After his association with the Embry-Riddle Company he was made Chief Flight Instructor and in thirty days achieved the
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 Treff, but then guarded by Betty Galbraith right outside the door. Mr. Roberts and his Auditing staff were a pretty tight fit when 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 producing his reports. (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 Devory occupied the space where that 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 Ebbets' 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 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 McGill

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September 9, 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 same 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 one 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 Base, 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

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September 9, 1942

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 Sheet-metal worker here at the Orlando Sub-Depot. It went into effect August 1.

Sincerely,

Charles Niemeyer
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

Grant 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 Hodgins, 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 28th anniversary the past 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 cross-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 too-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!”

Cadet Chatter

Since this is the last official letter from 43-A for the “Fly Paper,” naturally the
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 spied 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 Beezon, 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 MacArthur for gallantry in action. I quote the news dispatch from the General’s headquarters, dated August 27, 1942:

News Dispatch

“Lieut. Beezon 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. Beezon 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:

“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 sapiens 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, get a very good side view of Slant Eyes, and dive underneath the for-
mation. 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 carried 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 service 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 Beebe 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 sending our ships to points of safety the hurricane missed us and hit the place we sent the ships! George Mackie should remember it well—“was 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 scooting 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’ stenoclerk: we suggest you wear a parachute while working from swivel chairs. The guards are wondering when Mr. Cullers is going to change the ice water line to the Auxiliary Dispatchers’ Tower to run hot coffee?

Ed House and J. L. Huggins (Ground School Instructors) have the knack of calling 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 minute, I’m supposed to say that.”

**Minni-ing**

Mrs. Betty Dixon Minni-ing this weekend 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 telephones our communication system has improved considerably. Our switchboard operators are kept right on their finger-tips.

**MAJ. GEORGE OLA**

Well deserved advancements from rank of Captain came to Major Ola, commandant of Carlstrom Field, and Major Boyd, the cadets’ “skipper” at nearby Dorr Field. These two new wearers of the gold leaf have been swarmed with congratulations since the official announcement was made.

**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!

—WE’LL RULE THE BLUE IN ‘42—

**ARCADIA**—Dorr Field’s PBX operator, Verma Cowart, 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’s of 3-42 was written while this reporter was in the throes of the “inevitable” go way and let me “sleep” afternnath 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

Herm Lipson wouldn’t nave gotten that terrific pink tinge to his hide if he hadn’t tried so hard to date that Veronica Lake blonde for an hour in the noonday sun. Did you get her number, Herm? “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. ’Til 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.

W.O.M. 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 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 Ruchel, 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 thru 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 Lieut. 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 you’re the field you start to bound. It’s not a sin to go around.
Army Trainees Hear Address

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, prior to addressing the army trainees, civilian students and instructor personnel of the school last Saturday afternoon.

Lt. Col. William P. Fisher Speaks at Embry-Riddle

Aviation experiences were discussed by (left to right) 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, prior to addressing the army trainees, civilian students and instructor personnel of 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 Col. 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-17’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.

COLISEUM

Our program here at the Coliseum is definitely expanding and we have added to our faculty, in the capacity of Instructor Trainees, the following men:


Mr. Van de Grift has been employed by Embry-Riddle in the Purchasing Department and is now taking advantage of the opportunity offered him as an Instructor Trainee. The office staff has expanded too, “welcome” Mr. Fritz J. Sheffer and Mr. Harry Farr.

TECH TALK

by Bob Colburn

Getting started on this column after a long pleasant week-end is one of the toughest assignments the writer has ever encountered, so help me.

I can remember looking up from every chair in the Deauville and seeing Margaret de Pamplest and Ruth Turner with the same two Army Flying Cadets. Then to make it more confusing, I also remember looking up from the same bunch of chairs and seeing Mary Jo Milligan escorted by a small but substantial detachment of instructors from the Officer’s Training School.

Now, to get into a more serious vein. If any of the readers of this column should chance upon four husky gentlemen with their arms around each other doing a “heel-toe-one, three” on the back porch these mornings, please don’t be alarmed. Contrary to public opinion the boys are not crazy and straight jackets are not necessary. It is merely Messrs. Gruenschlager, Mega, Weightman, and Uffenorde of Military Engines, doing the work required in their dancing lessons. The boys are doing very well and I understand a “title” has already been awarded as a result of these efforts. Al, yes—Erwin Gruenschlager—“Rumba King of the Test Stands.”

Minnie Cassel was back on the job Tuesday after honeymooning over the week-end. We think it’s swell and wish Minnie loads of happiness and at the same time offer our sincere congratulations to Frederick Carl.

Colleen Breslin left the family last Saturday for a two week vacation in New York before returning for her Junior year at Barry College. Colleen spent most of her last day with Embry-Riddle wandering
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 Beveridge, lf
Bob Gray, 1b  Arthur Pagram, rf
Ron Golding, 3b  Kenneth Milner, p
Colin Yates, ss  Charlie Woodham, ut.
Bill Goodwin, cf  Jim Turner, ut.
Johnny Horlock, cf  Johnny Day, ut
Red Grant, c  Jack Hopkins, mgr.

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.

**RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER**

Jack Hopkins, Editor

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

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.

**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 R.A.F.

While not a "whole-time" journalist, Kerr has had a lot of experience in writing. He was editor of his University magazine and has edited various charitable 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.

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_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._

_We have already predicted 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 Morders, who has left, and then to elect a Board of Directors, with every Flight Department having a representative, as follows:


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 (ahem); (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.

(Teacher’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. 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 Mess 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 we’re glad 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 1 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, Cold Breast of sliced turkey, Deviled Eggs a la Riddle, Cold baked Virginia Ham, Potato Salad, Peppillade 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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Charles Breeding at 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, too. (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 “of course.” Jimmy occupies one of the new houses with Bob Johnston, Primary Flight Commander, and Johnny Cockrill, Advanced Flight Commander, and it is said there aren’t any arguments at all. Hard to believe, what?
The Seaplane Base wishes to announce the arrival of Danny Linkroum, eight 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 pantoons 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 Presbrey 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 Vernon 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 heardling from the house tops 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 long last what and where the "Second Front" it. It's the unified attack that the multitude of landers 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 amphibians 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 wherefore 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 Cone and Jerry Sullivan also have received Commercial licenses.

War of Nerves

"Checkits" 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 Mosley 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 Gables Country Club is the theme and is given in honor of the students, the instructor personnel, and the coordinators.

TECH

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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 Enginges 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."

Fifteen- footer

In direct contrast is Bob Chauker, of Engine Overhaul, who bought a 15-footr 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 McGuirt's wish came true Tuesday night and how many carats 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 PAYS 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 Thropmortons and Dorothy Burton came in, and many more. (Our reporter for that night, Lucillers Clark, 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 the 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:
