11-15-1944

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1944-11-15

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

Follow this and additional works at: https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper

Scholarly Commons Citation
https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper/178

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Embry-Riddle Fly Paper by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact commons@erau.edu, wolfe309@erau.edu.
Ceremonial Parade is Held at Riddle Field

No. 20 Course, after a very long struggle against the vagaries of PTs and AT6s, received their wings Friday, November 10th, the ceremonial parade having been scheduled for 3 p.m.

The Commanding Officer, officers and permanent staff NCOs join with the civilian staff and the associate editors in wishing the cadets of this Course “Good Luck and God speed,” and hope that they will be home for Christmas.

Willing Helpers

During the middle of October we were introduced to yet another of Florida’s weather moods. A hurricane moved up the west coast from the Caribbean, leaving death and destruction in its path.

At first it was feared that it might strike Clewiston and that Riddle Field also was in its path. Every precaution was taken and permanent staff and cadets labored for two days in safeguarding aircraft and other property. The cooperation and willingness of the cadets drew praise from the Commanding Officer and the officials of the Riddle-McKay Aero College.

Whilst some cadets were digging holes and tying equipment down others were keeping vital domestic services going. Warrant Officer Kennard and the three other permanent staff airmen worked in the Canteen and served refreshments throughout the storm period.

The Aquatic Sports

On Wednesday, November 1st, the usual bi-monthly swimming meeting was held in the swimming pool. Each of the feature events was keenly contested and the result was that Courses 21 and 22 hold the Riddle-McKay Swimming Trophy jointly, with a total of 13 points each.

Of the comic events perhaps the funniest was the “Old Crocks” race. Amidst a cloud of smoke, produced from a pyrotechnic, the competitors took to the water with a huge splash. What went on in the water and under the water from then on will be an everlasting mystery, but eventually one almost exhausted Corporal struggled out of the bath, through the smoke, to dry land to be announced the winner.

At the conclusion of the meeting the Swimming trophy and prizes were presented by Mrs. E. J. Smith.

Hunting Season

It’s a fact, the duck hunting season is on and many are the tall stories going the rounds. At any rate we hope the family ration book will get a rest while all the game is being consumed.

Glancing out the office window... Visibility somewhat improved since the storm flattened the crash truck shed... Mr. Williams just using one crutch now... “Chief” Keeth proudly asserting that he is a citizen of Moore Haven... Mrs. “Doc” Foss back at work in the Weather Bureau... Earl Summerall harvesting a late crop of hay... Phil McCracken trying to cash in on Bob Johnston’s demise from the Golf Links... L. M. Hutson and Ed. Ruhlander organizing a scandal sheet dealing principally with ye editor’s pilgrimage out of the storm path.
John Paul Riddle Returns
From Sao Paulo, Brazil

Through aviation two great democracies of the Western Hemisphere have discovered each other, according to John Paul Riddle who has returned to Miami from Brasil.

Mr. Riddle, who recently sold his interest in the Embry-Riddle Company, is here for a month's stay at his instructors school in Coral Gables, where personnel are conditioned for life in Brasil before they assume teaching and administrative positions at the Escola Técnica de Aviação de São Paulo.

"Everyone in Brasil wants to visit the United States," he commented, "and everyone here wants to go to Brasil." He believes that United States Army Air Forces training programs which have included Brazilian students have done much toward making each country conscious of the other.

Air traffic from South America makes Miami a logical diplomatic center, according to Mr. Riddle. He stated that our position is enviable, and we should make the most of it not only for the peacetime good of our city but for the economic benefit of our entire country.

“All of Brasil is aviation conscious," he said. He is most enthusiastic over the eagerness with which boys in training at Escola Técnica de Aviação approach their studies. Even the routine 14-hour day does not satisfy them. Requests for permission to study until 1:00 a.m. are common.

Although the original capacity of the school has been doubled to meet demands, “waiting list" names continue to mount. Boys come to the school from every state. One boy walked 1,000 miles from Bahia to São Paulo to apply for admission. Many of those not accepted take jobs in São Paulo, preferably at the school, and study at night to satisfy entrance requirements.
Letters from Britain

SUNDERLAND WING AIR TRAINING CORPS
3 Ashbrook Terrace
Sunderland, England
19th September, 1944

Dear Editor:

I wish to thank you for the constant supply of Fly Paper you have sent me. I have found it most interesting, particularly as some of the cadets of my Wing have done their training in Florida.

The cadets have found the paper excellent too, and I would like to say how much we appreciated it right from the dark days of Dunkirk to now when Victory is just around the corner.

Yours faithfully,

J. Maw, S/Ldr.
Officer Commanding

Editor's Note: It is indeed gratifying to receive such letters as that of S/Ldr. Maw. We are proud that the Fly Paper has played its part in the lives of those men who are bringing closer the day of victory.

F/Lt. R. L. C. Lasham, D. F. C.
35 Mayfield Rd.,
London, N. 8

Dear Editor:

Thank you very much for your letter I received a couple of weeks ago. Please excuse the delay in answering but I always wait until I'm on leave before writing to you, as you can guess, we don't get a lot of spare time on an air force station these days.

I've just received Course 18's "Listening Out." That idea of giving the home addresses of all the course members is very good. I wish Course 4 had thought of that, with us it's just a matter of luck if we happen to meet any of our fellow pupils.

By the way, I see that several of Course 18 live quite close to me. Maybe if they read this they would like to get in touch with me so that we could shoot lines to each other if we happen to be on leave together.

As usual I haven't very much news for you about our course. I've seen Tony Mollison again (which reminds me I promised to write to him). He's about half way through his first tour by now and I believe he has a P/O.

Arthur Bryant is somewhere on the continent and seems to be fairly busy as he hasn't written for several weeks. Probably spending a lot of time in Paris "sightseeing"?

Harry Forrest of Course 5 has finished his tour of "ops" and is now having a rest as an instructor. If he has any pupils like myself it won't be much of a rest. Ask Mr. Miller.

Well, that's about all except for the usual lines about myself. I've almost completed my second tour of "ops" with Path-finders and also have been awarded the D.F.C. More free cokes in the local, eh?

Well, I must close now. Remember me to all the people who knew me. The Lucky People?

Cheerio now.
Best wishes and good luck.

Bob

Editor's Note: Congratulations, Bob! Riddle Field's brilliant young flyers are stacking up quite a score of Distinguished Flying Crosses, and now your name is added to that role of honor. Thanks for your nesy, entertaining letter and please write soon again.

45 Goldsmith Road
Forn Barnet
London, N.11
England

Dear Sir:

I have before me a letter from you asking of news of my son, Sgt. Pilot Ronald Vaughan, who was a member of Course 6 at Riddle Field. This letter was replied to by my wife some months ago, but, as we have not seen any mention of this in your Fly Paper, we feel that this letter never reached its destination.

I am very sorry to have to say that my boy was killed on the night of June 13, 1943, whilst taking part in a night raid over Germany.

He is buried with four of his comrades in the Military Cemetery at Grafhorst, approximately eight miles northwest of Zwolle, Province of Overjssel, Holland.

I wish to conclude by thanking you and all at Clewiston for all you did to make my boy's time with you such a happy one.

On the few occasions he had leave with us he never once forgot to mention his Clewiston days and the many kindnesses he received from everyone.

Yours sincerely,

Oliver Vaughan

Editor's Note: That the Fly Paper has not published the shocking news of Ronald's death until now was due to the regrettable fact that Mrs. Vaughan's letter never reached us. We wish to express to Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan the sympathy of the entire Embry-Riddle organization.

45 Goldsmith Road
Forn Barnet
London, N.11
England

Dear Editor:

I am sending you a few lines regarding my brother, Brian J. Spragg, who received his training at Clewiston.

He had been on Typhoons for over seven months when he was transferred to rocket-flying "Tiffies" some weeks ago. As soon as airfields were established in France his squadron went over and he tells us he has a great time over there beating up Jerry.

He expects to get his second "ring" in a few weeks, when we hope to see him home to celebrate his 21st birthday.

He often talks of the good pals he met at your famous school, and my brother, also an R.A.F. cadet, is hoping to get out there for his training too.

Many thanks for sending your Fly Paper—the whole family enjoys it.

With best wishes and happy landings to all at Embry-Riddle.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Pamela Rossell

Editor's Note: We appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending us word of Brian's activities, Mrs. Rossell. His fellow cadets of Course 10 will be delighted to learn that he is in there giving Jerry a wallopning.

We do hope that your other brother will be sent to us for training and that he too will receive his wings at Riddle Field.

152 Tressyl Road
Wolverhampton
England

Dear Editor:

Your excellent papers continue to reach me regularly and as a result I have been able to read of the activities of many friends both in America and England.

Since leaving Clewiston with Course 11, I have had a Flying Instructor's course and have been instructing at an Elementary Flying Training School in England for just over a year.

Although my station is a small one, there are several Embry-Riddle trained pilots here—Flying Officers R. Clarke and D. Newman, Pilot Officer Johnny Potter and Flight Sergeants Miles, Gorick and Jowett, so you can see I am in good company! (Incidentally, we were all in Florida together in Course 11 and 12). Flying Officer Discombe and Flight Sergeant H. J. F. A. Were.

Yours sincerely,

(Retr. R. Clarke)

Editor's Note: Congratulations, Bob! Riddle Field's brilliant young flyers are stacking up quite a score of Distinguished Flying Crosses, and now your name is added to that role of honor. Thanks for your nesy, entertaining letter and please write soon again.

45 Goldsmith Road
Forn Barnet
London, N.11
England

Dear Sir:

I have before me a letter from you asking of news of my son, Sgt. Pilot Ronald Vaughan, who was a member of Course 6 at Riddle Field. This letter was replied to by my wife some months ago, but, as we have not seen any mention of this in your Fly Paper, we feel that this letter never reached its destination.

I am very sorry to have to say that my boy was killed on the night of June 13, 1943, whilst taking part in a night raid over Germany.

He is buried with four of his comrades in the Military Cemetery at Grafhorst, approximately eight miles northwest of Zwolle, Province of Overjssel, Holland.

I wish to conclude by thanking you and all at Clewiston for all you did to make my boy's time with you such a happy one.

On the few occasions he had leave with us he never once forgot to mention his Clewiston days and the many kindnesses he received from everyone.

Yours sincerely,

Oliver Vaughan

Editor's Note: That the Fly Paper has not published the shocking news of Ronald's death until now was due to the regrettable fact that Mrs. Vaughan's letter never reached us. We wish to express to Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan the sympathy of the entire Embry-Riddle organization.

45 Goldsmith Road
Forn Barnet
London, N.11
England

Dear Editor:

I am sending you a few lines regarding my brother, Brian J. Spragg, who received his training at Clewiston.

He had been on Typhoons for over seven months when he was transferred to rocket-flying "Tiffies" some weeks ago. As soon as airfields were established in France his squadron went over and he tells us he has a great time over there beating up Jerry.

He expects to get his second "ring" in a few weeks, when we hope to see him home to celebrate his 21st birthday.

He often talks of the good pals he met at your famous school, and my brother, also an R.A.F. cadet, is hoping to get out there for his training too.

Many thanks for sending your Fly Paper—the whole family enjoys it.

With best wishes and happy landings to all at Embry-Riddle.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Pamela Rossell

Editor's Note: We appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending us word of Brian's activities, Mrs. Rossell. His fellow cadets of Course 10 will be delighted to learn that he is in there giving Jerry a wallopning.

We do hope that your other brother will be sent to us for training and that he too will receive his wings at Riddle Field.

152 Tressyl Road
Wolverhampton
England

Dear Editor:

Your excellent papers continue to reach me regularly and as a result I have been able to read of the activities of many friends both in America and England.

Since leaving Clewiston with Course 11, I have had a Flying Instructor's course and have been instructing at an Elementary Flying Training School in England for just over a year.

Although my station is a small one, there are several Embry-Riddle trained pilots here—Flying Officers R. Clarke and D. Newman, Pilot Officer Johnny Potter and Flight Sergeants Miles, Gorick and Jowett, so you can see I am in good company! (Incidentally, we were all in Florida together in Course 11 and 12). Flying Officer Discombe and Flight Sergeant H. J. F. A. Were.

Yours sincerely,

(Retr. R. Clarke)
CHAPMAN CHATTER

by JANE CARLAND

Our ex-Chapman Field correspondent, Peggy Humphries, has forsaken us in favor of her family and friends up in Torrington, Conn. We surely will miss her smiling face and cheerful manner here at the Field where she has been dispatcher as well as student.

Peggy is now a full-fledged instructor, and we wish her all the luck and happiness in the future. She will be celebrating her twentieth birthday on December 2, which, coincidentally, is also the date set for Betty Harbison's wedding in Chicago.

Ducks Wanted

Mag Farea passed her flight test Wednesday and now has her instructor's rating. At the moment she is flying the low-winged Fairchild in quest of a higher horsepower rating. (N.B. Ted Hunter would greatly appreciate volunteers to help him throw Miss F. in the bay. To date she has been well able to defend herself from traditional ducking, even when out-numbered five to one.)

Mac Campbell is now a "blind flyer!" Believe me, he really earned THAT instrument rating. The inspector kept him up in the clouds for a struggle that lasted two hours and twenty minutes. Congratulations, Mac!

And speaking of instrument flying, Lorraine Barry and Smitty have so much business recently that word has it they are both going to retire any time now and live in regal comfort for the rest of their lives.

Who is this lady instructor who is said to be unsafe for solo when bugs are found in the airplane?

Merrie Carpenter returned to Chapman the other a.m. thoroughly "wrung out" after her two day X-C. It seems she turned left instead of right. Anyway, she spent the night in Lantana as a result.

Dave (Pretty Legs) Narrow has found a fishing enthusiast at last, much to his joy. She is none other than his new student, Miss Carstairs. Oddly enough he managed to bring back some visible proof of their luck from the Gulf Stream the other day, and now he defies anyone to doubt his previous tales of the proverbial big one that got away. (By the way, Dave, what's the reason your son is learning to become an acrobat instead of a future "H.P.?"

Bob Jennings intended to go home to St. Pete 'way last Wednesday but was shanghaied by some of his friends and only managed to slip away Tuesday. We will miss him and hope that he will come down and see us all as often as he can.

Esther Louise Cochrane from Boston is one of Ted Hunter's new students, and we've been promoting her as a lady judo artiste ever since we saw how easily she tossed some of our male football giants over her shoulder.

That rattling red and black apparition which faintly resembles an automobile (vintage of '31) is Mary Wilecox's pride and joy, "Propwash." Now "Propwash" is a dandy chariot, but at the moment is hangared, suffering with acute blowouts and a deficiency of A and C ration stamps.

Off The Ground

EXTRA! Wilbur (Groundhog) Sheffield has become airborne at last! In fact we're looking forward to watching him solo any day now. Dave Narrow is the super salesman who finally sold him on the idea of growing himself a pair of wings.

It's only fair to warn you that Charlotte Kayser and Nancy Graham together play an invincible game of bridge. Bob Edgerton is the only candidate we believe capable of out-maneuvering those two on their own territory, and we know whereof we speak as we've witnessed untold wizardry on his part, involving some sort of Wiffle Dust. If you'd like to see him perform, just come to some of the get-togethers at our "rest home for fatigued and aged pilots," located at 740 Navarre, in the Gables.

Incidentally, did YOU send that canary to the above address?

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR AT THE SEAPLANE BASE when the H. F. Cummings appear for flight instructions. Mr. Cummings, who is treasurer of the Howard Johnson Corporation, and his wife live in Miami and hope to own their own amphibious plane after the war.

BUY WAR BONDS

Through the Payroll Savings Plan

Chapman Chatter

Former Chapman Student
Piloted First Transport
From England to France

Last September a nineteen-year-old boy had the distinction of flying the first transport plane from England to an airport near Paris, according to the Chicago Sun correspondent, W. A. S. Douglas.

This young Air Corps lieutenant was Silliman Evans, Jr., who obtained his commercial license and instrument rating at Chapman Field in the spring of 1943.

The correspondent tells us that this boy-commander has since made two trips daily from England to France, carrying everything from generals to oil barrels.

Keeping a sharp eye on the myriad gadgets on the instrument panel, young Evans expertly maneuvered his ship through one of the worst storms experienced by Mr. Douglas, who made one memorable trip with him. The huge plane battled for its life with a mere boy at the controls. "But," as the correspondent says, "what a boy he is!"

Lt. Evans is the son of the publisher of the Chicago Sun and owner of the Nashville Tennessean, and Mrs. Evans who make their home in Nashville.

When Silliman was working for his commercial here at Embry-Riddle his diminutive mother also was taking flight instruction, influenced by her son's enthusiasm, Mrs. Evans decided that she would learn to be a pilot so that after the war she would be able to fly her publisher husband across the country on business trips.

David DaBoll, who was young Evans' instructor at Chapman, said that he was an average boy who responded to instruction in an average manner, but that he was "particularly sharp" on instruments. Lorraine Barry of the Link department at the field was not available to comment on her former student.

Lt. Evans will celebrate his twentieth birthday next January.
COURSE
20
LISTENING OUT
NOVEMBER 1944
Course 20

Course 20 arrived at Riddle Field three days behind schedule and under something of a cloud, as the sad news of their germ-laden stay in Toronto had preceded them. The ensuing period of quarantine found the course shunned by all who could escape their contaminating influence, but there were a few brave souls, notably our Primary and Ground School instructors, who risked the streptococci-laden breath to let us commence our training and start the job we had all waited so long and so impatiently to begin.

In due course our period of quarantine ended, and we were given our first weekend Open Post. To most of us, this was the first of an oft-repeated trek to Palm Beach, where we always have received such magnificent receptions. Our thanks to Mrs. Marx, Mrs. NeSmith and Mrs. Thomas, and to the many kind people who received us so well throughout our stay.

Not only in Palm Beach, but in Clewiston, Miami, Sebring and many other places we have enjoyed the truly wonderful hospitality of so many American homes, and we have made very good friends who will remain in our memories. We appreciate our extremely good fortune in being trained in this country, and the very pleasant times we have had when off duty.

Lest this mention of how greatly we have enjoyed our free time should seem invidious, we hasten to ask our Instructors, Primary and Advanced Flying, Link Ground School and R.A.F. Staff to take a bow. We can honestly say that we have been given the best instruction in all departments, and no mere words can express the gratitude we all feel for the skill, patience and understanding of our instructors.

On the eve of our graduation, we realize how much we still have to learn, but we know that the skill and knowledge we have gained here at Riddle Field will be of inestimable value in our further operational training, and how much advantage it will give us now that we stand on the threshold of being of some value in the further prosecution of the War.

To the Company and Management, Supervisory and Maintenance Personnel, Weather Bureau, Operations, Mess Hall and notably the Canteen Staffs we place on record our appreciation of their unstinting efforts, which have made our stay at the field so very enjoyable to us all. We also mention with gratitude the Ladies who work so hard to make the Cadet Club in Clewiston the boon it is to all our Cadets.

Some of the humorous incidents which have occurred during our training are perpetuated in articles and cartoons in this issue, and we would be very happy if these were all we had to record.

We all regret very deeply, the unfortunate accident which cost Lionel Viggers' life, and join in the expression of our deepest sympathy with his Parents and Family in their great loss. Always a very popular Cadet, he leaves a gap in our ranks which cannot be filled.

We are happy to know that Bill Hunter and Geoff Barton are progressing so favourably, and hope that their complete recovery and subsequent graduation will not be delayed very long.

And now, in conclusion, we would say “Thanks, and thanks again.” Our stay at Riddle Field has been very pleasant, our training all that we could have wished for, and we hope to justify your noble efforts by our fitness to do the job you have taught us so well and help, in our small degree, to bring forward the time everyone awaits so eagerly, when the war is over both in Europe and the Pacific.

And as we all hope to see you all again, we will say,

Au Revoir,

Course 20

Listening, Out.
THE BOYS

C/Plc DUPLEY LOB
C/Plc Tommy COOK "The Skipper"
C/Plc ALEX STRAUGHAN

C/Plc BRIAN "DISMISS" MORTIMORE
C/Plc "WALLY" WALLER
C/Plc "SAM" COHEN

C/Plc "JIMMY" WYPER
C/Plc ARNOLD CROSSLEY
"TREVOR" "BOB" SMITH TEO
Jim GRAY

DEREK BARCLAY
CECIL FACHIRI
Elegy Written in the Ready Room at Night

The parade bell tolls the knell of parting day,
   The lowing herd winds slowly up from tea,
Then to the flight line wend their weary way
   To go night flying in the great A.T.

Now fades the glimmering landscape from the sight,
   And in the air's a solemn stillness now,
Save for the noise of twenty overshoots
   And Rainbow's cry, "Strut pump for Baker How."

Save that from yonder great white painted tower,
   The radio-op does to the moon complain
Of such as taxiing just as h...-
   Do leave a trail of wounded and half slain.

Beneath that A.T.'s wing that hangars shade,
   In spite of cries pathetic, heartfelt, deep,
From guys who cannot get engines started up,
   The line men and mechanics soundly sleep.

At length we're airborne, steering three to five,
   For Bartow, wondrous city, 'way far north,
Our pockets stuffed with flight plans, clearances,
   And met.winds, but take them for what they're worth.

Can well shot "line," or any other thing,
   Describe the panic of th'ensuing time?
When Bartow can't be seen on E.T.A.
   If I were solo, here would end this rhyme.

I fly and fly till long past E.T.A.
   At length, thank goodness, some dim lights appear,
Or hope I now begin to have a ray.
   And toward them, praying fervently, I steer.

Bartow has changed since last night—there's less light,
   The Army Airfield seems to've gone astray,
But, long past caring, now I lift the mike,

Alas, alas, I fear I can't repeat
   The profane words that now assail my ears,
"It's Key West—now set course for T.M.F.
   Get on the ball—'ere I'm reduced to tears."

THE RESULT

Here washing dishes in a Moncton mess,
   A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
His fault?—He couldn't navigate at night,
   The A.D. army claimed him for its own.

---

THE HEIGHTS

The Heights by Great Men Reached and Kept
   Were Not Attained by Sudden Flight
But While Their Companions Slept
   Were Toiling Upward in the Night.

Longfellow
LOVE LIFE of A PUPIL PILOT

I saw her one bright morning,
   The air was clear and fine,
I knew at once I loved her,
   And some day she’d be mine.

A formal introduction,
   As usual I was shy,
Anxious to make impression,
   This chance must not slip by.

I took her out that afternoon,
   We could not go alone,
Ah me! of course we had to take
   A lynx-eyed chaperone!

I was not over cautious,
   And yet not over bold,
So when understanding deepened,
   She turned out far from cold.

At last I found the right approach,
   We thought and moved as one,
Alone I had that lovely form!
   The lynx-eyed one had gone.

Now you might think me improper
   So promiscuously to mix,
But I’m a pupil pilot
   And she’s my A.T.O.

"DOES ANYONE KNOW THE WAY TO
RIDDLE FIELD?"
"Stick To It"

Pro Patria Mori
Lionel Marcus Viggers
October 9, 1944
COURSE 21 TAKES OVER

IT'S "SCOTT" TO BE DONE

"MR. WALKER WANTS TO KNOW"

THIS IS NOT A COMPASS SWING.

B.C.
THESE WE WILL NEVER FORGET

Our Sebring breakfast
The last bus on Sunday
Ice cream and coke
“Well, class, I ‘er—”
Mr. Berka’s apples
“Mental” D.R.
Queenie’s Family
The Hurricane
Scott’s flag hoisting parade

A gas truck when we wanted a time check
F/Lt. Smith’s Quarter Attacks—or who improved the projection room
Nothing on the clock but the maker’s name and going up like a rocket
P. C. Parker’s cookhouse hours (going round again)
The Canteen Staff or the “Serving N.C.O.s”
“Flight Leaders, you have ‘em.”

Mrs. Walsh—long may she reign
Mr. Ahern’s SADD night-mare
First formation flight
Mortimore’s dismiss
Mr. Mason’s “Let’s get flying fellers.”
Ree’s folly
Yo-all
American hospitality
OUR OFFICERS

Editor
F. C. B. Waller

Assistant Editor
John S. Cohen

Sketches by
Eric Knowles
Barry Clarke
Alan Davidson

Verses by
F. C. B. Waller
George Tombe

Introduction by
Tommy Cook
COLONEWS
by Jo Axtell

It isn't that Arthur Carpenter has just learned to tell the time that he is so willing to stop and give us the correct time—it's the novelty of that handsome wrist watch which was presented to him on his birthday, October 24th, at a surprise party given here at the Colonnade. "Bruz," eventually rallied from the shock and surprise to come forth with these gems of wisdom, "I shall hunt a new excuse for being late to work," or words to that effect.

Red Carpets

Three days later was another celebration occasioned by the arrival of Ensign Bob Hillstead, former Comptroller, recently home on leave. He innocently came out to lunch at the invitation of "Gramps" Carpenter and walked right smack into a homecoming to end all homecomings.

After a riotous welcome, as a full ascended over the crowd in anticipation of a speech, Ensign Hillstead came forth with the classic query, "Where's the food?" whenupon he was conveyed to the seat of honor where palm fronds and welcome home signs decorated the bulkheads, as evidenced by the picture in this issue snapped by Editor Wain Fletcher.

Returnees

This week we also welcomed back Mrs. Gordon Kerr, the former Betty Hadley, who dropped in to say hello. Betty and her husband recently arrived from Chicago where Lt. Kerr has been stationed since his return from overseas. In addition, Josephine Wooly, former secretary to Mr. Hillstead, paid us a surprise visit on her return from up north. And while we're welcoming, we extend a "glad you're home" to Mary Vallowe of the Bond department, and Gertrude Bohres of Personnel, both having reported a pleasant vacation.

And now that you have a blow by blow description of old home week we take time right here to congratulate Stuart Kille, 12-year-old son of Sales Manager John Kille, who has been elected president of the seventh grade at Shenandeh Junior High School. We are justly proud of young Stuart.

Still more congratulations are in order with the news of the forthcoming marriage on November 26th of Rae Lane to Chief Warrant Officer Austin B. Fincher, Jr., U.S.A., and to them both we extend our congratulations and very best wishes. Rae is an old Embry-Riddleite, having been one of our chauffeurets since way back.

All of that.

Aircraft and Engines
by Eleanor Eagan

Nothing backward about A & E, we are already beginning to talk in postwar terms, especially since we are converting from a military to a commercial overhaul station. The new Trade-In business is one of our new postwar "babies" and we expect to see it grow by leaps and bounds. The last of the DC-3 wing tips have gone on their way and the rivets have been laid down.

The Sheet Metal department is turning in for a long nap—fabric now rules!

We surely were abustle with activity the day of the hurricane, which left us with one small orphan of the storm—Mama Cat and two of the kittens were our only outstanding casualties.

A & E Bits

Lou Allison of Accounting is now Mrs. Z. G. Meredith, and having a difficult time locating an apartment—anyone knowing of an apartment for rent, please contact Lou!

Alma Daniels, forelady of the Covering department, recently celebrated her 32nd wedding anniversary. Her son, Danny, who has been in foreign service with the Navy, was home on leave, so it was really a double celebration.

Thelma Garrett certainly is "swinging the dope" these days, the reason being that after a six-weeks' silence, she received a letter from her husband, who is overseas, saying that everything is all right.

We see many new faces around A & E these days, especially in the shop. In order to overlook anyone we would like to welcome them as a whole. The General Office welcomes Mary Pinar, who will handle the purchasing for A & E . . . that gal surely gets around, less than one month with Embry-Riddle and she has made herself known at Colonnade, Transportation and Chapman Field.
CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by EVA MAE LEE

Starting with the next issue of the Fly Paper, Laurie Speer will be the correspondent for the Carlstrom Carrousel. You Carlstromites be sure to give her some news items. Remember, it is up to all of you to make it good! Laurie comes to us from the General Manager’s office at Dorr Field.

And down in the Director of Flying’s office is a pretty new red-head—Betty Stephens, who also has come over to a good field at last. She is taking the place of Peggy Brown, who has left us to start working “Banker’s Hours.” Good luck to you, Peggy.

Another Dorrite

In the accounting office we also find an addition to Carlstrom, Martha Hollbrook. Be good to her ‘cause she’s working on that payroll! Martha came from Accounting at Dorr and has taken the place of Al Lastinger, who has accepted a job in the County Superintendent’s office at the Court House.

And have you noticed our new station wagon driver? She is Dorothy Turner. Her sister, Mattie, has enrolled in the Western Union school. Good luck with WU, Mattie. Carlstrom also bids a fond farewell to two of the civil service girls, Mrs. Ethel Bernstein of the Infirmary and Mrs. Martha Lane of Army Personnel. We’ll be missing you two.

Jack Hunt

News has reached Carlstrom that Major Jack Hunt and Capt. Gordon McSwain will be visiting us when they fly from Randolph Field to do some hunting near Arcadia. They should arrive shortly after November 20!

Major Hunt was Carlstrom’s first Director of Flying and was later General Manager, and Capt. McSwain is one of Arcadia’s outstanding doctors who has joined the service in his field of work. Friends of these fine fellows extend to them a most hearty welcome!

Wedding bells will ring on the 27th of November for Wilda Smithson of Army Headquarters and Sgt. Wade H. Howe, Jr., of Army Engineering. Wilda has been at Carlstrom since February of 1942 and is at present secretary to the Statistical officer. Sgt. Howe is an airplane inspector and has been here since April of 1943.

The wedding ceremony, with an Army Chaplain officiating, will take place at Turner Field, Albany, Ga., where Miss Smithson’s brother-in-law and sister, Capt. and Mrs. Wilson M. McCormick, have been recently transferred.

Wilda hails from Cleveland, Ohio, and Wade comes from Rock Hill, S. C., where they will make their home after the war.

We all wish Wade and Wilda much luck and all the happiness in the world.

Postscript (from Laurie): Since Eva Mac had to depart before this reached the mail, I’d like to add a note from those she left behind to say that we sincerely miss her, and were loathe to see her go. Eva Mac has accepted a position with CAA in Atlanta, and we know that she will be happy in her new work.

March of 1943 saw Eva Mae’s arrival at Carlstrom as secretary to the Director of Flying and in May of ’44 she took Kay Brummett’s place as secretary to Messrs. Povey, Brinton and Reece. You will have a following wherever you go, just as you had at Carlstrom, so good luck to you, Eve.

In Memoriam

Maj. Gen. WALTER R. WEALER
United States Army Air Forces
October 27, 1944
In the Service of his country

HEADQUARTERS
ARMY AIR FORCES TRAINING COMMAND
Fort Worth, Texas

October 16, 1944

Embry-Riddle Company
Arcadia, Florida

My dear Mr. Riddle
and Mr. McKay:

It is with great pleasure that we present to you this Army Air Forces Training Command “Certificate of Service Award.” This award is presented for meritorious services which you rendered toward the accomplishment of the Army Air Forces training programs.

It has been nearly three years since the former Army Air Forces Flying Training Command was activated and delegated one of the most serious responsibilities in history.

We all remember well the tragic urgency of our task and the myriad obstacles that confronted us in those early days of the war. The entire world now knows how the problems were overcome and a great air force was created to span the globe to fight for the allied cause. That this is true is a tribute not only to the military but also in large measure to the schools which were established by the civilians whose experience, equipment and time made possible a quick and effective “Counterpunch” to the enemy.

With the allied air forces successfully combating the enemy on every front the machinery of training is necessarily diminishing, with a resultant slackening in civilian contract operations. It must be a source of immense and justifiable satisfaction to you to know that large numbers of young men who first learned to fly at your installation are today among those at the nation’s “first line of offense” in the air.

You and the men and women of your organization may be assured that along with the Certificate of Service Award presented to you by the Training Command goes a lasting appreciation of all of us for the contributions you have made to eventual victory.

Very truly yours,

Lieutenant General, U.S.A.

B. K. YOUNT
Commanding

Your War Assignment

You have a War assignment that is as important as that of the man or woman in uniform. It is to buy War Bonds—and the best way is through the Payroll Savings Plan.

Our armed forces are confronted with resourceful and fanatical adversaries which means more hard fighting, more loss of lives and continued loss of equipment before the day of Victory.

It is of vital importance that YOU back up our fighting forces—they are doing a magnificent job and you must not let them down. Buy your Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan—and do it right now!
On Carlstrom's Honor Roll

Lt. Jack W. Graham of St. Louis, Mo. (Class 43C), was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Purple Heart in February of this year for extraordinary achievement in aerial flight. His citation reads in part: "... the aircraft which Lt. Graham was flying received several direct hits from enemy anti-aircraft fire, resulting in the loss of three engines. Forced to leave the protection of his formation deep in enemy territory Lt. Graham decided to attempt a crossing of the Adriatic Sea to keep his plane and crew from capture by the enemy... With barely enough altitude to clear the rugged terrain, he skillfully brought his aircraft to the Italian coast for a successful crash landing with but minor injuries to his crew. However, Lt. Graham sustained a shattered left arm and severe lacerations, being trapped in the airplane for a period of over two hours before he could be extricated. His extraordinary achievement in saving the lives of his crew and preventing the capture of both crew and plane, together with his superior leadership and personal resourcefulness... has reflected great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States of America."

Lt. Oscar Frechette, Jr., of Pawtucket, R. I. (Class 43A), has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal for meritorious achievements while serving on 36 missions from England, Africa, Sicily and Italy. He was shot down over enemy territory, and is now a Prisoner of War at Stalag Luft 1 in Germany.

In Memoriam

2nd Lt. James E. Thompson of Class 43J was killed September 5, 1944, in a crash on the southwest coast of Iceland while on a familiarization flight. Prior to his Iceland assignment, Lt. Thompson had been instructing at the Venice Army Air Field in Florida. Embry-Riddle extends sympathy to his family in Dearborn, Mich.

Chinese Flight Student Studies American Way

China is looking to America for technical help in training Chinese in aviation after the war, according to Siang-Yao Wong, of Shanghai, China, who spent some time in this country getting the American slant on the aviation industry.

For about six months he was in Miami studying the aviation set-up here, and in addition to learning the problems of the industry, learned to fly a plane at the Seaplane Base on the MacArthur Causeway. Part of his work was to study operation of the various departments of Pan American Airways.

"I've always been interested in flying personally," he said "and appreciate the opportunity of working for my private pilot's license while studying the problems of the industry as a whole.

"Several new airlines will undoubtedly open in China after the war," he said. "Since commercial airlines in the United States are operating on a successful basis, China would like to work with America in this field. Aviation will bring America much closer to China."

He pointed out that China will be in need of natives of that country trained in the American viewpoint on aviation, and he is preparing himself to be connected with one of the Chinese airlines after the war.

He came to the United States about two-and-a-half years ago to work with the China Defense and Supplies Commission sent here by the Chinese government to handle lend lease goods. He was in Washington almost two years. Early this year he began his study of aviation in this country to be applied to postwar aviation development in his native land.
COLISEUM COMMENTS

by RUTH WESTENHAVER

Upon entering the Technical School at the Coliseum last week, we immediately noted that it had undergone a considerable change—both in personnel and the building itself.

The office may be the same one we visited some six weeks ago, but at a first glance we thought we had entered the wrong room. It is amazing what a little paint, varnish and furniture polish can do. A few appropriate pictures here and there and an attractive carpet completed the transformation of that heretofore barren office. Our purpose was not to gather material for a “Better Offices and Schools” magazine. In reality, we started out to interview Verner D. Vale, newly appointed Director of the School, and, if possible, to look over the school itself.

Engine After Engine

Mr. Vale, a new member of the Embry-Riddle “family” as well as a new resident of the city, greeted us cordially and offered to guide us on our suggested tour of the building. We gratefully accepted and stepped through the door of his office into the Engine department, where we found row after lengthy row of airplane engines. Mr. Vale introduced Fritz Browand, another addition to the instructor personnel, who explained the advantages of the precise alignment of the engines. By the way, before coming to Embry-Riddle, Mr. Browand was Field Service Representative of the Fisher Cleveland Aircraft Company.

The Director then suggested that we visit the Radio department. We were acquainted with G. R. Moorehead as he has been with the School for some time. He was busily engaged in explaining a few of the intricate parts of radio to Phyllis Hemingway and James Chase, two of our newer students.

Wings and Wires

From here we walked back to the center of the main floor where we found Jack Van Kootin directing his students in reassembling the wings on a Waco trainer. Lois Brown, another new student in Aircraft Mechanics, was perched on top of the plane unraveling some of the cables. Below, engaged in various and similar duties, were Henry Hardee, Henry Metzgar, Jose Rodriguez and Linwood Ward.

After a short conversation with Mr. Van Kootin, whose ability as an aircraft mechanic instructor is familiar to us, we decided to look into the Aircraft Mechanic classrooms and laboratories. Mr. Vale considerately explained a few of the many machines which to the layman are just a huge jumbled mass of metal. Upon leaving these classrooms we found that our itinerary still was to include the propeller laboratory, the carburetor laboratory and hydraulics laboratory.

And so ended our tour of the Technical School, which only recently made way for the Navy and moved from the old Tech building to the Coliseum; an interesting as well as an educational visit.

In closing, we wish to announce that Mr. Vale has cordially extended an invitation to all to drop in at the Coliseum any time and see where the “twenty on the ground to keep one in the air” receive their all important training.