FOURTH ANNIVERSARY of CARLSTROM FIELD

THE GIANT CIRCLE THAT IS CARLSTROM FIELD—OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED AS THE 2148TH ARMY AIR FORCES BASE UNIT—IS LOCATED IN THE HEART OF BIG PRAIRIE IN DE SOTO COUNTY, FLORIDA. FOUR YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE ACTIVATION OF CARLSTROM FIELD—FOUR YEARS OF BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT—FOUR YEARS OF MAINTAINING THE ENVIALBE RECORD OF THE SAFEST FLYING FIELD ON EARTH. (Published by permission of Lt. A. A. Marks, Intelligence Officer at Carlstrom Field.)
Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I have frequently thought of writing to you, to thank you for sending the Fly Paper to us; my wife and I read it with great interest.

We were thrilled to see our son's name—F/Lt. L. J. Wheelie—in the issue dated December 15th which we received today.

Of course we are proud of his gaining the D.F.C. I wonder if you know that he is now a Prisoner of War in Germany, and so far has been unable to accept his decoration.

He went out on a special mission in August last and unfortunately did not return, but I can assure you he was a good fighter. He was most amazed about meeting Douglas Truscott, who trained with him on No. 7 Course, in the prison camp.

With best wishes and many thanks for your interest.

Yours sincerely,

L. E. Wheelie

Editor’s Note: We sincerely hope that the day is not far off when F/Lt. Wheelie will return to England and receive his D.F.C. Two Course 7 boys in the same prison camp—what memories those two lads will have in common.

Pampa Army Air Field
Pampa, Texas

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to let you know that I’m still alive and kickin’ out here in Texas.

I must tell you one thing as I’m sure it will bring you folks much pleasure. Several times during the last few months I have bumped into several Brazilian cadets training here in the States, and I just wish you could hear the fine things they say about Embry-Riddle.

No foolin’—it really makes me feel proud to be able to tell them that I used to work for the company. They say such things as “Why, they made us feel almost as though we were home. They gave us our first meal in the States and it was a grand banquet. Ponso is a swell person.” Of course, they don’t use slang and such as I have, but in their plain simple way they tell you that Embry-Riddle really made them feel at home. In my opinion, that one thing alone is doing a lot to make true friends of the Brazilian people.

As you probably know, I am now taking advanced training in B-25s here at Pampa. In just a few more days I will have reached that goal which I’ve yearned for all my life. On the 11th of March I’ll get those “Silver Wings.” For eighteen months I’ve sweatied this cadet business out and I can hardly believe that I’m this near the end.

P.O. 28 Mayfield Road
Hornsey
London N. 8

Dear Editor:

Well, here’s another one of my letters—apparently I am the official correspondent for Course 4—although I don’t seem to be able to give you much about them. I think it would be a good idea if some of the guys were to take over the line and drop a line a now and again. Don’t you agree?

To start with myself, I’m glad to be able to say that I have at last completed my second tour of ops successfully, thanks mainly to the cooperation of my crew. I now have a “screamed” job as a staff pilot flying Hurricanes. It’s a bit of a come-down for a bomber boy, but it’s fairly interesting and having only one engine after being used to four makes it fairly exciting.

Believe it or not, there are two other Clewiston types on this job with me. W/O "Nobby" Clarke of Course 6, and F/O Roy Mather of Course 12. The latter has completed a tour of ops on that "Queen of the Skies," the Lancaster.

While I’m on the subject of bomber boys, you will be pleased to hear that F/O Tony Mallison of Course 4 has finished his first tour and F/O Harry Wkea of Course 5, who finished about four months ago, has been awarded the D.F.C.

W/O Arthur Bryant is still flying fighters somewhere on the continent of Europe. He intends to get married very shortly, I believe. This reminds me, I almost forgot

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LISTENING OUT THANKS TO RIDDLE McKAY
editorial...

don't read this!

Try to picture if you can the editorial office at midnight, on the evening before the printer's last and final warning. With editorial pens being what they are; with editors, sub-editors and seven junior editors or yes-men being what they are, the editorial is what it is.

Queenie squats by the door, scratching her left ear with her right foot. The editor insists on prose; 'Oh, no!' says the sub 'Let it be verse,' while the yes-men agree ecstatically with both opinions.

Queenie says she doesn't care much how it is written as long as someone does something about it.

'So prose it is,' says the editor triumphant, 'Now let us see whom we must thank.' Then confusion reigned supreme with everyone shouting his own pet names with gusto.

Instructors names flowed thick and fast, and in the end we decided to thank them all and hope they will understand if no names are mentioned.

Above the babble we could distinguish the Embry-Riddle Company, the ladies of the canteen, the mess steward and Big Chief Keeth.

To Rainbow our thanks go out and remembering their 'one at a time please' we quieten down the howling.

We thank our Commanding Officer, Officers and N.C.O.s, who though mentioned last are by no means least. We could not have had a grander lot.

Let us now thank the outside world. Mr. and Mrs. NeSmith, Mrs. Marx, who have been so grand to us all (Queenie is very keen on this); all our hosts and hostesses in Palm Beach, Miami, in fact all Florida and Clewiston. Yes, by all means Clewiston, especially Mrs. Powers and all the ladies who have organized and kept up the Cadets' Club.

We hope we have forgotten no one and if we have please understand and forgive.

Our thanks are also extended to Queenie for her cooperation.

C. S. Henderson
MIAMI FLIGHT DIVISION

SEAPLANE BASE

Embry-Riddle welcomes Lt. Commander F. Webster Wiggin, who was recently released to inactive duty after having been associated with naval flight training for the past three-and-a-half years, back to the Seaplane Base. Lt. Comdr. Wiggin has returned to occupy the same position he held before entering the Navy, that of General Manager.

During his service, he supervised the flight training of upwards of 3,000 cadets and officers in naval primary and instructor schools and in the Ferry Command. Some half-dozen men whom he trained in instructor schools and ferry training, originally learned to fly at the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base, he said.

Majority of the pilots whom he met while serving from New York to Texas have expressed a desire to fly and live some time in Miami because of its ideal flight conditions, Wiggin reported.

Wiggin supervised flight training programs at Corpus Christi and Fort Worth, Texas, and at Anacostia, D. C., and was executive officer of the Ferry Comand training division at Willow Grove, Pa. This ferry division has received three letters of commendation for its work, logging more than 14,000 hours while he was with it, Wiggin said.

Patricia Dreis

To follow Amelia Earhart's trail around the world is a postwar dream of 16-year-old Patricia Dreis, who is working toward that end by studying flying at Embry-Riddle's Seaplane Base and expects to own her own plane after the war. She soloed recently on her sixteenth birthday and plans to get her private pilot's certificate on her eighteenth birthday.

Patricia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Dreis of Chicago, spends every winter here with her parents at their home on Dilido Island, Miami Beach. Mr. Dreis owns the Dreis and Krump Manufacturing Co., of Chicago.

Patricia is a student at Miss Harris' Florida school, and is a member of the Tatem Surf Club here, and of the South Shore Country Club and Beverly Country Club in Chicago. During the part of the school season she spends in Chicago, she attends the high school department of the University of Chicago.

A sister, Mrs. A. De Wolf, whose husband is in the Navy, is living in Ft. Lauderdale.

"Flying is the only way to travel," Patricia thinks. "I've wanted to learn to fly all my life, and when I have a license and my own plane, I'll fly everywhere I can. When he gets too cold in Chicago, I can hop in and fly down and spend a few days on the Beach."

Her instructor, J. C. McCoy, says she is one of the outstanding students who could have soloed after six hours in the air if the law had permitted. She will continue flight lessons until leaving for Chicago with her family, this spring. Next winter she will take her ground school work in preparation for obtaining her pilot's certificate when she is 18.

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD PATRICIA DREIS recently soloed at the Seaplane Base, but must wait until she is eighteen before she can obtain her pilot's license.

Florence Craft

Flying, fishing and photography are the paramount interests in the life of Florence Craft of Miami Beach, and she plans to combine them all after the War. She hopes to have her own seaplane in which she will be able to fly to the Keys or to Lake Okeechobee, anchor in the water, and spend the balance of the day fishing and taking pictures from the plane.

Miss Craft is working for her private pilot's license at the Seaplane Base. "Most every one would like to own a plane after the War," she believes, "and I'm learning to fly so that I can enjoy it when hostilities cease."

TO FLY TO HER HOME IN WABASH, INDIANA, is the aim of Florence Craft who is taking flight instruction at the Seaplane Base. Florence is also a photographer and is associated with Hallam's Photo News at Miami Beach.

CHAPMAN FIELD

PRELUDE: This month's column is dedicated wholeheartedly to an old author; namely, Robbie Jo (Lady) Popwell Miller whose marriage to Flight Officer Dewey Miller took place March 4. I'm sure everyone wishes her the best of luck.

Before entering into the dark recesses of "The Chatter," I would like to explain that this column, the victim of many authors has been finally turned over to the inhabitants of the "Old Ladies' Home." We of many talents have chosen to take on the enterprise.

First of all, a word or two concerning the idiosyncracies of we fair maidsens. A wondering footstep in the hall close to the hour of when the fairy pippers' play does not echo "Come to bed, Macbeth," but heard throughout is "Amuse me, I'm bored!" Whereupon, sleepy, tousled hair curlers turn over in their beds and say "go home and brush your teeth, Madame."

As for Vivacious Vivian, we can only say that those enumerable jaunts hither and thither produce singular results—bags under the eyes. However, we appreciate the fact that the angel Gabriel is watching over with leerimg orbs. Heard almost anywhere is the unsurpassable horse laugh which accompanies Sue the Smaller—even as far as the Jai-Alai games.

Another Solo

Getting back to a little shop, it is generally known that Grizel was checked out as a solo waitress the other night. Apparently, she did such a good job that a nice young gentleman had the stamina to propose that very same evening. I guess that comprises all our news except that strangely enough we have news of a stranger on our floor! (And did Baracuda Barbara have to move out of her room in a hurry?)

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FOUR YEARS AT CARLSTROM FIELD, SAFEST FLYING FIELD ON EARTH

On March 22, 1941, Carlstrom Field's first cadet took to the air, thus launching its intensive campaign to play its part in the nation's program of defense.

Four years have gone by and the brilliant performance on the part of the Riddle Aeronautical Institute has proven the inestimable value of its primary flying training for the Army Air Forces. The success of Carlstrom Field, the largest training unit in the eastern part of the United States, is obvious in that it holds the record of the safest flying field on earth.

Over 7,000 cadets have learned to fly at Carlstrom Field, over a half million hours in the air and over forty-five million miles have been flown with only one fatality.

Tasks Ahead
In the summer of 1940 John Paul Riddle and John G. McKay started the machinery that would see Camp Carlstrom of World War I resurrected, brought back to life, as an all important factor in the tremendous tasks ahead of the Army Air Forces in World War II.

On one of the greatest landing fields in the country, approximately seventy miles long and thirty miles wide, Camp Carlstrom functioned as a flying field from 1917 to 1922. Expediency dictated the removal of the activities many years ago and expediency commanded that Big Prairie once again be invaded by the drone of planes performing their duties in the mighty business of making the sky fighters of another war.

Construction of the new Carlstrom Field began after John Paul Riddle had obtained a government contract and all financial arrangements had been made. Courageous determination, practical vision and ardent faith in the success of the project propelled Mr. Riddle to surmount all obstacles. On February 16, 1941, a 35 foot steel pole was imbedded in concrete and in a few moments the Stars and Stripes climbed slowly to the top and unfurled gently in the cool prairie breezes. For the first time since 1922 the Red, White and Blue floated over Carlstrom Field.

American Traditions
In planning the architecture of Carlstrom Field, Mr. Riddle wished to give the cadets the best in American traditions so they chose the Early American Williamsburg type of architecture with its simplicity of line, its white paint and sky blue trim.

Designed in and around a giant circle, the plan permitted the grouping of each facility of the school within a conveniently short radius. Within this colossal circle are enclosed the barracks, administration buildings, classrooms, recreational buildings, mess hall and infirmary. The inner circle, formed by the buildings, include tennis courts and a swimming pool that defy the beauty of any modern country club.

Outside this ring of ground activities are the flight operations, the control tower, five spacious hangars designed to house and maintain the primary trainer, and miles and miles of prairie, provided by nature as ideal flying country.

Three Big Men
A man with a dynamic personality, a man who was familiar with every phase of flying, Leonard J. Povey, was chosen as Director of Flying. Jack S. Hunt, now a Major in the A. A. F. took the reins in hand as General Manager and H. Roscoe Brinton, a name familiar to the aviation world, was transferred from Miami, where he was instructing for Embry-Riddle at the Municipal airport, to Carlstrom to act as assistant Director of Flying. And many other highly skilled men joined the ranks of the R.A.F. from important posts in the flying world

For over four years Len Povey and Roscoe Brinton have given brilliant service to the Army Air Forces and to Embry-Riddle; the former is now Vice President of the company in charge of Flying Operations and the latter acts in the capacity of General Manager.

The Military
Members of the military personnel reported on the Field on February 5th; Col. Stanley "Moose" Donovan (then Captain) assumed command of the post and Major Sidney J. Netherly (then 1st Lieutenant) arrived as Flight Surgeon. Major William Hart (then 1st Lieutenant) reported as Commandant of Cadets and Lt. Col. George Ola (then 2nd Lieutenant) as Assistant Air Corps Supervisor. Each one of these men has made a shining mark in the skiesways of world War II.

Four Years of Service
Successful operation over these four years is due largely to the Army personnel and to the personnel of Embry-Riddle whose skill in administration and instruction have provided efficient training in the vitally important primary flying.
Len Povey and Roscoe Brinton were there at the beginning and others who have completed four years of service are, in the order of their employment, Pleas W. Howard, Guard; Tom Davis, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds; George Mackie, Chief Guard; Wayne Waldron, Aircraft Maintenance; and Dawson Nicklow, negro waiter in the Mess Hall.

From Early Days
Within the next two months another group will mark its fourth anniversary: Director of Flying Andy Minichiello and Engineering Hangar Chief Pasco Munsfield; Squadron Commander Fred Sheram and Bufford Whittle, Foreman of Utilities; Thomas D. Boyett, Hangar Mechanic; Pete Mickler, Guard; Herbert Flint, Jr., Flight Line Hangar Chief; Chester B. Keene, Mechanic; Ernest R. Krell, Mechanic Inspector; and Group Commander George Dudley.

One who truly has seen Carlstrom from the very beginning is Sgt. Eugene Busbee of the Medical department. Sgt. Busbee arrived at the Field on February 12, 1941, a private, when there were only three other enlisted men and three officers stationed at the Post.

Three officers who have been stationed longest at Carlstrom are Lt. Alvin May,
March 15, 1945

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It"

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There is many another, from the Administration Building to the Control Tower, in the Hangars, on the Flight line, who for one reason or another has moved to other worlds of endeavor, whose tenure of service left its mark on the resplendent records of Carlstrom Field.

Most of them recall the days when Carlstrom trained only British Cadets. The second class of American cadets was graduated in July, 1941 and the empty barracks shortly thereafter echoed with strange expressions in accents redolent of the United Kingdom.

For eleven months British Cadets sat in the cockpits of Carlstrom planes, absorbed "bags of Link" and struggled through the arduous and all-important Ground School. Then the newly activated No. 5 British Flying Training School, at Riddle Field, Clewiston, took over and Carlstrom again became all American.

A Privilege

Thousands of Army Air Forces Cadets have passed through the portals of the Riddle Aeronautical Institute since the dedication ceremonies when the late Major General Walter R. Weaver, then Commanding General of the Southeastern Air Corps Training Center, looked over the great assembled crowd. Standing beside Capt. "Moose" Donovan, Major General Weaver glanced out over the great stretch of prairie, looked down at the group of cadets lined up before him and said, "You are fortunate in having the privilege of training on this terrain."

When Donovan received orders to report to Washington, Major George Ola was made acting Commanding Officer, Major John E. Clonts replaced Ola and remained in command until the spring of last year. We sincerely regret that Major Clonts has been reported missing in action while in combat overseas.

Major Clarence Porter followed "Johnny" Clonts as Commanding Officer, and remained at the post until last fall.

Today Lt. Col. E. G. Cooper is directing the destinies of the finest of American youth. A senior pilot himself, Col. Cooper has logged thousands of hours since he started his aviation career in 1932.

Arcadia

Carlstrom Field lies about eight miles from the town of Arcadia in De Soto County. The Arcadians and the people in the surrounding county deserve many thanks for their magnificent assistance in the difficult days of Carlstrom's growing pains. Their enthusiastic support of all activities pertaining to the Field, both financially and morally, deserves recognition. They have offered hospitality to the homesick cadet away from home, they have given their time and their money.

And we must not forget the road-builders of the skysways, the civilian instructors. Those pilots, experienced and wise, have done the greatest job of all. Thousands of cadets, when their primary flying days are in the past, will forget many incidents that seemed important at the time, but they will remember the man who, with infinite patience led, cajoled and even bullied, them into learning the intricacies of that lady of the sky—the PT-17.

Honor Roll

There is an Honor Roll at Carlstrom Field that emblazons the names of our young men who have given their lives in the service of their country. That Honor Roll tells its own story of the spirit of Carlstrom Field, that spirit imbued in the fledgling flyer and carried on into the heroic pilot gallantly flying through the hell of war.

On that Honor Roll are the names of Carlstrom Cadets who have been awarded decorations for outstanding achievements in combat duty overseas, symbols of the skill and courage that was forged at Carlstrom Field.

Fight Lyin'

We are proud to welcome to the ranks of the flight line seven new officers. These fliers have seen combat in the European theatre of war, and it is with pride that we claim them at Carlstrom for our check pilots.

Capt. Robert S. Luczak, of Bay City, Mich., flew B-17's over Italy, has the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, and four Oak Leaf Clusters, and the Presidential Unit Citation. Capt. Luczak says he will be 25 in June, and he's single.

Lt. Thomas H. Kemp, of Chattanooga, Tenn., flew B-17's based in England. He holds the D. F. C., the Air Medal, and three Oak Leaf Clusters. He wears the European Theater Ribbon with five invasion stars. Lt. Kemp is married and his wife and daughter are here with him. He is short, blonde, and has a big smile.

Lt. Harold V. Corbin, of Indianapolis, Ind., flew B-17's in Italy with the 15th Air Force. He wears the D. F. C., the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters. Lt. Corbin is short, has black eyes and black hair, is friendly, and right now is probably wearing a BIG flying suit—to big for Lt. Corbin?

Lt. Edgar E. Causey, also of Indianapolis, flew with Lt. Corbin in the 15th Air Force over Italy. These two fellows not only flew together, but shared the same tent which they called "Holiday Inn." Lt. Causey holds the D. F. C., the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, and has been awarded a group citation. Lt. Causey is tall and blonde . . . he and Lt. Corbin are single.

From the Rival State

Lt. Verner H. Nafius, who has flown B-17's from England, wears the D. F. C., the Air Medal with three Oak LeafClusters. He is married and his wife is here with him. He's a rather quiet fellow, medium height, and dark complexion He calls Hollywood, Calif., his home.

Lt. Glenn E. Rinker, of Minneapolis, Minn., flew B-17's over Italy. He holds the D. F. C., the Air Medal, with three Oak Leaf Clusters and has been awarded the Presidential Unit Citation. Lt. Rinker is very eager that we also add that—he's single.

Lt. Henry Krawiec, of Long Island, N. Y., first went overseas as a private in Army Intelligence and then again as a pilot of a B-17. While he was overseas on his first tour of duty Lt. Krawiec applied for cadet training and took his exam in London. After he returned to the States he was commissioned at Blytheville, Ark. He holds the

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CARLSTROM CARROUSEL
by LAURIE SPEER

Mrs. Maude Dykes, who has served four years with civil service, has recently resigned. Our secretary to the Commanding Officer has seen Carlstrom grow from the beginning, and we regret to see her go.

Headquarters has also bid farewell to another of its valuable employees—Maud Boring, who now is working in Winter Haven.

Lt. D. W. Woods, former aviation cadet of Class 45-A recently visited the field with his new wings and the bars of a 2nd Lieutenant. He received his commission at Naphir Field, Dothan, Ala.

"Sarge" Farrar

Friends of Major Alman S. Farrar will be interested to know that he has been wounded in action and is now stationed at Lagarde General Hospital in New Orleans, La. Known to Carlstrom as the "Sarge," Major Farrar has approximately thirty years of army service to his credit. He has asked that we write and send him the Carlstrom news, so you folks that were here when Major Farrar was stationed here be sure to drop him a line.

W/O Johnny Jordan was a recent visitor at the Field. He is stationed at Rantoul, Ill., but Mrs. Jordan is making her home here in Arcadia for the present.

W/O Alvin T. Kyle, former flight instructor at Carlstrom, who for the past fourteen months has flown with A.T.C., is spending a ten-day leave visiting friends at Carlstrom and in Arcadia.

Tom Pate, our Chief Dispatcher has been ill and in the hospital for over a week. He's feeling much better and we hope to see him back in the tower very soon.

We welcome back to the flight line instructors Schouppe and Saba.

If you've missed Mary Garrett down in the Maintenance office, it's vacation time for her . . . have a good time, Mary.

Hazel Norton and Dottie Gibbs are our two new parachute riggers . . . what you say we let them try out the first parachute they pack!

Bill Henderson is leaving us to go to Washington, D. C . . . good luck to you folks!

Former Cadets Honored

According to information given by the Army in recent News Releases the following former Carlstrom Field cadets have been honored with decorations in the field of combat.

Lt. Charles L. White, Class 43-J, of Uhrichsville, Ohio, has been awarded the Silver Star. Lt. Russell Larson, Class 44-C, of LaCrosse, Wis., has been awarded the D. F. C. and the Air Medal.

The following officers have been awarded the D. F. C., with one Oak Leaf Cluster: Capt. Archibald E. Town, Class 43-D, of Los Angeles, Calif.; Capt. Victor H. Lagrasse, Class 43-D, of Haverhill, Mass.; Lt. Joe H. Blackburn, Class 43-B, of Jacksonville, Fla.; Lt. Hila K. Johnson, Class 43-G, of Pira, Calif.

FLIGHT LYN
Continued from Page 5

D. F. C., the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters and has been awarded the Presidential Unit Citation. Lt. Krawiec completed 50 missions in 105 days, which is only a few days short of the record for pilots.

By the way, Lt. Krawiec was a cadet at Union City, Tenn., and says he's mighty proud to be back with Embry-Riddle.

Lt. Raymond E. Nicholson flew B-24's over Italy in the same Bomber Group as Lt. Krawiec, and has to his credit the D. F. C., the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, and two Presidential group citations. He comes from Peducah, Ky., is married and his wife and baby are here with him.
ROUND RIDDLE

by HILTON L. ROBINSON

While winter still holds on throughout most of the United States we, who dwell in the Everglades, are enjoying Florida's typical sunshine and good weather. Day in and day out our training flights take off on schedule and each hour marks up the rapid transition from the raw recruit to the seasoned pilot.

Few other regions have the advantage that Riddle Field enjoys in good weather and perfect terrain for student training. But with the best of conditions certain other factors are necessary for successful operation of a training unit.

In this respect we proudly submit our flying instructors. With few exceptions our instructors have been with the organization better than three years and during that time have exhibited their ability day by day. While some pilots log their time in the hundreds, these instructors log into the thousands. They are continuously improving themselves by taking advantage of many hours of Link instrument training, intensive Ground School study, and actual instrument flying.

Salesmen

Willard King, former Flight Commander at Riddle Field, recently sent a telegram from California to Ernest J. Smith announcing the birth of a son. The general manager's comment was as follows, "Darn, we'll never hear the last of it now—we had him convinced it would be a gal!

Course 23

The end of kind advanced is drawing near for Course 23 and everyone is looking forward to a well deserved rest; especially after the strain and fatigue of mastering (?) the ATB—coupled with mental D.R. At the moment we are all enjoying cross country flying and, to a lesser degree, flying under the hood.

Our instructors seem at last to have relaxed after the strain of our first soles and now indulgently smile at our efforts to get them down on three points, although from appearances some cadets still are under the impression that any landing that you can walk away from is a good one. Ground School still causes a lot of headaches, but we feel sure that everyone will take it in his stride.

Course 24

The "younger class" at Riddle Field, Course 21, will mount another rung of the ladder with the graduation of 22 on Saturday, March 31.

We will be happy in having got through that early phase of our flying, but will regret seeing our fellow Britishers leave us for "Blighty." But we'll soon be there, so cheerio for now!

LETTERS

Continued from Page 2
to tell you that I was married last October 27th whilst on my end of tour leave. No cracks please.

There's not much more news at present, so I will cheerio and, if it's not too late, take this opportunity to wish all at Riddle Field a happy New Year.

Best of luck to you all,
Bob Lasham

Editor's Note: Bob is a splendid correspondent and we appreciate his keeping us informed on the activities of his fellow bomber boys. Bob is an old married man now, but we do not think it too late to send our congratulations and best wishes to him and to his wife.

Every Time You Guard Your Speech You are Guarding a Soldier's Life!
And, now, dear readers, I know you'll excuse me whilst I wander over to your drugstore and inquire per chance could that line mean cigarettes?

THE BIG THREE
A&E Division

Those of you who have been over to see us recently were welcomed at our new "front" door on 20th Street. The fence before the office doors has been cut away and an attractive driveway is under way; and if you look real hard you can see the WELCOME mat hung all over the place!

The old entrance to the building, located on 8th Avenue, is now the site of the new "Enrico" stock room. And while we're on the subject, we're very glad to be neighbors of this new Division. If we look into a corner of the Accounting department, we can see their offices. It looks good to see Emily Conlon over there with Eleanor Eagan. Yep—nice neighbors.

Their Life's Blood

Here at A & E, we are expanding our chests these days over the willingness to give and the generosity displayed on the part of our employees in recent crusades to help the less fortunate. Elsewhere on this page is a picture of those who gave something very precious, their life's blood, to the National Red Cross Society Blood Bank, to be used in saving the lives of our boys in service. They did it during their lunch hour, too, and so didn't miss a minute of work. We feel a lot of credit is due these people for their all-important contribution to the War Effort.

Also, we want to mention the 98 per cent voluntary donations from our shops to the Community War Chest drive, with many of our people giving a half day's pay. And when it came to the recent Red Cross National Drive, they kept this trend; and showed they knew a good thing when they saw it!

Now it can be told . . . The Big Three are now all together, in one big, happy family . . . speaking, of course, of the removal of the Instrument Overhaul department from the Colonnade Building, to our location here at 807 N. W. 20th street. We graciously welcome this department into our circle, which is now complete. Aircraft, engine and instrument departments all under one roof.

Queer Doings

If you thought Melvin Klein and his fellow workers looked a little queer a few weeks ago, it wasn't that they were getting google-eyed over their pyrometers, thermometers, tachometers, etc., it was just the business of moving all their equipment and trying not to spill any of their strange chemicals. However, the job is about done now and the shop looks fine.

Located on the second floor of our building, Instrument Overhaul is directly above the offices of the A & E Division. With all the comforts of air-conditioning we'll probably be thinking up a bright idea on how to move in with them this summer.

It all happened in January, and we were happy to welcome back into our organization three new-old employees. Peter Prince, since that time, has been ably executing his duties as General Superintendent of Aircraft and Engine. You will recall that
Gone with the Met: Wind

His mother gave him a tearful farewell, his father some incoherent advice about some people not being all they should be but one could always be careful; his grandmother a slightly dirty pound note with instructions not to make himself ill on candy, not that you could get much these days, though, owing to that dreadful Mr. Hitler, the engine a bucolic snort and proceeded to snort and wiffle its way bearing a youthful addition to His Majesty's potential aircrew.

Skipping the next five thrilling chapters of this enthralling serial entitled "Local Boy Makes Good" or "Prunes for Tee-Emm," we find the still jaunty youthful Adolphus — now known as "Oy Cadet" or "You with the dirty buttons" —entraigned for Florida and later disentrained and reenbussed for Riddle Field.

The day he arrived with some other Atlantic Coast Line refugees was in no ways unusual. The PT line was enjoying its third groundloop of the Lenten Fast, the ATs were taking off on all four runways simultaneously (Hallow Rainbow, this is—O Lord what is the name of that—tree?), and Grace was just receiving in answer to her simple question 'Where is the cloud base?' the mystic answer 'Three miles N. W. of Lakeport.' The duty officer was hunting for hidden mops in the showers and mattresses of innocent cadets; the duty cadet, was answering two telephones together and wondering whether he really was meant to send the white dog to fetch the mail from Mr. Berka's office. In short, any day of the week at 5 B.F.T.S.

The Cadet Wing Commander said that as long as they behaved themselves he would not worry about them. His tone implied that he did not want to worry about them. Adolphus resolved to spare so far as he was able the Cadet Wing Commander all worry. His Squadron Commander looked easily worried too. Adolphus made the same resolution about him. He also made it about the C. O. and the Adjutant.

He was shown his spacious barrack bedroom and his luxurious barrack bathroom, each furnished with exotic "chaises lounges" constructed from defunct radio sets and ancient Fly Papers and old world tapestries depicting such historically moving scenes as rather bleary-eyed stout Cortez gazing vaccinely at the Pacific, Alfred the Great looking at the Aga cooker's first failure and Queen Victoria not being amused.

Time, space and the editor being equally exorbitant in their demands for immediate surcease of this history, the reader must gauge the life of Adolphus during his Floridian sojourn by the cartoons scattered throughout this issue.

D. K. Freeth

Articles by CEDRIC HENDERSON, JOHN NICHOLLS, DENZIL FREETH
Poems by KEN WILLIAMS, FRANK WALLER
Cartoons by JOHNNY STRUCKETT, BILL KING, FRANK WALLER
"Pete" was Superintendent of Aircraft Overhaul in the not-too-far-distant past.

Another very pleasant addition is Margaret Howell, who has returned to us and is located in Mr. Malcolm's office. Margaret's bright and cheerful smile first greets all customers who visit us, and makes for excellent advertisement.

An' if you take a peek into our A & E Stockroom, you will find none other than Patricia Drew, taking the pros and cons along with O. T. Austen. Pat's disposition is indeed an asset, and how she finds anything in the mass of bolts, nuts, and screws, etc., is beyond me! It looks like old times to see these three with us again. Tis grand to have you with us again, Margaret, Pat, and Pete, and hope you enjoy being with us as much as we love to look at you.

"Take It Easy"

Along with the sweet comes the bitter, and this time it is the absence of Leonard Stuart Hendrix, who, under doctor's order, is "taking it easy." We miss him, but under the circumstances, know it's for the best; and wish him the best of luck for the future.

We have another little one to brag about—and some youngster it is, according to its Mommy and Poppy. We hinted a little about "Stevie" before, and since then this youngster has made his appearance. The proud Papa is Jack Hale; and proud he should be over this new addition. Born February 1, Stevie weighed every bit of 9½ pounds—you can see he's taking after his Pop already.

In Mrs. Daniel's covering room you will find two new young ladies, Misses Inez MacCaush and Joan Hutton. Both these newcomers have had pilot's training and Miss Hutton was formerly with the WASP—... which leaves this correspondent exhausted for news and cordially inviting all of you to come around and see us.

The first week of Spring has suddenly loomed into view and has just as suddenly brought forth the request for Tech's contribution to the Fly Paper. Regardless of the fact that we should realize there is a standing request each month, we find ourselves slightly short of said contribution.

Could be the proverbial Spring Fever, but no... for this first week of Spring, 1945, has found us a bit too busy to succumb to its lazy days. Each day brings new students to register, to interview and place in their chosen or best-suited field offered here at Tech.

New Fields

The latest names added to the student roster are those of veterans of World War II, veterans who are continuing their education as offered under the G.I. Bill of Rights. George Hirsch, William Bell and Edward Freeman, Jr., have chosen the particular field of Radio Communications. The Aircraft Engine Mechanics course may also boast three new students, namely, Burl Shockley, William Ross and Harry Graham. Billie Billman has enrolled in Instrument classes and Ernest Mezey in Aircraft Mechanics.

Although officially this is not a "Good Neighbor Week," we should like to mention one of our good neighbors from Colombia, South America—Ruben Ramirez, who has traveled many miles to study Aircraft Engine Mechanics at our school. Ruben experienced some difficulty upon his arrival, as his knowledge of English was quite limited. Today, two months later however, you may hear his cheerful "Good Morning" or "So long" sung out as though he has used the terms his entire life. We find him in a serious discussion with his instructors, or perhaps enjoying a "bull session" with a group of other students.

Under the heading of "added bits of interest," we might also tell you that Ione Turner is now a member of the office personnel staff... while it is a loss to the Housing Division, 'tis indeed an attractive gain for the Tech School. And incidentally, Ione has been unanimously elected to correspondent, or co-correspondent, as the case may be.

Then too, it would be well to mention that "Thundercloud," our mascot, has been ill for the past week, and we trust he'll be back with us soon.

Hold Your War Bonds

We can't all go, but we can all help! We are still at war—the fight goes on and the money you have put into Bonds is still needed, just as it was after Pearl Harbor.

Our enemies have been pushed back steadily, thanks in no small measure to the overwhelming flood of tanks, ships, planes and guns that more than 85 million Americans have poured into the fight through their purchase of War Bonds.

If you bought War Bonds you may be sure that it's money you'll need later—for education, repairs, replacements, retirement—just as your country needs it today.

KEEP FAITH WITH OUR FIGHTERS

BUY WAR BONDS FOR KEEPS
Former Model Flies At Chapman Field
Carrying Out Wishes Of Hero Brother

Barbara Cummings, of Boston, has given up a career as a Conover model in New York to learn to fly at Embry-Riddle, carrying out the wishes of her brother, who was killed in action over Bataan, as well as the wishes of her husband, now in the Navy submarine division.

At Bataan
Her brother, Pvt. William C. Glass, Jr., was an aerial photographer with the Twentieth Air Base at Manila, presumed killed in action at the fall of Bataan. Her last letter from him was written in a foxhole during those dark days on Corregidor. A number of posthumous awards have been made, including the Purple Heart, the Presidential Citation, and the Air Corps Citation.

While young Glass was stationed at an army training camp at Fort Slocum, N. Y., he enjoyed taking his sister flying at flushing, anxious for her to take the controls as much as possible to “get the feel of it,” he said.

Barbara’s husband, Lt. (j.g.) Charles Cummings, also is most interested in having her learn to fly, and has his own private pilot’s certificate. He was graduated from Norwich University, Vt., where he was a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, and is a graduate of the U. S. Calvary School.
He received his midshipman training at Columbia University.

They have a two-year-old daughter, Sally, who is here with her mother at the St. Regis Arms apartment hotel in Coral Gables. Barbara wants her daughter to learn to fly when she is older, and takes her to Chapman Field as often as possible to make her familiar with planes. She plans to take the baby up with her as soon as she can.

On to Florida
After her husband enlisted in the Navy, she studied at a New York modeling school, the Barbizon Studio of Fashion, and later worked as a Conover model, coming from New York to Miami to study at Embry-Riddle. She was accompanied on the trip by her mother, Mrs. Elfie B. Card, who is spending the winter with her and Sally.

Barbara enjoys horseback riding, but sold her horse, “Beauty,” just before coming to Miami, because she plans to remain here indefinitely. She enjoys sailboat racing also, and formerly raced with various yacht clubs at Cape Cod. Another interest is interior decorating.

After she receives her private pilot’s certificate, Barbara will work for a commercial certificate with an instructor’s rating.

DON'T FORGET
KEEP THE RED CROSS
AT HIS SIDE