong—they're the new summer uniforms for the physical training staff.

The enlisted men soundly trounced the officers last week 5-1. But the officers came back this week and soundly trounced the enlisted men 9-7. Hubba. Hubba.

Income Cut

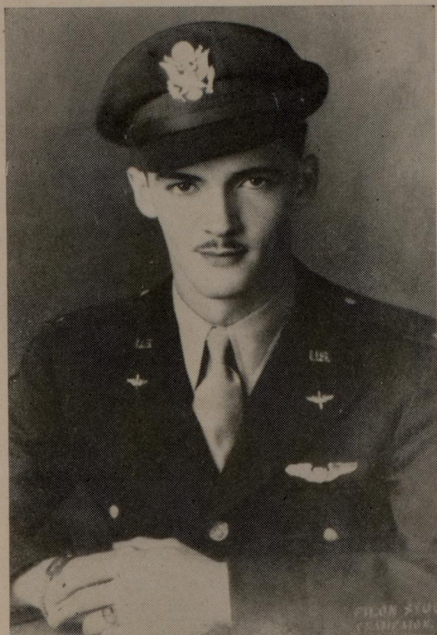
Lt. Smith has a dollar that Lt. Weiner graciously donated Wednesday when he bet Lt. S. that he couldn't shoot a 48 in golf. He did, he shot a 44, and now Mrs. W. has cut Lt. W to 75c a week allowance.

Back for a visit is Capt. McCormick who is now Director at Turner Field, Ga. Other than being short a good suntan, the Capt. looks much the same as he did when he was director here at Carlstrom.

Intra Squadron competition between the student officers and cadets gets keener every day. The talent seems to be well distributed between the bar boys and the cadets. With names like the Devistators, Purple Shafts, Batshots, Rocketts, Shaft-Ho's, Stemwinders and the Bobby Lee's.



AFTER 22 MONTHS IN THE CHINA-BURMA-INDIA Theater Operations, Captain Samuel R. Rogers is now stationed at Carlstrom Field where he is receiving primary flying instruction. Capt. Rogers has been awarded the D.F.C. with two Oak Leaf Clusters and the Air Medal also with two Oak Leaf Clusters. He is a son of Mrs. M. T. Smith of Chattanooga, Tenn., where he attended high school and the University.



LIEUTENANT GEORGE A. McCANN OF CLASS 43-H

Now I wonder who named a team the "Bobby Lee?" That can mean only one thing, some one is sure rushing Lt. Reiber's secretary. We will give you the league standings next issue.

CARLSTROM

Continued from Page 1

Distinguished Flying Cross and the Presidential Citation.

Another former 42-K cadet is Capt. James O. Bean, of Elnora, Ind., who has recently completed 50 missions with the 15th Air Force out of Italy and is now stationed at the Smyrna Army Air Base in Smyrna, Tenn. Capt. Bean wears the E.T.O. ribbon with three battle stars, the Air Medal with four Oak Leaf Clusters and the Distinguished Flying Cross. He also has been awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster to the D.F.C. for a special mission over Ploesti and Romania.

Capt. Bean writes that he would like to contact his Carlstrom instructor, Mr. Quesenberry. We know that Quesenberry is now a Navy pilot. He has visited the Field several times since he left Arcadia in August of 1943. For a while he was stationed in Atlanta, Ga., but the last we heard from him he was ferrying Navy ships to the war zones.

And Class 42-K claims another hero in Major Charles B. Branan, Jr., who was a recent visitor at Carlstrom after serving a tour of duty as Navigator in the European theater.

1st Lt. Joseph P. Cullen, of North Easton, Mass., graduate of Carlstrom's Class 43-G, has recently returned home after seventeen months in the China-Burma-India theater. He completed 84 combat missions in a P-51 type plane, and writes that their favorite pastime was dive-bombing bridges and strafing, and that he has four Jap planes destroyed on the ground in China to his credit. He has been awarded the Air Medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

COLONEWS

by Jo Axtell

It is with a sigh of relief that we announce the arrival of John Elliott Kenyon on April 30th. John Elliott lives up to Lil's and Ken's every infanticipation in that he is just the model they ordered, and is reportedly far superior to the average week-old baby. In more formal circles "Ken" will be remembered as L. N. Kenyon, formerly of Riddle Field, and Lil as your erstwhile reporter and secretary to Benjamin Turner of the Legal department.

Ah, yes, and that not too subtly brings us around to the Legal department. There has been an about-face in this section, i.e., Mr. Turner has packed his brief case and moved his office over to the J. P. Riddle Co. and his duties as counsel have been taken over by John G. McKay, Jr. We always considered "Benjie" as the "top of the bottle" around here, but since he did leave we're glad we have Mr. McKay to take his place.

Now It's "Grams"

It will be remembered that in January the J. P. Riddle Co. also took our "Gramps" away from us, but we'll get even with them—we're going to have a "Grams" around here, which, of course, accounts for that broader than usual smile of Florrie Gilmore's.

Among those missing from the Colonade lately has been Joan Korn, secretary to John Kille. For the past month Joan has undergone a tiresome siege of hospitals, pills and intravenous feedings, but is now on the mend and should soon be back at her post in the Sales department.

W. B. O'Neil is on a two weeks' vacation to New Orleans, leaving Accounting in the hands of Charlie Perron, who is delighted with his role of unmercifully crack-



LIEUTENANT EDWARD F. SMITHWICK OF CLASS 43-G

ing the whip in an effort to keep those adding machines adding. Oh, mercy, just like "back to the salt mines or stale bread and forty lashes."

As for the I-Stand-Corrected-Department: Mary Valowe did *not* go to Riddle Field to witness a Wing Parade. I jumped at conclusions, but I thought I saw her with a hat on that morning. I was mistaken; Mary tells me she doesn't even own a hat.

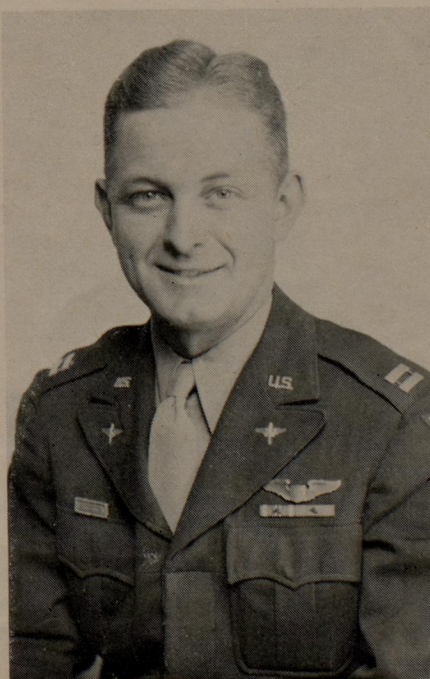
It is my unhappy duty to mention that Sam Sparks, the wit of the west wing, has said not one thing funny this month, but all is not lost—he keeps trying.

The Red Cross

In view of the foregoing derogatory remarks, it is only fitting that this column be ended on a more respectful note, with, for instance, a word of praise for the Red Cross Volunteers stationed in the Colonade. This group, headed by Mrs. Campbell, unstintingly expend their time and efforts toward producing large quantities of surgical dressings for our armed forces. We are pleased to be in a position to contribute the space in which this fine work might be carried on.

Several times Editor Wain Fletcher has dug up some last minute news and asked that I add a post script to this column. This time she has called for a report of Margaret Missio's and my trip to Riddle and Carlstrom Fields.

You might say that we went in the capacity of auditors, though that would be giving me the benefit of the doubt, so we'll just say that Margaret did the auditing and I went along to protect her from the perils of the burning Everglades. Despite the smoke we had a thoroughly enjoyable trip and wish to thank the personnel at both Fields for the courtesies extended us.



CAPTAIN ALLEN W. CARVER OF CLASS 43-E

THE 7TH WAR LOAN DRIVE IS ON!
Your Support Will Bring V-J Day Closer

MIAMI FLIGHT DIVISION



CAY SILLCOCKS, OFFICE MANAGER-REGISTRAR, slips away from the administration building at the Seaplane Base to absorb some of Florida's famous ultra-violet rays.

Chapman Field

by Kay Van Aken

This is going to be a very brief column today—V-E Day—so we'll concentrate on just a couple of items and leave the gossip till next time.

F. Webster Wiggin, new General Manager of the Miami Flight Division, is putting into effect a lot of new and invigorating ideas which are already stirring up great enthusiasm. His interest in flying generally and his job specifically are quite contagious. If you older students haven't met him, I know you'll get a kick out of coming to the Field and sitting in on some of his discussions about the future of private flying and of Chapman Field. A lot of big plans are in the making.

Imagine That!

The Canteen is in private hands once more—and very capable hands. Bea and Caroline and Red—with the help of other members of their family—are giving us home cooking that is tops. Those home made cakes keep us thinking continuously of meal time—and the other day we had the most delicious *Roast Beef*. Imagine that!!

Our new low-wing Fairchild is a smooth ship—and a perfect beauty. It's reserved for instrument students, unfortunately. Reports on it are so good that several of the commercial students are talking seriously about getting in some Instrument Flying immediately.

The smoke from the Everglades has been in our eyes, ears, noses and hair these last couple of weeks. It's uncanny how it

will almost completely disappear—then suddenly roll in again so thick that it grounds us for a few hours. It looks as though we will have to carry some buckets of water out or our flights and take care of those fires ourselves. Up to now we've been relying on the big rains that are coming soon. The weather man insists that we'll have rain some day.

There's plenty gossip that you're probably anxious to hear—but this V-E Day business has us so excited and we're so late on this column as it is, that we'll try to catch up on all the back chatter next time.

Chapman Party

However, as a final word, the party given on the 14th by Chapman Field personnel at the Antilla Hotel was just being planned when this column was written—we'll report those doings with the rest of the chatter in the next issue.

*O'er the depths where men have died.
Undulating with the tide;
Softly, swiftly swooping up,
Cradled on the ocean's breast,*

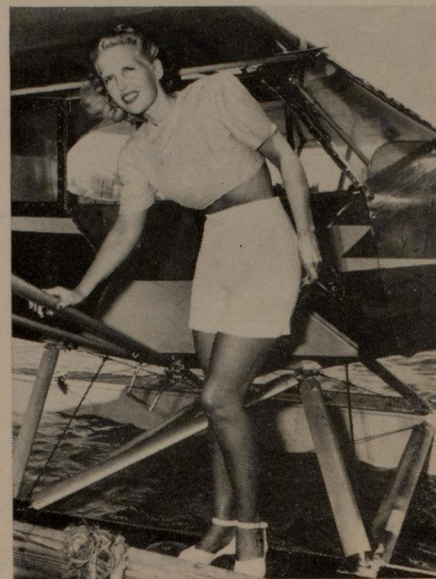
*What can be your mission bent?
What your Nemesis?
That earth and sky and space itself
Should challenge you like this?*

*I like to think that God Himself
Commissioned you from high;
To show us all who doubt Him yet,
That Paradise is nigh.*

BETTY.



PUTTING ASIDE THE TWO AND A HALF STRIPES of a Lt. Commander in the U. S. Navy, F. Webster Wiggin has returned to civilian life. Before entering the service, Mr. Wiggin was manager of the Seaplane Base and recently has been made general manager of the Miami Flight Division.



LAW STUDENT, ACTRESS, WRITER AND PILOT are just a few of the accomplishments of MGM starlet Toney Skeen, who is seen stepping from her plane and the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base.

Seaplane Base

The rare combination of beauty and brains is the happy heritage of MGM starlet Toney Skeen, who recently completed a vacation up in the air and received her private pilot's license at the Seaplane Base. Toney, in preparing for the speed age after the war, not only has learned to manipulate an airplane but has just sold to a national magazine an article on post-war industrial planning.

Toney began her amazing career as a law student, then held the important job of secretary of the industrial commission of the state of Oklahoma, and finally wound up in Hollywood.

Five years ago when she went to that glamorous city of the celluloid, Walter Anger wanted to give her a screen test, but she laughed at the idea. "I thought that was the last thing in the world I wanted to do then," she said. "But I found out by accident that acting is fun, and now I'm sorry I didn't get started sooner."

Just A Lark

The "accident" that eventually landed her in motion pictures, was a chance visit with a friend to a dramatic school in Chicago. The instructor happened to be casting a play and turned to her unexpectedly, saying, "We need you. There's a part in this play that suits you perfectly. Will you take it?"

For a lark Toney took the part. From that she went to summer stock in Chicago, and there MGM found her acting in "Claudia." At the same time Warner Brothers offered her a seven-year contract, but she decided that she would be tied up for too long a period. When MGM put before her an even better contract for

Continued on Next Page

Embry-Riddle Seaplane Carries Census-Taker Over Dade County Keys

"Are you kidding?" persons living on the keys wanted to know when W. Dewey Hilsabeck, state enumerator from Dade County, dropped out of the skies in a blue and yellow Embry-Riddle seaplane to get their pedigree for the state census. "You mean you flew down to check us?"

"Why not?" said Hilsabeck, wringing the water from his trouser legs, after wading ashore. Then he took out his pencil and check sheet.

Significant

Hilsabeck was in charge of Dade County census, taken every ten years by the state, a job that had particular wartime significance because rationed items, such as meat and gasoline, are shipped into the area on the basis of population.

Confronted with the problem of covering the persons living on Dade County keys, and tracking down the Seminoles in the Everglades, Hilsabeck, who holds a private pilot's license himself, decided the quickest and best method was census-taking by plane.

Taking off in a seaplane from Embry-Riddle's seaplane base on MacArthur Causeway, this enterprising census taker, was able to cover all the keys in Dade County in one afternoon. Formerly, they were covered by boat with the job taking more than a day.

Spotted

In addition to speed, a plane has the advantage of thorough coverage of an area. For instance, on one of the Ragged Keys, Hilsabeck discovered a little old place nestled among some palms, where a colored man was living alone. If the place had not been seen from the air, he might have been overlooked.

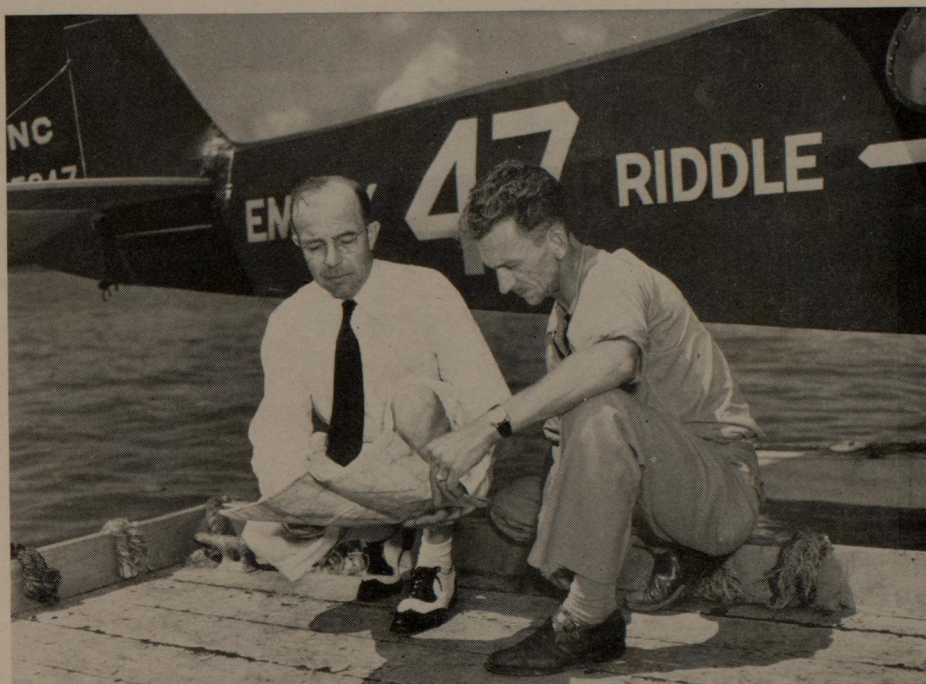
More than 40 persons are living on the various keys in homes that range from the colored shanty to elaborate estates. Many of the latter have their own electric light and water systems, and some islands, even have their own tractors for cultivating flower and vegetable gardens and grounds.

All Wet

All the inhabitants of the keys were surprised to find that the man who landed in the seaplane and waded ashore where rocks made it impossible to bring the ship in close, was the census taker. Some took a bit of convincing before they were willing to accept him in his official capacity and give out vital statistics.

The Indians came next. Hilsabeck took a plane over the Everglades to spot their homes and then will sent in census representatives by 'Glades buggy or canoe with Indian guide.

"At least," he said, "I didn't get my shirt tails wet going after the Indians."



W. DEWEY HILSABECK, LEFT, STATE CENSUS ENUMERATOR FOR DADE COUNTY, AND JAMES CLARKE, Embry-Riddle instructor, look over the map of the area they will fly over to check the inhabitants of the Florida Keys. Anticipating that he would have to wade ashore at some places, Hilsabeck rolled up his trouser legs, but he failed to anticipate that he would get his shirt tails wet when he misjudged the depth of the water.

SKEEN

Continued from Ureceding Page

a two-year period she signed on the dotted line.

When Toney took up flying at the Seaplane Base she was not a stranger to Miami. A few years ago she studied law at the University of Miami so that she could be with her family who were spending the winter here, and at the same time continue the course she had started at Oklahoma University. She received her BA degree at the latter.

This winter, she vacationed at the home of her sister and brother-in-law, Col. and Mrs. Frank B. Thompson, of Miami Beach. Her mother, Mrs. G. H. Skeen, of Oklahoma City, also has been here for the winter.

"I'd like to own my own plane after the war, so I can take off fast whenever I decide I want to go somewhere," Toney said. "I never know until a few hours ahead of the time what I'm going to do." With so many talents it is a small wonder that her plans are made at the last minute.

The article this charming young starlet sold to a national weekly is entitled, "Men Are Not So Smart," and is one of a series that she expects to do for them on postwar industrial planning, one of her keenest interests.

On her way back to Hollywood, Toney went via Washington, where she expected to spend a short time with friends, visiting at the home of Senator "Happy" Chandler. She also planned to stop off in Chicago to see about having published some songs that she has written—just another little interest of the much-talented Toney.

She is looking forward to another holiday in Miami next winter when she hopes to continue her flying at the Seaplane Base.

TECH TALK

The latest excitement at the Technical School was the recent installation of a complete ground station for the classes in radio mechanics and radio communications. The 14-B, 400 Watt radio transmitter is the pride and joy of the boys who are taking these courses.

This transmitter is the same as those used on the average airliner, so when the students have completed their training and have obtained jobs with airlines—the desire of most of them—they will find the same type as that on which they have worked.

We are pleased to announce an addition to the Coliseum family—and a very important addition—Capt. J. A. Campbell, senior instructor in radio. Capt. Campbell, who recently was discharged from the Army, taught advanced radio communications while in the service, his most recent post having been at Miami Technical High. By the way, Capt. Campbell is no stranger to these parts—he is a Miamian from 'way back.

Verner D. Vale, Director of the Tech School, returned last week from Chicago where he attended the meeting of the National Council of Technical Schools. Various problems to be confronted in the postwar world of technical education were discussed and new ideas in teaching methods were presented.

Since Mr. Vale's return from the Windy City, he has been the subject of quite a bit of ribbing—it is a moot question as to whether he brought a "Yankee cold" down with him or whether he caught "southern sniffles" after he returned to Miami.

News Of The Big Three

by Emily Conlon

So, what's new? In the spring, young men's fancy turns to what women have been thinking about all winter. Which



EMILY

brings to mind the latest product of Romance, Inc., an up an' coming firm, to say the least—Mary Frances Quinn has announced her engagement to Harold Malcom, our congenial Field Accountant. If you should ask them when they plan to stay the "I Do's," all you'll get for your trouble is much coughing, etc. We, the A & E Division, Enrico Supply and Instrument overhaul, wish them the best and know they'll be very happy together.

The Salty Life

Our fine friend, Gene Myers, monopolized the gals last week-end by taking us all out on his boat for a marvelous time of fishing, sight-seeing and laughs. We caught a million fish—well, at least thirty, and between Mary Frances' piloting, my navigation and Maxine Stevens' cooking, we practically ran the boat ourselves.

Mary Pinar, who has left the company

to realize a life's ambition, namely, becoming a flight stewardess, was quite ill on the first lap of the journey as a result of some shots she had taken in connection with her new job. She couldn't stand to miss the fun for long, however, so came on deck and turned out to be the "saltiest" one of us.

A Whale of a Fish

Eleanor Eagan and my roommate, Louise Vrana, were on hand to instigate ribbing, point out all fish within miles, give advice as to how best not to get seasick and lend a hand to unhook the first fish—Louise had the presence of mind to bring along a magnifying glass with which to view said fish.

I sighted a turtle "as big as a house" off the stern and was immediately asked to fill in an application for entrance in the State Institution for the Insane. The turtle obliged me by showing himself enough times for all to see, and after much discussion, we decided that he was only as big as a trailer.

When the sun had had just about enough of us trying to use its rays to obtain that glamorous-tan-in-one-afternoon, and the country-side at large had become tired of coming to our rescue only to find

that some silly girl had caught a fish accompanied by frantic and hair-raising screams, and Gene had come to the point where he wandered around the boat mumbling, "I have a hole in my head—inviting women on a boat—'take this fish off my hook—ase, Gene, he'll bite me'—women, mumble," or words to that effect, ended our way back to shore, tired, sunburned but very, very happy.

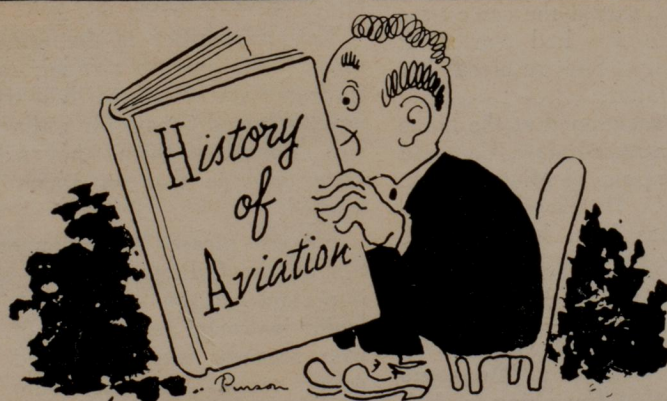
(P. S. It's an unwritten law that every fishing story must include an item about the one that got away. On my honor, the biggest fish we saw all day was caught and being lowered in the boat when he jumped up and over the side, thumb to nose as he hit the water, never to be seen again.)

Everything Mobile

As a matter of conjecture, the A & E offices have installed rollers on all movable furniture to aid them in their many fits or moving. This last move looks verrrry nice. Jack Hale has a lovely little office with a potted plant donated by Mr. Evans. On close inspection, you will notice that the "plant" is a very dead weed inserted in sawdust. Very clever.

Freedom of Speech

Does Not Mean Careless Talk



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