

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

NEW  
BIRDS

Miami was actually was on the trip down there, I having gone down by way of Tampa just to see a little more of the country. Going over the Tamiami trail by bus I could see a bit of the Everglades now and then and many water birds. Water turkeys and Florida ducks were the only new ones, though the first also added a new family, being indeed a very peculiar bird, with its extraordinarily long neck and bill and dark plumage making it resemble an exaggerated cormorant. The duck looked just like a lighter version of the black duck, which is exactly what it is.

CLOSE  
CALL

Before leaving Miami a little incident that nearly concerned me should be mentioned. Another instructor by the name of Richard was "chasing" a navigation flight over the Bahamas, but before leaving interpreted the problem to his student quite wrong, using

minutes instead of miles. The result was almost disastrous, several forced landings from a shortage of gas, including the instructor plane, taking place in various parts of the Bahamas and the two remaining planes just making it back to the mainland at Fort Lauderdale. A confusion of names almost resulted in my being reported missing. Happily everyone showed up, albeit eventually, though "Louis" what his name got a quick change of duty.

LEE FIELD  
INSTRUCTING  
IN BIPLANE  
DIVE BOMBERS

Soon after getting back to Jacksonville the bunch of us were sent to Lee Field as assistant instructors. By this time Lee had become a pre-operational training base for students in their next to the last stages of carrier plane training, the equivalent of Miami. Some of these students were cadets; others were ensigns. We checked them out in SB # C-42, the

last of the Navy's biplane dive bomber,  
 first giving them a demonstration  
 and then swapping places and hoping  
 for the best. That was perhaps the  
 most interesting of our several jobs.  
 In the rear cockpit we did have a  
 stick, but seem to me that was about  
 all, so when the student came in for  
 his first landing in a comparatively  
 heavy and powerful (950 H.P.) plane,  
 it was quite exciting for the passenger.  
 The old "Hell dive" wasn't a bad  
 plane as a matter of fact, though  
 it was perhaps the noisiest the Navy  
 ever had. It was great fun to zoom  
 and do wingovers in, but I never  
 tried to really stunt it. As a dive  
 bomber it was only fair. Diving  
 flaps slowed it up well enough,  
 but it had a slight tendency to  
 yaw. Checking the student out  
 in diving we first took them up as  
 passengers, but after that usually  
 followed a bunch of them out to the  
 target and circled it at low altitude

a "fun"  
 plane

watching their dives and scoring the hits of their little practice bombs. The most disconcerting thing about the SBC #1 was its tendency to head for the ground at a steep angle when the landing flaps were lowered, something, however, that could be easily checked if one just rolled a little back elevator tab and then used a nose as was needed after the flaps went down.

Chasing navigation flights was another job and much more routine. Such flights crossed the river and heading east and a little south for St. Augustine, where the problems began. We used SS2V land planes for shorter flights; SNJ for medium flights and SBC for longer flights. About the only incident I seem to remember in this connection is returning to land one day and finding an almost 100% overcast right down to the ground, but to my great relief I found a con-

HOLE  
IN  
OVERCAST