Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-04-09

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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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 instruction 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 gizmos had quite a time with the beautiful models Sunday—I'm patting in for a midget 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;
I Head valve: Valve with eyes;
T Head valve: Chinese tea drinker;
Stalactites: Unescorted girls at U. S. O.;
Electrode: Political sign published by Mr. Rode;
Generator: Man who cleans the building;

With pictures from Dorr Field as scratch on her teeth due to censorship restrictions, it took a visit from one of the Army's most prominent men to bring forth a release on the above picture taken when General George E. Stratemeyer and some of his aids made an official inspection of Dorr Field last week. Shown sitting in the Dorr control are, front row, left to right: Captain Leonard J. Popey, Lieutenant Charles Farr, General Stratemeyer and Captain William S. Boyd. Standing, left to right: Tom Gates, General Manager of Dorr Field; and Lieutenants O. B. Fulon, J. C. Pinkerton, D. H. Phillips and C. S. Bentley.

CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS
Jack Hobler, Editor

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 momentous 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, Page 4, Col. 1

FLASH! Consistent with Em- bry-Riddle's defense training expansion program, announce ment 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 55th 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 family 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.
EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER
“STICK TO IT”
Published Weekly by the EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Miami, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida
RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida
RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

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British Flight Training School, Riddle Field, Clewiston
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U. S. Army Primary School, Dorr Field, Arcadia
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Jack Hart—Sam Lightholder
Staff Artists
Charles C. Ebbets
Staff Photographer

Correspondencia de Honduras
Nos escribe el Tte. Coronel Sr. Harold A. White Jefe del Cuerpo Aereo Hondureño solicitando informes sobre los cudetes hondureños que se instruyen aquí y las cuales le hemos reportado. Damos la gracias de nuevo al Tte. Coronel Sr. White por su atención.

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 kind patrons which came our way through the many courses of the school.
I have served the public in a great many capacities, but never have I witnessed any customers, anybody, 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 instructors and I am preparing myself to aid in my country’s defense too,” I am sure he would be tempted to dislocate an arm in attempting to pat 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 sincerely 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 added employees, etc., that the little gossip column of “Ye Olde Stock room” was omitted in the rush— Eh?

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 (especially 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 everywhere they enter the stockroom?
The inventory crew has at long last finished their inventory here, and we hear that they are “gunning” for more prey up the road.
George Lobdell is getting used to his new desk and from the looks of things, someday, 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

Sunday, April 5, 1942, in a mid-air crash while on an instrument training flight from our Miami Municipal Base.

I suppose in the excitement of moving our stockroom and the added employees, etc., that the little gossip column of “Ye Olde Stock room” was omitted in the rush— Eh?

We envy J. E. Pollack and Jack Little for their way with the “Gals.” And we mustn’t forget old “Bo” Becker, for after all, he is an also ran with the many stenos.
The latest addition to our little family is a cute little fellow named Kelly. Look out Janet, he is just about your size. Well, I suppose Solomon will find this in the trash in the morning, but here’s hoping it goes to press.

To everyone from all—“Keep ‘em Flying—Just Us.”

“IT’S NICE TO BE NICE”

ORCHIDS...

to Hal Leysenon and Associates, Ralph Keil and Jack Clark, for the excellent Embry-Riddle publicity releases going into the press throughout the world... in view of censorship restrictions, writing acceptable copy is more of a job than ever...

To Catherine Dirc, Mimeo department at the Tech School for keeping change on the 4th floor for those desiring “cokes”...

To the Bayer Aspirin Company for their excellent anti-propaganda booklet entitled “Footsteps of the Trojan Horse.”... an excellent piece of counter-espionage work...
... get a copy at your drug store.

To G. Tyson, Tom Gates and Jack Hunt for the constant improvement in appearance and management of Riddle, Dorr and Carlstrom Fields...

To the Clevelander Hotel, Miami Beach, for dedicating 20 per cent of their guest rooms, free of charge, for the use of families visiting sons in the Army service stationed at Miami Beach...

To Lee Malmen for being the proudest and happiest father we’ve ever seen... it was a boy, 6 lbs. and 6 oz. and will be a “junior”... congrats, Lee.

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 served 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.
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 in 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 enplayer” came stage; 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 drolling his sorrow; and Malcolm Byrne, Auditing, announced his coming marriage to all. (Considering I wasn’t there I heard pullentec!)

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 labors 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 Elisabeth 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 tid-bits on the menu of serene Helen Drabell.

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 starred a brave comeback in order to put our dance through smoothly; Florence Me-Mann’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. Emmett Varney, Mr. “Attitude” Gie, 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”

(To Clewiston Cadet—they say!)

Last night we dreamed that our magnificent broadcasting system situated on the observation roof 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 surly.” (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 6 Down, the wonder afterflour-scent 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 bud pilot ...

VOICE SINGS.

Ma Momma done tol’ me,
When I was on PTs
At seventeen fifty
Rers ... (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 “Frap-o­sis”?
Do you taxi with your flaps down?
Your best friend won’t tell.
But it is an unpardonable social error. An eminient instructor recently stated that at least 17½% of cadets commit this offense. But there is no need to worry, all

They “Keep ‘Em Flying On the Beam”

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.

you have to do is take “COCK­ PIT PILLL.” 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,
grab first ship you’re able. Phoeoy.
His momma done tol’ him.
In dat Groundschool grindin’.
Listen all the bindin’
Phoeoy . . .
My momma done tol’ 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 Test Setting?

R. T. (with a little sigh of ecstasy) The Test 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 steads, 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.

PTs galore ...

R. T. And so the time comes when we must take our leave of picturesque Riddle Field, way 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, lithe forms splash in the limpid waters of the pool, and we look back, and say sadly ... not “Goodbye, but, Aho to .”

Shortly afterwards we were awakened by the Airmen of the Day.
CARLSTROM
Continued from Page 1

check flights. Since then he has done 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 Povey, he is one of the smoothest natural pilots that gentleman ever saw, and is quite an athlete—indulging 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 in 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 got one.)

Timothy Waldo Davis

There is just a little note of sadness as we extoll the virtues of the Carlstrom clown and practical Joke-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 a thing to the car, but we hope Mrs. Davis has a sense of humor—an extraordinarily good one.

Pinkey McCrane and Irene Anger

Now Mr. and Mrs. Pinkey McCrane. 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 Deb and ourselves, and shared our single bed (courtesy of Mrs. Sandusky) with the so-and-so after landing 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 peaked 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 Reece 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 week, we finally got someone to ask why. Now that American Cadet 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. Ola. In Dorr Field, 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, we see lad who can be heard anywhere around the field. I mean Geo. Eckart—when George was watching 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”

Yeh, it’s “Happy Birthday” to Carlstrom Field, R.A.U., Arcadia, Fla. April 1st marked the first anniversary of operation at Carlstrom Field.

Your restrictions prohibit quoting of facts and figures . . . but take it from us . . . every student and employee, 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 misuses, Hawes and Nancy, Bowen and date, Lucille Fox and worse, Jonny and date, Latiff and worse, Jonny and date, all helped to make the party a big success. At least we had a good time, and everyone else seemed to be the same.

The office is breaking records this month as predicted. How about a raise, Bob? Seem sort of odd not to hear Rodney Vestel around Auditing. Hope he’s doing O.K. in Arcadia.

Heard Bowen’s little girl accused him of stealing her candy Easter eggs. 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”
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 joke 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 Hatteck; 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 whereby 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 turns 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 Jimmy Durden, Asst. 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 brunetette working in the office. Brush aside your suspicions though my children, because that brunet 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 Asst. 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

P R O G R A M

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
EMORY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It"

April 9, 1942

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, loved by all who knew them. These three boys died serving their country.

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 watched 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 and around the vicinity of Miami, received his instructor ranking 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.

"Man's 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-conga rhythm...when it's the Army boys, on the other hand, the riveting guns stutter in good old American swing time!"
Dorr Field News Bull-EtIn

Ed Morey, Editor

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 with all. Tough going, 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 wild-fire, 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 on 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; “Dougs” has progressed 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.

In Passing

Palm that spring up overnight
To the utter confusion of all.
Mr. Gates coming from the Flight Line with a string of fish—and we tho’t they “flew” down there.

“That” cigar lighted up—and naturally, somewhat green countenance behind it. We understand that the entire Flight Line Personnel was needed to light said cigar—right, Jerry?

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

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

Welcome

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

Congrats

Mr. Karl Williams, Mr. J. Waterman, Mr. A. Mertens—all are now Flight Commanders.

Proud

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

also of our very attractive Canteen-Recreation Building—and the quick, efficient service rendered by Miss Helen Scribner 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 “Jako Box.” Remember, if you want a few minutes of complete relaxation in a really pleasant place, go to the Dorr Field Recreation Hall.

Please Note

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 Capt. Nachtigall isn’t too busy with his numerous duties and he will, I’m sure, make the proper introduction.

“Billy on the Beach”

Like a typical beach-comber of the South Sea Islands is this snapshot of Billy Rivers, 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.

Editorial Thought

by Lt. Col. James Beville, Jr.

Constant activity in your field of endeavor scatters the seed of success in fertile soil—then continued effort develops growth and enables you to reap the harvest.

You can’t hope to enjoy the harvest without first laboring in the field and you cannot pluck the fruits of your true and native ability without constant and careful cultivation.

In sowing the seed of success there is no preferred season—the present is the accepted time—the wind and weather are always on the side of the diligent, steady worker.

Byron Shute, R. A. I. flight instructor, spent a short vacation with his family in St. Petersburg.

Departamento Latino Americano

Philip A. de la Rosa, Editor

Let’s Go, Americans

When in the moments decision of the history of a people, this is where that averts the problems of “Ser o no ser,” when the defense integral of a país esta en juego, and for para ello se necesita el aporte de toda la nación, when the personalismo misma de un pueblo juega con los destinos futuros de quizá miles de años; cuando en fin la misma libertad individual esta jugándose en los campos de batalla, toda la nación toma las armas, en sus diversas ramificaciones: los niños, los jóvenes, las mujeres, los hombres, ata en los colegios o laboratorios; en los frentes de combate o en las oficinas directivas, atacando al enemigo en los campos de batalla o preparando para hacerlo 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 distinto rumo, listo al sacrificio por el mismo fin, todos mirando la meta deseada y en pos de la Vitoria; 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 profesión
Luchando también está por su nación.

Y así todos aportan su heroísmo: sacrificio o abnegación, las naciones los requiere según sus necesidades ella sabe como e adonde os destina; su bandera a todos os cobija deben defenderla; luchando o trabajando; disparando o construyendo, el que traba jesta es indispensable; el que trabaja 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, hubeis venido a entrenarse para continuar vuestra lucha; quizá también mañana estará luchando si la mía le requiere. Vosotros sois del Norte, yo soy del Sur, pero nuestro continentel 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 halle en vuestra casa o vosotros en nuestro lado uno de los ecuatorianos os saluda! How do you do!

Segundo José Maya, Ecuador.

— “Zip Your Lip!”—

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 interesaba por el progreso y desarrollo del programa de entrenamiento de los cadetes interamericanos hecho por el gobierno en Washington. Hemos agradecido la atención del Sr. Jurado y le hemos facilitado inmediatamente los informes que solicita habiendo aprovechado también la oportunidad para poner a su disposición nuestras facilidades.
SOLDIER STUFF
Continued from Page 1
Magnito: Type of Florida lightening bug;
Super-charger: 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 magnito;
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 talk.

“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’ am 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 Gwaja 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 Ingrae, 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 2,250 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
Emby-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.

See 562 P. L. & R.