LIEUTENANT CHARLES D. FATOR ASSUMES DUTIES
AS GENERAL MANAGER OF CHAPMAN FIELD

Has Had Brilliant Career
As An Instructor

Showing the fighting spirit of the indomitable west, Lieut. Charles D. Fator, new General Manager of the Embry-Riddle Landplane Base, at Chapman Field, has conquered total disability and has a flying career of striking proportions.

Born in Picabo, Idaho, on November 12, 1902, he surprised his parents by arriving unexpectedly while they were visiting friends in a log cabin at a nearby ranch. This lad’s father, a cattle rancher and railroad man, later took his family to San Antonio, Tex.

Army Training

Fator started his flying career at Brooks and Kelly Fields, San Antonio, in 1921 as an airplane mechanic and pilot and three years later joined the Army to get “the only real training available at that time.”

In ’28 and ’29 he was with a Combat Unit at Mitchell Field and at the Kelly Field Army Flight Instructor’s School. March Field, Calif., next claimed his talents as Flight Instructor at the Army Primary School.

In 1931, Lieut. Fator planned the Seattle to Tokio ocean flight, but he was thwarted by Pangborn and Herndon flying from Tokio to Seattle.

After spending the years of ’32 and ’33 in Honolulu with the 18th Pursuit Group he went to Chrissy Field, in San Francisco. At that time the Army took over the Air Mail and he was assigned to the Oakland-Reno run.

Retired

Tragedy was stalking him at this point and he was retired from the U. S. Army on October 31, 1934, on permanent and total disability. Undaunted and unbelieving, he spent three years toughing it on a ranch in Texas on a concentrated effort to regain his health.

Fator was then lured into the selling game and excelled to the extent of winning the Division Salesmanship Contest of the Electrolux Vacuum Cleaner Company. On the heels of capturing this award he decided to take up flying again and renewed his license at Sumson Field.

Anxious to return to active duty Lieut. Fator tried to be reinstated in the Army, but the authorities were unable to recognize his ability to stage a complete come-back from total disability.

Determined to continue in this particular line of endeavor he went to the Ryan School of Aeronautics, in San Diego, where he trained instructor refresher students. He left Ryan in ’41 for the North Atlantic Ferry Service, but the Government refused him permission to leave on his retired status.

This event was followed by a short-term contract with Edgar Robin Aerial Surveys, of San Antonio, as photographic pilot in Flint, Mich.

Miami finally claimed this peregrinatical flyer and on January 10, 1942, he became Flight Instructor at Municipal. Two months after his association with the Embry-Riddle Company he was made Chief Flight Instructor and in thirty days achieved the Continued on Page 6
Letters to the Editor

September 8, 1942

Dear Wain:

Whenever two or more friends get together they may talk of many subjects, but they invariably turn to the favorite topic of all old acquaintances—reminiscing. One of my friends has just commented, “How lucky you are to have a good typewriter” and that started me reminiscing on when I first came to Embry-Riddle and had no typewriter at all—not even a desk, as a matter of fact.

That was exactly nine months ago, come September 13th, when Mr. Varney and Jack Flowers (who also had no desk), and Mr. Ordway with his two secretaries, Jo Skinner and Kathryn Bruce, were all jammed into the space now occupied by Mary Mitchell and John Riddle on the first floor. And the entire Accounting Department were jumping over desks right across the way in the present offices of Grace Roome and Mr. Turner’s Staff.

George Wheeler was wrapped in privacy in an office all by himself, now presided over by Ted Trefl, but then guarded by Betty Galbraith right outside the door. Mr. Roberts and his Auditing staff were a pretty tight fit within the Finance Department and Mr. Hiss are at present comfortably lodged, and Grace Roome lived in a continual draft just in front of the main door which now reads “Mr. Habig.”

Oh, yes, Mr. China was studying priorities in the Technical Director’s present office, while his staff held forth just outside where Mr. Gile was in charge. (They hired a new girl that same day named Betty Bruce. I always had a lovely, friendly feeling for Betty as we froze together in suffering silence for two hours on the bench in the lobby—the same bench is still there.)

Mr. Riddle was out of town and it was a week later ere I learned that the office, from which Mr. Ordway so often buzzes for me, did not belong to Jean Ogden, who occasionally made an appearance from her work within. (It was two weeks later before I saw Mr. Riddle in person.) Elaine Devrey occupied the space that where desk I finally got now stands.

It’s fun, Wain, to look back on that eventful day—the day Mr. Varney hired me as a typist. The first thing Jack Flowers wanted to know was whether or not I took shorthand. I did, and was put to work doing just that. Everyone tried to make up for my lack of a desk (finally acquired by moving into Charlie Embert’s office, the only office which has not since been moved) and I knew it was going to be a friendly place in which to work, especially so when they sent me home at noon on the very first day. They thought it was the best thing to do then, and have been doing it all the best things ever since. But somehow, Wain, I just didn’t fit in the happy atmosphere around here, for believe me, I wasn’t happy with one cheek all puffed out as the result of having a wisdom tooth removed two days before.

It would be very interesting to know the “first day impressions and experiences” of all the others around here, Wain. Am I the only one who started to work with nothing but a borrowed chair?

Yours (and the Sales Department’s),

JUNE McGUIll

---WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42---

September 5, 1942

Dear Sir:

For some months I have now been receiving the “Fly Paper” publication and for the same amount of time I have been planning to write and thank you for mailing identical to me. I am not absolutely certain as to just how my name became included in your mailing list, but I am assuredly certain that I do enjoy reading the publication each week.

I am interested in same possibly for three different reasons: The first being that I am interested in flying and all phases pertaining to it; secondly, I am further interested due to the fact that for the past five or six years I have spent almost entire winters in Miami and have many times personally watched the flying at Municipal Field and daily watched the flying at the Seaplane Division, as it was directly opposite and below my window at the Venetian Hotel. My third and last reason for interest Fly Paper and in the entire organization is that for the past year my daughter has been employed by the company, being secretary to Mr. China.

Your publication is interestingly and instructively edited and I am sure it is enjoyed by many who are entirely outside of the company organization as well as those that are in it, together with the large number of students.

Again thanking you for the receipt of the “Fly Paper” and trusting my name will be continued on the mailing list in the future.

Very truly yours,

OTTUMWA BOX CAR LOADER COMPANY
Howard A. Phillips, President

---WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42---

Dear Sir:

Having been a student at Embry-Riddle from February 16 'til April 24, I thought you might be interested to know that I have been promoted to Junior Aircraft Sheetmetal worker here at the Orlando Sub-Depot. I went into effect August 1.

Sincerely,

CHARLES NIEMEYER
UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Editor


A story on Roscoe Brinton, our General Manager and Director of Flying here at the Embry-Riddle Field, has been requested by the editor of the “Fly Paper”—so watch for it next week—it makes good reading.

Ninety-five Percent

Permit us to slip in right here with a few far-fetched, but general news item ‘bout activities at the Field this week. The big thing that we are all justly proud of now is the way in which all the departments are responding to the call of the Payroll Deduction Plan for the purchase of war bonds.

These Departments are 95% or better in the purchase of bonds. Accounting Dept., Post Supply, Purchasing Dept., Telephone Operators, Barracks and Yards, Guards, Maintenance Dept., Flight Instructors, Ground School Instructors, Dispatchers, Parachute Dept., and General Office. Only two Departments have been omitted from this list, because they do not reach this standard, but we hope to add them by the time of the next issue.

Visitors

Only a few visitors have been seen on the Post this week. Among those have been Mr. and Mrs. “Bruz” Carpenter from Miami, Mr. Carpenter is the Assistant Purchasing Agent for Embry-Riddle Co. We hope they will return on another visit soon. Another visitor of interest was Tommy Hadgens, Union City lad, who is now a flight instructor at Cameron Field near Oklahoma City.

Lt. Don Hamblin and Mr. Frank Haynes were key promoters this week of two meetings in the Ground School auditorium. These meetings concerned fire fighting, fire prevention and military and personnel intelligence. They were attended by all the company personnel and all of us, without exception, became more aware of the responsibility that is ours to take every precaution to keep act, or tongue, from hindering the war effort.

Link Solo

We are boasting a new Link Trainer Building, which is now under construction. Wonder who’ll be the first to solo. And with this gain we are also suffering a loss as the Bus Service to the Field has been discontinued. — A new teletype machine has been added to our communication system and has been in service several days.

Our manager, Mr. Brinton, and his wife celebrated their 26th anniversary this week. We wish for them many more happy anniversaries. Fred Lack, flight instructor, made a hurried trip to Mobile. Seems as if that Draft Man’s here again. Oh, Min!

Quickly the time builds up now. In fact, the 20 hour check period slipped up on us before we could realize it.

The star sheet has grown only on tardiness and not a one has been added on carelessness. No cros-tee landings or take-offs, although we have had several different tee settings every day. A few themes and essays have been written on planning, but for the most part we have all grown tee-conscious.

We are looking forward to becoming the upper-class as our upper class leaves for parts unknown soon. Lots of luck to them in Basic—a swell bunch of cadets.

What’s happened to the budding romance between Hop A Long and Louise of the Canteen? Too much Hornbeak, Hoppy? We are glad to report that A/C Walter J. Grimm is back with us after a hitch in the Hospital. We think someone should remind our Athletic Directors that we are restricted to a 25 mile radius on those super cross-country runs. Best of luck to A/C Davis and A/C Frederick who are taking on a dual passenger until death does them Part.

So until next week, provided we get through the 20 hour check, “Keep ‘Em Flying and 30!”

Cadets receiving solo slips from Operations Tower

Boots Frantz, Assistant Director of Flying, has requested a “No Loafing” sign to be placed in the Operations Tower. Charlie Sullivan and Ken Stivers have been seen around the past few days displaying their drawing art, I wonder why Lt. Komic likes to read Superman Comics so much. Don’t try any of that stuff, K., or you’ll come up with your neck broken!

It just had to happen here! Finally, after over 3500 hours of flying time off the Field, the Ground School was able to maneuver around and get one piece of used equipment to use in Aerodynamics class, for one ship was damaged to the extent that we were able to get an air-ron (and possibly a wing). That’s that!

Several flight instructors are now enjoying their vacations since the graduation of their students. And speaking of instructors, we have received two from Dorr Field, and the refresher school now boasts ten new refugees.

Ready Room Chit Chat

Nothing exciting to report this week. All of us have soloed and have found out how

Part of first graduating class from Embry Riddle Field
Man of the Week
For Many Weeks to Come!

It was late afternoon one day about the middle of March, 1941. Nate Reece and Ed China were driving around a rough, circular road that encompassed several new white buildings, whose plaster and paint were hardly dry. They were looking over what was soon to be the beautiful renaissance of old Carlstrom Field when they spotted a tall, lanky, red-headed boy with enough freckles for two men standing at the entrance to the circle.

Thinking he might be looking for a job on the construction work at hand, they drove over to him and asked, "Looking for someone, son?" Almost imperceptibly snapping to "Attention," the boy answered, "Sir, I'm Flying Cadet Frank Beeson, of Tuscaloosa, Ala.; I was to report here today at 4:45 p.m. to be received into Air Corps Primary School—it's now 4:50." Nate and Ed went into action immediately, collaring Len Povey and getting Charlie Ebbets to snap a picture of the first cadet to report to the new Carystrom Field.

"Go-Between"

I met Frank on a Tuesday evening, March 18, after he'd been here almost a week. More and more of us cadets were arriving every day, and Frank had been more or less elected Cadet Captain by the Army officers here, as well as by a general consensus of opinion of the boys.

An inconspicuous sort of a fellow in private, he stood out from the rest in his position of authority, for on his shoulders rested the burden of maintaining our discipline and order, and of being the "go-between" for the entire Carlstrom personnel and the cadet body. I would like to say here that there was no one better suited for that job. He carried their orders to us and our complaints to them, and none of us envied him the task a bit. That he did an excellent job was the unanimous opinion of all with whom he came into contact.

No Profanity

About five weeks later I was privileged to become one of his roommates. Frank's more intimate side was revealed to me here, and it was a pleasant side. To begin with, he was a very religious fellow; never did he close his eyes one night in sleep, but that he read his Bible first. Nor can I ever remember one curse word crossing his lips; profanity, even in its milder forms, never sullied his speech, although there were often times plenty of justification for it. Yet, by no stretch of the imagination could he be called a sissy—far from it. He had a man-sized job to do and he did it. In athletics he was always a keen competitor in those sports he knew; in the ones he didn't know, he was an eager student to learn.

Because of his mild-mannered nature he despised administering a "bawling out" to his fellow cadets or lower classmen when the occasion demanded. Accordingly, he'd tell me the dope (I was the cadet adjutant) and I'd stand before the boys, raising holy he—. As I'd turn to him with a salute and "Sir, the battalion is formed," he'd answer, "Take your post, Mr. Hobler, and give yourself five demerits for chewing gum in formation."

Awarded D.S.C.

Frank's class left Carlstrom about the end of May of that year, and he took his Basic training at Cochrane Field, receiving his wings when he finished Advanced at Craig Field on October 31, 1941. From here he was assigned to the 31st Pursuit Squadron at Baer Field, and went with that outfit when they transferred to Paine Field on the afternoon of December 7th. This was one of the first outfits completely equipped with the deadly Airacobras.

Late in January, this group—now consolidated into the 40th Fighter Squadron—sailed for Australia. From here on we did not hear much of Frank until he was shot early in May. That occasion of his having been wounded earned him the Distinguished Service Cross from General McArthur for gallantry in action. I quote the news dispatch from the General's headquarters, dated August 27, 1942:

"Lieut. Beeson made a single-handed attack on a Japanese flight of sixteen bombers, escorted by fighters over New Guinea in May. He dove away after the attack, severely wounded by cannon shot, which also damaged his plane, causing it to fall into a spin. Although weak from loss of blood and unable to use his right arm, Lieut. Beeson saved his plane and brought it to a successful landing."

Now read Frank's own version of the affair, quoted from a letter he addressed to his parents after the mishap, ostensibly to ease their minds:

"June, Back in Australia

"Dear Folks:

"No doubt you are perplexed by my cablegram—particularly if correspondent Y's story did not pass the censors and make the local Tuscaloosa News. Perhaps my following 'Runonized' version will enlighten matters:

"Twas in the merry month of May (tra la) when the yellow bomb buds were bursting into full-size craters, and the homo sapienstes displayed revitalized energies diving into fox holes. Well, I was up enjoying the sub-zero temperature of five miles altitude and the rubbery smell of my oxygen mask, when I espied a group of large airplanes proceeding toward—well, toward the place where I came from.

"Inquisitiveness comes forth and I go down to take a closer look, which reveals many red spots before my eyes. To relieve this condition, I turn loose a couple of guns or so, got a very good side view of Slant Eyes, and dive underneath the for-"
ma

n. Then some little definitely not-
so-nice yellow man poked a gun out of a
hole of his miserable ole airplane, and
slung a slug at me. Needless to relate, my
feelings were somewhat hurt by such
harsh treatment, so I collected my pretties
and went home. In the fleshy part of my
right upper arm, where I was hit, the
attending surgeon made the following
exchange: Four scraps of American steel
were replaced by stitches of Japanese
silk.

"I am now very much up and around,
but must not fly again for some time.
Do not be worried by no news, for I will
cable anything worth worrying about.
"Love,
Frank"

Missing
Frank’s last sentence above wasn’t car-
rried out to the letter, however. A letter came
for his parents on the morning of August
24th, from General Marshall, saying “Your
son has been reported missing in action
since July 25th. We had hoped that the
search for him would prove successful, but
as time goes on our hopes diminish.” To
his family—he has two brothers in the ser-
vice while his parents still live in Tuscaloosa
—we can only say we’re sorry to hear this.
Our hopes must be something like yours,
that Frank may be down on one of those
hundreds of tiny little islands, alive but yet
unlocated by searching parties.

In the Service of His Country
If the worst is true (May God grant that
it isn’t) the entire gang at Carlstrom Field,
including Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Riddle,
extend to you our sincerest sympathy. He
is one of the boys whom we are proud to
say we knew, and knowing him as we did,
his loss is heart felt. As General Marshall
said in his letter to you, we “hope that you
will find consolation in the knowledge that
Frank Beeson made his sacrifice at the
great moment, and in the service of his
country.”

DORR DOINGS
by Jack Whitmull

Reminiscing
About this time last year we were getting
ready for the hurricane that was supposed
to hit Carlstrom Field. Anyway, after send-
ing our ships to points of safety the hurri-
cane missed us and hit the place we sent
the ships! George Mackie should remember
it well—twas the morning he ate seven
helpings of scrambled eggs, to keep up his
morale—at least that’s his story.

A Busy Man
A Dorr Field man, who deserves a lot
of credit, is Bob Wertz, of Maintenance. We
have been noticing a home being built
about a mile and a half from Arcadia east
(along Dorr Field Road). It doesn’t seem
so long ago that we passed along that way
and there was nothing but some siding and
a few two-by-fours. Bob now has a neat
little home, and it’s one to be proud of—
the more so because Bob did practically all
the work himself in his bare time.

Rumor has it that Mr. Hocker will be
scrotinger around before many days. All
those wishing check rides—the line forms
at the front gate—tickets will be ten cents
for one trip around the circle or three trips
for a quarter. We guarantee Mr. Hocker
one percent of the take.

Lady Luck
Last night saw one of the most enjoyable
Cadet dances—even though the lights did
stay on. But, to even things up the bus was
ten minutes late—we blame that on Old
Lady Luck.

Note to Mr. Cullers’ steno-clerk: we sug-
gest you wear a parachute while working
from swivel chairs. The guards are wonder-
ing when Mr. Cullers is going to change
the ice water line to the Auxiliary Dis-
patchers’ Tower to run hot coffee?

Ed House and J. L. Huggins (Ground
School Instructors) have the knack of call-
ing their shots when predicting weather—
when they say rain, it rains, and when they
say fair, it’s fair, OR ELSE!

Lieutenant Folan, upon entering the Post:
“Halt, who goes there?”
John Hudson, guard: “Whoa, wait a min-
ute, I’m supposed to say that.”

Miami-ning
Mrs. Betty Dixon Miami-ing this week-
end with friend husband; Sergeant Messina
taking the baths in Miami, and Mrs. and
Mrs. Lee B. Spruce also in that city with
friends.

With the addition of eight more tele-
phones our communication system has im-
proved considerably. Our switchboard op-
erators are kept right on their finger-tips.

MAJ. GEORGE OLA

MAJ. WILLIAM S. BOYD

FLASH! Via the grapevine: We just
heard that Carlstrom has added another
telephone—this addition will bring up their
total to at least three—that’s not counting
the party line to Dorr.

How can we win that $8 prize for taking
those pictures of “Boss” Riddle, when we
haven’t seen him for two moons! Just give
us a chance and we’ll get them yet.

It’s here! The Scooter!

—WELL RULE THE BLUE IN ’42—

ARCADIA—Dorr Field’s PBX operator, Verma Cow-
vert, joined the army of brides last month when she
took the well-known vows with Lamar Albritten,
Crew Chief at Carlstrom Field. Happy days to both
from both the Fields.
Army Trainees at Tech

3-42-A—News and Views

This first literary effort on the doin’ of 3-42 was written while this reporter was in the throes of the “inevitable” go way and let me “sleep” afterward of a hey-day week-end at the Deauville, which accounts somewhat for the brevity. The other reason is that it was written twenty minutes before the deadline. So here goes—

3-42-A was well represented this Labor Day week-end with Morgan Ribble and Joe Mulhall on top of the list as the happiest on Saturday night. The highlights of that week-end are hereby offered for all to see.

Pink Tinge

Hern Lipson wouldn’t have gotten that terrific pink tinge to his hide if he hadn’t tried so hard to date that Veronica Lake blondie for an hour in the noonday sun. Did you get her number, Hern? “Major” Ribble was again at his best. Three long-distance calls to Pennsylvania. The guy must have it bad.

Art Steinberg was one of the lucky boys to have his wife with him. He was envied by the boys whose wives have gone back north.

Who gave Bill Strizik that expensive bath in Room 363? 363 was the password Sunday night. Wonder why?

We all got back before eleven o’clock, but who in heck dropped the ash-can cover at four A.M.? Darned inconsiderate!

We wonder if Lieutenant Meyer has more than a casual interest in a certain dental clinic. The other morning he drove her car to work. Nice going, Lieutenant!

With only two more weeks to go, we’re all looking forward to our final get-together at the Deauville next Saturday. Here is hoping the whole gang is there to celebrate our passing from these halls of learning. Till then—So long.

We’ll be back before retreat.

We’re the buddies of 3-43.

* * *

We’re a glad old bunch,
We pack a mighty punch;
Whether in peace time or at war,
And for Freedom’s right;
We’ll fight with all our might,
We’re the buddies of 3-43.

(Tune: Field Artillery Song)

Wigman’s Swim Party

Parties are being arranged for the men of the Gable’s area. Each Tuesday night about fifty men make their way out to Mr. and Mrs. Wigman’s estate where a swimming party takes place. The boys are supposed to leave at nine o’clock, but it is about ten-thirty before they get started for home.

Some thirty men of Coral Gables area enjoyed the hospitality of Colonel and Mrs. Hatfield at their lovely home at 1808 Granada Boulevard in the Gables. Girls, cookies, cakes, and punch were in abundance. The evening was well spent in singing and dancing. Thanks, Colonel and Mrs. Hatfield.

Woman’s Club Dance

By the interest shown in the dances at the Woman Club house in the Gables it looks like another night will be added, possibly Monday. Last Wednesday about fifty girls and eighty or a hundred men spent an enjoyable two and a half hours.

Have you noticed any change in Lieutenant Moch. We have found the reason of it all. Mrs. Moch arrived a few days ago from Minnesota.

Save the evening of September 22nd!—Something big!

News of 3-43-A Pvt. Riddle

Johnnie Kearns (At Ease!), our cute little Class leader, is fast learning the ways of the world. In fact, he now can say first instead of “foist.” Thanks to a group of New England tutors.

“Alabama” Bob Means, the ladies man of the outfit, hasn’t turned off that manly charm since a way back on August 1st. When we arrived (at ‘lovely’ Antilla). Does it ever stop. “Bama”?

Luck Boy!

One of the lucky fellows over the week-end was Private Eddie Ruehle, whose wife is visiting here, all the way from St. Louis.

Getting Winchellitis for a moment, Jack Larham is getting worried about a certain pretty gal way up thar in up-state New York. She only wrote six times last week, he complains. She is a good cook, Jack.

Tandy, our swash-buckling cowboy from Wyoming, took first place in a recent horse show on Labor Day at Hialeah—well, at least I saw him leading the parade.

The 3-43 Marching Song submitted by A. Millen, With all apologizes to the song writers’ union:

Sing out loud,
‘Cause we’re proud
To be marching with this crowd,
We’re the buddies of 3-43.

* * *

Lift those feet,
Trim and neat.

Class 3-42-B—Sheet Metal

Student Red Sipps eloped to Fort Lauderdale over the week-end. Judge Anderson tied the knot. Best of luck to Red and Mrs. Sipps.

Kelly Newsome’s latest gem. A song for our class book. Thank you, Mr. Newsome.

Private F. Morse

Wanted:
A Name For This Page

This page, written and designed by the Army boys of the Tech School and Coral Gables, is just starting this week and we’re at a loss for a suitable name.

So—“Boss’ Riddle solved the problem by offering a $5 reward for the best title selected from those sent in by one of you boys. Put on your thinking caps and the cleverest shortest and most descriptive tag for your efforts will net that piece of folding money!

FATOR
Continued from Page 1

advancement to Operations Manager. And, just recently was transferred to Chapman Field as General Manager—to replace Capt. Burgin, who is rejoining the Air Corps.

Throws Out Anchor

When he first came to Miami Luit. Fator and his family got so much sand in their shoes that they bought a home in Miami Springs and “decided to throw out the anchor and stay awhile.” The Fators have four children, Charlene-Ellen, 12; Norma Lou, 11; Charles, Jr., 9; and Susanna, 7; and are looking forward to a fifth as a Christmas present!

Claiming his hobbies as flying, walking and swimming he admits that his family comes first, flying second and eating third. Needless to add—Mrs. Fator is one of the world’s best southern cooks.

Vegetarian

He neither smokes nor drinks, having long ago come to the conclusion that flying requires definite reactions, and resolved that no flyer could afford to slow down his reactions. In his stubborn pursuit of health he and his family tried every kind of regimen and finally found that a complete vegetable diet did the trick. The result was that the entire Fator family is vegetarian. He is very proud of the fact that he passed a better physical examination this year than he did in 1927.

Our new Manager of Chapman Field is of medium build, sandy hair and blue eyes—the picture of robust health.

Here’s to you Lieut. Fator, may your stentorian voice and brilliant tactics in instruction win you another splendid chapter in your already record breaking memoirs.

Here’s to the memory of Elmer Poff
He forgot to see if the switch was off
When checking your ship before each flight
Be sure the gas and oil cap’s tight
If o’er the field you start to bound
It’s not a sin to go around

September 10, 1942
Army Trainees Hear Address

Lieutenant-Colonel William P. Fisher Speaks at Embry-Riddle

Significance of ground crew mechanics in modern warfare was stressed last Saturday afternoon by Lt. Col. William P. Fisher, recently returned from the Pacific war theater and wearer of the Distinguished Flying Cross; Lt. Col. Charles W. Kerwood, a member of the famous Lafayette Corps in the first World War and now chief of the special liaison division of the Army Air Forces public relations office, and Maj. Francis B. Clements, Jr., director of army training at the Embry-Riddle technical school, just prior to addressing the army trainees, civilian students and instructor personnel at the school last Saturday afternoon.

Visibly affected by the enthusiastic reception he received at the only civil aviation school to be visited by a combat pilot to date, Col. Fisher told the men, "There's not a plane that can fly or a mission completed without the aid of the mechanics.

"A master sergeant," he added, "is worth his weight in gold to a pilot. I've seen them spoil a lot of these sergeants by turning them into second lieutenants. We're all waiting for you and we need you."

Flew with Colin Kelly

Col. Fisher, who was a flight commander with Capt. Colin Kelly, Florida's great hero killed in action, when they both were in the first squadron of B-17D's to be sent to the Philippines, pointed out that the ground crew often sees action in battle.

"I saw a mechanic beside a plane on the ground one day," he continued, "when a Jap Zero plane came diving down to demolish the American ship and that mechanic, rather than run to cover, grabbed a Tommy gun and stood there fighting off the enemy plane. If that doesn't take as much courage as anything any pilot ever displayed in the sky, I'm all wrong."

Awarded D.F.C.

Col. Fisher wears the Distinguished Flying Cross for his exploits in the Philippines, Australia and the Dutch East Indies.

With him on the program was Lt. Col. Charles W. Kerwood, who was a member of the famous Lafayette Corps in the first World War and is now chief of the special liaison division of the Army Air Forces public relations office, who said, "I know how much the safety of my neck depends upon the men who are on the ground taking care of my ship."

Importance of Mechanics

Brig. General Ralph H. Wooten, commanding general of the Miami Beach Army schools of the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command which includes the Embry-Riddle unit, also stressed the importance of the mechanic in the success of the air forces.

"You're in luck in training here," he told the men. "You're going to one of the finest schools in the country and living in a wonderful climate and pleasant surroundings."

Maj. Francis B. Clements, Jr., director of training for the army at the Embry-Riddle school, introduced the speakers.
**RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER**

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Pat Smythe, Velva Purton, Ted Taylor, Ralph Thyng, Kenneth Milner, Dudley Amos, Harry Ingram, Roy Lacey, N. S. C. Colley, J. L. Kerr, Associate Editors

Barring an unexpected change in the flying schedule, Blue Flight is all set for the softball game with the Riddle Giants (the Sheet Metal Department at Tech School). The game is scheduled for 5:30 p.m. at the “Y” grounds in Miami, and the official batting order and line-up for the Blue “Bouncers,” is as follows:

Bob Griffin, 2b
Bob Gray, 1b
Ron Golding, 3b
Colin Yates, ss
Bill Goodwin, cf
Johnny Horlock, cf
Red Grant, c

A return game will be played at Riddle Field in the near future.

The following short, short story was written by Kerr, who states that in essence it true:

**August Interlude**

“IT won’t come now,” said Eccles, as he rose and walked clumsily to the window. London stretched below, warm and dust-coloured in that sultry August night of 1914 and in the distance the cheering of the crowds at Buckingham Palace rose in gusts above the swurrus of London traffic.

Then there was silence. The four men in the upper room of the Foreign Office felt the banality of conversation that night. Cleaver placed his fingertips together and studied them as if the crux of the problem lay there; Eccles stared morbidly at the two cabinets lining the opposite wall, containing two sets of instructions and formal notifications—one to be used if Germany replied favourably to the British ultimatum, the other if she refused or if no answer came.

Someone sighed. Then came the sound for which they had been waiting—Big Ben tolling twelve carefully and impersonally as ever, as if this were any other midnight, as if it were anything but the death of an era and a way of looking at life.

“It will be over by Christmas,” someone broke the silence.

“It will last to 1917,” said an embryo Kitchener.

Eccles, who had lived in Munich and had three sons in their twenties, said nothing at all. Cleaver spoke again, “You may as well give the German Ambassador his passports tonight. Show the Admiralty we’re up to scratch too.” The youngest of the four took an envelope from one of the cabinets and left the room.

The Ambassador sat at a desk in his library, a tired, hopeless man, all his Anglo-German dreams shattered and his work fruitless. He had known that no reply would come from Berlin that night, and he expected the messenger from Whitehall. He looked up vaguely. “Put it there.” He pointed to a small table near the door. The messenger obeyed silently and scuttled out of the room. Outside, he walked through the London streets with the air and the speed of a man who has achieved the unpleasant and earned his release. Dear old London, he thought, so tall, so solid, so friendly—in his relief he could almost sense a new camaraderie born of the war, before he turned into the gloom of the Foreign Office.

Upstairs, they had commenced the long night’s work that lay ahead. He turned to one of the cabinets, opened it and looked inside. Then he turned to the others.

“I’ve delivered the wrong envelope,” he said.

I remember hearing the man who did it tell how he got it back.

Mr. L. Number Two:
Another Ex-Mystery Man

The second and last edition of Mr. L’s is presented this week. For, with the disclosure of this person, we have cleared up the mystery surrounding the name Mr. L. Our second Mr. L, who has contributed much to this column, is J. L. Kerr, of Green Flight.

James Lindsey Kerr was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1916, the son of Reverend and Mrs. J. W. Kerr. He, like his father, was a Church of Scotland minister before joining the RAF.

While not a “whole-time” journalist, Kerr has had a lot of experience in writing. He was editor of his University magazine and has also edited various charity publications. In addition, he has “contributed everything from chess problems to features, to various newspapers and magazines in Scotland.” Besides his writing talents, Mr. Kerr is also an excellent pianist.

We want to thank our two Mr. L’s, Roy Lacey and J. L. Kerr, for their splendid work and cooperation with us, and we trust that they will continue with their efforts even though “Mr. L” is gone.

**Weather Bureau**

The newest Department on the Field is the Weather Bureau, under the supervision of Meterology and Signals Instructor Hilton Robinson. Robby states that 24-hour service will be rendered by the Bureau, which will handle the regular air waves weather reports. Aiding Mr. Robinson in this work will be Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Cochran, of Clewiston, and Mrs. Mack Green, of Moore Haven.

**Personal Prattle**

Miss Margaret Morgan, who had served for quite some time in the Accounting Department and later as Mr. Durden’s secretary, left last week for Fort Myers, where she will be an employee of the Government. Margaret had many friends here, who join in wishing her success in her new position.

**Miss Margaret Morgan**

Helen Scribner, Manager of all Embry-Riddle Canteens, was at this Field last Friday. Miss Julia Igleby is assisting “Marcus” Blount, Link Dispatcher. It is safe to assume that the absence in Link will decrease now.

In reply to Larry Walden’s (Union City correspondent) request for information about the status of other Embry-Riddle Fields on the Bond purchases, Riddle Field reported in the May 21st edition of the FLY PAPER that 89 percent of all employees on the Field were participating. Since that time, approximately five percent more of the employees have begun this systematic, patriotic saving, so at this time, Riddle Field can report that 85 percent of its employees are buying war bonds and war stamps on the pay-roll deduction basis.
Some of the matches in the Civilian tennis tournament have been played, but there are still several yet to be contested. All that have not played are asked to please do so at once.

Dr. M. Draughn, of Moore Haven, is the new Medical Officer for this Field, having succeeded Dr. Thomas Gowin, who is in the Armed Forces. And speaking of hospital, the new attendant there is Harold Kemp, who, with Jeff Faircloth, assist Dr. Draughn to "Keep 'Em Flying." Mr. Kemp is a native of England, and has had a lot of experience in medical work.

**Harold Kemp, New Hospital Attendant**

A new game has been placed in the Canteen. It is a shooting device, whereby an airplane is shot down by the means of an electric beam. Some of the boys have proven quite capable at this "thing."

**Instructors' Club**

At a meeting of the Instructor's Club last Tuesday, the gang really "got down to business" and accomplished something. The first thing they did was to elect a new president to succeed Ray Molders, who has left, and then to elect a Board of Directors, with every Flight Department having a representative, as follows:

Director, President—Lou Place, Red Flight.
Director, V.-Pres.—Charles Bing, Red Flt.
Director, Secretary—Bob Walker, Blue Flt.
Director, Treasurer—Frank Veltri, Yellow Flt.
Director—Joe Obermeyer, Link Dept.
Director—Cliff Bjornson, Ground School.
Director—Charlie Leibman, Green Flight.

Then, it was pointed out that this Club is an organization of, by and for all the Instructors at the Field—this means Link Instructors, Ground School Instructors and Flight Instructors, and it is hoped that all the Instructors will avail themselves of the Club's facilities. These facilities at present are dancing, cards, ping-pong, jook organ, refreshments, and "loafing space."

Also mentioned, was the fact that the $5.00 initiation fee and $2.00 per month dues are put right back into the operation of the club, and that no profits are to be made.

**Goals of the Gang**

The gang has set forth several goals which they hope to accomplish in the very near future. The more important ones are to secure a caretaker who would take residence at the Club, and keep it open at all times; re-decorate the interior (with Jimmy Cousins doing the honors); invite the wives and lady friends of the members to use the Club on a chosen afternoon.

Things that were definitely settled were:
(1) Tuesday night is stag night (shem);
(2) Saturday night is dual or solo; (3) To hold a barbecue "real soon."

Mr. Tyson and Mr. Durden were present, and pledged the support of the Company to the Club.

**A Typical, Tropical Day at Riddle Field**

So, come on all you Link, Ground School and Flight Instructors who are not members, let's contact Mr. Veltri and join, so that you and your wife or girl-friend may take advantage of this much-needed addition to the social life at Clewiston.

**THE PROP CLUB FOR MAINTENANCE**

(by Jerry Greenberger, Treas.)

What is it? It's the new PROP CLUB organized by the RIDDLE FIELD Maintenance Department.

The Maintenance Department has leased the Clewiston Pool Room and the adjoining building strictly for the recreation of the Maintenance Personnel at Riddle Field.

Although the Club is in its youngest stages, preparations have been made for a recreation room containing ping-pong tables, pool tables, a reading room, card tables, lounges, etc.

While the Instructor's Club has helped keep up the morale and proven a valuable recreation facility, the PROP CLUB will do much to keep the mechanics and other maintenance men occupied during their spare time.

**Recreations Planned**

At a later date, clubs and teams will be organized to compete in the various games and other forms of recreations that will be offered.

Several meetings have been held for the members, but as yet, no definite officials have been elected, except those appointed to get the preliminary affairs straightened out.

All Riddle Field Maintenance personnel, including the Radio and Link Departments, are eligible for membership. Each member can bring in a friend or two, but no one is to be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

Membership cards are being printed and in the very near future, we hope to have a 100 percent membership from the entire Riddle Field Maintenance personnel.

(Editor's Note: Congratulations to the Maintenance Department on this swell new club, and lots of success in all your ventures. Among your officers, may we suggest that you appoint a FLY PAPER correspondent, to let others know of your activities.)

**Tarzan Takes a Holiday at Riddle Field**

Some time ago, the flags became "stuck" at the top of the flag pole, and it took Arthur Channell, Blue Flight, who was Senior Airman of the Day, to ramble up the ladder and then climb the remaining distance to the top to untangle them. We see Channell performing this operation in this shot.

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UNION CITY
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old column must be filled with reminiscences, a little nostalgia, and many thanks. Nine short weeks ago, we arrived here in Union City. Time has flown and now we are off to Basic. Although some of us have fallen by the wayside and have been transferred to other branches of Air Crew Training, about 60% of us are still here to carry on the Riddle Spirit to our next Post.

It would be a falsehood to state here that we aren't eagerly awaiting the next phase of our training; yet it is with regret that we leave Embry-Riddle Field and Union City, for every minute that we've worked and played here have been memorable ones. We'll never forget our first breakfast here, our first solo flight, and the countless little experiences that have befallen all of us.

Many Thanks

We have many thanks for the staff at headquarters whose thorough guidance kept us "on the ball," for our flight instructors whose patience and good humor, not to mention their abilities, aided us in surmounting the many hurdles and pitfalls in our paths. Thanks to our ground school instructors, who overcame a succession of construction crews, carpenters, plumbers, and electricians, and successfully taught us the "whys and wherefores" of flying, despite the noise and confusion; and then the medical department, who doctored our aches and pains and "kept us flying." It is impossible to forget the able staff at the hess Hall, for every meal was wonderful, and then they topped off their repeated fine preparations by a party, yea banquet, that was perfect.

And we pass copious thanks to all in Operations on the flight line. They deserve a bouquet for sorting through the confusion and then getting all the time straightened out. Miraculous! And how can we laud the kind and apt services of the ground crew and mechanics? For four days we did just a small portion of their work and the experience taught us just how hard their job is; and though it would be sheer hypocrisy to say that each minute of calisthenics, we certainly have praise for the manner in which our able physical training department took our lack of a suitable field and equipment, and turned the early deficiencies into a grand athletic field, with all the necessary "playthings."

Last but by no means least, we want to thank Riddle McKay Company and their entire staff here for all their kindness, hospitality, and hard work in giving us a fine home and a fine school here at Union City.

And now, we must depart. We hope that we have left as much here as we take with us. It has been a pleasure to be the "pioneers," to watch the growth of our Field, and to feel that we are a part of it. So-long, gang, keep up the good work, and we'll carry forth your grand spirit.

A/C Hal Richardson

Best Record

And thanks to you, 43-A for being a SWELL CLASS!

Our first class, 43-A, graduates with one of the best records that we know; this class including eliminated cadets, having flown over 2200 hours without a single accident and only one crinkled aileron, which was repaired locally. Form I errors were practically unknown.

The night of Sept. 2nd, a buffet supper was prepared by Chef Taylor under the supervision of Mr. Baker for the graduating class. A large cake, decorated with the Army Air Corps insignia, was located in the center of the table. Other items on the menu were; Tomato Madrilene, Assorted Canapes, Queen Olives, Gold Breast of sliced turkey, Devilled Eggs a la Riddle, Cold baked Virginia Ham, Potato Salad, Perchafade Mixed Sweet Pickles, Stuffed Celery, Assorted Cheese and Crispy Crackers, and Beverages. Long will this Evening of entertainment be remembered by Class 43-A.

THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY

RIDDLE FIELD
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Caddy Chatter

The long week-end gave everyone a chance to "relax" (?) and the majority of the fellows spent their time visiting in Miami, Palm Beach, etc. We understand that Riddle Field was well represented at the Deauville, with Yellow Flight leading the way.

Red Flight has appointed an investigating committee to get more particulars on the ghost ship that was seen flying during their recent night work.

L.A.C. Meek, of Red Flight, has a photograph, they say, that is well worth seeing. How about publishing it, Mr. Meek?

Sergeant Thomas Chappell arrived "fresh from England" two weeks ago, and has been attached to the R.A.F. Staff as an Armaments Instructor.

Course Commander Reg Pryce, of Green Flight has had to temporarily quit flying, and to give up his Course Commandership. Les Foskett, former Section Leader, has been made Course Commander, and Roland Temple has been made Section Leader, of Green Flight.

Man of the Week

Six-thirty in the morning is a very poor time to get a man to talk about himself, but it was at this time that we interviewed our Man of the Week, Jimmy Cousins, and did it over the telephone. (The rules of Journalism strictly forbid an interview on the telephone.) Anyway, Jimmy was just finishing night flying and we caught him in the control tower and DID get the story—telephone or no.

James Lee Cousins was born on December 26, 1917, in Appalachia, Va. The family later moved to Venice, Fla., and it was there that Jimmy graduated from high school. He also went to Prep School at the Kentucky Military Institute. He began his aviation career in 1938, soloing that year, and was made Manager of the Venice Airport, Then Mr. Cousins was an Instructor with Coastal Airways before coming to Embry-Riddle in 1940. He first did some instruction work at the E.R. Seaplane Base, and then at the Municipal Base before coming to Riddle Field. Jimmy came here as a Basic Instructor, was then made Assistant Basic Flight Commander, and is now the Basic Flight Commander.

Cousins is six feet tall and weighs 145 pounds. He is single—on the eligible list, gals, and when asked if there were any prospects, rather hesitated, then said "could be." Jimmy occupies one of the new houses with Bob Johnston, Primary Flight Commander, and Johnny Cockrell, Advanced Flight Commander, and it is said there aren't any arguments at all. Hard to believe, what?
SEAPLANE BASE NEWS
by Nancy Batson, Instructor

The Seaplane Base wishes to announce the arrival of Danny Linkroum and one-half pounds, into the Linkroum Family, and the departure of Bill Linkroum, 145 pounds, proud father of the former, from the Embry-Riddle family. Bill is now with Pan-American Airways, and we all wish him the best of luck. Yours truly will take up where he left off, and try to fill his portholes as capably as he did.

“Russian” Business

We are really on the “steppe” doing a “russian” business these days—some pun? Though, seriously, the days aren’t long enough to take care of all our recently acquired new students. They are: Mrs. L. Cutler, Lieutenant Flack, Lieutenant Engelbert, Captain Pond and Al McKesson, from our own base. Besides these we have some transfers from Chapman Field who are: Mrs. C. Molanari, Miss R. Norton, Bill McGrath.

Good Going

On our honor roll this week, Larry Stanhope heads the list by receiving his private pilot’s license. Good going! And last, but not least, Charles Presbery has his water rating.

“Willie” Whitehead, the gardener, is back in the fold again, and our landscaping is “blossoming” out beautifully with the supervision of Mrs. Norton. And for myself I would like to add that this Seaplane Base is really “something”—a swell place at which to instruct. Beautiful scenery, it’s all grand, and I hope I’ll be here a long time (at the Seaplane Base, of course).

LANDBASE LAMENTS
by Clara Lee Cook

I must first of all, apologize to Malcolm Byrnes for not duly hearding from the housestop the grandeur of the grub. Honest, Pete, it economically hits the spot. If you don’t believe it, come down an’ see.

Panzer Division

We’ve discovered at last what and where the “Second Front” it. It’s the unified attack that the multitude of landerabs make on the hangar and canteen when it rains. Our Navy Reserves are putting up a brave front though and are scuttling great scores of these broken down amphibious and great official losses can be accounted for, especially when the wind changes.

Lieutenant Charles D. Fator, an elder in the Riddle Family, is now getting a dual check on the why and wherefors of General Managing our up and coming land base.

Hello!

Bill Grindell, of Accounting, is, just like rationing, here for awhile. Hello! Tom Jacobs is now on active duty here as a Flight Instructor. In the same thought we recall that Linden Rone and Jerry Sullivan also have received Commercial licenses.

War of Nerves

“Checkkiss” is a strange malady that plagues most students prior to graduating and our C.P.T.’s are no exceptions; ask Nick Elliott, a Tom Moxy prodigy, who checked out Saturday with flying colors, the first to finish here. A grand cure is being planned for Wednesday night though, where everything will be set right. A dance at the Coral Cables Country Club is the theme and is given in honor of the students, the instructor personnel, and the coordinators.

from one department to another asking the same question, “Doesn’t anyone want to kiss me good-bye?” When she finally found a taker it happened to be in the canteen and—Ah, brother! I won’t mention his name ‘cause I think the “Little Colonel” reads this column.

Who’s That Blond?

In answer to an almost common query, “Who’s the blond on the station wagon,” let me advise, the new driver is charming Jean Duncan. Let me hasten to add, fellows, her husband is “Red” Duncan, a lotta’ man who starred on the University of Miami football team.

Another new addition to the Military Engineers ranks is Instructor Joe Hermann from, of all places, Cincinnati.

Mary Mitchell has lost her enthusiasm for sailing. There seems to be quite a tale behind this complete loss of interest but her only comment to date has been, “purely personal reasons.”

TECH
Continued from Page 7

Fifteen-Footer

In direct contrast is Bob Chauker, of Engine Overhaul, who bought a 15-footer and manned it with an Embry-Riddle crew. Truman Gile, Jr. is first mate, and Mario Bevilacqua of Engine Test is in charge of bilge-pump operations.

Betty Hall, Bob Habig’s secretary, has been most conspicuous by her absence of late. We just learned that Betty has been seriously ill. We offer our condolences and hope Betty will be back with us soon.

It’s just a passing thought but I wonder what “Curley” Ebbets new secretary will look like and where “Curley” is going to get the log chain to keep her for more than three months?

And it’s just a closing thought but I also wonder whether Pat McGurk’s wish came true Tuesday night and how many carrots it was?

CONTINUOUS MUSIC
AT THE DEAUVILLE

There will be two orchestras at the Victory Vacation party at the Deauville this Saturday! Continuous music from nine to curfew!

Once again we are going to have the pleasure of combining with the Officers Candidate School on our pleasure seeking evening—this time with Squadron S. And if last week was any evidence of the last word in fun this will be even better.

P.S. Why don’t more of you Embry-Riddle girls go stag?

You’ll have such fun! Give the boys a break and bring another good looking gal with you.
CLARKE GABLE PAY'S SURPRISE VISIT TO DEAUVILLE DANCE

Flutter, flutter went the hearts of every gal when Clarke Gable put in his appearance at the Victory Vacation party at the Deauville on Saturday night! Clarke came in—his first night off (adequately protected) to pay his respects to Squadron Z of the Officers Candidate School, with whom we had joined for the evening.

Making a brief statement over the microphone the idol of the films battled his way out, after thanking the Embry-Riddle-ites and promising to return when he gets "loose" again. Now, aren't some of you girls sorry you didn't get there!

Both Squadron Z and the E-R gang had a super-swell time—all the girls sported corsages, which were the gifts of the O.C.S. —the filet dinner was beyond description and Weiss made a magnificent job of playing to all tastes.

There was too big a crowd to try to see everyone there, but very much in evidence were the Bob Colburns and Pattersons, Elaine Chalk, Lt. Walker, Tom Moxely and date, Bud Bellands two sisters, Ethel and Charlotte, and later in the evening the Throgmortons and Dorothy Burton came in, and many more. (Our reporter for that night, Lucillers dancer, was unavoidably detained, so this reporter didn't take notes until the message arrived that she couldn't get there.)

One of the bright spots of the evening was another Jitter-Bug contest! This time a ten dollar prize was offered by Bernarr Macfadden. Eight couples participated, but Helene Hirsch and Larry Hall were chosen by applause.

Among those who spent the nice long Labor Day week end at the Deauville were:


Pvt. C. Bassell, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Godette and Son, John Raynor, Gene Rooney, Charles Leebman, Pvt. John H. McClutchey, Pvt. Walter E. Riley, Pvt. James Murray, Charles H. Bilharz, Carlstrom Field, Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Dixon, Jr., Arcadia, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Steinberg, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Patterson, Anne Elrod, Mary Jo Milligan, Miss D. Cason, Miss Ederfield, Mrs. William Boykin, Carlstrom Field, R. J. Redard, Carlstrom Field, Miss Juanita Burkett, Clewiston, Miss Catherine Minges, Clewiston, and V. B. Alderson, Clewiston.

COLEMAN'S CATCH

Naturally, the "biggest one" got away, but Pete Coleman, guard at the main gate at Riddle Field, Clewiston, is all smiles just the same as he gazes at nine pounds of large-mouth black bass which he caught in the canal "almost off the guard house front porch." Coleman, the oldest guard in point of service at Riddle Field, gave the three fish to his mother.

Yes, he stayed for dinner.

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

This Calloow Clam, still twenty feet high Sat stalling in without batting an eye, Or using his throttle to ease him on down— The Flight Surgeon says he'll recover, the clown.

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New York, N. Y.