LISTENING OUT ISSUE, COURSE 17

EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper

"STICK TO IT"

VOL. VII

APRIL 7, 1944

No. 25

PEEKING THROUGH DORR’S KEYHOLE CONFUSES CADET

by A/C Dennis M. Royalty

These correspondents! The deadline found the “Keyhole” at a decided loss for material. Briefly scanning what had been turned in, your reporter discovered a number of essays, a poem and a couple of two-sentence boasts about “Our Squadron.” Submitted for your approval is the last verse of the above mentioned poem.

Right now I ran out of lingo,
Can’t think of anything more,
But long as I live I’ll remember
How I had misjudged Dorr.

At any rate, the Cadets of 44-I seem to like the place.

Jim Bryant and Al Minger comprise a neat duet in the shower. A heart-rending tear jerker called “You are My Sunshine” is usually brought to an end by Doyle Brunson when he says, “Aw, cut it out, fellows.”

O. R. Shiver jokingly ribs his buddy, D. F. Thorne, by relating the following story: “Thorne began to run around the room shouting ‘Take it off! Take it off!’ Tripping over the bench, he fell and cracked the cement with his head. We learned the source of excitement was a baby spider which had lodged in his shirt collar. Dan has remarked that he fears no man—but, oh, a spider! Regardless of size, they are monstrous beasts to him!”

The payoff: Matt Bergin, “Wreckreatin’” himself in the local Archery Range, asked Don Duffy to “Watch this bull’s eye.” Matt then drew a head on one target, and hit its neighbor.

If Charles Gilbert remains as Chairman of the Cadet Club committee, there will be some drastic changes made. At a recent meeting “Gil” verbally remodeled the entire club, and he had some pretty clever suggestions.

Hjalmar Johnson, Joseph Johnson and Wallace Johnson had just gone through the pay-line. When Walter stepped up and reported to Captain Frank, the Adjutant asked, “You Johnsons any relation?” “No, sir,” “Sorry?” “No, sir!”

Now we’ve heard everything department: Kay Rutters wishes his Instructor would criticize him more, because he knows he does everything wrong.

The next issue of Dorr Way promises to have an unusual layout, since Dick Neagle has been selected to organize the combined issue for classes 44-I and I. Dick’s background for that sort of work dates way back into civilian life.

In closing, here is an ample warning to Carlstrom . . . come next Field Day, prepare for a thrashing in tennis . . . Gene Mertens swings a mighty wicked racket.

RED CROSS DRIVE

The Red Cross victory hand wagon is coming your way. Hop on it with a generous donation and show those boys “over there” that you’re behind them one hundred percent.

NEW CLASS AT DORR UNITES BROTHERS AS AVIATION CADETS

by A/C W. T. Downs

With the rapid expansion of the Armed Forces, it is not unusual for brothers to be in the service; but it is infrequent that brothers choose the same branch of service and manage to end up in the same outfit. It is especially surprising that the brothers, Keen, Marvin and Danny, should be together at Dorr Field.

Although they were both born and reared in Marion, Ind., Danny, the older, took off for California to work as an aircraft mechanic when the nation was pleading for expanded production. At this time Marvin was still in high school, biding his time until he might come of age and join the Army Air Force.

Dan continued his work at North American, but his heart wasn’t in it. He wanted to fly the planes he was helping to build. So, early in ’43, he returned home in the hope that he and Marvin might enlist together. But, at that time enlistments in the Air Force were closed to him. Although Marvin was then 18 and could have joined, he elected to wait a while in the hope that some new ruling would allow Danny to join him.

Dan returned to California and finally enlisted in March, 1943. For some unaccountable reason, he was sent clear across the nation to Atlantic City for basic training. This put him in the Southeastern Training Command. In April, Marvin joined and was sent to Miami for basic.

In due course Danny was sent to Nashville for classification and promptly wrote his brother what to expect. Here again fate took a hand. Marvin’s class was speeded up, and Marvin rolled into Nashville a week after his brother. They are still repairing the damage to the barracks that resulted from that first happy reunion.

Their request to be put together was refused and they resigned themselves to

continued on Page 5
Letters to the Editor

Salem, Indiana
March 4, 1944

Dear Editor:

We have put off—or perhaps I should say we have dreaded—writing you of the death of our son, Lt. Samuel L. Mitchell, who received his Primary training at Dorr Field and was in Squadron B, Class 42-H.

He was killed in a plane crash on November 6, 1942, at Spence Field, Minden, Ga., where he was graduated and where he received his Silver Wings as a Pilot on September 7th, and was retained there as an instructor.

He liked Dorr Field and spoke highly of his instructors and all officers.

We have been receiving the Fly Paper all of the past two years and want to thank you for all the copies.

Although our son gave his life for his country, he was so happy in his work and loved flying. It was a great loss to us and we are terribly broken up, as he was our only child.

The best of luck to your fine school.

Yours truly,
Mr. and Mrs. Emmet C. Mitchell

Editor's Note: We wish to extend the sincere sympathy of all Dorr Field and of the entire Embry-Riddle company to you, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell. Sam gave his life for his country while doing an all-important job, a job he wanted to do and did well. We are proud that he was once a member of the Embry-Riddle "family."

Athens, Georgia
March 9, 1944

Dear Mr. Brinton:

Mrs. Bentley and I appreciate very much your letter of March 6 and the information given us concerning the conditions under which our son will undergo his training as a Flying Cadet.

However, I might add that in so far as that part of your letter pertaining to living quarters, food and recreational facilities is concerned you are a rather modest press agent—you should read the letters we are getting from our son and learn that everything is just "super-swell," etc.

It was most reassuring to learn of the splendid safety record of Carlstrom Field and one can bet that such things just don't happen—there is always a reason.

We have received the Fly Paper and shall appreciate receiving it regularly while our son is with you.

Again I wish to thank you for your courtesy.

Sincerely yours,
U. C. Bentley

Editor's Note: General Manager Roscoe Brinton sent us the above letter. "Super-swell" is a good word for Carlstrom and, coming from U. C. Bentley, it makes us even more proud of our Field.

Route 1
Dalton, Ga.
March 7, 1944

Dear Editor:

I have enjoyed the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper—it keeps me busy from one Monday to the next.

I have made up my mind to go to Embry-Riddle as soon as I finish high school in two more years. If possible will you please send me the Fly Paper which will keep you posted on our activities.

Thank you,
Louis W. Acree

Editor's Note: We'll be waiting to enroll you, Louis. In the meantime we'll keep sending you the Fly Paper, which will keep you posted on our activities.

2502 East Washington Street
Phoenix, Arizona
March 13, 1944

Dear Editor:

While this letter comes from a former student and later employee at Carlstrom Field, the primary purpose of writing is on behalf of a former Embry-Riddle graduate, now of the Navy, John D. Bower. Because of his many friends at Carlstrom and Riddle Fields, I know they'll all be glad to know that he has just been chosen as honor man of his graduating class at the Norman, Okla., Naval Air Technical Training Center.

Charlie not only received highest honors for his particular class but also highest honors for any graduating group, having attained the high marks of any student attending this Naval Air Center. When it is considered that thousands have attended this school, well, that's something! He's still stationed at Norman and will continue on as an instructor there.

Also, because you did ask me to write again this past month, it is with pleasure that I do so to tell you that by the time you receive this letter my name will be on the office door of the Superintendent of Maintenance as head man for Southwest Airways at Phoenix Sky Harbor Municipal Airport. That's some job and a really swell one, too. It does represent quite an advance from cranking PT's way back when Carlstrom was still in its infancy!

Reminiscing, I remember that evenings in Arcadia and Clewiston were quite dull (in those days!) and in despair I took to studying all sorts of aircraft manuals. That, and the training I received at Tech School and at the Fields, have all contributed very materially toward my being where I am today—and where I shall be tomorrow, too, for that matter!

Nothing like creating a good foundation, eh?

Very sincerely yours,
Frank Pennock

Editor's Note: We haven't had so much good news wrapped up in one letter in a long time, Frank. Our heartiest congratulations to you and Charles. Both of you are chalkling up records we are indeed proud of. The very best of luck to you. Keep up the good work and keep us posted. Maybe you can prevail upon Charles to write us a note. We know it would be of interest to everyone at Carlstrom and Riddle Fields.

815 Gerard Ave.
New York 5, N. Y.
March 9, 1944

My dear sir:

I am with profound pleasure that I acknowledge your letter asking for news of my son, J. Ernest, a graduate of the December class at your college of air cadets.

I can proudly boast of results attained by him thus far and your school, I am sure, will rejoice in the fact that his schooling at Riddle Field has won him as early as this what he has so much hoped for, an opportunity to pilot a plane in the Ferry Command.

At the present time, he is overseas, but due to military regulations, I cannot give you more detailed information. His home base is 2nd Ferrying Group, Wilmington, Del.

If anything justifying meritorious mention should occur at any time, which I feel you would like to learn, I shall be very pleased to apprise you of same.

Thank you very much on behalf of my son and his mother for your kind communication. Our sincere best wishes for much success to your new cadets.

Respectfully yours,
John P. Myers

Editor's Note: Thanks to Mr. Meyers for news of Ernest and to Ernie Smith, General Manager of Riddle Field, for forwarding the letter to us. Ernest was a graduate of Course 15.

UNCLAIMED MAIL

An unclaimed letter addressed to Bernice Smith is in the Mail Room at Tech.
Letters from England

12 Springfield Road
Thornton Heath
Surrey, England
February 28, 1944

Dear Editor:

I should like to thank you on behalf of my husband, S/Ldr. B. J. King, and myself for the Fly Paper which arrives here quite regularly. It is very interesting reading for us.

We had the misfortune to lose our dear son whilst training with Course 9 (1387 538 Cadet Geoffrey Robert King) on December 3, 1943.

He was very happy amongst you all and sent glowing letters of the fine treatment he and other Cadets received.

Our grateful thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Robinson for their untiring efforts to give these boys a touch of home so many miles away from their own. They have been unfailingly kind to Mr. King and myself in our great sorrow, doing all in their power to soften the blow.

Our thanks are also due to the Wing Commander for so kindly sending flowers to the grave of our son in Arcadia for Christmas day.

All these things bring Riddle Field very near to us, and I should like to wish you all the best. Good luck to your efforts in training our boys to be such magnificent pilots.

Yours very sincerely,
Elise King

Editor's Note: The kindnesses and good works of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson have come to our attention on many occasions, and we should like to join Mrs. King in expressing appreciation to them on behalf of the entire Embry-Riddle organization.

Pvt. E. R. Smith
46th Bomb Grp.
75th Bomb. Sgd.
A.P.O. 634, c/o P.M.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I hate to keep bothering you about changing my address but the Army keeps me moving around. I was once Flight Dispatcher at Riddle Field.

The paper helps to keep me up to date on what's happening back home. I surely appreciate it and hope you don't mind changing my address.

I'm some place in England at present, I knew many of the RAF cadets while they were training and I hope I can look some of them up. It would be nice to see them again.

I'm having quite a time with the money and rationing system. Guess I'll catch onto everything sometime and think I'll like it here.

I'll be looking for the paper. My best regards to everyone at Riddle Field.

Sincerely,
"Ed" Smith

Editor's Note: Our former Riddle Field cadets receive the Fly Paper at their homes and postings in England, Ed, and so we have their addresses here in our files. If you will send us a list of boys you would like to contact, we can forward their addresses to you. When you do run into some of the lads, say hello to them from all of us. Your address is correct now and the Fly Papers are on their way.

P/O Lasham, R.L.C.
c/o 83 Mayfield Road
Horsey, London, N. 8

Dear Editor:

I'm glad to hear that Mr. Miller is now a squadron commander. Nice going! Give him my regards, will you?

I have gone up in the world, as you can see, since I last wrote you. Yes, I have my commission and am now a very sprogish pilot officer.

I'm also glad to be able to tell you that at long last I'm on "ops" as captain of a,censored. About time, isn't it? I reckon that the best way to teach geography to school kids would be to send them with our bombers. It's surprising how my knowledge of Europe has increased since I became operational. I think I could find my way to the "Big City" blindfolded. (Line!)

Talking of line-shooting, one pilot came out with a beauty at interrogation the other night. He had got off track and had a certain city's defenses to himself. He told the intelligence officer that "the flak was so thick we put down our wheels and taxied along it." Not bad, eh?

I'm afraid I haven't much news of any other Riddleite except F/Sgt. Arthur Bryant. He's still going strong as a staff pilot. He was on leave not long ago and got himself engaged. Silly man. Fancy ruining a perfectly good leave that way!

I was lucky enough to be home for Christmas leave myself. You can have a wizard time with the Air Force at'a festive season, but I think that home is the real place to enjoy it.

So they have taken away your BTS? Good show! How I used to hate them. They were the only kite I've ever been scared of flying. Why don't you get twin engine trainers and prepare the chaps for flying real airplanes. Kites with only one engine—dangerous.

Well I suppose I must close this letter now. Remember me to everybody, won't you? Cheers for now.

Best of luck,
Bob (Sir, to you!)

Desford, Leics.
England
February 1, 1944

Dear Sir:

It is with great pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of the photo of Course 14 graduation class. It will long serve as a reminder of those grand days of toil at Clewiston.

I am still regularly receiving the Fly Paper, which is much appreciated by all—even friends in other services to which they eventually get passed—so "keep 'em coming." Will you please convey my thanks to all concerned in its publication.

Perhaps you would kindly remember me to my old PT instructor, Ass't F/C Archibald, and to my AT Flight Commander, Fred Perry. Have you news of Charlie Butler, who left to join the Army just before our graduation?

As for myself, they are hoping to make me an elementary flying training instructor, very much to my disappointment, although it is perhaps somewhat of an honor to be given a job of such importance.

May I wish all at Riddle Field a very happy and successful new year.

Yours very truly,
R. B. Ballard
Sgt. R.A.F.

Editor's Note: James Darden sent us your letter, Sergeant, and requested that we publish it so that all your old friends will know of the honor bestowed on you. We are checking up on Charlie Butler and will drop you a note when we receive information about him.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you weekly, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

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EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It"
EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER
"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.

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EASTER, 1944
by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt, Dorr Field

We come to the celebration of another Easter with the world locked in the horrible embrace of the god of mars. Easter accclaims that Jesus Christ is risen from the dead to live and reign forever. War jeers that the powerful force of cruelty, hatred and death dooms the children of God. Has Christ been defeated? Are truth and love and justice lost? Is this War only a futile waste of precious lives?

The first dim rays of Easter dawn shout an emphatic "NO" to my questions. The angels answer as they did on that first Easter morn, "Be not affrighted; Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen, He is not here." (Mark 16:6).

The grave could not imprison the spirit of the Man who taught superb truth and lived perfect love. Hatred, lies and injustice will never triumph. War can never destroy right and justice. As the thin fingers of dawn herald the certain rising of the sun, so the resurrection of Christ proclaims the ultimate victory of God and the restoration of peace and love.

Herein is the hope of the Christian world in the dark days of War. It is a light never obscured by the smoke of battle, a sound never silenced by the din of firing cannon, a hope that will never fade from the heart of man. There can be no despair while the Easter faith lives.

We must believe in Easter. Therein is the hope of the world. As in the first instance, resurrections come only after sacrifice and death. But for men and nations willing to pay the price of loyalty to God and sacrifice for right, there will come a restoration of the values which we cherish.

Make Easter overseas a happy one.
Give to the Red Cross.
DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

LADY OF THE WEEK
by A/C W. G. Sanders

Mary Edna Parker is becoming as much a part of Dorr Field as the Reveille formation—but not nearly so hard to take. It was in March, two years ago, that Mary Edna came to Dorr and her first job. Almost every profile should contain something on the nomenclature of anatomy. This being no exception, here are the following vital statistics on our Miss Parker: height, 5 feet 1 inch; weight, 115 pounds; hair, blonde; eyes, blue, complexion, fair. She was born at Arcadia on March 23, 1923, attended school here and then moved to Plant City where she was graduated from Plant City High. She followed high school with a course at the Tampa Business School.

Mary Edna is an amanuensis in the office of Floyd Cullers—which is just another way of saying that she is Chief Clerk in the department of Aircraft Maintenance for Embry-Riddle. Her big worries are the two days of the month when she prepares the payroll and at which times you can find her peering out from behind a coke and an aspirin—but she always makes the deadline.

In order that we make our deadline and to keep this from sounding like an obituary, we’ll sum up the following: Mary Edna is a good dancer, plays a good game of ping-pong and likes swimming, tennis, reading and the movies. She has a brother, Gilbert, in the service as a cadet; another, Robert, who is in school; a sister, Mrs. Frances Dekle, and a darling niece of whom “Auntie” is very proud. As a hostess at the USO and the Cadet Club you can spot Mary Edna as the girl with the warmest smile and the sunniest disposition, usually surrounded by a lot of friends.

BACK DORR GOSSIP
by The Retiring Gremlin

Quietest man on the Post is Sgt. Bokee. Could it be due to the presence of Mrs. Bokee? No, we don’t really think that, but we couldn’t resist the kidding.

Isn’t Mrs. Fuge striking when decked out in that wide brimmed black hat? Too bad the short girls can’t wear such!

Ever note that “eager” expression Martha wears when the mail truck arrives—and how quickly she sorts the letters? Of course, there’s a slight delay when she finds that certain one.

Won’t someone give (well, at least loan) Sgt. Banfield a hobby-pin so that he can keep that one unruly lock off his face?

All the Administration building personnel look very happy now... the coke machine must be the reason. Mr. Stroud is definitely on the ball—he’s one man who can make the females feel that they are truly appreciated. He always notices the starry eyes, unusual (and pretty) hair-dos, new frocks, and even the new shades of nail polish worn by his callers. Maybe it’s just a matter of being interested in people.

Tis interesting to note various types of trim selected by our men in sun-tans—a brilliant spot of catsup or the yellow glow of mustard are the preferences, it seems.

Why was the remark “Isn’t Robert Taylor the most handsome man?” so embarrassing to our blonde friend?

A/C LANG OF DORR FIELD was judged the outstanding athlete of the Dorr-Carlstrom Field Day. Major James L. Curnutt, Commanding Officer of Dorr Field, presents the trophy to Cadet Lang.

A. A. F. AID SOCIETY
by A/C Dennis M. Royalty

March 9, 1942, there was incorporated in the District of Columbia an organization not unlike the Army Emergency Relief. It was called the Army Air Forces Aid Society. It has been noted that many of the officers and enlisted personnel of this command are unfamiliar with this organization and its purpose.

Having the sole purpose of relieving distress of personnel of the AAF and their dependents, the AAFAS is truly a worthwhile organization. Its scope includes the dependents of honorably retired or discharged and deceased personnel. Not only does the AAFAS render financial assistance by providing for their education and helping in securing employment, but it also gives counsel and advice with respect to the many personal problems arising from military service.

At present the Air Forces Branch, Army Emergency Relief, is performing these services for Air Forces personnel and their dependents; therefore the AAFAS is inactive. Nevertheless, the Society is accepting voluntary contributions in order to build up a fund to be used after the war or upon dissolution of the AER. According to a ruling of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, these contributions are deductible from income and estate tax returns.

CUPID AT DORR

Wedding bells rang for Leona M. Foster and Sgt. Francis R. Marshall Tuesday morning when Chaplain Healy performed the ceremony at the Avon Park Army Air Field Chapel.

Mrs. Marshall, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo B. Foster of Arcadia, was attended by Patricia Barry, while Sgt. Stephen H. Easley served as best man.

Sgt. Marshall is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Marshall of Cleveland, Ohio, and is stationed at Avon Park Army Air Field in CNT maintenance.

Editor’s Note: Lt. Wilson B. Hand, Intelligence Officer at Dorr, sent us this bit of news but neglected to reveal the bride’s plans.

KEEN
Continued from Page 1 another separation. Then, to their surprise, they were placed on the same shipping list to Maxwell where they were roommates; then both came to Dorr Field. Their fervent hope is that they can continue together, check rides notwithstanding.

When peace returns, we will find them side by side, working for an engineering degree... in aeronautics, no doubt.
RIDDLE ROUND-UP
NO. 5 B.F.T.S.
Matt Tierney, Editor
Associate Editors: Jeanne O'Neill, Neil Dwyer, Lois Heffin, Jock Moyes, Ruth Blount, Walter Todd, Arthur Rushworth, Bill Hayman and Francis Sharples

GOOD LUCK, COURSE 17

The Fly Paper staff wishes to congratulate Course 17 on completion of their course here at No. 5 BFTS and wish them sincere good luck in their future endeavors. To Charles Taylor, Arthur Rushworth and Bill Hayman, thanks for the splendid cooperation you gave in associate editing the Fly Paper while you were with us at Riddle Field.

Matt Tierney,
Riddle Field Editor

COURSE 18

Well, that's got those Pre-Wings over. After having recovered from the scathing comments showered upon us on the vagueness of our Aircraft Rec., the nonentity of our Signals Theory and the lowness of our marks in general, we look forward with a little hope and perhaps a small prayer to that day in June when the lucky ones step up, left breast forward, to the mark.

We were beaten, three goals to nil by Course 19 at Water Polo last week, Ken Rudd, the “Welsh Gentleman” enlivening things with his under-water tactics. Let's see if this beginner's luck holds out in the next game.

Woe Unto Those

Woe unto those who use the R/T as an amateur talent contest, to those who check their ground-speeds by variation lines, and to those who favor the cross-country path-finder system, for their sins will find them out!

Among the social activities of the gang, we find Fred “Laughing Boy” Bayton and “Shag” Harper paying Carlstrom Field a visit. Did we hear someone shooting a horrid line about dirty weather flying? There's our ship—“Requesting permission to cross the runway,” so we must be off.

———

COURSE 19

We have now nearly completed our Primary Flying schedule and we look forward with a mingled curiosity and anxiety to the Ground School exams. Those of us who are lucky enough to pass all these exams will start their much awaited leave on the 8th.

As we forecast last week, the so-called “Invincible Course 18” was once again defeated by their Juniors with a score of 3-0. This time the game was Water Polo, this being the first game since the pool was opened and, incidentally, the first game Course 19 has ever played. “Give us a hand, boys.”

Our next goal is to play and defeat the Senior Course before they leave.

Out for Blood

We are looking forward to plenty of games at soccer, rugby, etc., after we have passed our exams. Already Course 18 are after our blood in a return water polo match, hoping to redeem themselves next time.

We are all sorry to see Course 17 about to leave us, and yet, most of us envy them a great deal. It will not be the same returning from Palm Beach on week ends without their songs and “War Cries” on the bus.

In closing, we wish Course 17 a safe and speedy journey home and very successful flying in England.

Folks may ask,
Don't you tell;
Keep our secrets,
Guard them well!

———

SPORTS

Water Polo—Course 19 defeated Course 18 by three goals to nil. A large number of Cadets saw this game and the writer believes the sport will be very popular throughout the summer.

Softball—In the opening game of the newly formed softball league, eight teams vied for the honors and the games were well played and pretty evenly matched. Considering the enthusiasm shown, the league should be very successful and everyone is looking forward to each Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the days selected for the league games.

On Tuesday, the Yale Instructors lost to Course 18 Cadets, 17 to 13. Batteries for Yale were Westmoreland, Schneider and Hemsley; for Course 18, Cadets Brad, Thomas and Alberts.

Maintenance Bolts

The Maintenance Bolts whipped the Permanent Party on Wednesday evening, 8-1. Batteries for the Bolts were Greenberger and Coleman; Permanent Party, Engle, Sicignano and Ruhlander. Also, on Wednesday, the 572nd Co. upset Clewiston High School 7-3. Batteries for 572nd Co. were Arnold and Major; for Clewiston, Thomas and Talbot.

On Thursday evening, Harvard Squadron Instructors took the decision from the Link Instructors by the close score of 12-10. Batteries for Harvard were Mancuso, Garcia and Taylor; for the Link, Heffner and Wiltshire.

An athletic meet will be held on Friday, April 14th, commencing at 2:30 p.m. The Riddle-McKay Athletic Trophy will be awarded the winning squadron at the conclusion of the meet.

HOPE THAT DIVING BOARD HOLDS! Left to right are Cadets George Morris, Ray Morris, Tony Lincoln, Cecil Pope and Bob Leavay of Course 18 at Riddle Field.
COURSE 17

we came

"listening Out"
We Conquered...

THIS IS THE TALE OF No. 5 B.F.T.S.

"CHAPTER XVII"

WHICH SIGNIFIES THE HAPPY CONCLUSION OF SIX MONTHS' HARD WORK, THE REWARD— "WINGS"

Compiled by...

ARTHUR S. RUSHWORTH

CHRISTOPHER LEE

CHARLES L. TAYLER
WING COMMANDER A.A. DE GRUTHER, D.F.C.

SIR IN UNDER OFFICER

C. L. TAYLER

UNDER OFFICER

J. C. MACINTYRE

UNDER OFFICER

W. B. SNOWDON

F/LDR R. J. BERKELEY

F/LDR D. P. FARQUHARSON

F/LDR J. E. W. LODGE

F/LDR. A. C. TREVAN
**Florida Venture**

A COMMERCIAL traveler in pencil sharpeners would not have given a second glance to the ill assorted collection of disheveled British youth festooned carelessly throughout two carriages of a train which ventured into Florida one day last summer.

At that time had anyone suggested that these bedraggled creatures possessed the temerity to believe that they were going to fly and furthermore to become proficient in the art, he would have been laughed to scorn by even the most disinterested observer.

It is considered essential at the offset by those responsible for flying training that incoming cadets should have an immediate intimacy with early American railroad history. In order to achieve this admirable advantage, two railway coaches are graciously loaned by the Federal Railway Museum at Little Bend Falls, Wisconsin, for the purpose of conveying the cadets south.

This railway train, overcoming incredible obstacles and frequent good humoured abuse, curiously enough actually reaches its destination, although not, of course, at any preconceived time.

On the occasion in point, the cadets, banded together by the most delicate and judicious selection in England and thereafter to be known as the astonishing Course 17, dismounted at Clewiston and with wondering bewilderment struggled through the crowds into the vast station entrance to be met by an overjoyed and overwhelmed Wing Commander. It was quite obvious that he was struggling to control his emotions at the sight of his newest arrivals.

After the lengthy journey through the city and the ultimate arrival at Riddle Field, the rest is simply a matter of history.

It requires only modest mention that, in spite of the unimaginable hazards with which the path has been fraught, in spite of F/Lt. Smith’s incurable tenacity, Mr. Auringer’s fronts aloft and the C.O.’s casual and disinterested rides with odd cadets willy-nilly, today the great majority of the desperate men who came on that train will wear wings on their tunics.

In years to come people will still gather in knots at street corners in remote spots of the Everglades and chatter excitedly about the miracle of Course 17—what a course!

—Charles L. Tayler
THE GENTLEMEN OF THE COURSE

ALAN CARR

DON COLES

FRED ROBERTS

NORMAN SUTTON

'PORKY' PORKERT

PHIL CHEVINS

RON FLEMING

DICKY BELL

'TARZAN' NICHOLLS

TOCK NAULES

TED 'LUCKY' LUKER

JOE MANSELL

J. T. MOORE

'BROWNIE' LEES & 'HELLO' MOORE

BOB GOODING

JOHNNY WALKER
RIDDLE FIELD BUS 22:30 HOURS
OPEN POST NIGHT

THIS IS AN ODE

To the bus and the fuss that is made by us all
Once a week to get in it.
To the people you face in the race for a place
And the people who win it.
Beware of the men who recline on your spine as you line
For a place in the queue.
Don't wait for the spate of these wolves to abate in the
Battle which is to ensue.

MOURN NOT

If you find that you mind being blind in one eye . . .
You've one left.
Weep not for your shoe if you knew it was through at
the heel—
Of which you're bereft.
Lament not the end of a friend. He could fend for
himself
Had he pleased.
Nor fear that the pain which again and again runs
through you
Will never be eased.

GRIEVE NOT

For the bus if you thought that you ought to have caught
An earlier one.
Rejoice for the fact you're intact; the act which
Killed others is done.
In vain did you gain the bus step. You remain
On the ground in your blood—
The last bus has gone with a crew of a few who all knew
you'd be left
(As you are) In the mud.

—Christopher Lee

THESE TIGERS

Look gentle, parental, intent, till the bus rounds
The bend into sight
Then they race for that place which, in case you forget,
is the cause
Of this bloodthirsty fight.
They'll attack from the back and then hack you to bits . . .
They've killed many.
They will swear as they tear out the roots of your hair—
If you've any.

WE GET A NEW NAVIGATION OFFICER

WE GET A NEW ADJUTANT
I Remember, I Remember....

Charles Tayler—bless him.

That high-pitched voice over the radio, "Are ye there, Mrs. Jennokky?"—when all throttles went to the wall and all noses toward LaBelle.

That funereal feeling of certain death after Captain Wilkin’s lectures.

The difficulty of obtaining "Gen" in our first week and those innumerable pamphlets during our last weeks.

The wag from a Senior Course who said—"If you get through Primary, they’ll push you through the rest."

The Naval launch at Everglades, which just asked to be "shot-up"!

"No Seconds on Sweets"—and how Stedman always got three.

When Pratt panicked.

The chap who said "Can’t you find someone else to take it, Dispatcher? I’ve done my three and one-half hours for today."

Blackie’s navigation.

The lines of "Brownie" Lees.

The dim type, who, after a Radio Check said, "Hello, Riddle Control—I hear you not so very loud and not so very clear."

Arthur Rushworth’s love affairs.

Trevan’s modesty.

Mr. Burch’s cigars.

"Well! He waggled his wings, so I knew he wanted to play."

Keeping in step with J. T. Moore and Blackie.

Bill Snowdon’s frightfully hearty "Come on, Lads," at 6:30 a.m.

F/Lt. Smith and "Suffering Cats."

Jerry Hayes’ sleeping sickness.

F/Sgt. Kennard’s “Quiet! . . . Take the ideal bomb, for instance.”
Light 16—for those that found it?
Our evening stroll to the Intelligence room to sign the book.
Jack Hayward’s unshakable theory that Florida chickens do fly above 10 feet.
The continuous suspense of waiting for “Queenie’s” pups.
George Williams and his A.T.C. Record.
W.O Woodward’s “When I was with Coastal Command . . .”
The distribution of Will Forms prior to Night Flying!
When Derek Hurst got an “A” on the Iron Cross.
The juke box—“Pistol Packin’ Mama” and “Shoo-Shoo Baby.”
How misty our eyes became when we heard the sound of a train.
Finding the island with F/Lt. Smith.
The feeling of being watched as we marched back from the Mess Hall!
Saturday night at the Dixie Crystal and how Sgt. McClane always kept his hat on even in the worst “Perils of the Royal Mounted.”
Junior Neyhart eating.
“And I was just ‘stooging’ around thinking of polishing up my medium turns, you know, Sir? When suddenly . . .”
Pickles on how to bale out.
Nichol’s cap.
The SPARS.
CLEWISTON !!!!!!

—Jack A. Hayward
—Jack W. Stedman
SOME MORE OF THE LADS

'SMILING' BOB BAINSWORTH  JACK DAVIES 'NAPOLEON' BETTS  ERIC MOWSER D. J. JONES

RON CALDWELL  ERIC CLEWES  JOHN DIXON

GEORGE COOKE  CHRIS LEE  WHITE BO  BAD BO  BLACK BO  CHARLES GARRETT

JEFF COHEN

GUY DE MONBASTOW
U-T PILOT

Now he was sweet eighteen
And the world he had not seen
So he thought he'd join the Air Force for some fun.
But to Regents Park they took him
And there severely shook him;
And he realized just what he'd gone and done.

Through ITW he floundered
And by ignorance nearly foundered,
While the other guys got 95 percent;
But with eyes not in their sockets
And his crib notes in his pockets
He swore the paper markers would relent.

At Grading School he bluffed it
While more worthy fellows muffed it,
His instructor said he really shouldn't stay,
But he heeded not the warning
And one lovely August morning
He was packed upon a boat for U.S.A.

INTERCEPT BANDITS 5000 . . .

Now the sea was rather choppy
And the mess deck soon got sloppy
And his appetite just faded right away.
So with a feeling of depression
And a horrible expression
He was landed at a port in U.S.A.

Now at Clewiston he's thriving
At the job he's still surviving
His body bears a lovely handsome tan.
The New York debutantes
Spending winter with their aunties
Describe him as "a very nice young man."

Now he's getting near his wings
In the air he gaily sings
Though he knows his training's really just begun.
He's looking forward to the day
When he can very proudly say
Tonight I go on "ops" against the Hun.

—John Lees
Danny's absence from our ranks due to his flying accident was a great blow to us all. His many friends have missed him and we are all pleased to hear of his excellent progress in the Ream General Hospital. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery.
R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS, PALM BEACH

Since our first visit to Palm Beach we have been welcome guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. NeSmith. There we found hospitality which few of us had seen before or are likely to meet again.

Sunday afternoons would see a gathering of SPARS and Cadets on the patio, sometimes large, sometimes small, but always enjoying the songs, food and cups of English tea.

In future years we will recall the happy days, with reminiscent pleasure, for which we all express, here, our most sincere appreciation.

PILOT'S LOG BOOK

A jumbled mass of figures
Total columns one to ten;
Better check up on your Link time
And that instrument again.

Better look up column four
It's above the figure told
And to doubt the wisely time clerk
Is perhaps a trifle bold.

Your total's out by hours
Your stamp's not on the line
And you've failed to use the red ink
Beneath your spinning time.

Yes, you're really in a fix
With those columns one to ten.
So why not tear the page out
And start the month again?

—G. J. B. Williams

MISS "LIGHT 16"

I think one very seldom sees,
That fragile form among the trees,
Which on the map is clearly seen
As a "star" with the caption "LT. 16"
She stretches to the sky all day
And the swampy gremlins around her play.

This "star" who may in summer wear,
A grove of palm trees in her hair,
Is the constant bane of a pilot's life
A bigger problem than a wife;
And though we've flown till we are green
We've yet to meet Miss Sweet Sixteen.

—Danny Ross, with apologies
THANKS FROM THE YANKS

I've been asked to say a few words on behalf of the American contingent of Course 17. It would be easy to say the conventional things—how much we've enjoyed it here—how indebted we are to our instructors, but our thanks go much deeper than that.

We felt, when we came here, that we were especially privileged. That feeling has never left us and now that we are leaving, the memory of the fun we've had, the generosity and hospitality of the people of Clewiston and the friendly spirit of everyone with whom we have come in contact will go with us.

To our British classmates we bid Godspeed and Happy Landings. It is our hope that they will return to their native soil with the same love of America that we now feel for England.

In our short stay among the people of Clewiston we have come to know many of you intimately and it is our sincere wish that our visit could be prolonged. But such is not the case. We came here for a purpose. That purpose has now been accomplished and we must leave. And so, in saying goodbye, we ask only that you think of us occasionally and know that wherever we are, we are grateful to you for everything that made our stay here so pleasant.

—Phil Chevins

CHAPTER XVII — FINIS

It is impossible to express adequately our gratitude to those at Riddle Field who have made possible the success of Course 17 in obtaining their "Wings."

It is obvious to us all how arduous this task has been and we should like all these people to know how deeply we appreciate everything which has been done for us. In time to come it is inevitable that we shall look back on the days we spent here and realize how fortunate and happy we were. It is doubtful whether again in our Service careers we shall encounter conditions, even in small measure, comparable with those we have enjoyed here.

To Wing Commander A. A. de Gruyther, D.F.C., and his staff, to Director of Flying Harry Lehman and all his painstaking instructors, to Mr. C. E. Bjornson and his patient wizards of the Ground School, to the innumerable people in Maintenance, Operations, Hospital, Meteorological Office, Time Office, Parachutes, Canteen, Stores and Linen, we say please accept our very grateful thanks.

—Course 17

Pro Patria Mori

ROBERT C. BOWMAN

November, 1943
and now we say
Farewell!
CHAPMAN CHATTER
by Cora Lee DaBoll

The major attraction of this week's news centers around the guardhouse where our nine personality pups have opened their eyes to see just what this world is all about. (If they find out, they'll be doing better than some of us disillusioned humans who have survived since the deluge.) If they could talk, they probably would thank Guards F. P. Staton and M. S. Fossom heartily for watching over them so carefully when they were just half past a minute big.

What's this I hear about Mr. Sutter cramping Al McKesson's romance? Come on, Al, don't be an ole joy killer; maybe McKesson likes them short, dark and curly headed!

Farewell and Welcome

We surely hated to say goodbye to Personality Gal Frances Letson, Dispatcher who was a major morale asset in the Control Tower. Lots of luck to you and Ben and the Navy. Taking Frances' place is Rosalie Martin who transferred from the Stockroom.

On the recuperating list are Erby Marshall and Marie Roberts who are recovering very satisfactorily from recent operations. The Maintenance gang sends best wishes and hopes that you both will be up and buzzing before long. And while we're at it, may we bid welcome to Charlayne P. Milone, new secretary of Mr. Dewey, Field Accountant. Hope you like us.

Easterly sights seen from between the venetian shades: Instructors sorrowfully gazing at the crashboat in which the fish have set up housekeeping. Dave Pearlman trying to entice same with bits of raw bacon and a rusty hook. Tom Moxley and the launching party! Rainy skies and low ceilings that allow for a few free minutes to crystal gazed at the wonders of nature in Crystal Lake.

Free Flying Fledglings

Virginia Worley graduated with full honors last week and has since returned to her home in Virginia to continue her aeronautical career. Both Instructor Manny Van and student beamed with pride when they handed the latter that small piece of paper marked "Private."

Margaret Van Over has passed the Private mark with flying colors too, but is sticking around to brush up on pylon eights and stuff like that. Taps Gaston, our gal from Deep in the Heart of Texas, has left for Washington with her final designation as Sweetwater, Texas, home of the WASPs.

Purple Heart

Front line dispatches say that Bob Lape, self-styled Dean of Girls, is still holding his own among the flitting butterflies. Under his watchful wing he's nourishing and educating in the intricacies of the flying machine, students Martha Howard, Barbara Meador and Beatrice Mendel, a pretty bunch of Whiz Kids, as he puts it. Don't weaken, Bob, three more programs and you get the purple heart.

Ver Raymond and Wes, Jr., of Douglas,
**UNION CITY NEWS LETTER**

by Taylor C. Cottrell

In making the rounds this morning trying to get some dope that we could print, we approached Lt. Robert J. Godin, hoping to learn the details of his recent trip to Minnesota. When asked what he did on the trip, he replied, "What do people usually do when they get a ten-day leave?" Folks, you can draw your own conclusion.

All we know is that it was a wonderful fishing trip.

Sam Sparks and Capt. Cromwell made a business trip to Memphis last week. Mary Lou Huffman song will be leaving to join her husband, Lt. Ralph Huffman, who is now stationed at Fort McClellan, Ala.

**Thida and Tiata**

"Bird" Payne and "Mac" McConnell have set April 15 as the date for their wedding. Here's wishing them much happiness.

Myra Taylor, Timekeeping department, has been absent from work this week because of illness.

Clara Dowdy recently had lunch at the Field with the Civil Service employees and was presented a fiesta set by the Army officers and the Civil Service employees.

The three temporary Civil Service employees, Rose Swartz, Hilda Dow and Annie Lee Sellers, left us Thursday. Let us hear from you, girls.

Sgt. Highy's wife and son left Tuesday for their home in Helena, Mont. Lt. Palmer is visiting his family in Mount Sterling, Ky. Lt. Sweeney is leaving for Greensboro, N.C., soon.

Sgt. Bodle is leaving tonight to spend the week with his parents in Granville, Ohio. "Bird" Payne spent last week end in Memphis shopping for her trousseau.

**Bridge Luncheon**

Mrs. C. B. Clark and Mrs. T. E. Frantz, Jr., were joint hostesses on Friday at a bridge luncheon. There were six tables of bridge and one table of rummy. At bridge, Mrs. Edward Straight won high score; Mrs. James Long, second. Mrs. Leon Burkett received a bingo prize. At rummy, Mrs. Paul Jones was high.

The following played bridge: Mrs. J. B. Andrews, Mrs. Mona Burgess, Mrs. Harrison Bourkard, Mrs. T. C. Cottrell, Mrs. Louis Dickson, Mrs. William Dorr, Mrs. John Doane, Mrs. Hunter Galloway, Mrs. Joe Grow, Mrs. Frank Hayes, Mrs. Charles Hon, Mrs. James Long, Mrs. David Moore, Mrs. Paul Moore, Mrs. Walter Nunnely, Mrs. Lawrence Bolton, Mrs. Marion McCullock, Mrs. Leon Burkett, Mrs. Leo Ostdock, Mrs. Robert Watts and Mrs. M. S. Bangs, Jr.

The rummy players: Mrs. Paul Jones, Mrs. Robert Phillips, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Lemanski, Mrs. Piggott and Mrs. Betty Pekar.

Mrs. Frank Hayes, a talented artist, gave one of her paintings as a door prize. It was won by Mrs. Marion McCullock.

**THE GREAT BEAUPRE**

by Lt. Leo Beaupre

**Occupation:** Intelligence and Public Relations Officer, Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.

**Born:** Saratoga Springs, N.Y., September 30, 1918; father, French Canadian; mother, Irish descent.

**Early Background:** All of the picturesque Indian-named cities became stepping stones in the Beaupre migration along the eastern coast of New York State from Saratoga, Mecca of racing fans, to Schenectady, home of General Electric, to Poughkeepsie, with crew regattas on the Hudson, Smith Brothers' cough drops and Vassar girls. Beginning life as an exhibitionist, Beaupre's youth was spent hanging his head on concrete pool bottoms and falling from tree tops so that today even acclaimed phonetologists continue to swoon at the shape of his cranium. In spite of the romantic Indian lore rampant about his section of the country, Beaupre claims no relation to Sitting Bull's sister, Standing Pat.

**Education:** At New Platz State Normal College he became endocrinized by Dewey, Freud, Adler and Jung, working his way through by teaching remedial speech to freshmen during the school term and acting (in the broad sense of the term) with a summer stock company at the Civic Theater in Syracuse, N.Y., during vacations. Journalism was revolutionized by his activities with the college newspaper, magazine and yearbook.

**Military Career:** Immediately after graduation he contributed vastly to the Navy and Marine Corps by joining the Army Air Forces at Mitchel Field, New York. As an instructor he was assigned to a Link trainer in which he was continually being reprimanded for dogfighting and taking unau-

*Continued on next page*
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlett

A letter to Roscoe Brinton from ex-Flight Instructor Julian K. Osrund advises that Jake is now stationed at Cochran Field, Ga. Jake’s newsy letter states that former Squadron Commander Sam Hoptle only recently has left Cochran Field for Blytheville, Ark. Sam is now in the ATC and was taking instrument instruction at Cochran Field. Capt. Al Klopfenstein, former Commandant of Cadets at Carlstrom, is Assistant Operations Officer, Commandant of Cadets and Tactical Officer for the ATC boys at Cochran. Jake asks to be remembered to everyone at Carlstrom. His address is: Pvt. Julian K. Osrund, 34791608, Squadron B-9, PATD, Cochran Field, Macon, Ga. Letters from his friends here probably would be greatly appreciated.

Red Cross Drive

The following is the final tabulation of results in the American Red Cross War Fund Drive for Carlstrom Field: Overhaul, $200.25; Maintenance, $97.20; Canton, $17; Ground School, $13; Guards, $16; Buildings and Grounds, $18.50; Administration, $102.50; Flight Instructors, $83.05; Dispatchers and Clerks, $20; counter boxes, $11.71; Embry-Riddle Company, $50. The total is $631.21.

Bob Bullock, chairman of the drive for Carlstrom Civilians, wishes to express his appreciation for the cooperation of those who contributed to the success of the drive. In addition to the above, the Army personnel contributed $237.41, making a grand total for the Field of $908.62. The Army solicitation was under the chairmanship of Lt. Brooks.

New Editor

Starting next week, folks, Eva Mae Lee will be Carlstrom correspondent for the Fly Paper. Come on, you Carlstonmites, and turn in some newsy items to Eva Lee. Remember, this is your column and your paper—it’s up to you to make it good!

The last bowling match of regular play in the Carlstrom League was held Monday night between the Instructors No. 1 and the Army Enlisted Men, the results of the match not being decided until Sgt. Jesse Townsend, the last man to bowl, had rolled his final ball. The Enlisted Men won by a margin of seven pins.

As a result of this match the following teams go into the playoff for the first four places: Instructors No. 1, Instructors No. 2, Administration, Enlisted Men.

It’s goodbye to Flight Instructor Bill Dunn who left us this week and welcome back to Marshall Anderson who returns to his duties as an Instructor after being off several weeks with a banged-up hand.

Squadron Commander Cleve Thompson’s flight itinerary included a new intra-flight contest recently whereby the Squadron was divided into two sides (Harold Rimmer and Harold Cary as the two captains) to see which side would pass the 40-hour mark first. Rimmer’s side lost and had to pay the penalty—a steak dinner and all the trimmings at the Pilots’ Club for the entire flight. A good time was reported by all!

The wedding ring that Willie Humphries has been looking for for such a long time finally arrived—thank goodness! The wedding is to take place next Sunday, so the ring didn’t arrive here much too early.

Steak Dinners!

Squadron 6, of which Byron Shouppe is the Squadron Commander, came out ahead in the Efficiency Contest for Class 44-G. All Instructors in the Flight are anxiously awaiting the night when they will receive their steak dinners at the Pilots’ Club.

Word recently received from Edward Cartwright advises that his son, Lewis E. Cartwright of Carlstrom’s Class 42-G, has been awarded the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters, the Purple Heart and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Congratulations to Lt. Cartwright from all of Carlstrom Field.

BEAUPRE

Continued from preceding page

Authorized cross-country trips. Some months thereafter, this soldier of fortune ($21 per) heard China and Horace Greeley calling and so wound up in the Far East by going far enough west.

China Mission: With an honorable discharge in one hand and a suitcase in the other, Beaupre set forth from California, with the little band that was later to become known to all and sundry as the Flying Tigers. After enhancing with his presence such parts of the world as Hawaii, the Philippines, Borneo, Java, Singapore and Rangoon, he proceeded up the 1,200 miles of treacherous mining, China, where Lt. Gen. Chenault (then Colonel) was organizing the only Fighter Group to be in position to attack the Japanese even before Pearl Harbor. In spite of Beaupre’s presence and other severe handicaps too numerous to mention, the AVG’s shark-nosed P-40s scored victory after victory over the enemy until a year later when, with parts, planes and equipment nearly exhausted, they were relieved by the American Air Forces. The dwindled group of pilots, mechanics and administrative personnel were together flown across India to the coast from whence, a month later, they set sail on their zigzag route around the U boats between Bombay and New York with a brief stop in Africa along the way.

Reenlisting in the Air Corps at Mitchel Field, Long Island, Beaupre was later commissioned Second Lieutenant at Miami Beach OCS in May, 1943, sent to Shaw Field, S. C., as Intelligence Officer and then to Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn., where (due no doubt to the confusion and chaos in Washington) he was made First Lieutenant on February 14, 1944.

Character and Personality: Many of the inspiring qualities of Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Carnegie and Frank Sinatra are readily apparent in Lt. Beaupre and his most striking virtue, even above his captivating charm, dynamic resourcefulness and irresistible affability, is his utter modesty and complete reticence in speaking about himself.

Appearance: Eyes, blue-green-gray; hair, blond; complexion, palomino (all over); height, 6 feet 1½ inches (somewhat less when seated); weight, 160 pounds (no points required).
TECH TALK

by Frances (Wiest) Frederick

In a secluded corner of the Personnel department I have my desk. It isn’t a very outstanding corner in the building, but it seems to attract people. Lil Clayton, for instance. There I was, at peace with the world and finding my hibernation quite nice. Slinking around the corner like a cat about to catch a mouse came Lil. Well, she caught the mouse (which is me) and with a look in her eyes which said, “You have only one choice, to say ‘yes’ and live contentedly,” she asked me write Tech Talk. Of course you know what the answer was.

This is the flash of the month and a mighty important one to pretty Gertrude Bohres of the Records room in the Personnel department. Her hubby, “Gongo Jake,” is pictured in one of the scenes of Anzio Beach in Italy. If anyone happens to see a newscast of said beach, please inform “Gert.” I’m sure that she would be very grateful as she hasn’t seen her husband in over a year.

Morale Boosters

Embry-Riddle should be very proud of its girls. Last week they were all out for the Army and Navy morale. The Embry-Riddle girls seem to have impressed the Armed Forces terrifically. At the weekly Tuesday night dances the boys always request that we be extended invitations.

The following attended last week: Edith Chapman, Eileen Devereaux, Pat Pratt, Virginia Casey, Rosemary Younis, Muriel Loetscher, Jean Cary and “yours truly.” It would have been nice if many more had gone. So girls, as part of our patriotic duty, let’s see how many of us can go to the next Tuesday night dance. An Army truck will pick you up at the Tech School or at the Colonnade building, and it will take you home right to your front door.

To see how appreciative the boys are is really gratifying. I’m sure you would enjoy it. You can play ping-pong, dance to a nice orchestra or sit out on the veranda by the ocean. For further information, contact Rosemary Younis, switchboard operator, to whom the truck is issued.

Two of our former employees, Helen Bass and Vic Mercer, just returned from Trinidad where they have been employed for nine months. We were all very glad to see them and upon asking “What impressed you most and what did you like about Trinidad?” the only answer we could get was “The Navy.” I wonder why?

Diary Highlight

One of the nicest cases of mistaken identity occurred when Vic and Helen were at the U.S.O. when Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt entered. Vic and Helen were going toward the door just as Mrs. Roosevelt came in—she thought that they were the receiving committee of two. I guess this will go down in Vic and Helen’s “Our Day.”

Last week found John Kille, our Personnel Director, hurrying to the ticket office for reservations to attend a business conference in Chicago. A blonde was going in the same direction. They were both on the last lap to the window when they collided.

Mr. Kille moved aside and said, “After you.” The girl replied, “After you, sir?” Mr. Kille said again, “Oh, no, after you.” So today we find Mr. Kille back at his desk again, with no reservation. (This little item was purely imaginative—no offense meant . . . but I wonder what the real story is on the reservations. It seems Lloyd Budge went in his stead.)

Wending my way through the building I stopped in the Research department to see Truman Gile, Sr., and asked, “What do you hear from Junior?” He replied, "Oh, about $90 a month.” Truman Gile, Jr., is a former employee and is now a cadet in the Army, having just graduated from Pre-Flight on March 23.

Transportation has nothing on the Payroll department. I hear that pretty soon they will have either skates or scooters for means of hurried communication. But, Paymeans of hurried communication.

Speaking of Purchasing, Emily Conlon has a dreamy look in her eyes. Her fiance has just returned from overseas and from her expression when she talks about him he must be quite a boy.

We welcome Samuel Gallagher into the Foreign Office. He’s an Instructor in welding and hails from Detroit. We hope you enjoy being here as much as we like having you.

RIDDLE-ITES RESPOND TO BLOOD BANK PLEA

Students and employees of Tech, the Colonnade and Engine Overhaul fulfilled an important civic obligation when they donated blood to the Dade County Blood Bank in response to the plea at the opening of the Blood Donors’ organizational drive last Monday.

Within two hours from the time Assistant Vice-President Carl C. Anderson called for volunteers, almost fifty men and women were assembled at the main gate to be taken to the Jackson Memorial Hospital. Among those who went to the Blood Bank were Jo Axtell, Helene Hirsch, Dorothy Scott, Sally Hatton, Connie Henshaw, James Moller, R. L. Richards, A. J. Alfen, C. H. Bush, Truman Gile, Carl R. Anderson, Marie Weber, Isabel Jewett, Aldra Watkins, Jean White, Eileen Judge, Laura Burgess, Charles Branch, Richard Whitehurst, Mary Frances Quinn, Louis Drury, Kay Wiedeman, Capt. Thomihill, Albert Brosius, Virgil Rulark, Bob Kuhns, John Hastings, Willie Ostranger, P. T. Austen, Faith Snider, Polk Patten, Patricia Drew, Eileen Devereaux and Albert Redding.

Edith Chapman, Louise Gibbs, Janet Williams and Al Wittenberg, all students at Tech, also volunteered but were turned down because they were not yet twenty-one and had to have the written consent of their parents.

Next Monday there will be another call for volunteers, so any person wishing to become a blood donor should contact his department head who will in turn notify John Kille. The time will be about noon and don’t forget, you must not eat for four hours before donating.
ENGINE NOISES
by Wally Tyler

For two weeks now, I've been expecting to see a few "tufers" being passed about, not that I could actually get down to smoking one, but it isn't every day that Morris Dunn can boast about having a new twelve-pound son. Congratulations, Daddy! I recently made a reconnaissance tour of our Magneto and Starter department and found that Charlie Landers had been sidetracked from Disassembly. And, to my surprise, John Steverding informed me that Magneto production has been stepped up. Surely you can detect a touch of bias in this latter statement, but I'll condescend to use that earthy yet well worded phrase. "You can't keep a good man down."

Ivory Iceing

Joe Henry prepared a little April Fool's Day party for Newt Crichfield, and by the time this article goes to press, W. T. S. Crichfield will, very likely, be frothing at the mouth. Seems as though Joe had a cake on order which he intended to frost with a boiled 99 per cent pure Ivory icing.

Sounds tasty, but too clean.

Doc Savage's boy, Virgil Ruark, has been showing mighty strong tendencies toward professional volleyball playing. He hit the ball the other day in such a manner as to cause it to take a south by east, northeast by westerly course, but even with all this intricate bit of finageling Georgie Gibbons managed to get it back over the net. Yes, the ball did get over the net in the first place, but its way was so astounding that all the other players got the jitters and we had to call the game off.

Ping-Pong Queen

Louie Allison has been showing many of our best ping-pong players just how to take care of that little white nugget—ping-pong ball to you. She is the only girl who plays out here, and she's tough competition.

John Paul Riddle and "Joe" Horton gave the plant the once-over last week. We all were glad to see Mr. Riddle back from Brasil.

It is my intention that I'll not receive a jovial punch in the snout for indulging in this banter, but the trouble to be surmounted is that one never knows. I will, therefore, take this opportunity to say An Révot to all my friends at Embry-Riddle, as I am leaving tomorrow.

Everyone at Engine Overhaul wishes to express heartfelt sympathy to "Pop" Vail on the loss of his wife. And also to Marge Lapham on the recent death of her father.

OLDTIMERS CLUB
GET-TOGETHER PARTY
AND DANCE
Saturday, April 15
American Legion Home
Boulevard and 66th Street
Admission $1 per Couple
Dress Optional

ARCADIA OVERHAUL
by Blecka Kistler

Here I am back to work after a week of sunshine and rest. My, how that week flew. I'm happy to be back, though, and am ready for another year of carrying on my share of the good work we've been doing here at Overhaul.

The situation is reversed—or has been for the past week. Instead of doing the snooping, I've been "being snooped," as it were. Everyone wants to know where I went, what I did and who I went and did it with during my vacation. For an answer, gang, I had a swell time with some swell people at a swell place. Enough said.

Vacation Time

Vacations are taking their toll each week. This week it is Florence Brewer. Have a good time, Florrie.

Another feather in the cap of feminine achievements: "Lizzie" Thomas has conquered and is ably holding her own at the machine lathe where she is turning down bushings, lockpins and parts of all descriptions. Lee Bishop, her proud teacher, says she is doing fine, or in his own words, she is "on the ball."

Hal Roche is back on the job after a brief visit to the far North. He says there is still a trace of snow and the icy marks of Jack Frost.

Instead of the "bird in a gilded cage" we have a gilded bird in a cage. Blonde Alta Carlton is in her own little cage with tachometers, airspeed indicators, etc., where she assembles these instruments to panels.

Service Pins

Some of us have received glimpses of the new service pins now being worn proudly by members of the other company divisions. We're not to be left out because we also would like to display our pride as members of this great organization. Editor's Note: Your pins will be at Carlstrom very shortly, Bleeka. Be patient just a little longer.

The "Mr. Right" incident is still a topic of discussion about the shop. Ramees refuses to discuss it, claiming he is merely a victim of circumstance. He states he has removed the cause of his embarrassment and our interest.

Alma Cross received word that her son Buddy is safe and sound somewhere in the South Pacific. I can think of many other places I'd rather be safe and sound. But typical of all our fighting men, Buddy thinks there is no place nor situation too tough for an American soldier.

More fortunate than Alma is Mac Nelson. Mac's son is home on furlough after spending some months overseas with the Navy. We're proud to have the mothers of these boys working with us. Not only have they given their sons, but they are giving their time and energy on the home front that all of our boys can return soon.

I want to thank Wilma Holloway for taking over my department during my absence. She did a fine job, even though she had to continue her regular duties as Fabric and Finish Inspector.

"Happy Easter to All!"

A D D'S
by Mary Frances Perner

Have you been reading about Gloria Dean's brother lately? Life and many of the nation's newspapers have been carrying articles about Lt. Preston M. (Dizzy) Dean and his fighting crew. Dizzy was given the honor of naming their Flying Fortress and it was dubbed "The Spirit of Coker," Coker being a popular girls' college near Harts-ville, S. C., Dizzy's home town.

The Spirit of Coker suffered an overdose of flak and had to be abandoned in favor of a new ship christened "The Flag Ship," taking its name from Old Glory and the six native state flags that the crew members had painted on the ship.

Dizzy has been awarded the Air Medal and two Oak Leaf Clusters for courage, coolness and skill displayed while participating in bombing attacks on Nazi targets. Gloria reports from the hospital that she has just received a letter from Dizzy saying that he has completed all his missions and is now trying to make up his mind whether to continue or take that vacation.

Our distinguished visitors this week from Warner Robins Air Service Command were Lt. Col. Walter W. Woodruff on Administrative Inspection, Major Howard F. Butler on Technical Inspection and Capt. Melvin L. Self from the Inspecting General Department at WRASC.

Where does Connie van Nus get all her cute little pins? Carrie Carter left for Texas with her husband who is on a ten-day leave. Have a nice time, Carrie, but don't forget to come back.

Well, folks, hope the Easter bunny is good to you all. Have a nice Easter. So long.
EMBRY-RIDDLE ALUMNI NOTES

LAWRENCE E. LEWIS

LAWRENCE E. LEWIS—one of our first CPT students at the old Municipal Air Base, now a Lieutenant (jg) in the South Pacific area. Recently he was commended by Admiral William F. Halsey for his participation in raids against the Japs. His parents live at 1545 Murcia avenue, Coral Gables.

FRANK S. LEIS—another of our early private students—now a Lieutenant in the USMCR. After receiving his wings at Pensacola he went to Vero Beach, where he was the only member of his class to volunteer for night instrument flying course. He is spending his leave of absence with Robert Haire, 26½ N. W. North River drive, Miami, before leaving for a port of embarkation.

EUGENE V. DENAUT, JR.—former Instructor at Caribron Field—now a Lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve stationed at the Naval Air Station, Olathe, Kansas.

ELAINE DEVERLY HAMILTON—former secretary to Mr. Riddle—now living in Austin, Texas, where her husband, Lt. George Hamilton, is a flying instructor. “Dev” is working for the Red Cross and doing other charitable work between her household chores. You may write to her at 1804 Linscomb, Austin, Texas.

EUGENE E. COHEN—former Main Office accountant—now a First Lieutenant in the Air Corps. Gene is serving as Administrative Assistant to the Director of Training at the Aviation Cadet Pre-Technical School, Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

EUGENIO JOSE MUeller—now a Lieutenant in the Brazilian Air Force (FAB) in charge of the Air Depot at Recife, Brasil, 2nd Air Zone Headquarters. “Gene” was one of our Latin American students who took the Master Mechanic course at the Tech School.

VICTOR’S AT THE ANTILLA

Tomorrow marks the opening of Victor’s at the Antilla Hotel in Coral Gables where food for the epicure will be served at popular prices. Dinners every evening—luncheon by appointment only.

Make Victor’s a habit, Embry-Riddleites, for yourselves and your guests. You will enjoy the excellent cuisine.

On American Plains...

In American Planes!

Typical of American enterprise and daring, were the sturdy pioneers who blazed new trails in the winning of the West. They led the way toward a larger, stronger and wealthier nation.

The same spirit of enterprise and daring permeates America’s Aviation industry today. The expansion of air transportation will add undreamed of strength and prosperity to the nation in the years ahead. Have you considered building a career in this most promising field?