

LISTENING OUT ISSUE - COURSE 23
EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper
"STICK TO IT"

VOL. VIII

JUNE 15, 1945

NO. 17



SHIRLEY FADER



MARY WILLCOX AND MERRIE CARPENTER



PEARL LEWIS



MARIE LOUISE GREINER



MARJORIE CARPENTER



SUE GRAHAM



BARBARA AND SALLY CUMMINGS

PREPARING TO TAKE THEIR PLACES IN THE AVIATION-MINDED WORLD OF TOMORROW, THESE FEMININE FLYERS ARE ENROLLED AT EMBRY-RIDDLE.

CARLSTROM FIELD WILL CLOSE ITS DOORS AFTER FOUR YEARS OF RECORD BREAKING SERVICE

For four years and three months Carlstrom Field has played a vital part in the downfall of Hitler and his hordes, and it is with saddened hearts that we learn we must fold our wings before the menace of the Jap is wiped out.

Curtailment of Army Air Forces primary flying training makes it necessary to put Carlstrom Field on the retirement list. A veteran of World War I, the Riddle Aeronautical Institute becomes a veteran of World War II when that famous Field closes its hangar doors and bids God-speed to the last cadet on June 27, 1945.

Carlstrom has much of which to be proud—it has unremittingly maintained the high standards required by the Army Air Forces and has established a record that has made Carlstrom and safety synonymous.

Millions of Miles

We permit ourselves to boast without undue conceit of our four years of training the youth of America—and also England—and we point with pride to the 7,500 graduates of Carlstrom Field who, when the last PT sets down on the runway, will have flown over 45,000,000 miles with only one fatality.

We know we have done a good job. Our record proves it. A total of over 550,000 hours in the air is no mean feat, and we are justified in exulting over this achievement with only one major accident.

Perhaps we should be humble and modestly give credit to Lady Luck, but we cannot be so unassuming when we know that this unique safety record was attained by the efficiency of the Army personnel and the personnel of Embry-Riddle whose care and ceaseless attention to the smallest detail provided the students with thorough training.

We do give some credit to Lady Luck, also we must recognize that the perfect terrain of Big Prairie and the ideal Florida climate were important factors, but the human element was there, on the flight line, in the hangars, in the ground school, in the administrative offices, guiding, leading, admonishing.

Riddle and McKay

Behind this great feat of moulding the fighters of the sky looms the founder of this great institute—John Paul Riddle. His brilliant leadership, his marked ability to choose the key men of his organization and his profound knowledge of aviation training, laid the foundations of this school that enjoys renown around the world.

When John Paul Riddle's interests were diverted to South America, to a technical school in São Paulo, Brasil, John G. McKay took up the torch. Mr. McKay long had

AND NOW FAREWELL

Carlstromites, Past and Present:

There are no words which could adequately describe the feeling of regret that I am sure we all have concerning the closing of Carlstrom Field.

Personally, it has been a real pleasure to have been a part of the Carlstrom organization. There has been a lot of hard work, in which we all have shared; too, there has been considerable pleasure connected with the efforts we have all made in establishing an untouched record of safety and accomplishment during the Field's operation. Of this we may all be proud for many years to come.

This will be my last chance to extend to each of you, through the medium of the Fly Paper, my sincere thanks for the cooperation given. I am most proud of the work accomplished and without the individual efforts of all concerned it could not have been done.

So, here's thanks and congratulations to the Carlstrom Family individually and collectively, to the members of the Army Air Force, to the local community, and to all others who shared in the achievement.

H. ROSCOE BRINTON,
General Manager.

been an executive of the Embry-Riddle company and to him fell the heritage of a great name in aviation.

Carlstrom Field was born during the first World War, its infancy having been devoted to the training of pilots for an infant air corps. Then came 19 dormant years, Carlstrom slept, Big Prairie almost forgot the roar of planes and gave its rich land to pasture.

For a generation this great natural airport lay fallow, a deserted waste. But wars and rumors of wars ended those peaceful years and Carlstrom Field once more was dedicated to the training of pilots to fly for the United States in its defense against all aggressors.

With incredible speed Carlstrom was rebuilt. In December of 1940 there were few traces of the child of the first World War, but within five months the first class of U. S. Army cadets was graduated and a few weeks later an eager group of Royal Air Force cadets began its initial phase of flying.

For almost a year British cadets flew under the Carlstrom aegis. Lads from Britain, 1354 of them, filled the sky over

Arcadia and DeSoto County with the drone of motors until Riddle Field at Clewiston opened its doors as No. 5 British Flying Training School. So, in the history of Carlstrom Field, the second chapter will be written with a British turn of phrase and an English accent.

When that history is written its pages will be bright with the names of the men—and the women—whose untiring efforts have kept going the machinery that made this gigantic school the smooth and efficient operation that won for it an enviable reputation in the aviation world.

Povey and Brinton

Throughout its pages will be the scintillating name of Captain Leonard J. Povey, who reported to new Carlstrom as Director of Flying and now is Vice President of Embry-Riddle in charge of Flying operations. And that of H. Roscoe Brinton will stand out from beginning to end—as assistant Director of Flying and finally General Manager.

In bold type will be the name of Lt. Col. E. G. Cooper, Commanding Officer of the 2148th Army Air Forces Base Unit; and a note of sadness will creep in with the mention of Major John E. Clonts as missing in action and presumed killed while in combat over France.

Col. Stanley "Moose" Donovan will be proclaimed as Carlstrom's first C.O., and the names of Lt. Col. George Ola and Major Clarence Porter also will appear in the chapter of commanding officers.

Major Sidney J. Netherly and Major Williams S. Hart as Flight Surgeon and Commandant of Cadets will be mentioned in the front of the book, and three commissioned and one non-commissioned officer will appear from beginning to end—Lts. Alvin May, J. J. Graham and Stanley Greenwood, and Sgt. Eugene Busbee whose tenure of duty has been from the very early days of that post.

Satellites

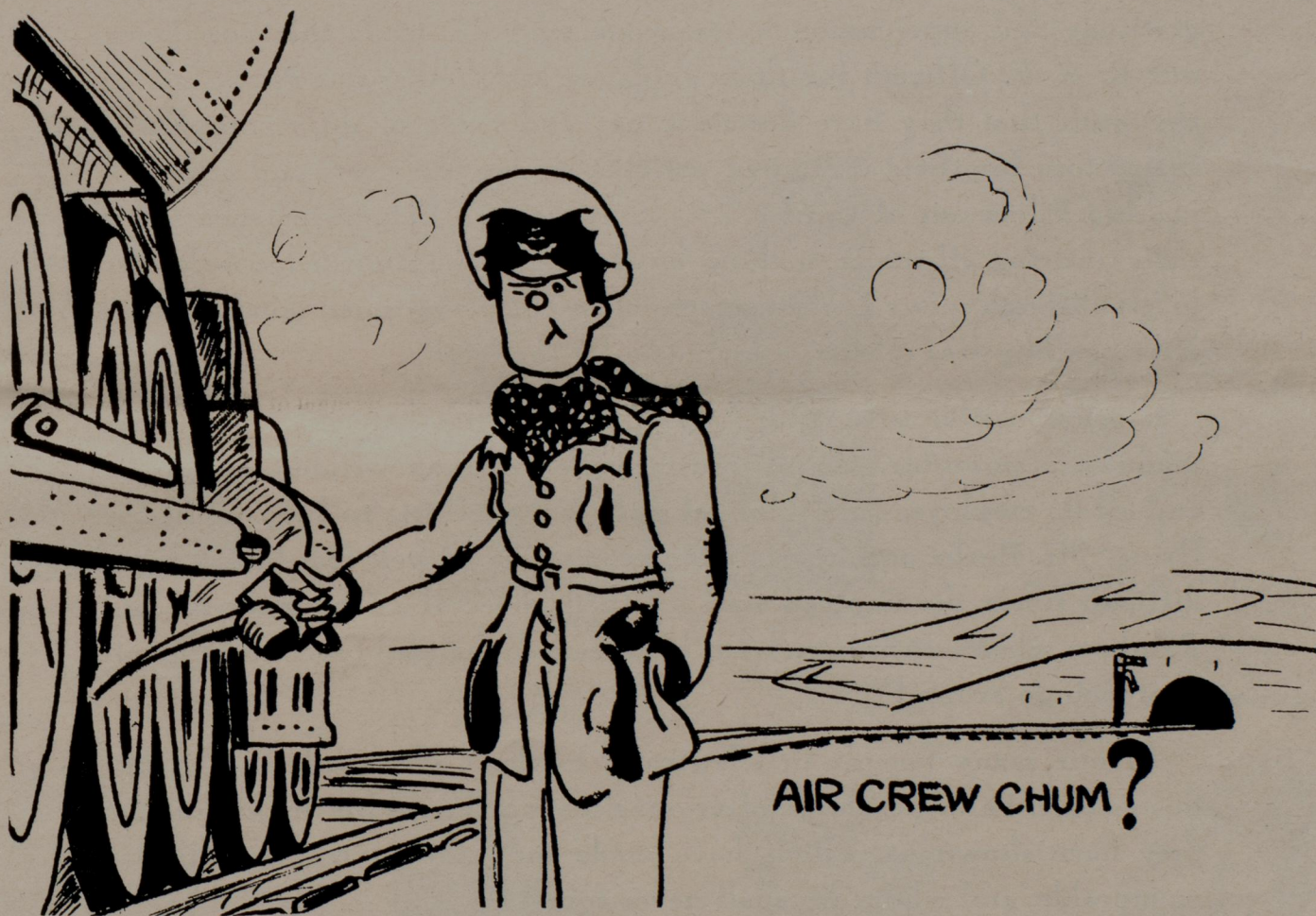
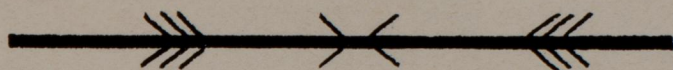
There will be Nate Reece, Jr., Administrative Assistant to Len Povey, now Assistant Vice President of Embry-Riddle; and Robert H. Davis, Povey's Technical Assistant, and one time acting General Manager of Dorr Field.

Jack Hunt's name also will be in bold type. It was on his shoulders that the first managership fell when the Field was in an embryonic stage. And Andy Minichiello, a Carlstromite from its earliest days, now Director of Flying, will be allotted important space.

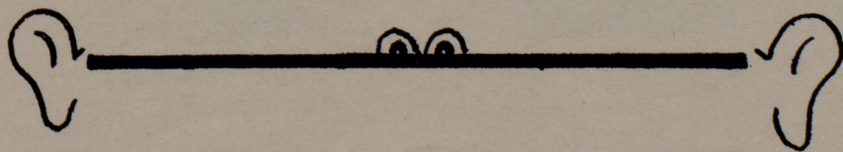
The hundreds of civilian flying instructors, the very backbone of the training; the ground school instructors who gave the students a sound foundation on

Continued on Page 19

COURSE 23



LISTENING OUT



COURSE 23

And now our days, and nights, of striving are rewarded, and Course 23 have won their wings. It is difficult to find words to express our gratitude and appreciation to everyone who has made this possible—our R. A. F. Officers for their guidance and help—our N. C. Os for the work that they have done for us (and made us do)—our flying instructors for their unlimited patience under the stress and strain of making Pilots out of Course 23. Our Ground School instructors for their untiring efforts in making us assimilate the knowledge necessary to get through—our Link instructors for their continued good humour after our hopeless efforts of trying to fly the Link.

It is impossible to mention everyone who has helped to make our graduation possible, but we must thank the Embry-Riddle Company and all its employees, the Medical staff for its efforts to keep us fit for flying, Mr. Burka and his staff for keeping us so well fed during these difficult times, the Canteen staff for their cheerful 24 hour service and Rainbow whose untiring advice has been so helpful (second ship on approach go around).

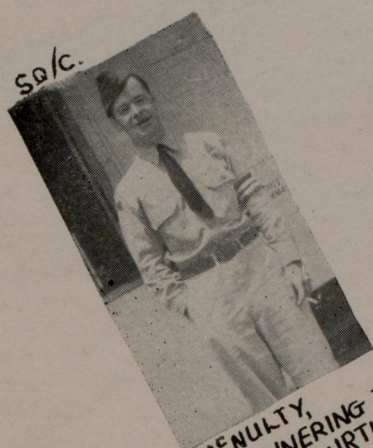
To our many friends in Clewiston, to the Cadet Club and to our hostesses in Palm Beach, we offer our sincerest thanks for the kindnesses they have shown us, which have made our stay in this country so memorable, and whom we shall never forget—

To you all Course 23 offers their thanks.

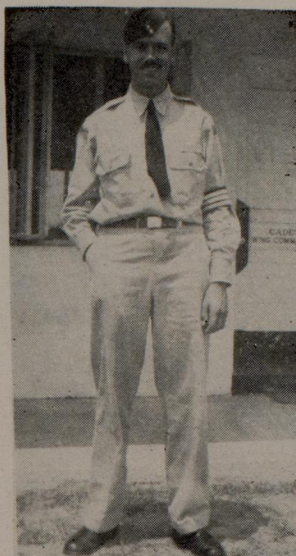
Au revoir,

Course 23,

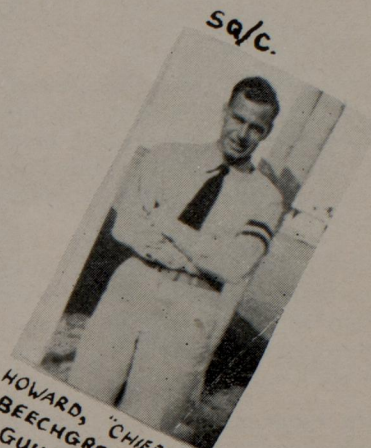
LISTENING OUT



sq/c.
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10, MANNERING ROAD,
EIGHBURTH,
LIVERPOOL,
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CAW/C. E. A. BAKER,
49, PLYMOUTH ROAD,
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COURSE 23

It seems a far cry since we crawled in through the iron portals of a certain reception centre in the north of England, bowed down by several kit bags and bravely weathering the crys of "join" or "get some in!" Things was very 'ard in those days, and very shortly conditions tightened up, we always seemed the first to be too late!

Still, the different unions of hut orderlies, T.W.5s, u/t farmers, musicians, and all their satellite branches did a lot for us, saving us from early morning P. T. and an ensuing week in sick quarters—I believe 10 or 12 cadets did go to lectures under a roster system.

Then came the fly bombs and the call for repair gangs—whether London needed us or whether the C. O. had had enough of our company we don't know—volunteers were requested and hundreds stepped out. Some say the magic word 'London' did the trick. I plump for the fact that it was early morning and raining hard at the time . . . as usual.

In any event 23 Course was there, with a finger in the proverbial pie, cheerfully helping to break more windows, and putting front doors back up side down in the best aircrew fashion. Our favourite job of work was repairing roofs, as we delighted in hurling down tiles into the street with cries of "Below." (One of our members had two pedestrians and a dog confined in one afternoon.)

The only qualifications required to make a first class repair-man was to know nothing about building. It was unfortunate if you did, as then there wasn't much for you to do except lorry driving or storekeeping! Being a clerk, I was fortunate and was soon operating as a full blown carpenter complete with kit, a mate, and a knowing look. The only job I wasn't so sure about (a little matter of a new roof) solved itself—we were recalled.

The would be lorry drivers had a severe test to endure, one circuit round the largest hangar without touching the walls. The front pedals were rather confusing, and on one occasion I understand, mistaking the throttle for the brake, one cadet overtook two Spitfires on their 'take-off' run.

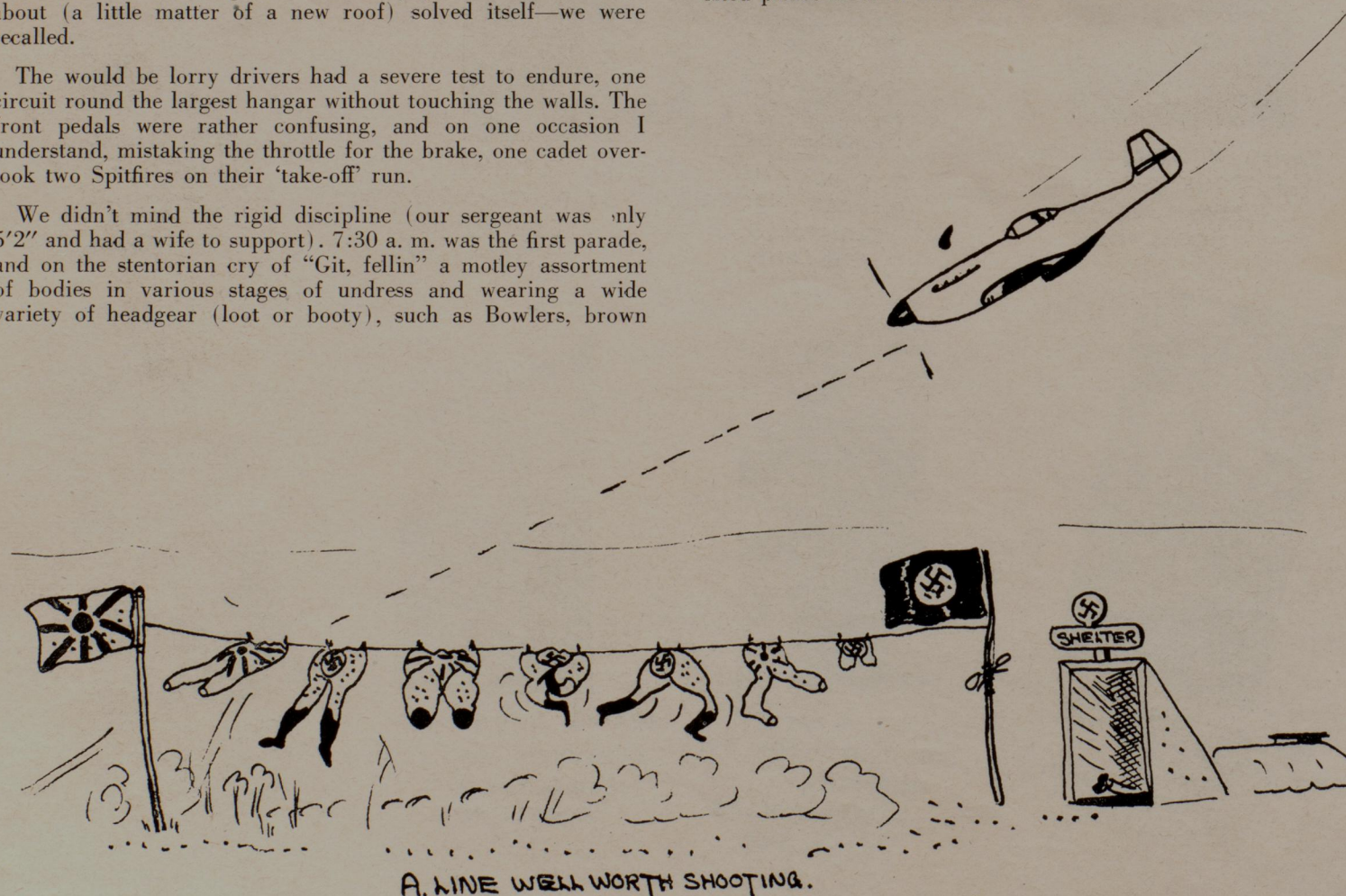
We didn't mind the rigid discipline (our sergeant was only 5'2" and had a wife to support). 7:30 a. m. was the first parade, and on the stentorian cry of "Git, fellin" a motley assortment of bodies in various stages of undress and wearing a wide variety of headgear (loot or booty), such as Bowlers, brown

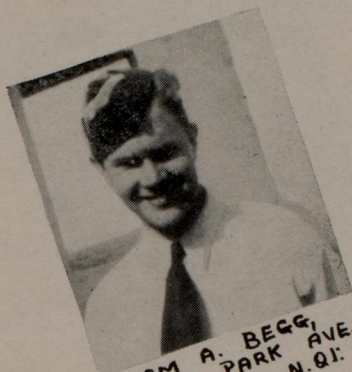
derbys, straw "Bens" and Trilbies, and carrying the morning papers in one hand, and their breakfast in the other, drifted onto the parade ground.

We usually drove through London in a triumphant state in a lorry covered with slogans which never failed to amuse, our chief ones being "Give us the jobs, and well finish the tools" or "Planeless pilots vs Pilotless planes." The London people denied us nothing and on one occasion together with a fellow member I was given a piano—which until we could get to camp provided good material for street concerts in the lunch hour. There was no charge and passers-by were cordially invited. Public houses were our speciality. The problem wasn't getting us to the job, but strictly speaking, getting us off. Unfortunately, the proprietors used their loaf and cleared off most of the bottled stock before we arrived. It was amazing how difficult these jobs proved, we were generally on the spot for three or four days, living on hopes as it were.

We had a very successful run altogether, as we tenaciously struck to the principle of evacuating the district on the first sign of rain—maybe our roof repairing wasn't too good—our casualties were very light, most people were hors de combat through the very bad habit of falling off the roof. On our recall for overseas posting, it took quite a time for the boys to realise that after all they were u/t pilots, there were tears in many eyes as they handed in their sky hooks and glass hammers, tools of an honourable profession.

Well, members, now that the great day has arrived and you're actually pilots, you may have lost the pride of being a craftsman, but to those of you who haven't, there seems to be a chance of going on the railway as firemen, so will all those interested please hand in their names.





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HAWKSWAY, BURY,
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R. BARLOW,
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SHEFFIELD, 8,
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FRANK R. GREGORY,
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IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Planes are scraping paint from tail and wings
If you can trust yourself when they all doubt you
And think that you are suitable for other things.

If you can wait and not be tired of waiting
Till Rainbow gives the word to scramble out,
If you are binded don't give way to binding
But threaten your instructor with a clout.

If you can land and not make bumps your master
Or groundloop and not make that your aim,
If you don't chance the triumph or disaster
When Rainbow says "that ship go round again."

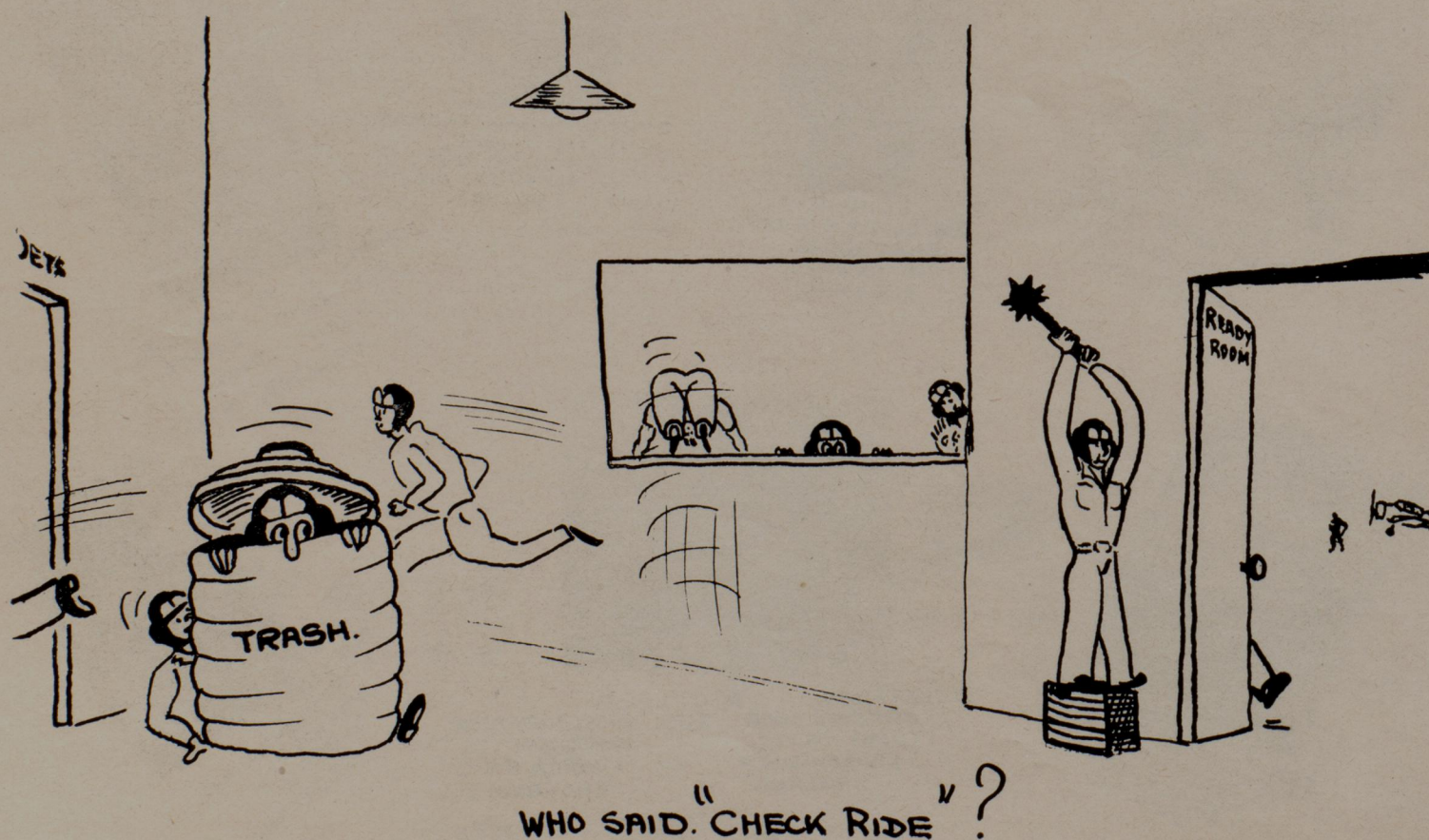
If you can bear to hear about your flying
Twisted by knaves to make you look a fool,
And stand by knowing they're not lying
But wait and plan to throw them in the pool.

If you can land in "A" Field without pranging
And let the bank stay where it's always been,
And never give a heck for pistols banging
But land wheels up and still remain serene.

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To fly by night long after day is gone,
And when the ground appears there's nothing in you
Just close your eyes then pray and just hold on.

If you can talk with Pilots without stalling
And talk of drift as though you really knew,
Or shoot the line that's really most appalling
By saying you were there among the few.

If you can be at Link spot on the minute
And keep your height and airspeed on the ball,
And walk out with the thought there's nothing in it,
You're too darn good to take this course at all.





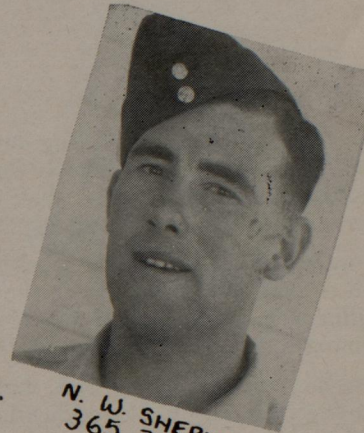
KENNETH A. JOHNSTONE, "JOHNNIE"
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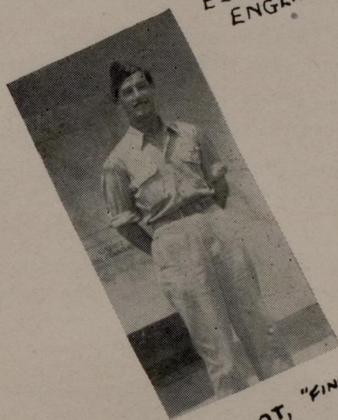
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THORNTON - LE - DALE,
PICKERING,
YORKSHIRE,
ENGLAND.



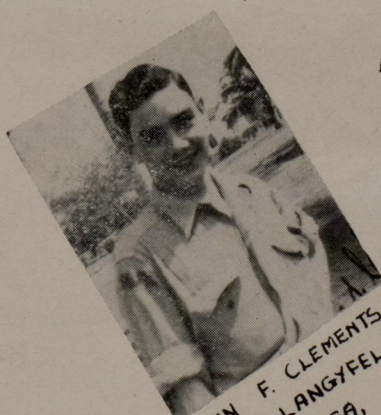
L. J. STEPHENSON,
39, GLENALLA ROAD,
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MIDDLESEX,
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SYDNEY L. WALKER, "HEY BUD"
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VICTORIA PARK,
MANCHESTER,
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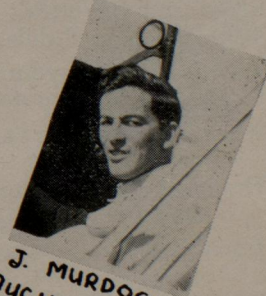
JOHN F. CLEMENTS,
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BRADNINCH,
N.B. EXETER,
DEVON,
ENGLAND.



J. PHELPS,
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ST. ALBANS,
ENGLAND.



C. P. GRIFFITHS "TAFFY"
CAERWIGAN,
PENDOYLAN,
N.B. COWBRIDGE,
SOUTH WALES.



H. SIMPSON,
BANK OF SCOTLAND HOUSE,
CALLANDER,
PERTHSHIRE,
SCOTLAND.

NOT A CLUE

Baker tolls the knell of parting day,
The landing flights wind slowly down to tea,
Instructors homeward plod their weary way,
The camp is left to cheesed off 23.

Howard's and McNulty's harried looks
Are reflected by their piles of admin books,
Williamson, Walker, Reed and Mason
Shining cadets are endlessly chasin'.

Lonsdale and Phelps are aces, their flying is quite on a par.
Landings are easy to Murdoch, when he's solo its easier by far.

Of Johnstone nothing can be said, he's always lying on his bed.
Stephenson and Williams are travellers of fame,
Hollywood's their hunting ground, we wonder what's the game.
Wings examinations are chicken feed to Cross.

He's had so many check rides that the RAF are at a loss.

If anyone should chance to spend a week end in Palm Beach
McLeod is always seen there, a beer within his reach.

Beedie didn't reach Ft. Meade, instead of Co. he steered G/s.
Lane is struck in sandhole until his wheels are freed.

Minty and Begg on converging course
Meet with some considerable force.

Mitchell and Petrie aircraft shake by inadvertent use of brake,
One puts PTs' nose in ground, the other turns A. T. upside down.

Siddall and Critchinson in formation
Have their own ideas on station.

Griffiths and Basted at Immokalee
Damage wing tips landing rockily.

The tower operator gives a start
At Cottle's "On the line 'orf and aht."

Leeds takes off with pitot cover tight,
While Beck hits Xmas tree at night.

Elliott and DeVerteuil land at Stuart, its amazing.
Santer lands at Riddle, but sets his A. T. braying.
Smart's R. T. procedure leaves nought to be desired.
By Foster's Verey pistol A Field's grass is fired.

When O'Hagan goes on cross country, everyone looks with
concern.

The result is a foregone conclusion, 'One of our A/C failed to
return'.

T settings mean nothing to Newton, runaways mean nothing to
Shaw,

While Shepherd's low level cross country is a point to him very
sore.

Link is a bind to Simpson, needle and ball drives him nuts,
While McGrath on P. T. night flying, comes back with turkey
in struts.

Piercy thinks gyros are perfect, but precision is 30 degrees.
Simpson comes in with wheels up, watch the A Field Controller's
blood freeze.

Callis does aerobatics over the tower of Lake Wales,
Evans goes to Ft. Myers and gets on Mustang's tails.

Barlow as a pianist is the one that's really tops,
We wonder if Clement's take-offs will ever work on ops.

Thomas and Turnock are quite in the dark
Instead of T.M.F. they land at Avon Park.

Postlethwaite and Ruffel find Tallahassee miles off track.
Oldest inhabitant Sleeman is wondering when he will go back.

DeVerteuil turns on pitot heat instead of passing beam,
Blanford burns his hand on tube, we thought it quite a scream.

At pedalling the rudders on gunnery, Cumming will tell you how.
If Hammond had been on his own he'd be looking for Immokalee
now.

Looking up with half closed eyes Blair answers every query.
The Link is spinning, but Sydney sleeps, he finds the lesson
dreary.

B24s and 25s are all the same to Love.
But Grainger's marks in ground school are always up above.

Anderson goes low flying and fans a waving palm.
While Singleton uses clarinet the rattlesnakes to charm,
Gregory's lost, but leads P.T. to base while in thick haze.
Kirk just tries to wreck the tower, and Rainbow's in a daze.
The main street of Moore Haven looks like red flare path to
Brien,

While Jarvis on cross country is asleep while he is flying.

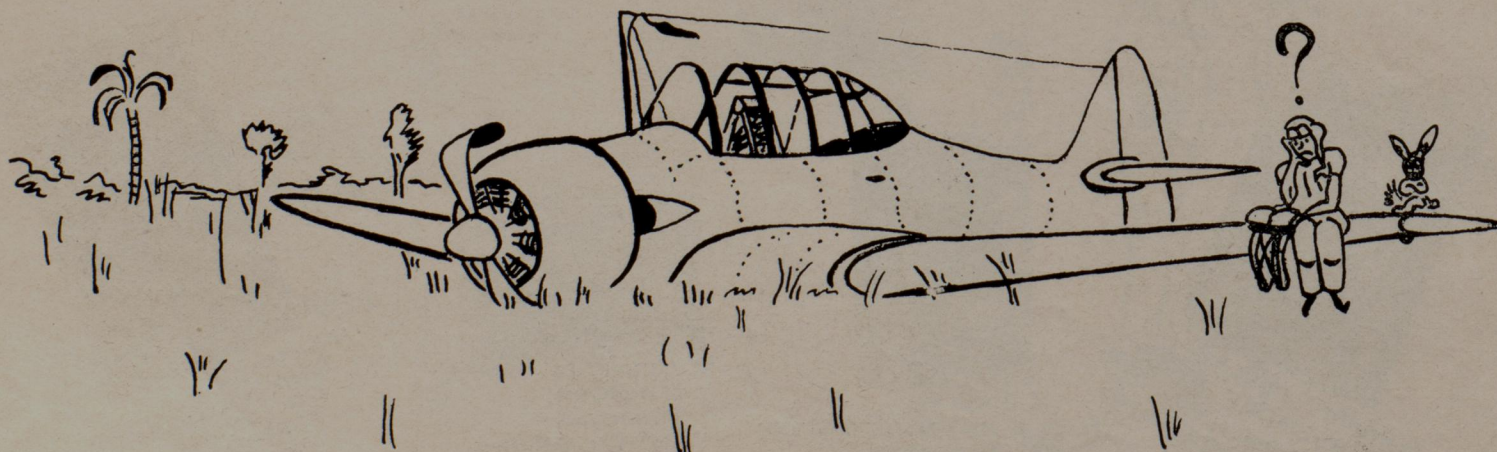
Robertson and Coulson on forced landings know the griff,
While Venus to Maccagno is nothing more than myth.

Owen can't find T.M.F. the mist is quite appalling,
While Smith does loop with wheels down and wonders who he's
stalling.

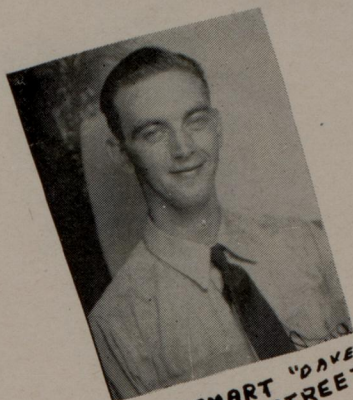
Garlick and Miller drag their wings on Spence's mile long strip,
Pett drags his, and tower passes by inches from the tip.

Craig is sometimes seen taxying, with chocks firmly tied round
his tail.

Atkins is wearing shoes again, so his sandals will soon be on
sale.



I WONDER WHAT TIME THE 5 O'CLOCK TRAIN LEAVES



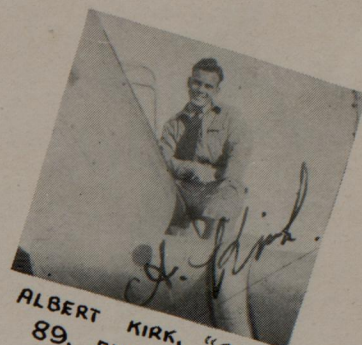
DAVID SMART "DAVE"
181, HIGH STREET,
ARBROATH
SCOTLAND.



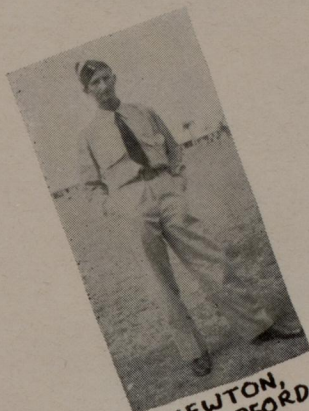
JOHN OHAGEN,
52A. MARKET STREET,
HOLLAKE,
WIRRAL.
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RONALD C. REED,
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DEVON,
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ILFORD,
ESSEX,
ENGLAND.



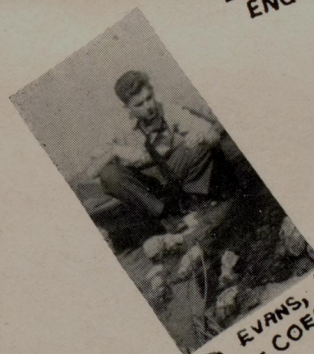
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152, KIDMORE ROAD,
CAVERSHAM,
READING,
ENGLAND.



J. ANDERSON,
KILBARCHAN
RENFREWSHIRE,
SCOTLAND.



THOMAS SIDDALL "SID"
83, LYTHAM ROAD,
FULWOOD, PRESTON,
LANCASHIRE,
ENGLAND.



COLIN D. EVANS, "TAFFY"
289, CYN-COED ROAD,
PENYLAN,
CARDIFF
S. WALES.



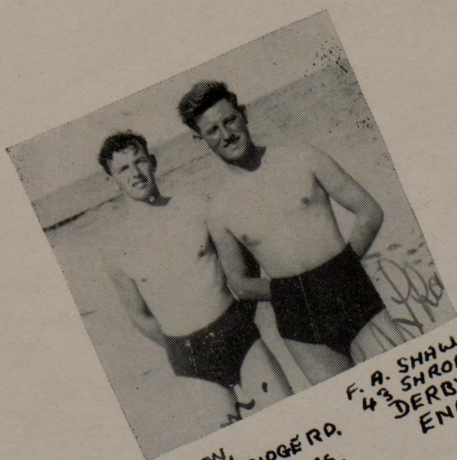
ARCHIE PIERCY,
3, RUTHERFORD PLACE,
KELSO,
ROXBURGHSHIRE,
SCOTLAND.



W. H. COTTLE,
3, AGAR GROVE,
CAMDEN TOWN,
LONDON, N.W.1.
ENGLAND.



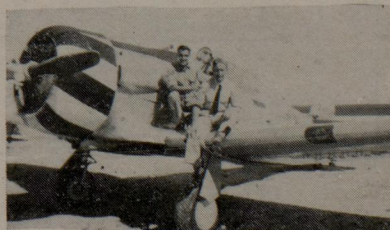
EDMOND H. SLEEMAN
7, PARK STREET,
WILLAND,
DEVON,
ENGLAND.



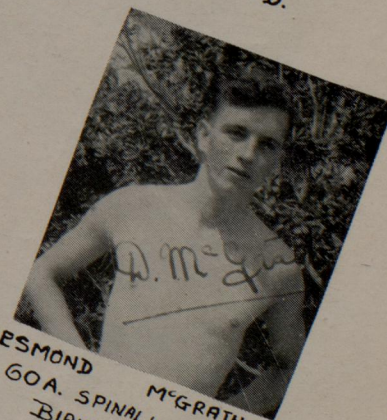
A. SIMPSON,
74, SHAUWBRIDGE RD.
POLLOKSHAW,
GLASGOW,
SCOTLAND.

VERON K. OWEN,
12, WRINGTON CRES.
BRISTOL 3.
ENGLAND.

JOHN GARLICK,
86, ST. ALBANS AVE.
BEDFORD PARK,
LONDON W.4.
ENGLAND.



F. A. SHAW,
43 SHROPSHIRE AVE.
DERBY
ENGLAND.



DESMOND MCGRATH,
60A. SPINALL STREET,
BIRKENHEAD,
CHESHIRE,
ENGLAND.



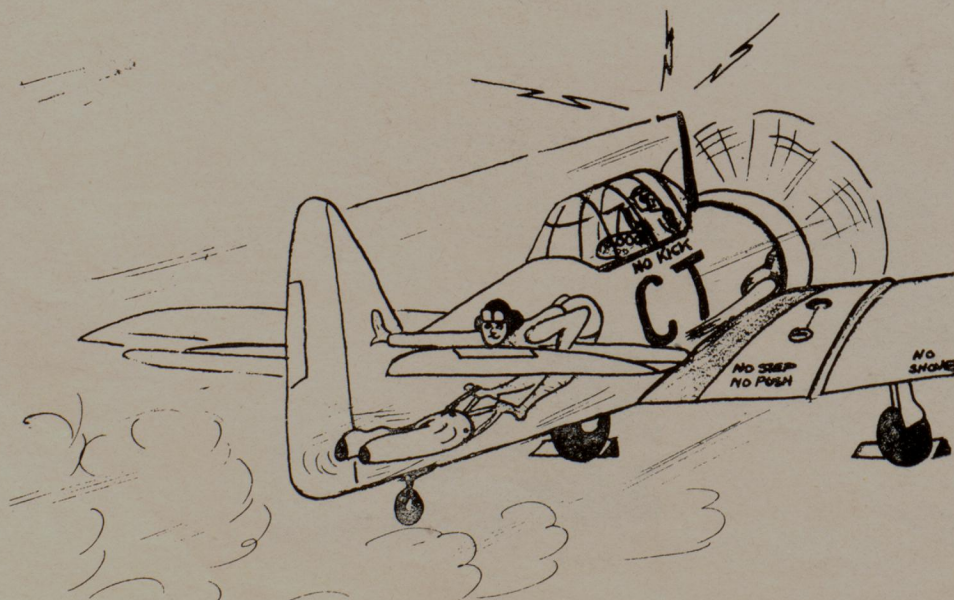
ODE TO NIGHT PILOTS

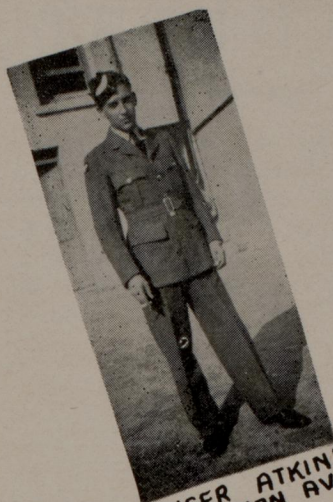
All is dark, and little wonder, sun is 50 minutes under,
 Just recovered from the briefing, "vunder vot time v'eel be leefing,"
 Flight commander's looking blue, merry Xmas same to you,
 Adding with a heavy frown "no duel circuits upside down."

From the flight line someone shouts, "Rainbow may I taxy out?"
 Rainbow seated way on high, clear to taxy, time to fly.
 Take off points have big attractions, frantic pupils, vital actions,
 Some take off just like a hero, with the fuel tap reading zero.

Yet another R.T. whine "who just taxied from the line?"
 "Wrap up Rainbow" came the gen, "Able Zebra round again,"
 Instructor took me down a peg, slow rolled on the downwind leg,
 Flying high whilst others slept, now you know why Moses wept.

Little hints and tips galore, what's this little lever for?
 Instructor's thoughts stray to his marriage, "Dammit man! Your Undercarriage."
 Finds the A.T. quite a rover, "Rainbow, my I groundloop? Over?"
 Rainbow gives scathing shout, "Charlie Charlie groundloop, out."
 From the land where men are men Able Zebra round again."





J. MANSEY ATKINS,
19, COLEMAN AVE,
HOVE, 3,
SUSSEX,
ENGLAND.



G. ROBERTSON,
13, CRESENT AVE,
THE HOE,
PLYMOUTH,
ENGLAND.



VIVIAN S. LOVE,
175, FIRTREE AVE,
COVENTRY,
WARWICKSHIRE,
ENGLAND.



CLIFFORD MITCHELL,
133 MONTROSE AVE,
LUTON, BEDS.
ENGLAND.



L. SMITH,
WEASENHAM,
KINGS LYNN,
NORFOLK,
ENGLAND.



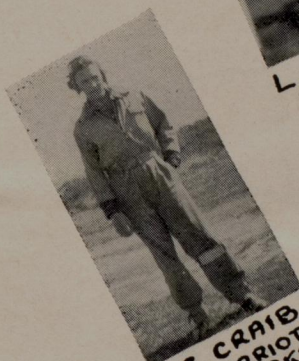
H. BOWLEY BOOTH,
BIRCH CROSS,
NE UTTOXETER,
STAFFORDSHIRE,
ENGLAND.

GEORGE C. CALLIS,
5, NUTHATCH,
CHECKENDON,
OXON,
ENGLAND.

IVOR J. M. CROSS,
"LAMELLION",
LISKEARD,
CORNWALL,
ENGLAND.



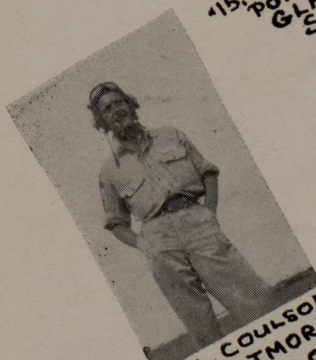
CHRISTOPHER H. CRITCHINSON,
90, MANOR ROAD,
ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX,
ENGLAND.



G.S. CRAIB,
15, HERRIOT STREET,
POLLOCKSHIELDS,
GLASGOW, S.I.
SCOTLAND.



DAVID T. CUMMING,
11, BARRACK STREET,
DUNDEE,
ANGUS,
SCOTLAND.



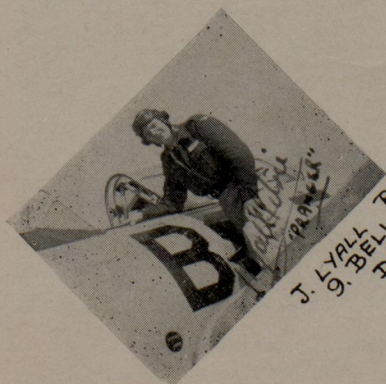
J. K. COULSON,
111, WHITMORE ROAD,
HARROW ON THE HILL,
MIDDLESEX
ENGLAND



T. W. CALDERHEAD,
35, KIRKLAND GARDENS,
METHIL, FIFE,
SCOTLAND.



GORDON BLANFORD,
CHURCH STREET,
HECKINGTON,
SLEAFORD,
Lincs.
ENGLAND.



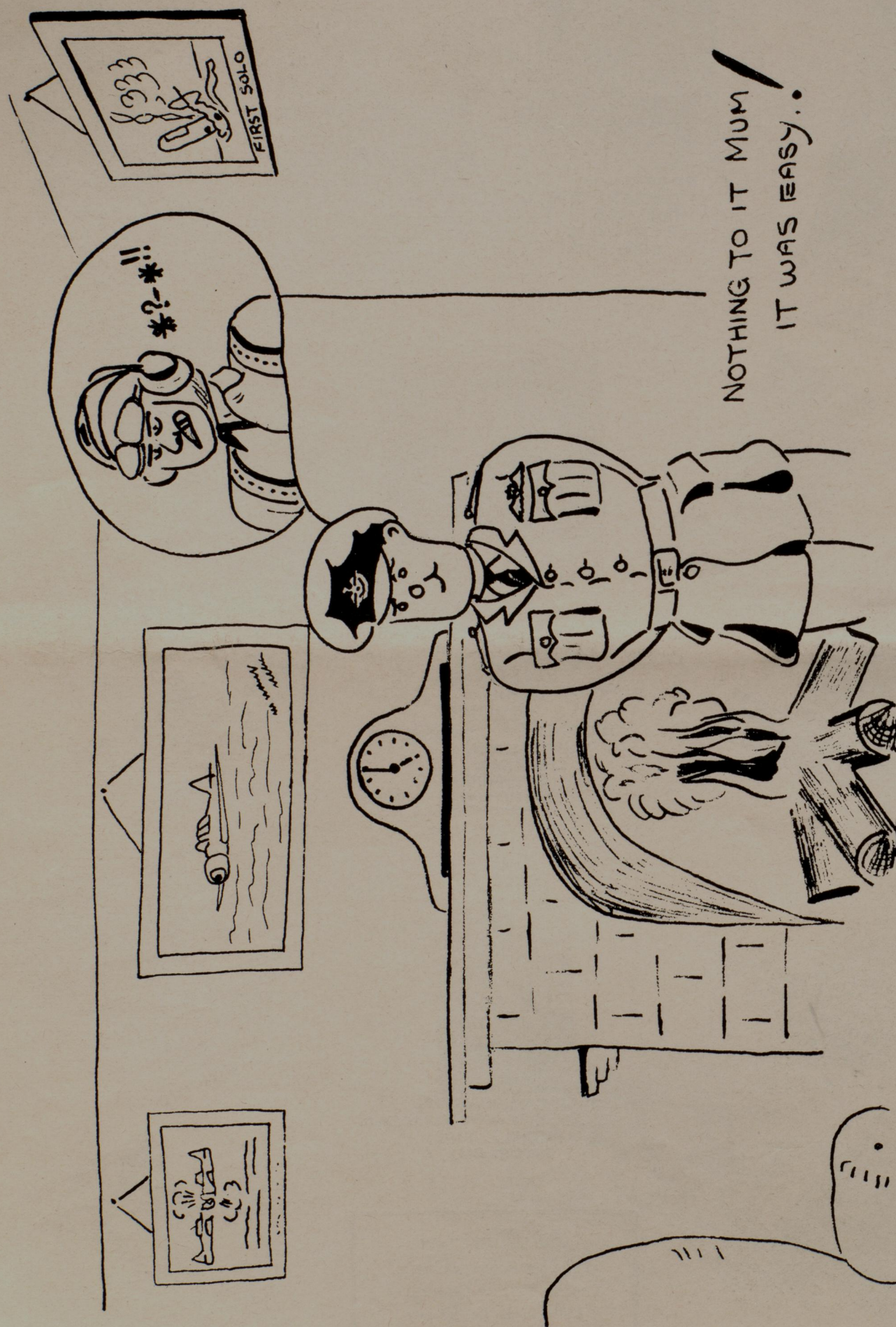
J. LYALL PETRIE,
9, BELL STREET,
DUNDEE,
ANGUS,
SCOTLAND.

In Memorium

HORACE BOWLEY-BOOTH
THOMAS WALLACE CALDERHEAD
Killed in the line of duty
4th May, 1945.



ALBERT E. BASTED,
4, FANNY ROAD,
BARNES,
LONDON S.W. 13.



Articles by

C. H. MITCHELL
G. D. GRAINGER
A. E. LEEDS
R. BARLOW

Sketches by

C. H. CRITCHINSON

Editor

F. H. McNULTY

Assistant Editor

E. A. BAKER

TECH TALK

by Joan Korn

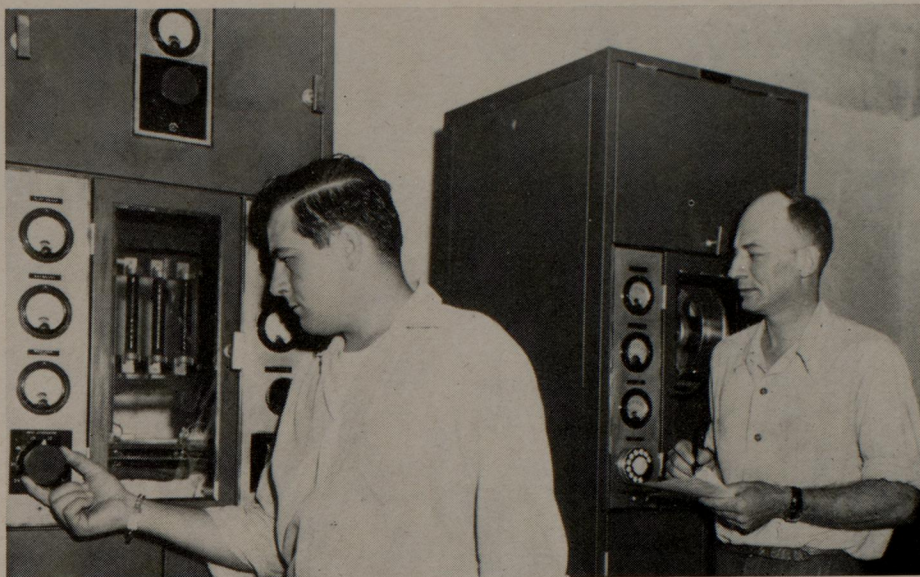
"... but Wain, I've only been here a day." That was the feeble reply to the request for some fresh, tempting news about our Tech School. Groping aimlessly about, yours truly (now secretary to our amicable Director, Verner Vale) discovered some real surprises that I am happy to relate.

Sitting at his desk across the room from me is L. D. Carlton, our Vocational Advisor, who, until recently, shared the same office with me in the Colonnade. Then, another familiar voice was heard and came from none other than vivacious Dorothy Schooley Pierson, a former Embry-Riddle-ite who has returned as Mr. Carlton's secretary.

Deciding upon a brief stroll around the classrooms, I was introduced to our newly assigned chief radio instructor, J. A. Campbell, who is one of the finest in the country. His nationwide prominence is justified by his years of unexcelled experience.

As I looked in upon the students wearing earphones and listening to radio signals, there were four new faces that showed some perplexity. These eager and ambitious young boys are brand new students with a brilliant future in store for them. They are Albert Bates, Robert N. Roberts, Charles Wilkinson and Charles Baggs.

The highlight of our Tech School activities is the night classes which opened June 4th for all G.I. Joes (and civilians too—natchlerly) just home from the wars. Majority of the veterans enrolled find it necessary to engage in some kind of work during the day but, under the G.I. Bill of Rights, are continuing their studies on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 7:00 to 11:00 p.m. in either Radio Com-



WITH NIGHT CLASSES WELL UNDER WAY AT THE TECH SCHOOL, VETERANS STUDY RADIO and other Technical courses with an eye to postwar jobs. Ernest C. Allen (left) and Clifford H. Clark are seen at the transmitter, which is part of the elaborate equipment set up in the Coliseum for the education of discharged service men under the G.I. Bill of Rights and Rehabilitation Program.

munications or Aircraft Engine Mechanics Courses. Mr. Campbell in Radio and Malcolm W. Sankey in Mechanics are the respective instructors.

Students graduating in Mechanics will be qualified to take examinations for CAA licenses; those in Radio, examinations for 1/c radio telephone licenses and 2/c radio telegraph operator's licenses.

First graduates to receive their diplomas for successful completion of the Aircraft Engine Mechanics Course will be Emory Kelly, Charles Becker and Clayton E. Smith. The students who began their training on the 4th in Radio Communications are Ernest C. Allen, Clifford H. Clark, Charles Davis, Frederick Dixon, Reuben Goodman, and Sylvester Silvernale.

These G.I. Joes and all who will follow in their footsteps are building their careers in the Nation's fastest growing industry, and through their individual merit and achievement are joining the ranks of other highly trained specialists. In all sincerity we say to them, "Good luck boys, we are proud of you."

The Big Three

by Emily Conlon

Have been sitting here for thirty minutes trying to think of a clever way to begin this issue's column and have thought up exactly nothing. Here goes nothing.

Questions I wish someone would answer:

WHAT two owners of star eyes are being welded in wedlock on June 16th at the Corpus Christi Rectory about that many minutes before four?

WHAT Joe Emrico, Jr. precedes every conversation with a brisk "retel"? This habit sends everyone into peals of laughter 'cause he does it in such a business-like manner.

WHAT lady in Aircraft Overhaul, whose

initials are Mrs. Johnson, is expecting her son home from the war any day? He was reported missing in action for over a year and, needless to say, she is very, very happy.

WHAT blonde was elected to be the next bride at a shower given for Mary Frances Quinn? By the way, Ann Baldwin and Louise Drury from the Colonnade were present and it was nice seeing them again.

WHO was seen sitting in the jury box at the Dade County Court House the week of June 4th? Could it have been Bob Causey, huh?

WHAT young lady's husband has been sent home from the hospital after months of prescribed rest? Eleanor, we can tell from the glint in Eddie's eye that he is glad to be home.

WHO is forever and always on the hunt for parts and who never finds them? We feel for you, Del, but we can't reach you.

WHO just walked in and is giving me a bad time because I don't have the mail ready—which, of course, includes this masterpiece?

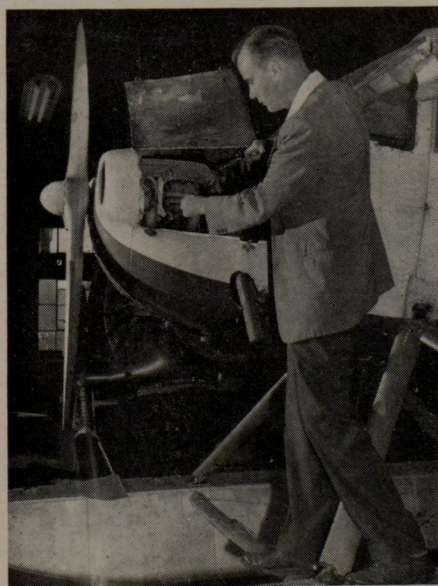
So will have to call it quits for this time and promise that I will pass the well known buck for the next issue.

Questions the Editor would like to have answered:

WHO is that gal whose picture that recently appeared in the Fly Paper graces the desk of a certain Navy Inspector?

WHO is responsible for the splendid response in the A and E Division to the Blood Bank? We'll wager it's Pat Drew.

WHO are all these donors? We'll tell who last week donated their blood for the second time—they were Margaret Howell and O. T. Austen, who are proudly displaying silver pins for having given their blood three times or more, Pat Drew, Don Haag, F. O. Ballanbach, Maxine Stevens, Eleanor Eagon, Harold Malcom, C. F. Grafflin and T. W. Nelson.



T. W. "TED" NELSON, EMRICO AIR SUPPLY'S general manager, inspects "the works" of a Cub.

'ROUND RIDDLE

Hilton I. Robinson, Editor

"Emergency Crew! Emergency Crew! Airplane engine fire on East ramp. Airplane engine fire on East ramp!" booms the speaker from the Control Tower.

In a matter of seconds, from the nearby hangars a crew of six fast-moving men has manned one of the carefully maintained crash-fire trucks and is on its way to the fire while a second crew mans the other truck and stands by ready to go into action if needed.

Within a few minutes the crew controls the fire with a precision teamwork that has successfully met every such emergency at Riddle Field in the past year and a half.

Volunteers

Riddle Field Emergency Crew Members are all volunteers from among the maintenance organization. Most are skilled mechanics and bring to their job of crash-fire fighting a knowledge of airplanes that makes them a highly effective team.

Under the able leadership of Emergency Crew Chief, Melvin L. Pape, and Senior Crew Members Gordon L. Dayton, Jimmy Pendry, J. B. Sellers, J. E. Hale, and W. B. Norton, the Emergency crew has answered more than seventy emergency calls since it was reorganized in January, 1944. Most of these calls were to aircraft accidents and grass fires, many of them involving some hot, dangerous fire-fighting.

Teamwork

Despite their active part in the hazardous business of airplane crash fire-fighting none of the crew members has ever been injured in the performance of his duties. Their excellent record for safety and success in action is due directly to the good judgment of the individual crew members and to their hard work in developing teamwork under stress. There are few times when fast, effective teamwork is more essential than when handling an airplane fire or a crashed airplane with hundreds of gallons of gasoline and oil ready to touch off at the slightest spark.

No man can be a member of the Riddle Field Emergency Crew until he has been given a comprehensive familiarization tour of the equipment by one of the Senior Crew

Members and has participated in teamwork practice. He then gets his baptism of fire by combatting practice fires until he's proficient in fire-fighting.

Members of this crew are: M. L. Pape, Emergency Crew Chief; G. L. Dayton, Senior Member and Equipment Supervisor; J. P. Pendrey, Senior Member; J. B. Sellers, Senior Member; F. W. Bolton, C. C. Curry, J. M. Elliott, L. E. Farnam, A. H. Ford, K. L. Ford, M. J. Ford, J. E. Hale, M. V. Hawkins, J. G. Hawkins, W. D. Hope, L. J. Kennedy, E. T. Mathis, L. L. Murrill, W. B. Norton, J. A. Prince, H. O. Pridgen, J. D. Quinton, C. B. Sandefur, T. J. Sandefur, L. Simon, S. J. Strickland, A. L. Syfert, J. M. Waters.

We at Riddle Field are proud of our hard-working Emergency Crew and of its record!

"CHECK RIDE"

The latter part of last month saw an innovation in the entertainment section of Riddle Field at Clewiston, Fla. Heralded by an open invitation to all, the R.A.F. Cadets of 25 Course presented for approval a dance cabaret under the ominous name of "Check Ride".

Approval we received—more than even the most optimistic among us had dared hope. The invitations had been accepted by many residents of Palm Beach and Clewiston, and dancing continued happily until 1:00 A.M.

It was, however, the cabaret that aroused the greatest interest. Expecting plain and simple entertainment the audience was hardly prepared for the quality and diversity of talent laid before them, and displayed their delight by great bursts of spontaneous applause.

Knowing the work that goes into such an ambitious production, many people were prompted to inquire into the background of the show and of the lads who produced it, so we think it high time that the curtain be lifted.

It all started about a year ago back in England. For reasons best known to the



"TEXAS DAN" IRELAND, TALENTED MEMBER of the cadet band at No. 5 B.F.T.S.

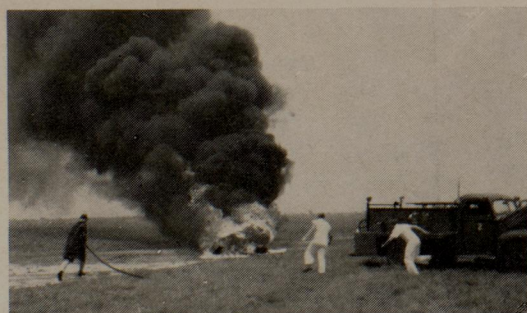
Air Ministry, quite a considerable holdup had developed in the training of R.A.F. pilots. This became apparent to the cadets when, on arriving at a damp and desolate acreage near Manchester, they were politely informed that it would be at least six months before they would be able to continue with their training.

Perhaps *You* can imagine the feelings of a crowd of lads, all keen to learn to fly, on hearing this crushing piece of news? Spirits ran pretty low, and a climate so wet as to render most outdoor sports impossible didn't help very much.

Solved!

Two or three of the brighter sparks got together, and with the able assistance of Flight Lieutenant Boddington (now adjutant at this Station) decided that something had to be done. A few hours thought, followed by an S.O.S. for talent and "Check Ride" was born.

It wouldn't be accurate to say that all the cadets responding to this appeal were amateurs. Several had already made numerous appearances on the stage and radio, so the result of many weeks of hard work and rehearsals was entertainment of the highest order. The cadets, local girls and the station's permanent staff formed an enthusiastic audience, with the result that the show became a regular weekly event.



FIRE DRILL AT RIDDLE FIELD HAS DEVELOPED PRECISION TEAMWORK AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE EMERGENCY CREW, ALL OF WHOM ARE VOLUNTEERS FROM MAINTENANCE. In the above picture the fire fighting squad is seen at practice, R. V. Walker poses in an asbestos suit, and the Emergency Crew lines up for the photographer.

Still, the producers were ambitious and within a few months they obtained bookings at some half dozen Manchester theatres. Once again the show was a success, and the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, the Red Cross and other charities benefitted to the extent of about a thousand dollars a week!

However, all things must end eventually, and it was generally believed that when the cadets began to leave England around December, '44, the show had had its day. This almost proved to be the case, for the R.A.F. Movements Section is no respecter of persons.

On the High Seas

But, as luck would have it, several of the lads found that they were still together on the same troop-ship, and under the direction of Norman Stokes ("Cadet Stokes" to you!) produced no less than five shows at sea for the benefit of American troops returning home from the battlefronts of Europe.

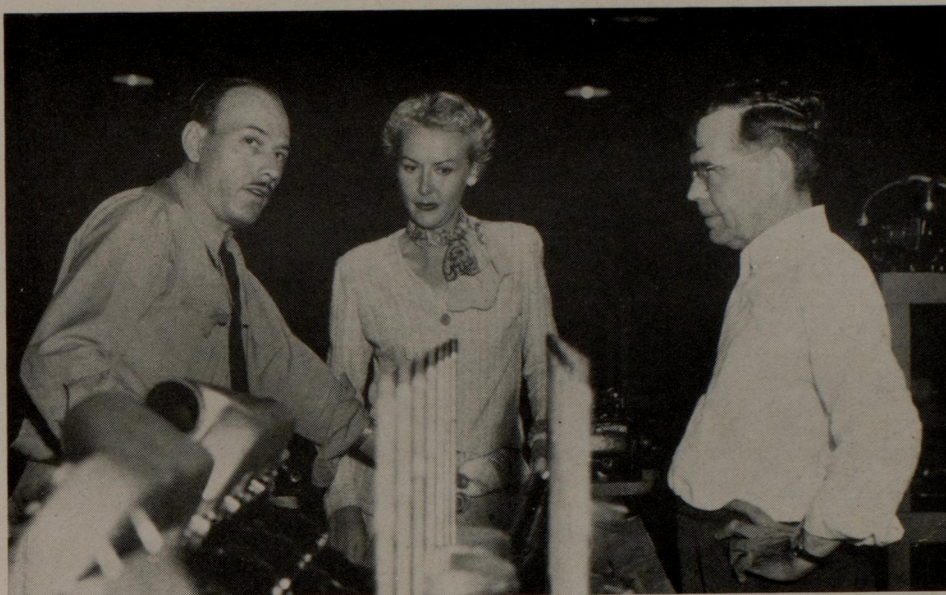
After two further productions in Canada they were again split up—some leaving for this field and the rest for other training centers. Hardly encouraging this, but by no means disheartening, for almost before they had settled down at Clewiston, Cadets Stokes and West got to it once again, and with first class cooperation from the Embry-Riddle organization and the U. S. Army Stores, culminated their efforts last Friday night.

Of the original crowd only Cadet Stokes remains, and although he spent all his spare time plus a lot more besides, working on the arrangements, he was too shy even to put in an appearance on the stage on Friday night.

The cadets who *were* seen included Cadet Hammond (M.C.), Parker (the tenor), Ireland (Texas Dan!), Bull (impressionist), Beck (Over the Garden Wall),



STAN WAYMAN, PHOTO CLERK AT RIDDLE FIELD, in one of his darkest moments. Stan and Neal Dwyer of the Link department are responsible for most of the Riddle Field pictures that have appeared in this and previous issues. We want to take this opportunity to thank them both for their splendid work and their cheerful cooperation.



WHILE VISITING THE TECH SCHOOL, MRS. G. RALPH KIEL LOOKS ASKANCE AT ONE OF THE ENGINES when Instructor Malcolm Sankey (left) explains the method of teaching G.I. and Rehabilitation students. At the right, L. D. Carlton, Dean of Enrollments, looks on. Mrs. Kiel, of the Miami Daily News, is the recent bride of Embry-Riddle's Director of Public Relations.

Furness and Gleeson (Golf!), Hoggarth and Gleeson (the operation), West, Waters, Beck and Parker (the quartet), West, Beck and F/Lt. Smith (Pay Parade).

In addition to these, very able assistance was rendered by several young ladies from Palm Beach and members of the Riddle-McKay permanent staff of whom we hope to see more.

Difficulties have been enormous, but ingenuity and crafty borrowing have prevailed. It is the sincere hope of all concerned with this show that there will be further productions in the future, and with the encouragement received that night this may prove out to be the *near* future.

CARLSTROM

Continued from Page 4

the ground to sharpen their efficiency in the air; the directors of physical training who built sound bodies and sportsmanship and teamwork in organized play; the parachute riggers who dared not err; the Mess Hall and Canteen staffs, ever alert to the hunger of hundreds of boys; all will have their stories.

The mechanics will have glowing chapters, extolling their work in keeping the planes in the air. A man might learn to fly "by the seat of his pants," but it is the man on the ground with the wrench who makes it possible for his plane to take-off and land. To the mechanics will go much credit for Carlstrom's magnificent safety record.

Many other departments with their highly skilled technicians will have a story contributing to the safety and well-being of the airman. The story of Link training will prove the efficacy of instrument flying, will verify the need of those many hours under the hood.

The name of Joseph R. Horton will occupy a prominent space in this history of Carlstrom. Under his supervision the Overhaul Division, under contract to the

Army, performed unusual feats in overhauling thousands of aircraft and aircraft engines. The great overhaul hangars housed hundreds of skilled mechanics and other aircraft workers whose contributions to the war effort deserves much praise.

Throughout its pages the names of all those who made Carlstrom the safest flying field on earth will be mentioned, each in his or her own sphere of work, each will receive due credit for a job well done.

The Arcadians and the citizens of nearby cities and towns will be conspicuous through the annals of Carlstrom and will receive heartfelt thanks for their cooperation and for their kindness to the thousands of cadets, to the civilian and to the Military personnel.

Carlstrom's work is done, and FINIS soon will be written on the last page of that volume which will tell the great story of Embry-Riddle's gigantic task of preparing Uncle Sam's fledgling flyer to grow the wings of an eagle.

CARLSTROM, WE SALUTE YOU!

COLONEWS

Continued from Page 3

ers of war in Germany comes news of the liberation of Lt. Frank Dillard, brother of the beautiful Dillard girls, Marty, Connie and Helen, and husband of Jackie, former station wagon driver. Lt. Dillard was reported missing in action December 29, 1943, and in March his capture was reported. News has also been received that Cpl. Henry Perner, husband of former switchboard operator Mary Frances Perner, has been liberated after being held prisoner for more than two years.

Of interest to all Embry-Riddle-ites is the recent marriage of our Publicity Director, G. Ralph Kiel to Miss Elsa Andrews Lee of Atlanta, Ga. In his own quiet way, Ralph went out and betook himself a very lovely bride without a word to any of us.

A Letter to the Editor

Palmdale, Florida

Dear Editor:

Enclosed you will find a card and clipping that need no further comment. I have further news that perhaps would interest your readers—the bad first.

F/O Douglas Pollard of Course 9 has been missing since January 1st. He was on his 79th mission and would have finished "ops" March 4th.

F/O D. D. Campbell, also Course 9, who instructed in Texas and later in Scotland, was on operations as a bomber pilot. Ralph Mullins, Course 16, who was graduated as Sgt., transferred to the Navy Arm and in 13 weeks won a commission as Sub-Lt. He is now flying carrier-based Spitfires.

F/O Peter Pullen, Course 16, after several months of transport work, returning wounded from Holland and Belgium to England, has been posted to Burma.

F/O Mike Hills, outstanding cadet of Course 14, is instructing in England on primary trainers. F/O Peter Taylor, outstanding flyer of the same course is instructing on twin-engined aircraft. And F/O Fred Cox, also of 14, is now on Gliders in India. He has a mere 1000 hours and is soon due for a rest.

F/O Arthur Wyman of Course 18 is "in active service" in India, as is F/E

Harold Prust of Course 9, who failed as a pilot and went to engineering.

F/O Ivan Harper—Course 18—is navigational instructor, and P/O J. W. L. Ivimy has been released from service in the R.A.F. and has returned to his essential work as a civilian.

Sgt. Alex Whittle—Course 9—was a prisoner of war and doubtless has been released. Sgts. Douglas Coombs, Finlay McRae and Alan Head, all of Course 19, are training on Gliders. P/O Paul Jackson of that Course, was doing "staff work" but gave no details.

Yours very sincerely,

CAROLYN A. WADLOW

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We wish to thank Mrs. Wadlow for her very interesting and newsy letter. The enclosed card announced the birth of Christopher Harold Marshall, son of F/Sgt. and Mrs. W. H. Marshall on March 30th; the clipping, we regret to say, contained the notice of P/O Marshall's death during an operational flight over Germany on February 24th. Embry-Riddle sends sincere sympathy to Mrs. Marshall and with deep sorrow adds another gold star to the roster of Course 16 at Riddle Field.*

THE MIGHTY SEVENTH

Another letter, not written to the editor of the Fly Paper but addressed to every God-fearing American, is that appeal from our five-star Generals and Admirals—Marshall, Leahy, MacArthur, King, Eisenhower, Nimitz and Arnold.

"Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

"We, upon whom has been placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in war bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

"Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men."

Let us show these great leaders that we are 100 percent with them by buying an extra war bond today.

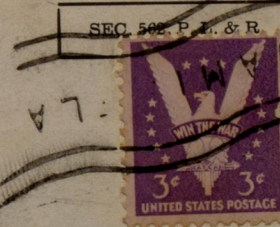
Leaders Of Tomorrow...

Democracy, your way and my way of life, today is calling for the leaders of tomorrow. You, and many hundreds of thousands of Americans—men and women, boys and girls — will answer that call because it is a part of us.

Aviation, in its many branches, affords the opportunity for effective leadership. Look ahead, have the vision and courage to make your own decision.



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