

preoperational and operational training base.

At Miami (actually N.A.S. Daphne) we weren't exactly welcome, all the instructors already being busy instructing their cadet students, and so we were left pretty much to our own device. To make the transition back into land plane, which most of us hadn't flown <sup>for</sup> five months, as early as possible, we flew first in OS2V land planes and then SNJ. Then after supervised "cockpit checkouts" we successively checked ourselves out up in the air with the SBC-3, an obsolete biplane scout-bomber no longer used for dive bombing, the BT-1, the ancestor of the SBD series and though no longer first line still an excellent dive bomber, and the TBD, which had then only recently been replaced by the TBF as the Fleet's regular torpedo bomber. We did have several supervised dive bombing flights, but not enough to get used to diving from 8000 ft. instead of

VARIOUS  
PLANES

3000. Though the split flaps of the BT, the first monoplane to have this type of diving brake, should have made it not too difficult. What probably was at least my trouble then was pushing over too steeply to start with and getting blown away from the target without realizing where the wind was coming from soon enough. Besides dive bombing we got one official navigation "hop" out to the nearest of the Bahamas (no stop) and back, in SBC-2, two to a plane. I happened to draw a rear cockpit; and a little night flying in SNJ-2. Other wise we just took planes needing tests or just a little time on the engine at low speed ("run ins") whenever we could get them. Just for fun I went up to 15,000 ft. on my first TBD flight, that being by far the highest I had ever been up to that time. Other times I "explored" the interesting country south of Miami, and once went north to Lake Okechobee with some of the other boys, doing a little illegal "hedge hopping" both ways, foolishly fool hardy as it seems now.

BAHAMAS

Those of us without cars found  
 Miami <sup>an recreation after</sup> rather more inaccessible than  
 Jacksonville had been, but I got in  
 enough time to find some of the  
 better eating places and see a little of  
 the town other wise. Hearing that Ja  
 was expecting to leave on an African  
 mission (undoubtedly I didn't then  
 realize it was to be African) from Miami  
 about that time I called up a hotel  
 airport and left a message, and demanded  
 if he didn't get it. So we got together  
 for a couple of drinks, etc., and even posed  
 together for some tin type photos. He  
 had got his commission a scant week  
 before I had, but that was the first  
 time I had seen him in many months  
 and the last time before the war ended,  
 shortly after which he returned wounded  
 from Indo-China. Another Harvard  
 classmate I just happened to run into  
 on the streets was Win Pettingill, who  
 had been on the track team with me  
 and who curiously enough was  
 released to inactive duty the same

J.R.C.

time from Alameda <sup>(Moby Dick and fellow Beethoven lover)</sup>

Carl Tobey was one of the Miami crowd I got to know pretty well. We had a couple of squash games together. With Bob Stix one day off I went up to Boca Raton, spending a few hours on the beach and winding up at the super swanky club, then in the hands of the army. Bob as usual snowing some one there. Christmas Day saw us all through our course with a few days to spare before we were due back in Jacksonville. I dined with Bud Ritchie and his wife, Gracie (Powell), plus some of Bud's South American naval officer friends, and a good time was had by all.

BOCA  
RATON

Christmas  
1942

ROYAL  
PALM  
STATE PARK  
(EVENTUALLY  
PART OF EVER-  
GLADES NATL PARK)

Having seen Royal Palm State Park from the air several times and understanding it was one of the few spots in Florida where the magnificent royal palm grows wild, I very much wanted to see

it from the ground. The opportunity to do so came two days after Christmas. The previous day having been spent in the lengthy red tape of checking out of N.A.S. Hiring a car I drove down to the park and after wandering around a bit got talking with an elderly gentleman who turned out to be Friend M. Chapman, the famous ornithologist. He had <sup>in the register</sup> seen that I came from Göttingen, and having once lectured at the school introduced himself just to start a conversation. Obviously not in good health he was nevertheless very interesting, and I've bled myself ever since for not staying around <sup>there</sup> longer. I wanted to see the bays, but didn't have time to get beyond the first one I got down there and consequently saw little of interest, just mangrove swamps and the remains of what once must have been fine tropical forest, long since buried over a logged.

Frank Chapman

12/27/42

The only birding I did down