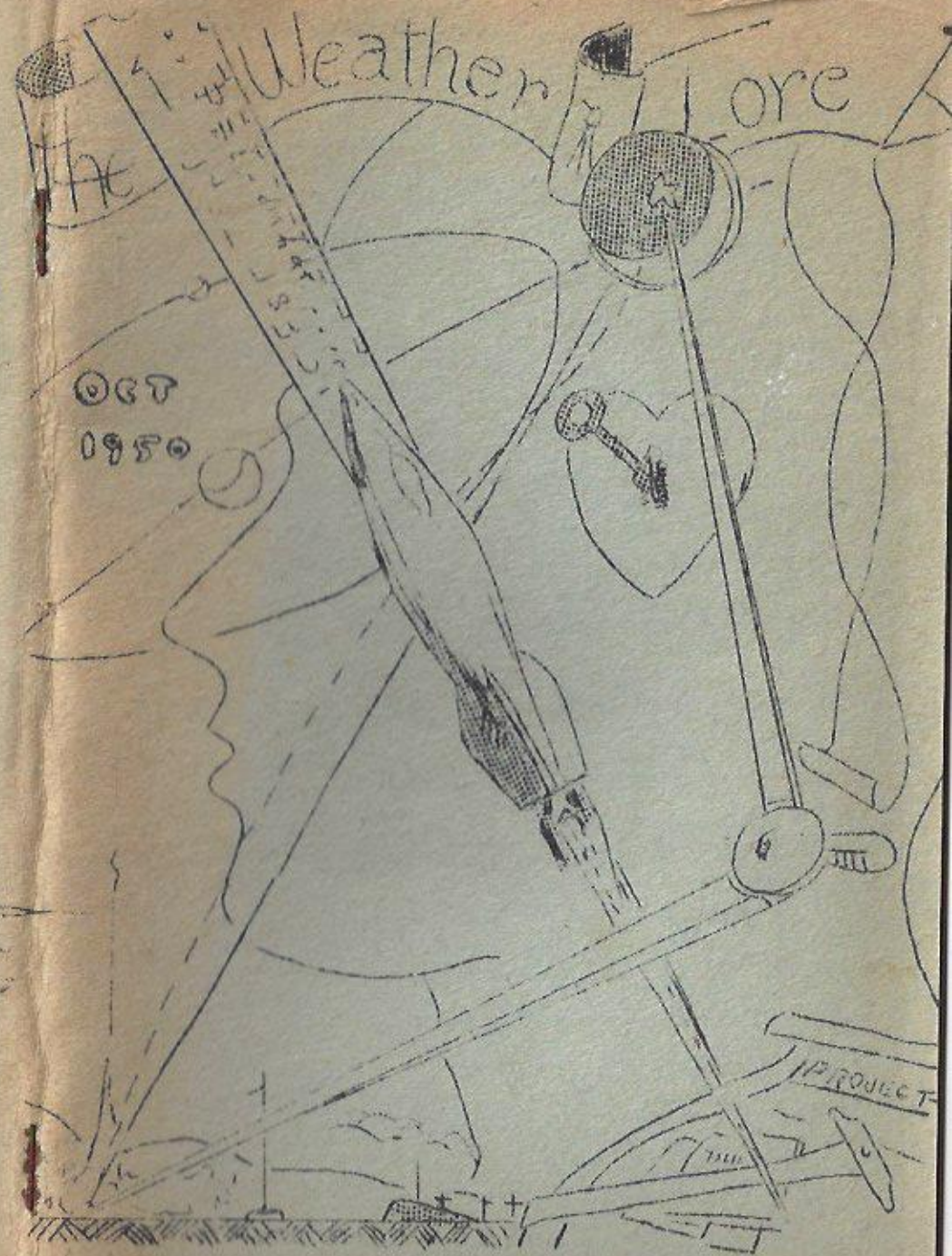
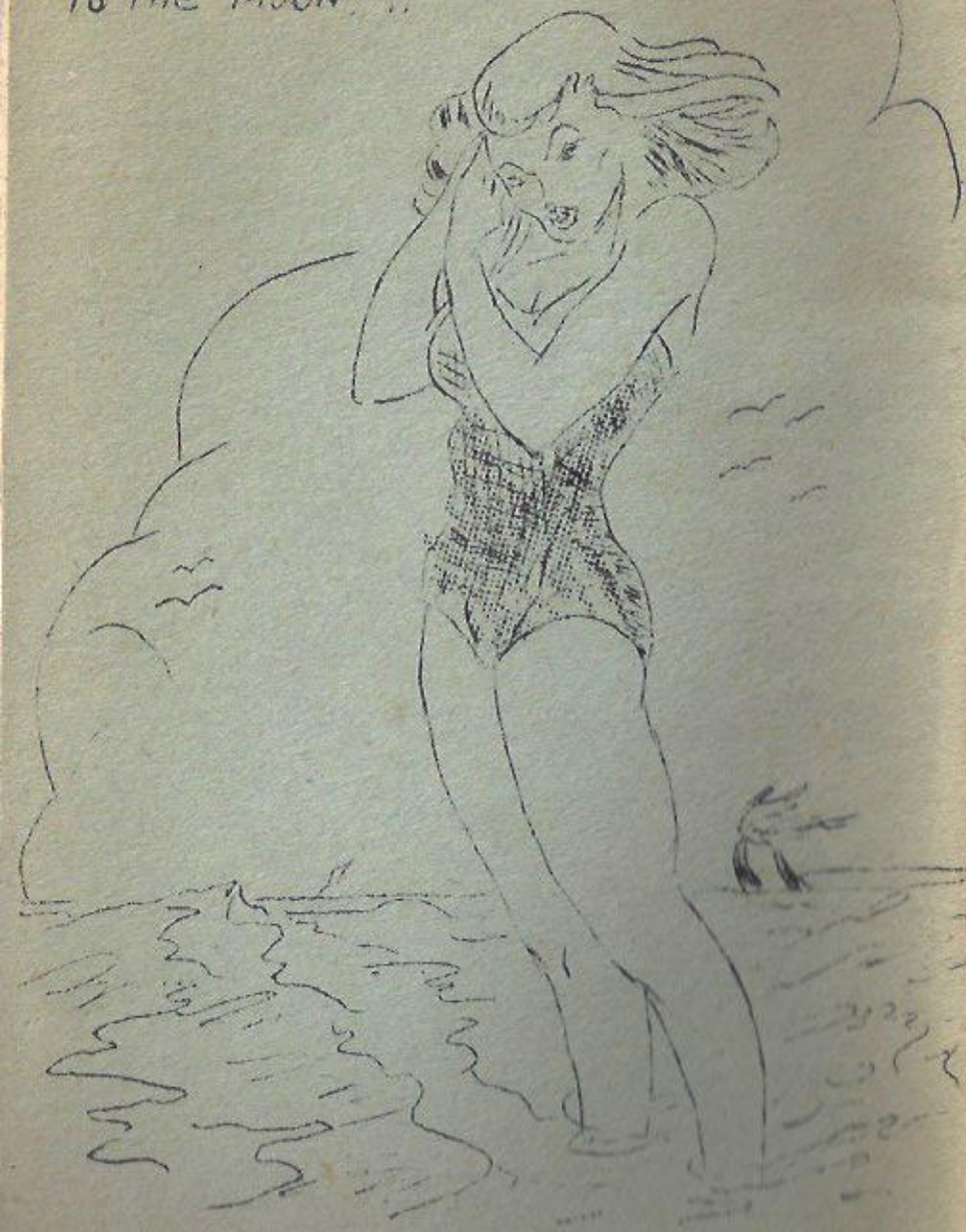


ON SECOND THOUGHT -- WHY GO
TO THE MOON??!



THE WEATHER LORE

Volume III No. 13

October 1950

MAJOR RALPH G. SUGGS
COMMANDING

Supervisor & Public Information Officer
Captain Joe B. Jordan

EDITOR
Cpl Thomas C. Renner

COVER
Sgt. Vic Johnson

STAFF

All personnel of the 6th Weather Squadron
are considered members of the STAFF for the
purpose of submitting material.

Pressman	Sgt Lloyd R McFarlin
Stencil Cutters	Miss Ruth McDavid
	Cpl Thomas C Renner

MAIL ADDRESS: Office of Public Information
Hq. 6th Weather Squadron
Patrick Air Force Base
Cocoa, Florida

THE WEATHER LORE

A publication of, by and for the 6th Weather
Squadron

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THE EDITOR

* * * * *

THE SWANEE GREW DARK

A great man has died. The singer who brought his songs to millions of people, who sang for thousands of G.I.s in personal appearances, has succumbed as a result of a heart attack on Monday, October 23, 1950.

To the older people of our country, Al Jolson was a symbol of yesteryear when vaudeville was in its prime; to the younger set he was a revived singer of fine quality; to G.I.s from World War I through the Korean campaign, he was a patriot, a "regular guy," but to everyone he was one of the greatest entertainers of show business, a guy with a big heart.

It is unfortunate that everyone, young and old alike, have not been able to see Al Jolson perform in person. He would have liked that, this singer who opened his heart to America. Most of us became acquainted with him through the mediums of recordings or movies, but no matter whether we heard or saw him, on stage, on screen, on recordings or on radio, he had that indefinable quality, bestowed on so few, that captured the hearts of millions, that brought smiles to the faces of all who heard him.

During World War II, Al Jolson became known to many thousands of G.I.s through his tours that carried him from Iceland and the Aleutians, to Italy, Africa, and the South Pacific.

Al Jolson was the ever-generous, humanity-
Continued Inside Back Cover

THE C.O.'S CORNER

Major Ralph G. Suggs

While reading through several of the past issues of our Squadron publication, The Weather Lore, I have noted that ideas, experiences, practices, procedures, and comments in general are not being exchanged thru the Squadron publication to the extent that I would like to see them. There have been, to be sure, several detachments who have contributed articles faithfully each month to The Weather Lore. However, it seems hardly fair that a few should bear the responsibility of many.

When you consider that monthly detachment reports coupled with individual contributions constitute the principal source of information for The Weather Lore, it becomes apparent that the interchange of information between the detachments and their men falls in the category of being directly proportional to the effort each one puts forth.

The Headquarters, on the other hand, draws its source of material from the individual sections and interjects this information which is considered to be of interest to the men throughout the Squadron. This material, which the various sections of Headquarters collects, primarily includes changes in pay procedures, modifications of the uniform, eligibility requirements for schools of interest to you and your work, promotions, rotations etc. Included also are articles of a more personal nature which cover interesting and humorous experiences which befall the members of this organization. However, we specifically intend not to make the Weather Lore a Headquarters information publication. The Weather Lore's importance lies in the fact that it is Squadron wide in scope

and contains information of value to each and every member in the Squadron.

It is, therefore, my desire to see more contributions from the field. An article from each detachment every month is the goal towards which we strive. Such articles will keep all the detachments well informed as to each others progress and experiences.

It is not necessarily desired that each article be solely of a technical or personal nature, but a combination of the two with humorous or human interest experiences of the detachment members seems appropriate.

Furthermore, I would like to see more individuals contribute from the field. Perhaps occasional articles from individual sections of the detachments, contributions to articles such as The Gas Box, and also constructive criticism or suggestive changes and additions to the Editor. It is his job to see that not only is the best material printed, but that all criticism is carefully analyzed and appropriate changes or additions made. However, the Editor cannot properly do his job without your contributions. It is not desirable to make him second guess what is best. However, it is desirable to give him an idea of what you in the field want to read.

In the past the editors of The Weather Lore have tried to give an overall picture of what is happening throughout the Squadron, the Air Force, and the world. Their efforts have made our publication one of the most copied and used newspapered publications in its field. Many other squadrons have extracted styles, makeup, and content. Of this we are duly proud, but the Editor's job cannot possibly be complete without a more widespread contribution from you in the field.

At our Detachment Commanders' Conference last

August, it was arranged through the cooperation of Lt. Col. Cole, Commanding Officer of the 8th Weather Squadron, to distribute copies of Behind the 8-Ball and The Weather Lore to each of the detachments of both squadrons. Effective this month, therefore, all of our detachments will receive a copy of Behind the 8-Ball in addition to their copies of The Weather Lore.

I feel that the interchange between squadrons of these publications is a beneficial step forward in consolidating and standardizing useful information between the squadrons.

We, have, at times, reassigned personnel to the 8th and they to us. The loss of one organization, therefore, becomes the gain of the other, but most important of all, the overall experience gained by the interchange of personnel and publications enhances materially the level of experience and efficiency of the 2108th Air Weather Group.

In conclusion, therefore, it is my sincere hope that you will utilize your Squadron publication to the utmost degree. Your contributions, thoughts, ideas, and suggestions make it an organ of unity in the Squadron. Its success depends solely upon you.

* * * * *

"There is nothing more disagreeable for a speaker," said a member of the Academie Francaise, who loved giving public addresses, "than to notice his listeners glancing at their watches."

"There is one thing that is worse," George Duhamel assured him with a smile. "That is, if having looked at their watches, they hold them up to their ears to make sure they haven't stopped." **

Marriage is a horrible public confession of a strictly private intention---Ian Hay ****

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

Cpl Thomas C Renner

Did you ever sit down and think of the pet peeves and gripes that run rampant through life? When you do, many times it makes you wonder just why life's cycles must rotate around such petty **stupid** things. Those petty little incidents that people see from day to day, that irritate the very core of human nature, are the very things that keep us alert and ready for whatever may confront us. However, there comes a time when everyone blows off some steam. Each time we do, we feel better.

This month's editorial is devoted to those "little things" that make us wonder and irritate us at times. So lets think about them a little, mull them over, and when the opportunity arises, try and remember that its all a part of life..

It makes us mad.....

WHEN

We ask a guest which part of the chicken he prefers and he coyly answers, "It doesn't matter." "It doesn't matter," he says, but you know darn well it does, and if you're not a good guesser, our happy little guest will not finish his meal.

People finally say "goodnight" then linger around the door talking for the next 30 minutes. Why say goodnight? Just pull up your pup-tent and rest awhile!

Hoarders expect you to congratulate them for their sagacity in buying up all available supplies of nylons, sugar, tires and other scarce items. ---In reality you know that they are causing the scarcity, these sagacious Americans. Okay, so you come out of your corners, and who gets

the business?, not him!

Its raining cats and dogs outside and the key doesn't work in the doorlock until you look like a "drowned rat."

TO SEE

A youngster waiting patiently for service in a store while a dozen or so adults who get there after him get served first.--The example set by adults.

An elderly woman or expectant mother stand in a bus or subway while all the men hold their seats.--The manners of the average person.

The woman driver who signals for a left turn and pulls over to the left hand lane making a right turn.--It makes driving so-o-o safe!

Two trailer trucks crawl side-by-side up a hill on a 3 or 4 lane highway, thereby blocking all traffic, keeping others from passing, and endangering all human existence within a quarter mile radius.--It takes brains.

When the "joker" with his "brights" on dims 'em after you dim yours and then switches to "Brights" 30 or 40 feet in front of you.--There ought to be a law.

TO HEAR

Minority groups express prejudice or distaste for other minority groups.--These selfrighteous people who know all the answers.

That it is only Thursday when we'd thought all day it was Friday.--That element of surprise.

OPERATIONS & TRAINING

Major Mark J. Brown Jr.

We are happy to announce Lt William R. Maugans has joined the Operations & Training Section of Headquarters. Lt Maugans comes to us after three years at Headquarters 2108th Air Weather Group. Before that he was stationed with the 8th Weather Squadron. Lt Maugans has been assigned the primary duty of Communications Officer and is presently engaged in screening communications requests from the detachments for both duplication and adequacy. Because of difficulties encountered in the past by higher headquarters in interpreting weather data requirements submitted by weather stations, this headquarters will soon publish a standard format for their submission. Use of the standard format should facilitate expeditious handling of the needed data and readily reveal those instances where duplication may exist or where data may be more readily available from other sources. It is expected Lt Maugans will be a great deal of help to the headquarters and consequently to the field. He will make routine staff visits to the field and be available for special trips if desired by any particular detachment.

Air Weather Service inspectors descended upon headquarters this month. I am of the opinion that they outnumbered the headquarters staff two to one. Their inspection was exceedingly thorough and although we stand firm upon our right to disagree with them on some points, we believe that most of the points raised will assist us in doing a better job. It is unfortunate that the inspectors were briefed at Headquarters Air Weather Service to tend strictly to business, so I am unable to report upon their fishing prowess.

The Air Weather Service inspection of our net control station has resulted in a speed up of obtaining sferics data. Previously there was no fixed time for sferics reports to be completed and variations were extensive. The speedup program is now in effect with present deadlines of 2 hours and 20 minutes from the start of the run. Sferics personnel seem to believe that this time can be reduced through continuing improved efficiency.

I recently returned from Ramoy AFB where we discussed classification of the station and its future as a Strategic Weather Control. Similar trips will be made to Albroom and Bermuda in the very near future. These trips are not only pleasant, but extremely informative and we intend to get as many headquarters personnel on them as possible.

* * * * *

The Milk Man made his deliveries five minutes after Mr. Jones left for work and was accustomed to rushing in with eyes half closed and giving Mrs Jones a passionate embrace. This affair went pleasantly along until one morning when Mr. Jones happened to be late for work. Mrs Jones knowing her lover was due any moment, was trying to get her husband out of the house as soon as possible. As Mr. Jones was opening the door to leave, the lover was just coming in. "Darling," he cried, and planted a solid kiss on Mr Jones. Realizing his horrible mistake, and before Mr Jones could make one and one equal two, our friend the lover said, "That Mr Jones, is for paying your bill regularly." * * * *

The time you need patience most of all is when you lose it.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF

Timetable of planners calls for this schedule of controls: First, control of credit. Installation terms gradually will require more down, less time to pay. Home buying will require more down, soon.

Next, control over materials. Defense orders get priority tags now. Scarce materials, before long, will need to be divided among civilian industries. Use of some materials by civilian industry will be limited by Government. Third, more tax increases to siphon off some buying power. Finally, price and wage controls will get a small-scale tryout. Steel and clothing are being eyed by the planners as candidates for price control. Idea is to try to cut down civilian buying, release more materials for use in filling military orders, delay or even remove the need for control over wage rates, salaries and prices. Price control is a headache in peace.

Wage Inflation definitely is to be allowed to take a full term. Unions and others will be given time to push up wage rates and salaries before control. Price rises then follow. Steel is headed up in price. Oil seems near to a rise. Gasoline, fuel oil then would follow. Markup are spreading. Wage increases will more than offset tax increases for millions. Taxes are taking an added \$1 to \$1.25 a week from pay envelopes of most workers. Raises, spreading fast, are adding \$4 to \$6 to pay envelopes. Not addition to income available for spending is around \$3 to \$4.75 a week for wage earners. There is not much restraint on spending, not much inflation control in that situation. The fact is that inflation is being allowed to take a full

now turn before any serious attempt is made at its control. Planners think their control job will be easier after some inflation steam has blown off.

Cut in planned spending on arms, as an inflation curb, isn't in sight. Spending rate for military is around 15 billions a year at present. Rate of spending by second half, 1951, is to be around 30 billion. Spending issue for 1951 will be whether to push arms spending to a rate of 40 billion or more, or whether to hold at around 30 billion, not whether to hold at a present rate of 15 billion. Rise is scheduled to go through. Military is to take 1.5 million more men. It's to spend at least 15 billion more dollars each year than in the past. That is the big now industry expected to assure high-level business activity for a long time to come.

But isn't there a chance of peace to change all that? Probably not. Armament, as top US officials see it, is peace insurance. Disarmament, weakness, is viewed as an invitation to war. Strength, too, after Korea, appeals to more voters. Speed of U.S. rearming may slow after Korea. Goal of strength isn't likely to change.

Draft for college students is about to become a very hot issue. Draft is to pass by most students in this college year, if assurances are kept. Students, by mid-1951, face a very heavy call. Student deferments beyond next June are the developing issue. Deferment policy now favors students who take on technical courses--engineering, medicine, sciences. The heat centers most on students in arts and in other than scientific courses. Policy proposed is to base deferment solely on brains, ability. Student of arts would be, if outstanding, deferred just as quickly as those taking science. Deferment trend is, who-

ther or not it results in a specific order, will tend to be away from special consideration for science students. At some point or other, draft is likely to get all physically fit students. That is due to the fact that policy is to call for taking all men under 26 before moving to older groups. College students are in age brackets the military most wants.

Call-up of Reservists, too, is to become a growing issue. Young reservists, of officer rank, often feel unfairly penalized. A Reservist, for example, frequently is one who entered service in 1941 at age 18. He served four years. Then came four years of college. At age 26 he got out of school in June 1949. He married, tried to get a late start in life. Now at age 27 he is called up and told to expect two more years of service. He will be 29 when released and still with no roots in a job.

Another veteran, who did not sign up as a Reservist, followed the same course. At age 27, he's been out of school a year, has a start, and is not now called upon to go back into service for two more years. His chance of getting ahead is improved while that of the Reservist is injured. That's a situation that concerns more and more young men. Congress now is starting to get interested in it. An issue is shaping up.

Korean war, to October 1, cost 20,756 dead, wounded missing. Army lost 19,290. Dead were 2,403. Missing, many dead, were 4,034. Wounded were 12,853. That's a high price for numbers engaged. Air Force lost 140. Dead 44, Wounded 11, Missing 85. Marines lost 1,237. Dead 190, Wounded 1,035, Missing 12. Marine losses in the Inchon and Seoul operations are not yet reported. Navy lost 80. Dead 23, Wounded 54, Missing 12.

North Korea, once the push really starts,

MIAMI MAELSTROM

Cpl John B. Hodges

At last we've discovered a fool-proof device to get everybody to read the Observers' Journal every day. It has become the vicarious outlet for every frustrated writer in the detachment. These writers are divided into three categories; poison pens, comics and linguists. Acid comments drip from some pens, other distill a peculiarly arid form of humor, humor so low Joe Miller wouldn't include it in his cliché-ridden Joke Book, and, perhaps also under the head of humor, entries in a really violent bastard Spanish, German, or French appearance, proving that some of us went to high school, and slept there as much as in the Air Force. Even a Congressional Investigation committee would go mad trying to read it.

Cpl Webb, Old Virility, has finally succumbed to his many ailments and is over at MacDill in the hospital for an operation. I keep wondering if he'll be subjected to the indignity of KP while there. He's due for a surprise when he returns, for Pfc Marple is assuming some of his old duties. This should make both of them properly unhappy.

Really, it seems that everybody around here except Vic is singing the blues. Clinger, Marple, English and I are moaning over our expulsion from our quiet, peaceful room into the horrors of the AP bay. Contrary to all rumors, they are Not human. Artie and Edd are either limping, peeling, or homesick. And even Vic is nervous. Suppose Nancy finds out that he is not 22? Why is it no one's age ever suits them? He's over the age of consent, so why fret?

Note to observers: I will not fight any more duels over anything printed in this column. I claim diplomatic immunity.

Everything runs in cycles around here, and the new cycle, gathering momentum every day, is guns, guns, guns. Everybody is either the owner or prospective owner of one, and owner or not, a super authority on the various makes. We've been shooting everything from tin cans to snakes. Its even getting me excited. But Willis, I don't think you'll ever shoot your mother a fur coat, though I like your optimism. Even if you hit a furry critter, I'll wager you don't tan the hide correctly.

Cpl Bauer, the Milwaukee Millstone around our necks, does Not wish you informed that he is facing financial disaster due to his celebrated football wisdom deserting him in a series of bets with S Sgt McClary. How the honor of Wisconsin is dragging! Edd, too, has been caught with his bets down. But what is the meaning of that fiendish look on Hunk's face? Can he have been winning? If our gamblers don't watch themselves, they will be hitch-hiking home for Christmas.

We all wish to welcome Robin Keith Ellsaesser into the detachment family and thank his daddy for those cigars that disappeared so quickly.

Cpl English wishes to apologize to his fans for being so dull, and ordinary this past month. He promised to do better in the future. Who knows, he might even arrive at work on time one of these days. If that new Ford convertible were his instead of his mother's there would really be no living with him.

What we hope is the last storm of the season is dragging itself northward of Bermuda as I write this. We're all drooling at the thought of furloughs, morning breaks, and the sight of Col Clinger pursuing a volley ball. Tally ho!

THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

By Cahplain Raymond Kasper

Perseverance can become ordinary obstinancy unless we are ready to add a dose of intelligence to our concentration on a given goal. Bull-headedness is not a virtue. There is no sense in beating your head against a brick wall. It may have a door somewhere; or perhaps you can walk around it.

In this connection there comes to mind the story of the way in which the Matterhorn, a mountain in Switzerland, was finally scaled by a man who used his head where others had failed because they did not take a good look at the shape of the mountain.

Before July 14, 1865, dozens of men had tried to climb the 14,780 feet to the top of the Matterhorn. They all came back without reaching the summit. In fact, the failures were so numerous that the natives of Zermatt, Switzerland, the village at the foot of the mountain, told stories of demons and spirits living in ruined castles up on the mountain and delighting in throwing huge boulders and avalanches on anybody who dared to think of getting to the top of the mountain.

However, in 1861, a London publishing company sent Edward Whymper to Zermatt, Switzerland to sketch the Alps. Whymper fell in love with the Matterhorn, the only mountain in the Alps that had not yet been scaled. He tried that very summer to do what others had failed to accomplish but he, too, returned from the mountain without success.

In the following years Whymper tried again and again to scale the Matterhorn, but failure dogged his every attempt. Then one day he cross-

sed the border into Italy to have a look at the mountain from that side. There he discovered that everybody had made the mistake of going up the mountain from the wrong side. Every mountain climber who had determined to climb the mountain had started out from the Swiss side, where the mountain rose at angles of 70 and even 80 degrees. From the Italian side of the mountain Whymper noticed that not many inclines exceeded 40 and 50 degrees.

However, he could find no one in the community to risk the ascent. Fortunately, some other Englishmen arrived at about this time. All of them were hardy mountain climbers. Six of them offered to go along on the climb from the Italian side of the mountain.

At 11:30 on the morning of July 13, 1865, they set out. The next day, Whymper and his party reached the top. The last of the Alpine mountains had been conquered by a man who had used his head. On the way down four of the men fell to their death when their rope broke. This tragedy casts its shadow over Whymper's success; nevertheless, he was the first to reach the summit of the most famous mountain in Switzerland, the Matterhorn, of which people had said, "it cannot be conquered."

Whymper had tried for four years to do the impossible. He stuck to his project and finally won out, mixing his "stick-to-itiveness" with a "jigger" of intelligence that showed him a way around the obstacles that had kept him and every one else from conquering the Matterhorn. Whymper wrote of his experience; and since that time thousands of people have been on top of this Swiss mountain, going at it, however, from the right side.

The suggestion that we use our heads need not

he stressed very much among Americans; for that is one quality that most of us have to a very high degree. Much of our technical progress has been due to our ability to meet each challenge head on and to find short-cuts and better ways of doing things.

Even in the routine of every-day work our people have shown much imagination in cutting necessary corners. In the Army, various clerks have discovered better ways of filling out certain forms, have even come up with ideas for improving the forms themselves. Many men working in ways of making certain things. All this because we do not have in a large measure the imagination and the will to improve on our methods.

Let's stick to it! Let us imitate the woodpecker, who owes his success to using his head and pecking away at a job until he has finished what he started.

* * * * *

A FEW PROVERBS RELATING TO RAIN

MORNING...

Morning rain and women's tears are soon over.

SMALL RAIN...

Many drops make a shower.

RAIN DURING SUNSHINE...

If it rain when the sun shines, it will surely rain the next day about the same hour.—Suffolk

If it rain while the sun is shining, the devil is beating his grandmother:

He is laughing, and she is crying.

(All of the above taken from "WEATHER FOLK LORE")

GUEST EDITORIAL

David Lawrence
Editor & Publisher
for US News & World Report

We are at the crossroads of decision. Shall the American economy gear itself for war by a system of voluntary cooperation or by a system of government coercion?

The one road leads to nationalization and government ownership, as is Great Britain. The other road leads away from it—to the kind of cooperation between government and industry which preserves the principle of individual freedom, individual ingenuity and individual incentive.

It is not a decision that can be postponed. To imagine that, because the pressure of Korean events has lessened, there will be no need for government controls or for the exercise of the major powers which Congress a few weeks ago granted to the executive branch of the Government is to think wishfully about a world situation that is rapidly growing more, not less, complicated.

For America faces a task of economic reorganization which will challenge the sincerity of conservatives and liberals alike. Unhappily, the situation presents an opportunity for pseudo-liberals to lead us toward national socialism by a series of steps, innocent on their face, yet heading directly toward a planned economy akin to the philosophy of communism or reminiscent of fascism.

It will take the concentrated efforts of sincere conservatives and sincere liberals to keep America clear of these pitfalls. It will take a greater spirit of cooperation that has been vouchsafed to us in any national emergency here—

tofore. It will take more than the casual efforts of members of Congress, through vigilant committees, to check on misuse of powers granted in broadly written statutes.

America must not fall victim to the frustrations of crudely functioning controls that can sap the vitality of our present productive power.

Anything so complex as a controlled economy depends on intelligent leadership and practical experience with the behavior of economic forces. If the need is thoroughly understood, leadership will quickly emerge.

The country, however, has been led to believe it can have guns and butter. It will soon be disillusioned.

If it be assumed that the Kremlin has suddenly become trustworthy, that a deal can be worked out on paper or otherwise which will be honored and that America can safely disarm, then less guns will be needed and the way is open to any amount of civilian production.

But history tells us such confidence would be ill-placed. Chamberlain and many others among us fell for just such a piece of wishful thinking in the Munich appeasement. A year later war came.

Survival is too precious to be risked on somebody's guess. The instinct of self preservation bids us to take no chances.

Our defense budget for many years to come will be at least 25 billion dollars a year. It may go higher.

This means more taxes and more strain on our economic system. But it need not mean any lessening of our industrial strength, provided ma-

AIRMAN OF THE MONTH T SGT KEDRITH D. NEELEY

He claims he was too young to remember the eye of the Idaho potato when he first saw light of day in Franklin, Idaho, on 27 March 1919, but we all are inclined to disbelieve "our boy", T Sgt Keddrith D. Neeley, especially since he hails from "potato land."

As most youngsters are in the habit of doing when they are young, the son of Mr & Mrs Neeley Sr. was no exception. He, too, experienced the usual pains of growing, the biggest of which was probably school. However, "Ked", as we all know him, completed high school in 1937 in his stride.

It was then, as many high school graduates find out, that he decided to enter college, and so that same year he began his course in horticulture at Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, Utah.

After completing three grinding years, T Sgt Neeley decided that such was not the life for him, so, as war clouds darkened and gathered, he began his career as an Air Force airman on September 24, 1941.

Shortly after completing his basic training, "Ked" began forecasters school in 1942. Completing 22 weeks at Weather Forecaster School, Chanute Field, Illinois, he began his overseas tour of duty on 20 November 1942 where he stayed until 2 July 1945 in the European Theater of Operations.

A little more than a week after his return, "Ked" accepted his discharge, just as millions of other war weary veterans did, and returned to life as a civilian.

At first "Ked" thought of completing school and obtaining his degree, but after a few weeks of the college grind, he was offered a job in September '46 to work at Hill AFB, Ogden, Utah, as a weather forecaster for the weather bureau. T Sgt Neeley didn't think it over too long before accepting.

For the next year and 8 months, T Sgt Neeley stuck to his job of making route and terminal forecasts, analyzing all weather maps, supervising the weather observers on duty and briefing the pilots on weather conditions for their flights.

However, "Ked" felt there was something lacking. Maybe it was security, maybe the old itch to move ~~was~~ back, but whatever it was it caused T Sgt Neeley to reenlist on 15 November 1948 for three years.

As "Ked" began his travels as an AF career man, he met a suthurn belle, Miss Eva Evelyn Maddox, and so, on 23 February 1949, they exchanged vows and began a very happy and successful marriage to date.

Shortly after his marriage, on 4 April 1949 T Sgt Neeley began his career with the 6th Weather Squadron at Howard AFB, Panama. A few months later he transferred to the Operations & Training Section of Headquarters.

On June 28th 1950, a short time after our Headquarters move to Florida, "Ked" became the proud papa of a lovely baby girl, Sandra Kay Neeley.

Since that time, "Ked" has experienced the rigors of fatherhood and has proven to us who know him that he is a real old-time family man. We all wish him the best of luck for a continued happy marriage and career in the Air Force.



THE SPORTING WORLD

BASEBALL

The major league season ended with the New York Yankees and the Philadelphia Phillies nosing out their opposition in the final days of the season.

For Philadelphia the World Series was anticlimatic as their battle to hold onto their once great 9 game lead in the N.L. was turned into a shambles until the final day of the season. Brooklyn, who had battled their way from fourth to 2nd, very nearly forced the season's play into a playoff. On the final day of the season, with but one game separating the two teams, the Phillies finally ended their losing streak and won the pennant by defeating the Dodgers 4-1 in 10 innings. It was, perhaps, one of the most exciting pennant battles of modern baseball.

The World Series, however, proved to be a disappointment to many a correct prognostication to others as the Yankees swept the Series in 4 straight games. Again it was proof positive of tradition and experience against inexperience and youth. Although the Phillies' pitching was great, their hitting inability in the clutch was their downfall as the Yankees capitalized on every break or opening left. The Yankees great tradition as a clutch team was pointed, and their

THE ADJUTANT'S CORNER

Capt Frederick W. Marr

This section recently received two (2) new airmen. T Sgt Lake, SSN 502, who is being utilized as the Personnel Sgt. Major, and S Sgt Panzica, SSN 275, who is assisting in personnel classification.

T Sgt Lake has just completed a tour with the 8th Weather Squadron in Newfoundland while S Sgt Panzica is here on recall from the reserves.

The Air Weather Service Inspectors have come and gone after really wringing us out. The great flurry is over and things have settled down to a dull roar.

Congratulations to the several airmen recently promoted. The outlook for Airmen promotions continues to be good. Continued expansion of the Air Force is creating many vacancies which can be filled by good men. If you are performing your job to the best of your ability, then the outlook for future promotion probably is excellent. If you are not doing your best and don't get promoted, then you have only yourself to blame.

Detachment Commanders should become familiar with the provisions of AFR 205-6 dated 1 September 50 which greatly changes investigative clearances for access to various categories of classified information and AFL 205-6 dated 19 September 50 which deals with cancellation of background investigation when no longer required.

* * * * *

If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that, too.-----Somerset Maugham

AIR NEWS

The Greenville AF Base, Greenville, S.C., is to be reactivated. In addition, the Air Force has announced plans to use on a "lease basis" some facilities at the Alexandria Municipal Airport at Alexandria, La. No information concerning units or personnel to be stationed at these two installations has been released.

A board of senior officers recently convened at Air Force Headquarters to consider approximately 2,500 majors for permanent promotion to lieutenant colonel. It is expected the early fall schedule for promotion of 5,000 to captain will be met - probably in October.

Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff, has announced the names of 154 persons nominated by the President for commissions in the Regular Air Force. The list includes 15 Distinguished Officer Candidates making the 1st time Regular USAF officers have been appointed directly from Officer Candidate Schools. In addition, 68 persons were nominated for Regular commissions in the Medical Service; 55 were named as Distinguished Military Students from AFROTC schools, and 16 were nominated as Distinguished Aviation Cadets. All will be commissioned 2nd lieutenants, except the Medical officers who will receive grades commensurate with their education and experience.

* * * * *

It's a Fact

Penny: Chip off the old buck.

Indigestion: Failure to fit a square meal to a round stomach.

* * * * *

DID YOU KNOW

Dependents of Naval personnel may now travel by Gov't transportation to Naval Bases in the Pacific Area. The practice of transporting dependents was stopped on July 14 of this year, shortly after the outbreak of the Korean fighting. The Navy said further, that only those men on permanent duty status and filling a billet that existed prior to the Korean emergency, and where housing is available, will be able to bring their families or household effects.

Competition for entrance to the US Military Academy at West Point is now open to all active members of the Army and Air Force civilian components. Under provisions of Public Law 586, 81st Congress, personnel of the Army ORC, the National Guard, the Air Reserve, and the Air National Guard, who meet requirements, may compete for admission to the Academy during the examination period to be held this fall for the 1951-52 school year. Full information concerning application, requirements, etc may be obtained from the Adjutant General, Department of the Army, Washington 25, D.C.

Congress has completed action on a bill continuing for one year the Gov'ts program of buying specially-equipped automobiles for amputee war veterans. The legislation, sent to President Truman for signature, authorizes and appropriation of \$800,000 for this purpose, with a limit

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Most of life is routine—dull and grubby, but routine is the momentum that keeps a man going. If you wait for inspiration you'll be standing on the corner after the parade is a mile down the street.

of \$1,600 that the Government could pay on any automobile.

The Navy expects to have more than half a million men by next March, according to Vice Adm. J.W. Roper, Chief of Navy Personnel, in testimony before the Senate Appropriations committee. The build-up will bring Navy strength to 67,514 officers and 512,291 enlisted men.

The Army has appointed 510 enlisted men as Warrant Officers junior grade, with rank from June 20, 1950. The new appointees have been discharged from their enlisted grades to accept appointment as W-1, AUS. All were required to sign a Category III statement.

For meritorious service and leadership in action, 103 United States soldiers in Korea have been awarded on-the-spot battlefield commissions. Gen. Douglas MacArthur's Headquarters said that 51 commissions were awarded in the 24th Division, 34 in the 25th Division, 10 in the First Cavalry, two in the Second Infantry and six in headquarters of the Eighth Army.

Officials of the United States and Canadian Defense Departments have agreed upon a plan under which military and civilian personnel will be able to travel on military aircraft operated by either country.

Details of the plan are outlined in an Army-Navy-Air Force Joint Letter 641-50 carried in the August 15 issue of the Navy Department Bulletin.

The U.S. Army will soon add new shoulder and sleeve patches to its collection of military insignia. Gen. MacArthur's Headquarters said recently that designs for two UN forces emblems have been forwarded to Washington for approval.

PEOPLE ARE FUNNY

COLUMBUS, MISS- The city's assistant fire chief's face was red. He was fined \$1 in Traffic Court for parking too close to a fire hydrant.

LOS ANGELES - Beach styles here for the next summer season will include sheer lace nylon swim suits for the girls. However, the outfits will contain "strategic panels."

STATESBORO, GA. - A college professor here had to decipher the notation he made on a student's examination paper when the latter complained it was illegible. The prof's face flushed as he translated his scrawl. It read, "Please write more clearly."

AN AIR STRIP IN KOREA - "You fly boys are awfully jumpy..." observed a newly arrived infantryman one night as he nonchalantly lighted a cigarette. A sniper's bullet whined by his head. Finishing his interrupted sentence from a foxhole which he reached in one leap, he added "...and I think you have something there."

MUNCIE, INDIANA - James Bruce brought robbery charges against Eddie Prichett claiming he recognized the thief by the sound of his voice. Judge Joseph H. Davis dismissed the case when he discovered Bruce was too deaf to hear his questions from the bench.

ONTARIO, CANADA - A northern Ontario father was so nervous waiting for his wife to present him with his first heir, that he fidgeted himself into the hospital staff's way. Finally a nurse put him to working carrying water from an outside pump. She would promptly dump the water and send him for more, keeping up the routine till the baby was born. A week later, upon hearing that a friend was to become a father, he told him, "I'll help you carry the water. It's too tough of a job for one man. 28

YOU FIGURE IT

The Boring Breeze

Consider a plane of the 375th Squadron as it flies its LOON Dog track from Eielson AFB. Leaving the Eielson runway at 1500 hours of a certain day, the B-29 arrives at the International Date Line shortly after passing Nome, some four hours after takeoff. This, of course, puts it into tomorrow. From then on, today's mission flies along tomorrow, going on to a point past Attu, at the end of the Aleutian Chain. There it turns around (having made weather observations every 100 miles along the course) and returns along a more southerly route flying back toward today.

Approximately 10 hours after its original takeoff, it arrives at the International Date Line again and theoretically flies back into yesterday, if you consider the day they had been flying in all the time as "today." However, another complication sets in at that point. Ten hours after a 1500 takeoff would naturally put them at 0100 the next morning, or into tomorrow, even though you figure it on the "today" side of the Date Line. Therefore, upon crossing the Line, the puzzled crew finds that yesterday has gone into the limbo of history, to be replaced by today, which was tomorrow yesterday. The astounding fact then comes to light that they had been flying in the day after tomorrow all the time and had never know it!!

* * * * *

The Sgt. approached the mirror in the latrine at 6:30 AM, after a hard night, red eyed, needing a shave, hair in a mess, took one look and sighed, "Ah, good morning Mr. Life of the Party."

HEADQUARTERS SYNOPSIS

Cpl Thomas C. Renner

They say it's advantageous being attached to a weather squadron since, apparently, one has constant access to the "true" weather situation and never worries about such foolish things as rolled up windows, new suits etc. However, I have never been able to determine just who "they" are, but it matters not for I still get caught in the "prone" position.

After listening to chatter on highs, lows, winds aloft, fronts, gusts, squalls, occlusions and other interesting, but elusive to my simple mind, weather jargon, I know as much about the possibilities of rain and the movements of hurricanes as I do about Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

An excellent example of what headquarters peons go through happened this week before publication date. About 400 miles southeast of Miami we heard of a typical Florida hurricane abrewing. Here at Patrick we were having "squally" weather with winds or gusts or something of up to 85 mph. So the hurricane was there, we were having a squall here, yet we were suffering from "gusty" winds of hurricane velocity which I understood to be 75 mph. This is all very "confusin" to my "alleged" mind, so I'll just hope and pray my car hasn't been "gusted" away by the gusts while more intelligent mortals worry over the direction of the hurricane. Oh well, on to finer things.

New arrivals injected into the headquarters much needed new blood and "bodies" for our able requisitioners in supply. Speaking of supply, they received 2 new men, Pfc Mort. from Denver, and Cpl Perkins from the detachment, with more on the way. How lucky can you get?

Personnel snapped up their share in the form of T Sgt Richmond D. Lake, Personnel Sgt Major, formerly of the 8th Weather Squadron, and S Sgt Joseph N.M.I. Panzica, recently recalled from the reserves, who took on duties as a classification specialist. S Sgt Panzica, incidently, is a former barber, and every now and then you can notice hair littering the latrine floor where he sets up shop during off-duty hours. Its nice to have talent.

Operations, too, dipped into the cherished pie and came up with the prized plum in the form of 1st Lt William R. Maugans. From sideline observations, they have been making full use of his talents recently.

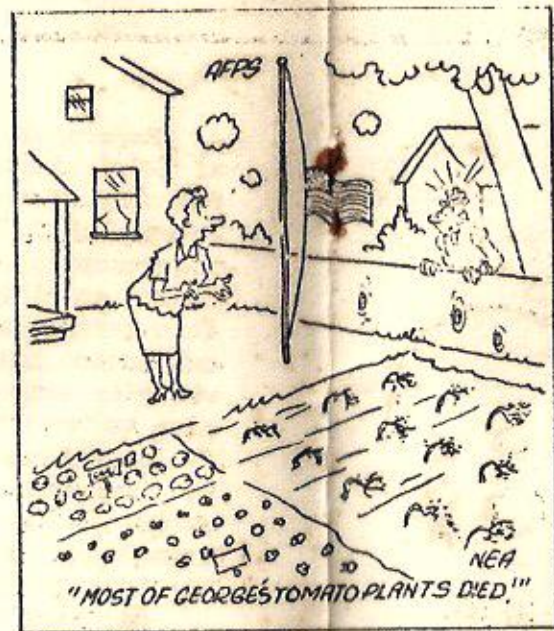
6th Weather as a whole lost two very fine men from Detachment 6-30 to schools. M Sgt Halbrooks and Sgt Waldron left PCS on the 8th of October for Keesler AFB, Mississippi. We're all sorry to see them leave.

T Sgt Roy E. Hines and family returned from Iowa, (please note: no derogatory remarks about "Iowans"). I'm outnumbered and outfought by these Iowans), after enjoying a "delightful" (I believe that's the word used) 30 day furlough. From all appearances and suggestions, Roy is all set to partake of another furlough with "oysters" as his favorite dish. Hm-m-m-m.

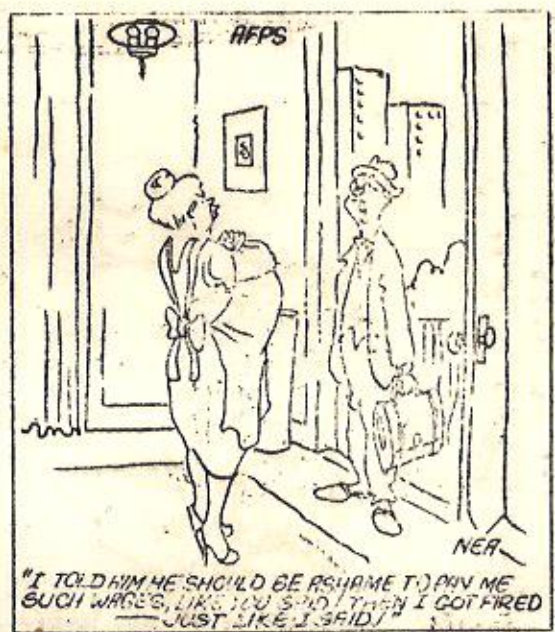
On 25 September our hearts were "gladdened" by the arrival of the Air Weather Service Party of 13 Inspectors, but from that point on it was like walking on "eggshells." We really underwent the "treatment" as they covered this headquarters with a fine toothcomb and microscope. I wouldn't say anyone was worried about such things as inspections, but there certainly was a boost in attendance figures at church the Sunday before and after the inspectors arrived. However, its



AFPS
NEA
"AN EGG TIMER? HEAVENS NO! I TIME JOHNS EGGS BY THAT TRAFFIC LIGHT— ONE GREEN-TWO REDS, AND THEY'RE DONE!"



AFPS
NEA
"MOST OF GEORGE'S TOMATO PLANTS DIED!"



AFPS
NEA
"I TOLD HIM HE SHOULD BE ASHAME TO PAY ME SUCH WAGES, LIKE YOU SAID! THEN I GOT FIRED— JUST LIKE I SAID!"

355



AFPS
NEA
"I'M TROUGH WIT FORGERY— I WORK ALL WEEK ON DIS CHECK AND IT COMES BACK MARKED INSUFFICIENT FUNDS!"



AFPS
NEA
"YOU NEVER CAN WAKE YOUR FATHER UP CALLING HIM THAT WAY— YOU'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO GET EXCITED!"



AFPS
NEA
"AND NOW TO OUR ESTEEMED PRESIDENT AND BENEFACTOR MAY I PROPOSE A GARGLE!"



HEARD: Headquarters has its own barber in the personage of one of their newest arrivals, S Sgt Joseph Panzica. He also pinch-hits as classification specialist.

SEEN: New arrivals flooding into Detachment 6-30 and Headquarters. Recently arriving were: 1st Lt William R. Murgens, Hqs; Capt. Neel B. Kubel, Hqs; Pfc Robert E. Mort, Hqs; T Sgt Richmond D. Lake, Hqs; S Sgt Joseph N. Panzica, Hqs; Sgt. Charles W. Platt, Det 6-30; Sgt. Donald M. Banks, Det 6-30; Cpl William O. Pifer, Det 6-30; Cpl Harvey S. Fink, Det 6-30; Cpl Howard S. Syer, Det 6-30; and Cpl George Mellas, Det 6-30. Welcome to the land of hurricanes gentlemen.

LOST: M Sgt Halbrooks and Sgt Waldron, Det. 6-30, to Keesler AFB, Mississippi.

SEEN: Hqs and Det 6-30 men attempting to start their cars during the "big Blow"

the other day.--P.S. only three could get'em started.

FOUND: Recent additions to the used car lot in the form of Cpl Brooks' 1939 Plymouth and Cpl Perkins '36 Pontiac.

HEARD: Cpl Renner's car took a beating in more ways than one during the last hurricane. Besides needing a new paint job, its now in the shop for a complete engine overhaul. It must be wonderful to be rich.

SEEN: S Sgt Mario Marino and Cpl Ronald D La-Palme off for a 30 day furlough in Mass., after many delays, with a new green paint job being sported on that Ford convertible.

SEEN: A bright metallic green paint job on Major Suggs' car the day before the hurricane. It's still on there according to latest reports. Some people are so lucky!

HEARD: Members of Det 6-24 taking up new hobby in the form of arms and hunting. One member is attempting to get his "mom" a fur coat. Such optimism yet!!

LOST: The "Old Sarge", T Sgt Donald L Lindemer, to a 35 day furlough in the "coalfields" of Pennsylvania.

SEEN: T Sgt Ferdinand E Hooper and S Sgt Charles L Carlton reenlisting for indefinite periods. Its getting to be a habit here in Florida, re-enlisting that is.

RAMEY RECORD

Capt Daniel A Rodgers

The detachment had a big picnic the 29th of September at the famous Ramey picnic beach. Mucho chow including fried chicken, and a truck-load of refreshments were well taken care of. As usual, the rain put a damper on the sports program that had been scheduled, so the day was spent playing cards, bingo and shooting the breeze.

The observers section received a very welcome addition with the arrival of three observers: Pfc Fitzgerald, Pfc Lodicao, Pfc Splotstoser from Chanute. Sferics also gained an operator, Cpl Dail from Robins. Mrs. Dail arrived earlier and is teaching at the base school.

Cpl Sanders was busy sewing on the third stripe after the 20th of September.

After spending three months, three nights a week attending Radio Operators school and sweating out a 2 hour F.C.C. Examination, M Sgt Sharmen and T Sgt Partanen finally received their Amateur Radio Operators license. M Sgt Sharmen's call is KP4NG and T Sgt Partanen's is KP4MY.

Everyone seems to be buying cars here. Sgt. Twitchell has a 1948 Oldsmobile, Sgt Wright has a big 1940 Packard, Sgt Korinko a 1940 Lincoln, and Sgt Eugley wasn't content with one car so he bought two, a model A Ford and a 1941 Pontiac, anyone want to buy a good Ford? Captain's Emmert and Easley and M Sgts Bair and Carr expect to have new cars next month. T Sgt Partanen is still driving that British model Plymouth that Lt Burris bought in Antigua.

The Softball League started during September with Weather winning the first game from the Medics, then losing to Rescue, M & S, and Base

Officers. We have some excellent ballplayers in Sgts Slatten and Pete, Cpl Wilson and Pfc Fitzgerald. We could use an extra pitcher. "Say Albrook how about sending S-Sgt Vic New to Ramey for 90 days TDY."



"AN IDEAL PRESENT - WHEN THE LID IS LIFTED THE POWDER BOX PLAYS WHO'S SORRY NOW!"

STRANGE BUT TRUE
THE DOG WHO BARKED MURDER

One of the strangest sporting matches in history was staged to solve a murder. Pitted against one another were a huge dog and the man suspected of having slain its master. Referee was King Charles V, then King of France.

The bout, which ended with the confession and subsequent execution of the murderer, was later used as a fiction device in one of the many books written by Sir Walter Scott.

Events leading to the spectacular duel to the death began with a quarrel between two officers of the bodyguard of the king, Lt. Macaire and Lt Montdidier, who was owner of a greyhound, which was later to solve the mystery of his death.

Cause of the dispute, according to the gossip of the day, was a petite brunette in the service of the royal household.

Deeply enraged by the taunts flung at him, yet fearing the skilled rapier of his rival, Macaire plotted the perfect crime to get rid of Montdidier. Also marked for death was his dog.

One day, undetected, Macaire trailed his fellow officer into Blondis forest near Paris. Waiting until Montdidier reached a remote part of the woods, he leaped upon him and repeatedly plunged a dirk into his back. As his victim collapsed, Macaire whirled, sword in hand, to do away with the huge greyhound.

As though it were aware that its flight would eventually serve the ends of justice, the greyhound tucked its tail between its legs and

fled howling into the deepening shadows of the weeds.

Confident he would have an opportunity of doing away with the dog at a later time, Macaire relished Montdidier's body into a nearby ditch and carefully crushed away all signs of the cowardly attack.

That night, long after Macaire's departure, the greyhound returned to the scene; sniffed out the improvised grave of his master, then began a long, lonely vigil that was not to end until his presence there was discovered along with his slain master.

Several days later, the gaunt animal suddenly stilled his whining and stiffened as he heard sounds coming from the underbrush. A moment after he bared his fangs, for coming toward it was the man who had murdered his master.

Again, the dog refused to fight, and darted into the woods as Macaire rused at him with naked blade. When night fell, and after the murderer had given up the chase, the greyhound returned to his graveside post.

The following day, the dog, weakened by hunger, made the first of a series of brief trips out of the forest in search of food. Mud-caked and thin, he appeared outside the kitchen of a friend of Montdidier's wolfed the food that was thrown and loped back toward the woods.

Every other day for the next two weeks the greyhound re-appeared at the kitchen door, ate the food and vanished in the direction of the forest. Over the same period, he fled often from its pest as the troubled-eyed Macaire rushed at it, rapier in hand.

Theorizing that the missing Montdidier, alive or dead, must be the one to whom the dog returned,

the Lt's friend leaped into the saddle of a waiting horse and followed the greyhound as he loped forestward after the usual visit to the kitchen.

Deep in the woods he came upon the dog, stretched over the mound rising from the ditch. Despite the low growls of the animal, Montdidier's friend dug into the earth and came upon the body of the lieutenant.

Following the burial, the dog began shadowing his new master much in the manner he had Montdidier, never leaving him out of sight for a moment.

It was while trotting beside him one day that the greyhound, for the first time since his last encounter in the woods, came face to face with Macaire. Barking ferociously he sprang at the officer and would have torn him to death but for restraining hands.

Three times in the next week the attack was repeated. Certain now that Macaire was the murderer of his friend, and know as such to the dog, the animal's master went to the king and detailed his suspicions.

Showing the wisdom of a Solomon, King Charles V had the dog and the suspected officer brought before him. As the two stood before the throne, the ruler snapped, "release the dog!"

Unleashed, the greyhound hurled himself upon the fleeing Macaire. King Charles clapped his hands imperiously and ordered the tangled pair separated.

Looking with unveiled contempt on the frightened officer, the king ordered the matter to be settled in a trial by combat, pointing out to Macaire that if he were innocent of murder, his courage would sustain him in the deadly meet.

No world championship heavyweight bout was planned with greater care. Selected as the site was the Isle of Notre Dame, where an arena was erected and the proper seating arrangements made for the King and his entire court.

Stripped of his heavy uniform coat, Macaire, on the day of the duel, was handed a stout club, which was to serve him as his sole weapon. A kennel was set up in a corner of the ring, to be used by the animal as a refuge when the going got too rough.

A clap of the soft palms of the jeweled monarch was the signal for the opening of the strange sporting event.

As though sensing that this was a fight to the finish, the dog, instead of rushing headlong into the attack, bared its teeth and circled its opponent.

Kingly dignity went by the boards as the ruler urged the animal on. Lesser court nobles and their ladies, taking their cue from their monarch, echoed his pleadings in a choral cry for blood. Yet the dog continued to circle.

Macaire, whipped by an hysteria of fear, turned with the dog, flailing wildly each time the animal neared. Finally, unbalanced by the dizzying strategy of the greyhound, the Lt lowered his club to the ground to steady himself. In that fraction of a moment the dog was upon him, its teeth finding Macaire's throat.

Clawing at the dog's froth-flocking mouth, the guardsman screamed for the court's mercy. At a signal from the grinly smiling King, the giant dog was hauled off.

Looking distastefully on the quivering soldier, the King asked: "Did you kill your follow

officer, Lieutenant Montdidier?"

Still gasping for breath, Macaire nodded his head.

Three weeks later Guardsman Macaire swung to his death. Fellow officers years later, in describing the macabre ending, swore that the greyhound smiled as it watched the body of Macaire twisting convulsively in mid-air.

Courtesy of Sir Magazine

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"THEY CALL HIM RADAR. HE'LL PICK UP ANYTHING!"

Headquarters Synopsis ---Continued

inspections, just such as this one, that keep us on our toes, so they're really beneficial when you come right down to it.

Headquarters has a new form of entertainment, "sweatjobs" we call 'em, in the form of our weekly football prognostications, forecasts to you peons, hm-m-m-m. Anyhow, everyone gets in on them, happily donating his contribution, and hoping that Monday brings a ray of "green" sunshine to his heldout hand. However, most are disappointed, most, that is, except Capt. Jordan who has had the uncanny faculty of "lucking" his way in for 2 weeks. Its understood that he plays a variation of pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. It may not be systematic, but at least its not paying off in sodas, as it has been with me. I gets so-o-o-o close, but thats all brother.

Well that winds up a rather lengthy breeze from Headquarters, so tune in some time next month for your resimey on the doings, but mostly the don'ts of the "happiness" club of Headquarters.

When the conductor reached them the woman handed him a full-fare ticket and a half-fare ticket. He looked at the strapping lad sitting beside her, and said: "You'll have to pay full fare for that boy. He must be over 14."

"How can he be 14 when I've been married only 12 years," the woman demanded.

"Madam," replied the conductor icily, "I'm here to receive fares, not confessions."

Coronet

RAWIN HEIGHTS

Analysis of Heights attained by
Upper Air Stations of the 6th Weather Squadron
During the Month of October 1950

<u>STATION</u>	<u>NO. RUNS</u>	<u>AV. HEIGHT</u>	<u>MAX HEIGHT</u>
<u>RAWIN</u>			
ALBROOK	119	46,498	94,149
PATRICK	129	44,843	111,700
KINDLEY	130	40,629	117,621
<u>RAOB</u>			
ALBROOK	115	45,601	94,237
PATRICK	70	55,704	118,411
KINDLEY	130	49,649	139,242
<u>RAWIN (RADAR)</u>			
PATRICK	59	54,776	103,320

First chorus girl: "How do you like my new fur coat?"

Second chorus girl: "Gee, Mario, it's a beauty. You must be ruined." * * *

If she had used Jorgens Lotion instead of Italian Balm she wouldn't have a little chap on her hands.

* * * * *

NEWS FROM ROBINS

By S Sgt William W Connelly

September has certainly been an eventful month here at Detachment 6-26.

This month our detachment played host to the Air Inspector from Hqs., Air Weather Service. Naturally, everyone was on their toes, especially our visitors. At the suggestion of the Air Inspector, a speed-up program has been initiated to determine the length of time necessary to complete a sferics observation and make it available to using agencies. At present, results show that an average time of two hours will be required to complete sferics runs. A major advantage of an air inspection is that it can always prove that you are never as good as you may think you are. Yes sir!, there's nothing like having an inspection. (No quotes please!!)

Lt Burris, our Sferics Officer, was transferred PCS to Keesler AFB, Miss for the purpose of attending 8205 school. Col Dail, one of our sferics operators was transferred to Detachment 6-25 at Ramey AFB, P.R.

Cpls Harris and Ramsey were promoted to Sgt this month and having enrolled at the sewing circle, have not wasted any time sewing on those new chevrons. Incidentally, Col Smith isn't feeling too well these days since SGT Ramsey pulled his rank on him.

That's about it for now folks. See you next month.

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MISSILE GUIDANCE

Lt Col Hudiburg

The two-stage rocket which was fired at the Long Range Proving Ground last July is a model of the same vehicle that established a high altitude record at the White Sands Proving Ground, Las Cruces, New Mexico, in February of 1949.

The altitude record established at that time, over 250 miles, was, for all practical purposes, outside the earth's atmosphere. The rocket's highest speed was over 5,000 miles an hour.

The new altitude record is two and one fourth times greater than the previous record of 114 miles into the air which was also made by the Ordnance Department at White Sands, using a captured German V-2 Missile. The top speed of that missile was several times that of the announced world speed record for aircraft. By comparison, even the unannounced speed of rocket-propelled planes is slow.

Major General Henry B. Saylor, Chief of the Ordnance Research and Development Division of the White Sands Proving Ground said, "This successful flight is significant in a number of ways. So far as is known, this is the world's first successful multi-stage liquid fuel rocket. It emphasizes the fact that we have jumped far ahead into the development of high altitude guided missiles.

"Secondly, it gives an indication of the distance possibilities with missiles of this type. No prediction can be made as to the possibility of hitting a given target 5,000 miles away, but even now we can attain a range of hundreds of miles.

"Thirdly, while there has been much conjecture as to a possible man-made satellite to

circle the earth continuously, it must be admitted that this flight brings much closer the time when such a satellite could be launched. I say 'could be', for I am not sure whether it could ever be successful or serve a useful purpose.

"Finally, it is considered that the success of this flight opens up new vistas for scientific research in the field of guided missiles and exploration of the unknown reaches of the atmosphere."

The great increase in altitude performance was made possible by use of the step rocket principle, in which a small or second-stage rocket is launched at great altitude and speed from a larger first-stage unit. By using this combination the final speed of the second stage is the sum of the independent velocities of the two missiles if fired alone. Solid propellant rockets are commonly used as boosters for launching ram jets and anti-aircraft missiles and operate on a similar principle. However, their fuel is expended in a very short time and they do not achieve the altitude or velocity of the liquid-fuel step rocket.

Two available designs were combined to produce the step rocket. The first stage was built by modifying the V-2 missile, 100 of which were brought to this country by the Army Ordnance Department in 1945. The second stage was an American rocket known as the WAC Corporal, first flown at White Sands in 1947. The nature and extent of the modifications cannot be disclosed, although it can be stated that the WAC replaced the warhead of the normal V-2.

The V-2 and the WAC were chosen for the project because they were readily available, and because their use was more economical than de-

velopment of completely new designs.

General Saylor further stated that, "it is desired to point out that the two-stage missile is purely experimental, with most of the effort to date being expended in attaining successful operation. It is designed to carry a small payload, however, and this capacity was used in the flight to secure hypersonic -- many times the speed of sound -- aerodynamic data. During several earlier flights, made to test equipment, only small quantities of propellants were carried and no records were broken."

The vehicle was designed and constructed jointly by the General Electric Company, the California Institute of Technology and the Douglas Aircraft Company, contractors to the Ordnance Department.

* * * * *

THERE IS A MAN

(With Apologies to Esquire)

There steadfast he stands, alert and distinguished, dominating the area, courageously awaiting the volley. 'Tis not the first time he has been cornered and outnumbered by determined aggressors, reeking with rank, nor will it be the last.

The volley is fired -- he does not flinch -- he does not fall. Zounds, what is this? Is he immortal? Were the shots blank? No. The volley was questioned: What's the ceiling? Why are you carrying half-mile visibility? What's the wind direction? When will it stop raining? Where's the latest sequence?...And so on ad infinitum! For he is the Weather Observer on duty.

may be t

may be taken rather quickly. US and UN forces mobilized now, have impressive strength. North Koreans, barring moves by China, Russia, are back on their heels. Odds remain strongly against moves by China or by Russia now. War's end, occupation of all Korea, as a result, does seem not far off.

Real peace in the world, however, is still not in sight. Peace, probably, is not to be realized as long as Russia is ruled by its present leaders. Peace, to be real, must be based on contract to be honored. Russia and the West do not see eye to eye on what are contract terms once they are entered into. Idea is that Russia makes contracts to be broken, not kept.

With voting four weeks away: Democrats are more confident that they had hold both Senate and House. Republicans, however, figure on at least a 50-50 prospect of taking the Senate. Trends at work suggest Democratic loss in both houses. Draft, high living costs, tax increases hurt party in power. Prosperity, however, helps Democrats and may save Congress for them.

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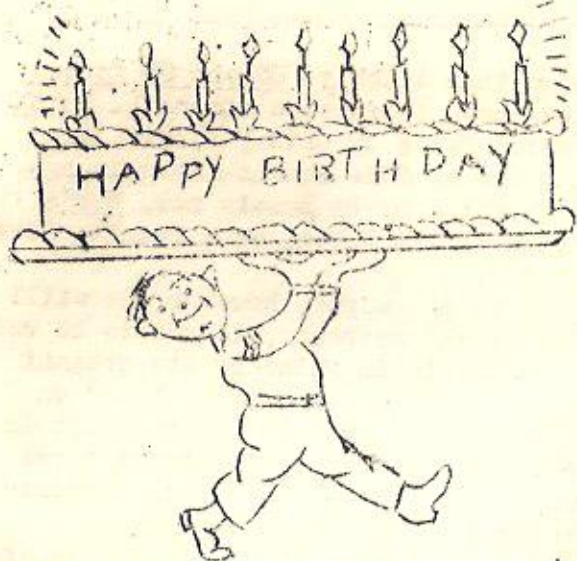
* * * * *

Doctor: (after examination): "Mrs. Smith, I have good news for you."

"The name is Miss Smith!"

Doc: "Well then, Miss Smith I have some bad news for you!" * * * * *

Don't be too critical of your wife's faults. It may have been those very defects that kept her from catching a better husband!



S Sgt.	Vernon W. Bateman	4	Oct
Cpl.	Ernest E. Bays	6	"
Capt.	Joseph E. French	6	"
M Sgt.	Glenfield F. Thompson	9	"
Sgt.	Paul E. Wright	9	"
Sgt.	Orrie D. Robinson	10	"
S Sgt.	Arthur J. Johnson	12	"
Sgt.	Walter P. Mardyla	12	"
Cpl.	Robert E. Gove	13	"
Cpl.	Arthur L. Bauer	16	"
Cpl.	Richard R. Canady	18	"
S Sgt.	Paul F. Goldworn	18	"
S Sgt.	Ben J. Giarrapute	22	"
S Sgt.	Marie Marino	24	"
T Sgt.	Edward N. Partanen	26	"
Cpl.	Thomas C. Renner	26	"
Cpl.	Maurice H. Beckus	28	"
T Sgt.	Ferdinand E. Hooper	28	"
T Sgt.	Francis H. Nichols	28	"
Sgt.	William J. Yuscinsky	28	"
Cpl.	John L. English	29	"
Cpl.	James E. Dail	30	"
S Sgt.	Joseph F. MacKissic Jr.	30	"

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING—Continued

TO HAVE

That "well informed soul" tell you it wasn't the butler but the secretary who murdered Joe Blow in that "thriller" detective movie you're going to see tonight.

Candy and Popcorn eaters crackling papers in the show. Or chewing loudly, whispering, or anything that interferes with the enjoyment of the movie—it gives you that urge to kill.

No doubt by now you've thought of lots of other "pleasant" little peeves. So have fun while you blow off steam!

* * * * *

FIRM FACTS * the lead dog in a dog team is the only one that gets a change in scenery.

there are two types of women----
fashionable and comfortable.

* * * * *

Formal dance - Where a man gets dressed up like a gentleman - to get drunk like a bum. * *

Bigamy - is having one wife two many--
Monogamy - is the same--! * * *

The story that was being bandied about most frequently concerned the damsel whose eye was caught by a truck sign which read: "If you can read this you're too darn close!" She entered a hosiery shop and asked if she could purchase nylons with that same message embroidered around the tops. When asked whether she wanted block or script letters, she answered coyly, "Neither, I'd like them in Braille."

agement and labor understand the real need for teamwork.

Two steps should be taken immediately by the government. First, a public conference of at least 1,000 top executives of business and industry should be called to which top officials should explain the true nature of military requirements on an over-all basis in terms of materials and men and the prime factors that must be given priority. A collateral purpose would be to persuade business and industry to induce more men of experience to come to Washington to serve alongside of government officials. Unless this is done, the governmental agencies will be filled with the usual type of theorist.

Second, a conference should be convoked among management and labor groups—industry by industry—so that the real dangers of inflation may be fully explained and so that self-restraint in price-making and wage-fixing may be encouraged.

America can do many things by voluntary cooperation when the need is real and the emergency is thoroughly understood.

Self-restraint based on patriotism and even self-interest can keep America's industrial system powerful and ward off the insidious attacks of the communistic or socialistic philosophy which deliberately aim to weaken us.

Self restraint arising out of acute pressure to preserve the nation itself can—when the dangers are thoroughly understood—work economic miracles. * * * * *

A man likes to look at a pretty knee because a lot hinges on that.

Chances rule men, not men rule chances—
Herodotus

WHAT IS CRIME COMING TO?

Magazine Digest

When a burglar entered a Knoxville home, he spurned the lure of three purses full of money, two watches, and other valuables. Instead, he went to the ice-box and helped himself to a ham and a liberal portion of potato salad.

Portland police are still searching for a "Peter Piper" who picked two pints of pickled peppers from the back seat of a parked auto.

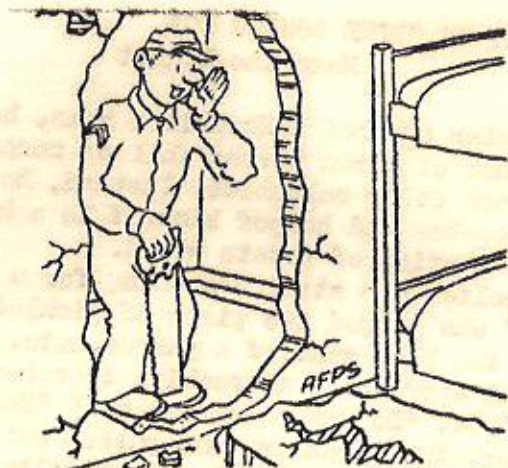
A young man approached a Brooklyn storekeeper and inquired, "Do you recognize me?" "No," was the answer. The stranger then pulled out a gun, took twenty-five dollars and casually sauntered out. Afterwards, the storekeeper remembered him as the same thief who had held him up just two months before.

Police in Madison recently caught a Wisconsin General Hospital worker leaving the premises with six chicken legs, six pears, three oranges, a can of vegetables, half a pie, cookies, and a bottle of milk stuffed into his ample pockets.

A Michigan thief was arrested when the police recognized his handwriting on a note which said, "Next time, don't leave a broken window for me to get through." The authorities had a word of advice for him: "Next time, don't leave a note."

An English seaman was fined for stealing a four and a half gallon beer barrel. When arrested, he said, "I made a terrible mistake. It was empty."

A young Montreal hold-up man ate a quick meal in a restaurant, left a nickel tip, drew a revolver, and held up the cashier for \$9. Then he forced the waitress to return his nickel tip.



"HEY SARGE, I FIXED THAT CRACK IN THE WALL."



"DID YOU SEE HER SHOVE HER FINGER INTO THAT RING?"

THIS SPORTING WORLD---Continued

magnificent pitching and hitting from "old pros" proved to be the difference in greatness for World Series play. It was all Yankee in every game.

FOOTBALL

The football forecasts of millions proved to be of no avail as one upset after another toppled the one-time greats in college football from the top of the ladder. Notre Dame, picked as the nation's best, was toppled from the undefeated ranks as it lost 28-14 to Purdue in its second game of the season, thus ending its great 39 game undefeated string.

Army, however, climbed into Notre Dame's spot as it plastered its one "rough" game of its schedule by defeating Michigan 27-6.

Oklahoma proved its mettle against two very rugged teams of the Southwest Conference, Texas A & M and Texas. It edged out Texas A & M 34-28 and barely squeaked by Texas 14-13 in the final minutes of play, proving that its once great team had lost much of its vaunted power.

Miami U scored an upset and stepped into the ranks of major football colleges as it defeated inflated Purdue 20-14 the week after Purdue's great victory over Notre Dame.

All across the country, no matter which team was picked for victories, upsets shattered the choice percentages making it difficult for anyone to understand just who had the best team in the nation. However, no matter what the choices may have been, one thing was certain, football was having one of its most exciting seasons since prewar days.

* * * * *

HURRICANE WARNING

Patrick AFB Absorbs Body Blow, As Hurricane King Wreaks Destructive Path Across Florida!

Hurricane King, after lashing Miami and the east coast of Florida, causing an estimated \$10,000,000 worth of damage, veered off 60 miles to the south of Melbourne giving the town and this base quite a scare. However, in spite of the "Eye" veering off inland, Patrick AFB and the outlying territory was battered with winds of hurricane velocity and gusts reaching 103 miles per hour.

For two days previous to the blast of the "Big Blow", Patrick AFB was buffeted with storm winds of from 40-50 mph with gusts reaching 85 at one point. However, on Wednesday, October 18, Hurricane King moved to within 60 miles of this base blasting the field with hurricane force winds and high gusts of up to 103 mph.

Throughout the hurricane, the entire base performed its duties admirably. All existing facilities on Patrick were taxed to the utmost, but failures in operation could never be attributed to the failure of the personnel in the performance of their duties.

Telephone and teletype communications experienced the greatest amount of difficulty, as lines were constantly blown down. Power failures were experienced late in the morning, and complete power was not restored to the base until late Wednesday afternoon. Telephone operators cooperated in the emergency to the utmost as they remained at their posts from 11:30 Tuesday night until early Wednesday afternoon.

Silver Beach and Cocoa Beach families of the Base personnel were evacuated to the Base Gym without incident as the hurricane raged. Some

confusion was naturally encountered, but considering that more than 50 families, bag and baggage, were brought to the Base Gym without injury, the results were excellent.

Excitement and panic were nigh as Lt Snow and his men set up beds and mattresses across the gym floor in order to make those who were evacuated comfortable.

Shortly after their arrival, the members of most families settled down to making the most of their predicament. Children played ball and slept, adults concerned themselves mostly with canasta, gin rummy, talking, sleeping or watching their children.

Weather, of course, did a tremendous job as they disseminated incoming information and warned the Base, sufficiently in advance, of what to expect. Officers and airmen worked through the night and into the day, as the hurricane raged, with little complaint. Observers and forecasters worked extra shifts in order to get the proper information assembled with the least delay. Major Suggs could be seen in almost every building imaginable surveying the results of the hurricane and issuing the latest information. The Weather Office was filled with personnel asking for the latest information. Telephones were constantly ringing, when in operation, as worried residents called for the latest information. Amid all this confusion, the teletype communications failed several times. A radar set atop the hangar was damaged and had to be removed to the Weather Office. In spite of all these difficulties, the weather detachment continued its duties without failure. Their spirit of cooperation in time of emergency proved to all the value of their work. Our hats are off to all of the men in Det. 6-30.

On the other side of the Base, Building 401, the BOQ for civilians, took a bad pounding and all personnel there were evacuated, without incident, to the Base Theater where they remained until the storm had passed.

Even the Mess Hall was working to the utmost, as they supplied food for all service personnel and dependents on the Base as the winds whipped the rain outside and leaked in above where the men were serving food.

Across the base, at no matter what building one entered, men could be seen working with mops or braving the winds of the hurricane to protect equipment.

Men dressed in odd garb could be seen everywhere. Some with shorts, others with bathing clogs and fatigues, and still others in an odd conglomeration of civilian and service clothing.

Towards the end of the storm a woman at the Base Gym was discovered hiding her dog, who was terrified by the storm. By that time a picnic air seemed to predominate throughout the families as they played more games, entertained the children, aided the nurses in quieting the more rambunctious, and, in general, took the storm completely in their stride.

Throughout the storm, the ocean's turbulence and high tides gave full indication of the hurricane's power even though it did not cover the roads. The rain, however, more than made up for the lack of the ocean's overflow, as it flooded the entire base with more than 6 inches of water.

After the storm had subsided, the Base turned its attention toward surveying the damage, as the families were returned to their homes.

Surveying the damage, with the aid and cooperation of Major Brown, who was on a photogra-

phic mission for the Base, this reporter discovered that Cocoa suffered more damage than any single area within a 30 mile radius of Patrick AFB. Several bridges were washed out; power and telephone lines were still out of operation a day after the storm had passed; a 95 foot cruiser and many other small craft and barges were run aground and damaged; docks and pilings along the Cocoa waterfront suffered extensive damage; homes and cars were lightly hit, but hit nevertheless. In Eau Gallie the wooden bridge span was washed out and lines were down for a while. Melbourne damage was by far the slightest as light damage was suffered by several buildings, cars, and signs. Patrick AFB itself suffered only minor damage as several of the flattop quarters, including Maj. Gen. Richardson's home, lost their tar roofing; cars suffered from the battering of sand and rocks, ruining many paint jobs; and Building 401 leaked badly after the battering of the driving rain.

On the whole, however, the damage to this section was much less severe than to other sections of Florida. We consider ourselves lucky in escaping the full wrath of the storm.

The most encouraging result of the storm was the cooperation received and the coordination put forth in keeping Patrick AFB, its families and its men, in a safe, well operating condition. Everyone on the base should be congratulated for the effort put forth and the results effected from these efforts.

* * * * *

When the second man appeared on earth, the rights of the first were cut in half. Now divide yours by the total population and that explains everything.---Aftonbladet, (Stockholm)

WHITHER WEATHER
Behind The 8-Ball

I remember, I remember, though it seems so long ago,
When weather was a subject that a weatherman should know.
His life was calm and simple, his tasks were light and few.
And he could read a book when he had nothing else to do.

And all his work was weather in its many varied forms;
He dealt with clouds and wind shifts, with pressures and with storms.
He lived out in the open, he worked beneath the sun,
And he never got a rating, but he had a lot of fun.

But now the times have altered; simplicity has fled;
Where performance once was paramount, procedure rules instead.
They changed the name, they changed the job,
each man is but a cog,
What happens to him daily, shouldn't happen to a dog.

Log sheets, data sheets, buck-slips and files,
Clip boards, policy books, and copy stretched for miles.
Spot this! Break this! Sweep the floor and then
Empty out the baskets and it's time to start again.

You work inside a little room, you never see
your friends,
You don't know if it's night or day until the
long shift ends;
You can tell a man who works there by the wild
stare in his eye,
The way his hands keep twitching and his hair
is all awry.

The code men dream of numbers in an endless sing
song chant:
"Eight-one-nine-two-zero" in their sloop you'll
hear them pant.
The spotters dream of numbers, as they toss and
turn all night;
They have to type their letters, they've for-
gotten how to write.

The men who run the teletypes are walking on
their heels,
They jump and run in circles, each time a door-
bell peals.
There's only one man working here who's not a
Section Eight---
The guy who guards this madhouse from his post
outside the gate.

Gone, yes gone forever, are the days of jawbo-
ned obs,
The cloistered weather station, the man of many
jobs.
But the old days can be recognized by the moans
and groans unstilled---
You never got a rating, for the T/O's always
filled.

* * * * *

WHEN A NATION SHOWED IT'S HEART

Henry F. Unger

President Theodore Roosevelt read the letter from a far-off Molokai leper colony. It was simply signed Joseph Dutton. For a few minutes the President remained deep in thought. Then he put through a phone call to Secretary of the Navy Newberry.

Minutes later, Rear Admiral C.S. Sperry, standing on the bridge of the flagship Connecticut in Honolulu harbor, got an urgent wireless dispatch. "Divert from course xxx Pass Molokai Island in battle formation xxx Show naval power to Brother Dutton xxx Dip Color xx Then continue Japan..."

It was the morning of July 16, 1908. On gray lofty Molokai, once the dread site for abandoned lepers, 65-year-old Dutton moved briskly about his humble home. He was manager of the leper colony now, successor to heroic Father Damien, who had died from the disease in 1889.

Flag raising each morning was his prime joy. Tenderly he held the folded flag, preparatory to moving outdoors to the flagpole on a promontory overlooking the Pacific.

Suddenly a young leper threw open the screen door. "Brother Dutton--many ships--far off!"

"Ship, ships?"

As the impact of the words hit him, the old man grasped the flag tightly and strode out into the warm morning.

A small group, attracted by the boy's cries, babbled excitedly outside the house. The U.S. Navy was coming--the big American ships about which Brother Dutton had so often boasted about to his lepers. But They would pass only on the horizon--Dutton was sure of that. His weak, tired

eyes would barely catch the fleet's outline.

The gray-haired samaritan of Molokai walked swiftly toward the promontory. "There!" the boy shouted. Brother Dutton uttered a chuckle as he noted the bow of a ship pointed toward Molokai.

"The Navy is coming!" he cried. "Quick, let's put up the flag."

Dutton's hands trembled. For years he had told the lepers of the paradise that was America. They gaped as he told of the nation's great naval power. Now it was on the horizon and heading toward their isolated island.

Holding the line with one gnarled hand, Dutton slowly pulled the flag skyward. His lepers, grouped around the pole, stood at attention. For 22 years, Dutton had raised and lowered this flag each day.

As the big battleships drew closer to the island, whooping lepers were quieted by Dutton. "We must stand at attention as the ships pass, out of respect to the Government."

Dutton and his lepers tensed as the four battle divisions moved closer. Thoughts rushed through Dutton's mind as the first division--the Vermont, Kansas, Connecticut, and Louisiana--churned into view.

He was a discharged Union soldier--printer, drugstore clerk, his mother a schoolmarm, his father a shoemaker in Stowe, Vermont.... Now came the turrets of the second division, The Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Virginia.... Once he had been a member of the severe Trappist Monastery in Kentucky.... Now the third division, the Maine, Minnesota, Ohio and Missouri, swept into position....

Over Dutton's head, puffs of Hawaiian breeze curled the flag.

...Now came the final division, the Alabama, Kentucky, Illinois and Kearsarge. The armed sea power of a great nation was parading before the Union veteran's gaze.

The samaritan of Molokai couldn't believe his eyes. It was so different in 1886, when he disembarked here from a packet ship. A story in a New Orleans newspaper had told about Father Damon's work among the lepers, and Joseph Dutton quickly bought a one-way ticket to Molokai, never again to see America.

Now the fleet was maneuvering into battle position. Slowly, the flagship passed the promontory. Suddenly the colors were dipped and the crews saluted. Misty-eyed Dutton, frail but standing like a ramrod, returned the salute as the entire fleet passed, each ship dipping her colors.

As the lepers watched the receding ships, tears rolled down their ravaged faces. Brother Dutton, who had corresponded with the world's great from his lonely leper island, had brought the Fleet to them, the forgotten outcasts of Molokai.

Courtesy of Corenet

* * * * *

In a telecast of "Who Said That?" Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine was asked what she would do if she woke up one morning and found herself in the White House.

"I think I'd go to Mrs. Truman, apologize, and go right home," the Senator said. * * * *

When the late Floyd Gibbons served as a newspaper correspondent in Siberia, he spent most of his time 200 miles distant from a cable office. One day a cable arrived from his managing editor via camel saying "Why is your expense account always the highest on the staff?"

His answer was, via the same camel and 200 miles "I'll bite---why?"

THE SWANEE GREW DARK-----Continued

loving trouper to the end. In the evening of his life his last "appearance" was in Korea. He was the first entertainer to enter the war-zone, to give comfort to the American G.I.s. He set the same example in World War II.

When he returned from singing 43 exhausting shows, dodging sniper bullets, and tramping through Korean mud, the 62 year old entertainer was a sick man. He was just as much a casualty of the Korean War as any soldier who died in battle.

He would have asked for no better curtain on his closing performance than to know that he had played his last stand before youthful Americans fighting for the free people of the earth.

Al Jolson was more than a great entertainer, he was a great American. Born a Russian-immigrant, who knew the pinch of need, he prospered in this land of liberty. He never forgot or slighted this country of his. Though his songs will long remain in the heart of America, his deeds as a citizen and patriot will remain even longer.

THE EDITOR