SOLDIER STUFF by “The Boys”

May the Spirit Prevail

The soldiers found the prevailing spirit of Easter prominent Sunday and were filled with gratitude because of the wonderful reception they received at the churches. May the spirit of Easter be an incentive to us soldiers of all faiths and let there be a rebirth of the spirit of our fathers in the last world conflict.

And from the ridiculous to the sublime, but still in a religious trend, brings to mind our instructions of always following the “straight and narrow path”—poor Mr. Quirin found it a difficult task to abide by last Saturday night—huh? (Never again he promises).

Hats off and lots of luck to Mr. and Mrs. Simmons and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. I guess Miami agrees with you privates.

Some guys get all the breaks, especially tall guys. I understand our six gigilos had quite a time with the beautiful models Sunday—I’m putting in for aidget beauty contest—maybe we’ll all get some attention then.

Written Examination

P. S. We had a written examination in class the other day. Here’s “Private Pete’s” conception of what makes airplanes do what they do:

Aviation Nomenclature

Four stroke cycle: Bicycle with two seats and four pedals;
Crankcase: Ill-tempered man carrying a suit-case;
Thermocouple: Two thermos bottles;
Sleeve valve: Gadget to ventilate sleeve of O. D. shirt;
1 Head valve: Valve with eyes;
2 Head valve: Chinese tea drinker;
Stalactites: Unescorted girls at U. S. O.;
Electrode: Political sign published by Mr. Rodé;
Generator: Man who cleans the building;

CONGRATULATIONS

It isn’t often that we get a chance to extend the glad hand all around as we do this week. All of a sudden a veritable rain of promotions and similar monumental events has descended upon us, and we’d like to do a good job of dispensing the necessary felicitations. Accordingly, we propose an orchid to:

Captain George J. Ola

The present energetic C. O. of Carlstrom, a native of Pennsylvania, came into the Air Corps from the enlisted ranks after, by his own admission, flunking the written entrance exam a couple of times. Commissioned as a Reserve Officer at Kelly Field in August, 1939, he worked at Parks Air College until he received his Regular commission in April, 1940. He has been here since Carlstrom Field was reborn in March, 1941—arriving as a Second Lieutenant to ride

TURN TO CARLSTROM FIELD, Page 4, Col. 2

FLASH! Consistent with Embry-Riddle’s defense training expansion program, announcement will be made today that the School has taken over the Coral Gables Coliseum, formerly the Ice Palace, to provide much needed additional space. Complete details of what will be done with this huge building will not be made public at this time. This lease, which is written for ‘the duration,’ was negotiated by George Wheeler.

WATKINS FAMILY IS ALMOST AN ARMY

by Jack Hopkins

Of interest to many at Riddle Field was the picture of T. H. Watkins in the March 30 edition of Life Magazine. Upon investigation it was discovered that Watkins was a brother to Bill and Woody Watkins of C and D Flights respectively, here (two Yanks in the R.A.F.). After talking to the boys about their family, we found that their father is Colonel D. W. Watkins of the U. S. Air Corps Ferry Command; brother J.C.A. is a Lieutenant in the Alabama Institute of Aeronautics; the brother whose picture was in Life is a Lieutenant in the 58th Bombardment Squadron at Hickam Field, Territory of Hawaii; another brother, R.A., is with the 5th Engineer Corps in Iceland; and that still another brother, D.W., Jr., will go on active duty as a Second Lieutenant, Ordinance Department Res., upon graduation from the University of Michigan in May. That makes a father and six sons all in the service of the Allied Nations which is something very unusual and is a facet of which the Watkins can well be proud.

“RIDDLE ROOST”

Buddie Brown, Tech School graduate, just dropped into the office to give us a report on a few of the E-R grads who are engaged in aircraft repair and maintenance work at Ft. Walton, Fla. Three of the old timers, Ernie Guise, Charles Golley and Jud Tanner, have gotten married... while some of the others are keeping bachelor quarters in a big house which is commonly called ‘Riddle Roost’ around Ft. Walton.

Among other Tech Grads at Fort Walton are Moe Baroudi, Charlie Tucker, Ernie Hayes and Bob Waldron. Buddie, who came to Miami on a short leave from his job, attended the School Party at the Deauville Saturday evening, and returned to Ft. Walton Thursday morning.
the STOCK-ROOM STORY

Dear Editor:

Taking it entirely upon myself, I wish to speak for the entire
stockroom crew in expressing our
appreciation for the very cunie-
patrons which come our way
through the many courses of the
school.

I have served the public in a
great many capacitites, but never
have I witnessed any customers,
anywhere, that were so very
patient and half as friendly as
these many friends and patrons
that we meet day by day here.

If only "Boss" Riddle could
see the many types, rich and poor,
the men advancing themselves and
our Country by mastering the
courses we offer to them here;
the businesslike attitude they take
about their tools and texts; and
that little gleam in their eyes
which seems to say "I am almost
bubbling over with joy at being
able to be here amid these fine
surroundings and good instruction.
and I am preparing myself to aid
in my country's defense too," I am
sure he would be tempted to dis-
lodge an arm in attempting to put
his own back for making these
little gleams in their eyes a reality.

Little things happen here every
day that are quite amusing. We
hear and see things that even top
some of the experiences set forth
in our "Fly Paper." We are sincere-
ly hoping that we are up to, and
above, "Par" in our service in
general, and we wish again to say
"Thanks a Million" to everyone for
their patience with us.

I suppose in the excitement of
moving our stockroom and the add-
ed employees, etc., that the little
gossip column of "Ye Olde Stock-
room" was omitted in the rush—

"Ah?

We wonder what Andy is gonna
do with the little "sparkle" we
saw him with the other day? Why
does Norman Bennett take such a
sudden interest in children (espe-
cially little ones?) Why is Jennings
Latta saving money to buy cigars
to give out? (Sometime in June we
hear!) And we wonder why
the lady customers get such a rush of
clerks everytime they enter the
stockroom?

The inventory crew has at long
last finished their inventory here,
and we hear that they are "gun-
ning" for more prep up the road.

George Lobdell is getting used to
his new desk and from the looks of
things, someone will get a chance
to keep the seats warm for the

WILLIAM J. "BILLIE" BRITTON, JR.
H. M. "BUDDIE" CARRUTHERS, JR.
LAURENCE "LARRY" HARTZELL

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School Party Romance Culminates in Marriage!

Not only do we have fun at our School Parties, but we kind of help old Daniel Cupid
along, too! At our Party on March 21, Private Lewis Simmons met June Elizabeth
Simmons, Miami Beach. He looked at her . . . she looked at him . . . and so what
happened? Just four weeks later, at our School Party at the Deauville last Saturday
evening, it was Mr. and Mrs. Simmons. They are shown above at right background,
with other members of the "Our Gang," as they partook of a delicious midnight
supper sacred following the dancing. • SPECIAL NOTICE, the next party, another
supper dance, will be held in three weeks, April 25, some time, some place, some price.
TECH TALK
by one Barton or another

The latest Embry-Riddle Macfadden Deauville dance was a huge success as was to be expected with Betty Harrington, very beautiful in white and green, the blythe spirit of the evening. Everyone's pleasure was heightened by the presence of our Director, A. W. Throgmorton, and his charming wife; Jim Blakeley, Director of Military Training, and blonde Mary Carlisle Blakeley, bedecked with flowers, made a pretty picture.

Bob Hillstead and the entire Accounting Department were there en masse having a gala time as could be told from the expressions of Fred Hawes and Nancy Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bowen, and Lucille Fox; Captain Fields, rapidly becoming the most popular man in the school and "Admiral" Jack Flowers, our "sixth oldest employee" came stag; little "Jo" Skinner was voted adorable in white; Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Smith lent their genial company to the frolic; Virgil Kittrell deplored the absence of his two charming daughters while drowning his sorrow; and Malcolm Byrne, Auditing, announced his coming marriage to all. (Considering I wasn't there I heard pullentee!)

Arrivals

Jim Blakeley's office force has been increased by the presence of Joy Mason, a native Floridian (practically a novelty). Girls, sorry to disillusion you but the handsome new head of the Radio Department, Bill Kohler, is not only married but the father of an equally handsome son. Glad to have you with us, Bill. Hardworking Bill Beckwith and Milton Klein's labs will be lightened (accidental pun, sorry) by the presence of Frank Denny, in the Electrical Department. Welcome!

In order to see her busy husband who works late night after night getting out the payroll, Mrs. Ray Lipe paid a social call on him at the school and was tendered a dinner in the cafeteria by Ray and his assistants, Marie Starks and Elizabeth Hirsch. We think it a nice idea and suggest it to other wives and husbands to come out and get acquainted and enjoy the juicy steaks and other delectable tidbits on the menu of severe Helen Drabbeck.

The School has been enjoying poor health: the new Malmsten baby and the Malmsten baby's new "Daddy" head the list; Jean Wye, in Mr. Hinchliffe's office, who does not like to be called a glamorous girl; vivacious and popular Betty Harrington, who staged a brave comeback in order to put our dance through smoothly; Florence Memann's young son with pneumonia; and our efficient and devoted Betty McShane, of Clinic fame.

Visitors

Mrs. Atkinson, mother of Eve (Dept. of Admissions), from Massachusetts. Bob Fowler, originally of Baltimore, who last Dec. became navigation instructor at Carlstrom; from there to Dorr; and is at present at Clewiston. Buddy Brown, former student of the Aircraft Department, now with the U. S. Civil Service Commission.

MRS. HENRIETTA KLEIN is a new student in the Sheet Metal Dept. and the first of her sex to engage in this quietest of pursuits. When asked her reactions at the end of her first day she said "Nervous, conscientious, and a bad cold."

The Jai-Alai Fronton invited the Latin American students of Embry-Riddle to be the guests of honor on April 8th. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Throgmorton, Mr. Emmitt Varney, Mr. "Altitude" Gile, Mr. Sebbie Smith and his mother who had never seen the sport before and liked it very much, and others who attended report a fine evening.

"Keep 'Em Flying"

FANTASY
by "Strabimus"

(A Clewiston Cadet.—they say!)

Last night we dreamed that our magnificent broadcasting system situated on the observation roof atop of Riddle tower skyscraper office building was paying its way in true CBS style.

VOICE OF RIDDLE TOWER.
"The time, seven o'clock. Our theme song, "Up in the morning tired and surlry." (They sing).

INTERRUPTION. Hello Riddle tower, Red one one two and a half calling, Can I take off for local solo flight?

VOICE OF RT. Yes you too can take off the way we do if you drink 1 Down, the wonder afterlourscent beverage.

IN T am taking off, Over. (Rude noise of an at 6 taking off).

RT. People who drink 6 Down are never over, they are always full of life and wanting to go places all day long. (Aside) Blue III get your flaps up) And now we bring to you "Music while you fly" by the makers of a bad pilot... 

VOICE SINGS.
Ma Momma done told me, When I was on PT's
At seventeen fifty
Rena... (Fade)

INTERRUPTION... "Red 234 Gear down, lock, pressure up, coming in to land." R. T. Yes for really first rate gears down, strong silent locks, and real high class pressures and snappy landings you could do no better than consult our free illustrated Cadets Handbook, brought to you by the makers of "World War II. (Fade out, singing continues)

Instructor's a two face, He sends you on check rides, And you'll get the blue in the kite. R. T. Do you suffer from "Flaposis"? Do you taxi with your flaps down? Your best friend won't tell. But it is an unpardonable social error. An eminent instructor recently stated that at least 17½ per cent cadets commit this offense. But there is no need to worry, all you have to do is to take "COCK-PITPILL." The wonder mixture, before and after every flight. Non-genuine unless in the famous cof fin-shaped bottle...

Cadet Airscrew says, "Once I was unpopular. Now all the girls go for me since I started using that flap crank."

"Crowd despatcher's table, first ship you're able. Phooey. His momma done told him. In dat Groundschool grindin'. Listen all the bindin' Phooey... My momma done told me You'll go up on night ride. Alone in a PT. You'll come down in the night. R. T. And now we present to you "The Lone Danger" (I.E. PT on first solo cross country)

INTERRUPTION. Hello Riddle Tower. What is the Tec Setting?

R. T. (with a little sigh of ecstasy) The Tec setting is number One, and what a setting: Beautifully finished in white and red so as to blend in perfectly with the camp and be invisible from the air, and finished off by Blue III who forgot to change pitch on the take off.

But now you hear the "Flyers Chorus" that lovely work of Grand Opera, sung as the weary line of Flyers plod home, from their silver steeds, having failed to slay the wicked enemy...

CHORUS OF CADETS. (To the tune of Chattanooga choochoo.)

We climb into the cockpit at a quarter to six, Forget to put the gas on, when we're in a fix. Crashing in a nose dive, Nobody knows I've Landed at Miami, and got sleepy at a low dive. Pardon us boys... Is that the Riddle field of flying? Yes Yes Carlstrom and Dorr. PT's galore...

R. T. And so the time comes when we must take our leave of picturesque Riddle Field, way way down, ever so far down in Dixie. But as we fly away, borne aloft by silver wings, and the flaming sunset, sends little streaks of fire, through the hangars, while pretty wisps of cloud drift in and out of the canteen, little forms splash in the limpid waters of the pool, and we look back, and say sadly... not "Good bye, but, Aho to."

Shortly afterwards we were awakened by the Airmen of the Day.

TECH SCHOOL, MIAMI—Here is a picture in the instrument department of some of the lads working on the instruments so necessary to modern flying. A complicated business but mighty interesting as you can tell from their serious expressions. Left to right are: Thomas Root, J. R. Market, James McCann, Walter Conlon, Chief Inst. Sebbie B. Smith.
check flights. Since then he has done more of his share of the work, and was promoted to First Lieutenant late last summer. Made Commanding Officer when Lieut. Freeman left several weeks ago, he just received his Captain's bars this past week. According to Lee Poyce, he is one of the smoothest natural pilots that gentleman ever saw, and is quite an athlete—in dulging actively in swimming, diving, tennis, roller-skating and dancing.

Captain William Hart

Here is another man who has been here since March a year ago. As First Lieutenant and Commandant of Cadets, he was probably one of the best-liked Army officers in the country, combining with a strict sense of discipline and duty a fine degree of human insight and tolerance that became a profound influence on the lives of every Cadet who ever knew him. Also an athlete of no mean ability on the tennis courts and the swimming pool, he is happily married to a sweet and lovely brunette, and sets a fine example by being a regular church-goer. Now an Adjutant of the post and Intelligence Officer, he likewise received his Captain's bars just this past week.

First Lieutenant John E. Clonts

A native Floridian, Lieut. Clonts received his commission as Second Lieutenant at Maxwell Field in July, 1941. Arriving at Carlstrom this past winter, he has been riding checks ever since. Famous for his rosy complexion and dry sense of humor, he has been all smiles these last few days passing out excellent cigars in celebration of his promotion to First Lieutenant. (We even get enery)

Timothy Waldo Davis

There is just a little note of sadness as we extoll the virtues of the Carlstrom clown and practical Jok- er. Our fun-loving flight instructor leaves us for Maxwell Field, where he will instruct in Air Corps Advanced flying school as Lieutenant T. W. Davis. Just before he left, he acquired a magnificent wine-colored Buick convertible sedan and an eye-filling blonde wife. We can't say anything to the car, but we hope Mrs. Davis has a sense of humor—an extraordinarily good one.

Pinkey McCrae and Irene Anger

Now Mr. and Mrs. Pinkey McCrae. The popular Pinkey and the lovely Irene went and had the knot tied this past week, without telling a soul about it. We hope we're not too late to offer our sincere best wishes for all the happiness in the world.

Ed Morey

We're probably muscling in on Dorr Field's territory when we congratulate Ed on his marriage to Audrey Schruck of Pittsburgh during Ed's vacation last week. A slight auto accident in a blinding snowstorm on the way back to Arcadia delayed their return a couple days, but both are now in the full swing of life in these parts of the United States. To you both—the best of everything.

Odds and Ends

Ye Editor, Bud Belland, on a short visit to Arcadia the other day; introduced him to everyone we came across in town, invited him to dinner, at his own expense, hauled him into a mild house-warming for Mr. and Mrs. Ed Morey, along with Joe Woodward, Paul Dixon, Paul Debor and ourselves, and shared our single bed (courtesy of Mrs. Sandusky) with the so-and-so after lending him our last sport shirt for the evening. Practice of southern hospitality.

FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR C. H. BALL really going to town on his hamburger drive-in at the intersection of the roads to Dorr and Carlstrom Fields. The pealed logs are falling into place rapidly, and we look for a gala Opening Night in the very near future.

SECOND LIEUT. DURWARD HARPER dropping us a line from Midland, Texas, telling us how he enjoys the work as an Air Corps Instructor, and that Pat Shannon is there as Bombardier. Both these boys were in Carlstrom's original class of 41-H, and ask to be remembered to all the gang.

Besieging the Army, the Athletic Department, and Nate Reese to open the post swimming pool to instructors. No luck yet, but we're still plugging.

After having the line crew place the propellers of all the planes parked on the line in horizontal position for over a year, we finally got someone to ask why. Now that American Gnat of 42-H knows it's done to keep the pitch from running out of the prop.

That looks like all for now. See you again next week.

THE FLIGHT LINE

By Tom Taylor

Boy Oh Boy; How Time do Fly!

Speaking of flying, that's all we do nowadays, and nights. We sleep in trees around here now, due to the fact that we don't have time to go home, and also that the ground is too crowded with aircraft.

More congratulations are in order, Lieut. George J. Ola, Commanding Officer has been replaced by Captain George J. Ola, Air Corps. This mess of congratulations will be in the form of a blanket deal as it is a bit difficult to keep up with Capt. Ola's promotions. We see that Joe Horton was in town long enough to be spotted by the neighbors and his wife. Stick around awhile Joe—we are just beginning to like you.

One day last week the entire flying line was treated to a display of formation flying and I mean formation, it happened during the time between flights and the show was put on by our C. O. and Lt. Commander. I'm telling you—it was a right smart job of flying and was greatly enjoyed by all. (Do it again—will ya?)

Carlstrom Field is one place that does not need a radio for night operations, with a plane lad who can be heard anywhere around the field. I mean Geo. Eckart—when George was checking out his flight the other night, everybody for miles around could hear the adjectives, etc., that were erupting from George's vicinity.

Well folks, due to the schedules we are flying I have been unable to get around and see what goes on around the joint—I'll try to do better next time.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY”

Yep, it's “Happy Birthday” to Carlstrom Field, R.A.F., Arcadia, Fla. April just marked the first anniversary of operation at Carlstrom Field.

Your request to prohibit quoting of facts and figures . . . but take it from us . . . everyone, students and employees, are doing a swell job, and they, together with Carlstrom Field itself, will write many pages in history. Congratulations to all!

AN ACCOUNT FROM ACCOUNTING

Dear Mom:

Would you believe it? The accounting department turned out in near full force for the big party Saturday night. Hillstead and the misus, Hawes and Nancy, Bowen and date, Lucille Fox and worse half, Jimmy Mickel and date, all helped to make the party a big success. At least we had a good time, and every one else seemed to be the same.

The office is breaking records this month as predicted. How about a raise, Bob?

Seems sort of odd not to hear Rodney Vestal around Auditing. Hope he's doing O.K. in Arcadia.

Heard Bowen's little girl accused him of stealing her candy Easter egg. He should be ashamed.

To dish a little dirt, Gert, looks like one of the boys in the office may have a feud on his hands. May the best gal win! Noticed Grindell's girl sporting a diamond Saturday night. Why don't you tell us these things? Miller is gradually earning the title of Best Dressed Man. Bowen gets heavier as the weeks go on. Hillstead gets busier and busier. Hawes has the most beautiful blush in the school. And I better quit now.

“Anamamus”
RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor
Bill Jacobs, Jonnie Draughon, Paul Prior, Mickey Lightholder, Tuffy Owens, Kenny Berry, Nelva Purdon, Ray Denton, Jimmy Walker, Roger Franklin and Ralph Thyer, Associate Editors.

The entire personnel of Riddle Field want to take this method of expressing to the family of Buddie Carruthers, our deepest sympathies in the tragic happening of last weekend. For several months Buddie was an Instructor here, and made many friends. After he left, these friendships were renewed many times in Miami. But now Bud has gone to his Eternal Reward, and we can all even now, be thankful that we knew a person like Buddie Carruthers.

Last week in our “Hat’s Off Department” we presented the Ground School, and this week we salute the Canteen Crew.

Where is it we all go for a soda, sundae or snack—or to listen to the juke organ—or relax and read in a comfortable chair—or play a game of chess, checkers or ping-pong—why, it’s to the Canteen, of course. Responsible for the efficient, courteous treatment received there are the following: Lela Brannan, Mgr., Jonnie Draughon, Gurvis Hathcock, Ray Verner and Stella Laird, waitresses; Louise Wynn and Edna Cox, cooks; Harvey Pool and James Bush (colored), chefs; Richard Rowland (colored), porter.

Fortunately, through the courtesy of Mr. A. O. Ward, amateur photographer in Clewiston, we were able to obtain this fine picture of the Canteen Crew, taken in their “natural” habitat.

About Mr. Ward the Photographer
He is an amateur ONLY in the respect that he does his work free gratis. He is, as evidenced by this fine picture, a very good photographer and we want to take this opportunity to thank him for this work and for any other work he does for us in the future.

Track Meet Tuesday, the 14th
On Tuesday afternoon, April 14, a track meet will be held on the Athletic Field to determine the Championship Flight. Special arrangements have been made where-by friends of the Cadets may attend the track meet, upon invitation.

Physical Training Director, Bob Towson, has announced that the following events will be on the afternoon’s program: 100-yard dash, 220-yard relay, 440-yard relay, mile run, high jump, broad jump, throwing cricket ball, obstacle race, 5-legged race, sack race, hop, skip and jump race, and tug of war. The program is scheduled to get underway at 3:00 p.m.

Personal Prattle
Everyone will be glad to know that Mickey Lightholder, who underwent an appendectomy last week, is recovering nicely and has been released from the hospital.

It happened during the C Flight night flying last week. Instructor Speers and some more Primary Flight instructors were awaiting their turn to fly with a few of the cadets. In the course of the conversation one of the cadets happened to mention the fact that he had seen several snakes earlier in the evening near the vicinity in which our little story occurs. Mr. Speers, who previously had been reclining his anatomy upon good old terra firma, after hearing about the snakes, rather non-chalantly arose from his position on the ground and sat on a bench nearby, with his feet off the ground. It’s all right Mr. Speers, snake bite medicine will remedy such situations.

Children usually wear out a new toy when they get it because they play with the new amusement all of the time until the “newness” is gone. Well, this next little bit isn’t about children (although you may question this after you finish) and it isn’t about a toy, but the similarities are remarkable. Thinking that the distances to the various points on the field were a little too far to traverse many times each day (and frankly a very true deduction) the management of the Field purchased a motor scooter (on trial, we understand) and last Thursday it was delivered. Well, here comes the “children and toy” part of our attempt to amuse. Mgr. G. W. Tyson, Fl. Lt. Nickerson and Jimmie Durden, Ass’t. Mgr., tried the scooter first, then it was Squadron Leader Burdick, next Dr. Gowin, Wing Commander Rampling, and so on until almost everyone at the Administration building had raced up and down the walk leading to the Administration building. Really a very funny sight to see, and so, knowing that you too would like to have an idea of what a British R.A.F. officer might do in his spare time, we have secured the following photograph of Squadron Leader Burdick having his ride on the Motor Scooter.

While Art Brown is normally supposed to be in the Dispatcher’s room in the Control Tower, he is very often seen in the Timekeeper’s office in the Tower, too. And the reason is a certain very lovely brunnette working in the office. Brush aside your suspicions though my children, because that brunnette is Mrs. Art Brown.

The R.A.F. (W/C Rampling and Sq. L. Burdick) went all-out on the ninth green to win the hole and the match from Gen. Mgr. Tyson and Ass’t. Durden at the Clewiston Golf Course Thursday. The match was all-even up to the last hole, when the winners turned on the steam.

Earl McDuffie, field messenger

Please turn over leaf

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PROGRAM

The Riddle “Family Theatre”

Feature Picture

“SON OF THE NAVY” with JAMES DUNN JEAN PARKER
Monday, April 13th—Riddle Field
Tuesday, April 14th—Dorr Field
Wednesday, April 15th—Carlstrom Field

“IT’S LOVE AGAIN” with JESSIE MATHEWS ROBERT YOUNG SONNIE HALE
Thursday, April 16th—Riddle Field
Friday, April 17th—Dorr Field
Saturday, April 18th—Carlstrom Field
For Exact Time and Place, See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents
boy, is doing a very fine job—keep up the good work, Earl.

One of the prize stories of the week is about our friend Mickey Lightholder. When Mickey was brought to the hospital for his appendectomy, the place was crowded and so he was placed temporarily in the Maternity Ward, preceding the operation. So it was only natural that Mickey came out from under the influence of the ether howling and screaming, "I hope it's a boy, I hope it's a boy!"

Oh yes, in case you haven't heard, it's a GIRL, this time, for the Syd Burrows, and papa Syd was doing nicely in celebration of the fact last week-end. Both mother and daughter are doing fine, and, of course, to Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, we say CONGRATULATIONS.

Cadet Chatter

Rumor hath it that Cadets Chesterfield, Feeney and Widdecombe of B flight are seriously considering the motor boat engine business post-war. They had their first attempt at the operating of an outboard motor at West Palm Beach the other week-end, and the experience was quite humberous and educational, even though the motor itself wasn't quite the same again.

Effective April 2, the terms A, B, C, and D. Flights went out of existence and the color scheme has come into play. The former flight, known as A is now the Red flight and red flashes are worn in the field service cap. The flight formerly known as B flight is now the Blue flight, and no flashes are worn in the cap. The flight formerly known as C flight is now the Yellow flight with a yellow flash worn in the cap, and the flight formerly called D flight is now the Green flight and a green flash is exhibited in the field cap. Therefore, we shall refer to the flights by their new names in our future copy.

"Cross Country" Bickell they call him now, and we wonder why.

Some Soccer scores of recent games are: B Flight, 9; D Flight, 2; B Flight, 4; A Flight, 1; C Flight, 5; A and B Flight, 5 (tie).

Man of the Week

This week we are presenting as Our Man of the Week the Primary Squadron Commander, F. E. Hunziker.

Fred E. Hunziker was born Feburary 14, 1903 (don't bother to figure it up, that makes him 39) in Middlesboro, Kentucky. He graduated from high school in Quinton, Okla., and in 1922 was married to Miss Thelma Byars. In 1925 he started in his long flying career, and has been consistently attached to the flying business since that time.

Mr. Hunziker has done most of his flying in California, where he was connected with various flying services. It was in the state he met G. W. Tyson and was with the Tyson Flying Service from 1931 to 1935. From 1935 until 1940, Mr. Hunziker, was with the Los Angeles Flying Service. In 1940, Mr. Hunziker came to Arcadia and was then transferred here, serving efficiently as Squadron Commander. (P.S. We have it from an authoritative source, that after leaving Kentucky, Mr. Tyson not only taught Mr. Hunziker how to fly but also how to wear shoes).

Physically, our Man of the Week is five feet eight and one-half inches tall and weighs 176 pounds. He has blue eyes and at one time had sandy hair. He is military in action and very thorough in the handling of his department, and as a result has a reputation of doing good jobs through hard work.

As a hobby, Mr. Hunziker enjoys pistol shooting and some trap shooting, and like all fathers, follows closely the career of his only son, Fred Allen, who has just recently soloed at West Palm Beach.

Wanted to Know!!!

What Maintenance Supt. ordered upstairs nipples and talcum powder on purchase order No. —???

What executives disrupted the entire office force when they so thoroughly demonstrated the motor-bike which Mr. Matney kindly brought with him on a recent trip to Riddle Field? Boys will be boys!

What R.A.F. official received a very disturbing telegram on April 1, (April Fool’s Day)?

New Employee!!

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Natalie Reese, Mr. Darden’s new secretary, to the Riddle McKay Gang, and hope she will enjoy working with us. Her husband is also employed here, and congratulations are in order as we understand Mrs. Reese is a bride of only a short time.

Promotions

J. E. Brannon transferred to Engineering clerk.

L. Duggar transferred to Link Instructor.

Lehman, H. J. promoted to Flight Commander of Instruction School.

C. W. Miller promoted to Asst. Fl. Commander, Advanced.

Hefron, L. J. promoted to Asst. Fl. Commander, Advanced.

Edmonson, W. W. promoted to Engineering Officer.

T. L. Teste promoted to Asst. Basic Flight Commander.

O. O. Songer promoted to Link Instructor.

Grant, S. W. promoted acting Assistant Flight Commander, Primary.

Schneider, J. L. promoted acting Assistant Flight Commander, Basic.

Cousins, J. L. promoted acting Assistant Flight Commander, Basic.

Benson, C. C. promoted from Primary to Basic.

Garica, J. M. promoted from Primary to Basic.

Woodward, K. promoted from Basic to Advanced.

Middletown, H. J. promoted from Basic to Advanced.

Sick Call

G. R. Thomas, Blue Flight, who just recently recovered from a leg injury, underwent a tonsillectomy last week, and is now recovering at the Infirmary.

Allen Storey, Blue Flight, has recovered from an attack of influenza.

Soccer Game Saturday

We are attempting to get Flamingo Park in Miami for a Soccer game between the Latin American team and an All-Star team from here to be played on Saturday, April 11, under the lights at about 8:30. The proceeds would go to Army or Navy relief. At any rate if the park is secured and the plans go through, it should be a pretty big event.

The lineup for the Cadets All-Star team will include McDonald, Mallinon, Morgan and Bateman from Advanced Flight, Tudor and Bell from Basic Flight and Rowland, Slape, Vaughn, G. A. Clark and Fee from Primary Flight.

"Keep 'em Flying!"

H. J. ROBINSON, Clewiston ground schooler, was in Miami Saturday to confer with W. A. Matney on radio business.

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

By Betty Hair

The Municipal column this week is dedicated to the families and friends of Buddy Carruthers, Bill Britton and Larry Hartzell, beloved by all who knew them.

BUDDY CARRUTHERS, the curly headed kid whose ambition was to get his instrument rating and ferry ships for the U. S. Navy in the domestic ferry command, started flying when he was very young and received his instructor's rating when he was only 19 years of age. As Lt. Van H. Burgin said, "I hitched Buddy and watched him grow into one of the best little pilots I have ever seen." As was often said, Buddy was just a kid but a man in flying experience. Buddy will always be remembered and respected in the minds and hearts of his fellow pilots, those who flew with him and loved him.

BILL BRITTON, who had been flying for years in and around the vicinity of Miami, received his instructor's rating just a few days before he was employed by the company. He started instructing instruments in order to help his country "Keep 'em Flying," and he was doing a grand job of it. Bill will be remembered by all of us as the quite remarkable chap who didn't have much to say, but did his job well and expected the same from his students.

LARRY HARTZELL, just recently a member of the student body at Municipal, had hopes of becoming a ferry pilot for the U. S. Army Air Corps. Larry was a little sandy haired, soft spoken fellow who was sincerely interested in his work and did it conscientiously and well.

There was a bond between these boys and their fellow pilots which tragedy of death can never break.

"Have the Word! Don't Talk!"

A NOTE IN OUR DOOR

We just found this note stuck under our office door, -- "You can sure tell which group is in the Sheet Metal Department these days . . . when it's the Latin-American boys, the riveting has that rattat-at-atta-tuh conga rhythm . . . when it's the Army boys, on the other hand, the riveting guns stutter in good old American swing time!"
Hot Off the Wires

Since basketball season has ended, our Maintenance Department has taken up soft ball; the other night two teams picked and captained by Poole and Hope tangled in our own back yard. The first game was a push-over with Mr. Poole's associates bringing home the bacon—2 to 14. The winning team was so sure of itself that they threatened another game—the winner of which was to oblige the other with a rib roast. As fate would have it, Mr. Hope's team is receiving a free meal; so am leaving the answer as to who was the winner up to you. Tough, fellows, but ribs are cheap.

Looking in on Mr. Cullers and his boys, we find vast improvements and advancements taking place. Mr. Cullers has moved into his new office in Number two hangar, and believe you me, it has everything but the kitchen sink. ALSO a secretary—Miss Parker from Plant City. Now, boys, don't lose "production time."

Still Building

With the construction of hangars moving like wildfire, new positions are being opened rapidly—Walter Davis, former Hangar Inspector, has been Boosted up to Hangar Chief; Jack Pooser and Jim Cheyne have been made Hangar Inspectors. "Nice going, Keep 'em Flying."

Skipping over to the Mess Hall at meal times, we find a number of vacant chairs in the North End; can't understand it, must be due to the new Canteen—it's a honey.

Complete With Landscaping

Ambling up the Avenue of Palms we arrive at the "Golden Gates" of our beloved ground school. Upon entering we find Mr. Hocker working hard at his new Executive's desk; "Douse" has professed to make the Dorr Field Ground School the most outstanding of them all—barring none. Go to it, Fellow, we are with you all the way. In the South-most class room of the building, we find "Rip Cord" Mueller with his class of Navigation Cadets.

Yours Truly Goes Poetic

Life is sweet, But, oh how bitter To love a Gal And then not get 'er If huggin' on the highway is your sport, Trade your car for a davenport.

Palm that spring up overnight to the utter confusion of all. Mr. Gates comes from the Flight Line with a string of fish—and we 'thot' they "flow" down there. "That!" cigar lighted up—and naturally, a somewhat green countenance behind it. We underst and that the entire Flight Line Personnel was needed to light said cigar—right, Jerry?

The thrill enjoyed by our blonde Timekeeper—due to orchids for the Easter Parade—not Bad, Katie.

That smile, so broad, on the face of a Ground School Instructor—why not—the bride is a very attractive Congrats, Mr. Morey.

Welcome to Mr. Jim Burt who has just joined up with Dorr Field as Stage Commander, a transfer from Carl trom; to Mr. Spence, Accounting; Miss Parker—Maintenance Dept., Miss Clement—Time Dept., Miss Holder—secretary to Director of Flying Mougey, Miss Scriber—Canteen Supervisor, Mr. Avery—Post Supply and to Mr. Homer R. Hoten—Ground Instructor.

Congratulations

Mr. Karl Williams, Mr. J. Water man, Mr. A. Mertens—all are new Flight Commanders.

Proud of the pictures now to be seen in Administration Building—Mr. Riddle and Gen. Stratmeyer together with numerous others.

also of our very attractive Canteen-Recreation Building—and the quick, efficient service rendered by Miss Helen Scriber and her staff—they are certainly a busy group waiting on the many wants of the Field Personnel and the Cadets, all to the constant tunes of the "Jook Box." Remember, if you want a few minutes of complete relaxation in a really pleasant place, go to the Dorr Field Recreation Hall.

Note Please

Another addition to the Dorr Field Personnel List—altho' on the entertainment side of the page—Patty by name; if you wish to make the acquaintance of Patty, drop in at the Hospital when Captain Nachtigall isn't too busy with his numerous duties and he will, I'm sure, make the proper introduction.

Like a typical beach-comber of the South Sea Islands is this snapshot of Billy Rivas, popular Inter-American cadet from Nicaragua, taken last week-end at Martha's Hammock where he, together with many of his friends and their dates, spent an enjoyable afternoon swimming and eating.

DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO

Philip A. de la Rosa, Editor

LET'S GO, AMERICANS

When in the moments decisi vos of the history of a pueblo, este tiene que afrontar los proble mas de "Ser o no ser," cuando la defensa integral de un país está en juego, y para ello se necesita el aporte de toda la nación, cuando la personalidad misma de un pueblo juega con los destinos futuros de quizá miles de años; cuando en fin la misma libertad individual está jugándose en los campos de la rebelión, toda la nación toma las armas, en sus diversas ramificaciones; los niños, los jóvenes, las mujeres, los hombres, la nación, los campos de batalla o en los campos de entrenamiento, disparando armas vengadoras, o fabricando herramientas constructoras; todos, todos se alinean en la lucha, con el mismo ánimo aunque en distintas ramos, listos al sacrificio por el mismo fin, todos mirando la meta deseada y en pos de la Vistora; porque en los campos de batalla o en los campos en enseñanza se forjan los héroes del mañana.

El que dispara con certeza su cañón
Por la Victoria está luchando
El que estudia decidido su pro fesión
Luchando también está por su nación.

Y así todos aportan su heroismo: sacrificio o afrontación, la nación os requiere según sus necesidades ella sabe como y adonde os destina; su bandera a todos os cobra deben defenderla; luchando o trabajando, disparando o construyendo, el que trabaja es imprescindible; el que traba la es indispensable; en las aulas militares o en las aulas del trabajo, allí están los soldados de la Patria Compañeros de trabajo, obreros del mañana, soldados del presente, habeis venido a entrenaros para continuar vuestra lucha; quí tal también mañana estaré luchando si la mia le requiere. Veso rios sois del Norte, yo soy del Sur, pero nuestro continente se llama Americano, y nuestros ideales son los mismos, Derecho y Democracia, nada, por lo fuerza, nada por la imposición; jamás se reconocerá lo podido en forma de invasión. Y por esto hoy que me hallo en vuestra casa o vosotros a nuestro lado uno de los ecuatorianos os saluda! How do you do!

Segundo José Maya, Ecuador.

—"Zip Your Lips!"—

Carta de Colombia

Nos ha llegado una atenta carta firmada por el Jefe de la Aeronáutica Civil de la vecina república de Colombia, en la cual se interesa por el progreso y desarrollo del programa de entrenamiento de los cadetes interamericanos beca dos por el gobierno en Washington. Hemos agradecido la atención del Sr. Jurado y le hemos facilitado inmediatamente los informes que solicita habiéndola aprovechado tam bién la oportunidad para poner a su disposición nuestras facilidades.
SOLDIER STUFF
Continued from Page 1

Magneto: Type of Florida lightening bug;
Super-charge: Man who gets stuff without credit or money;
Gurgle Valve: Baby talk through a piston;
Dual Drive: Bicycle built for two;
Echelon: Rush resulting from bite by maginito;
Connecting Rod: Telephone line to dates house;
Buttress: Place to sit and rest;
Revolutions: Senior From in Moscow, Russia;
Distribution Chamber: Chow hall;
Rear Housing: Pants;
Opposed Engines: Republicans and Democrats;
B. T. U.: British Temperance Union;
Maximum Density: Private's idea of a Corporal;
Planetary System: Rotation of crops;
Torque: Brooklyn word for "talk";
Tachometer: Thing to pull tacks.

"King's For A Day"
Shelton and Tevian sporting around in a '42 Pontiac "Torpedo" with no place to go and no gals—what soldiers!
Well, all the fellows who attended the last dance at the Macfadden Deauville with dates had one swell time, but the stags (bashful little beggars) were glued to a spot while dozens of beautiful women went to waste—how come? Wish I had gone.

A Southern Welder's Song of Despair
I wish I was in de lan' of cotton 'Cause my weldin' ain' so darn rotten
I should keep away—away away—far away.

And Now to Close
Thanks for removing the ornaments from the G. I. shirts (except for one private). However, I give up asking for a disbanning of the crowds at "Red Square." Instead, I've decided to profit by my experience—so don't be surprised if upon arriving a little late some evening you find the area in question roped off—with conveniently arranged benches, seats or 'what have you' and a bunch of bejacketed youngsters running around selling peanuts, popcorn, pop, candy, cigarettes and score cards!! Then I'll keep everybody up. YAH!

"K.O. for Tokyo"

BOB PETERS, Dorr Field instructor, is vacationing with relatives and friends in Detroit.

"It's Nice to Be Nice"
R. F. BROWN, Carlstrom instructor, is vacationing in Richmond, Va.

"THE CRACKER BOX"
By and For the Gauja Boys
Inaugurating this week a new column, "The Cracker Box," containing Cracker Club news... all about the many Georgia boys taking courses at the Tech School under the auspices of the Georgia Vocational Training program.

And first off, we welcome in three newcomers, Johnnie Hinton, Butler, Virgil Ingraine, Covington, and Charlie Kiker, Blue Ridge. We are sure glad to have more of our gang arriving, and know that they will enjoy being here with the rest of us as much as we will enjoy having them. Miami is a wonderful place, and our courses at Embry-Riddle are something that insure our future places in society.

And while speaking of newcomers, there are 23 Georgia boys in the School as this goes to press, much has been said during the past week about arranging some special entertainment events for them. How's about it, gang? If you have any suggestion, talk them over with Julius Bayard and Sam Kelley.

In closing the column for this week, we'd like to pass on the compliment given us Georgia boys by Registrar Grover C. Gish; since arriving here, we've put in 3,250 hours of class and shop time, with only 12 hours of absences, every hour of which was "excused" for legitimate reasons. This, according to Mr. Gish, sets an attendance record for the school and is something about which we should all feel mighty proud.

"Be Alive When You Arrive"

IN APPRECIATION
98th Observation Squadron
Public Relations Dept., Municipal Airport
Miami, Florida
March 28, 1942
Lt. Van Burgin
Embry-Riddle School of Aviation
Municipal Airport
Miami, Florida
Dear Lieutenant:

In behalf of the Company Commander and the Public Relations Department of the 98th Observation Squadron, let me take this means of thanking you for the kind favor rendered us in conjunction with the entertainment for the members of the outfit at the airport last Thursday night. Our facilities are very limited, and, without the help of men like yourself, we would be completely lost in this business of morale building.

The boys, themselves, likewise express their appreciation.

Sincerely yours,

Anthony Czerwinski, Captain, MC.