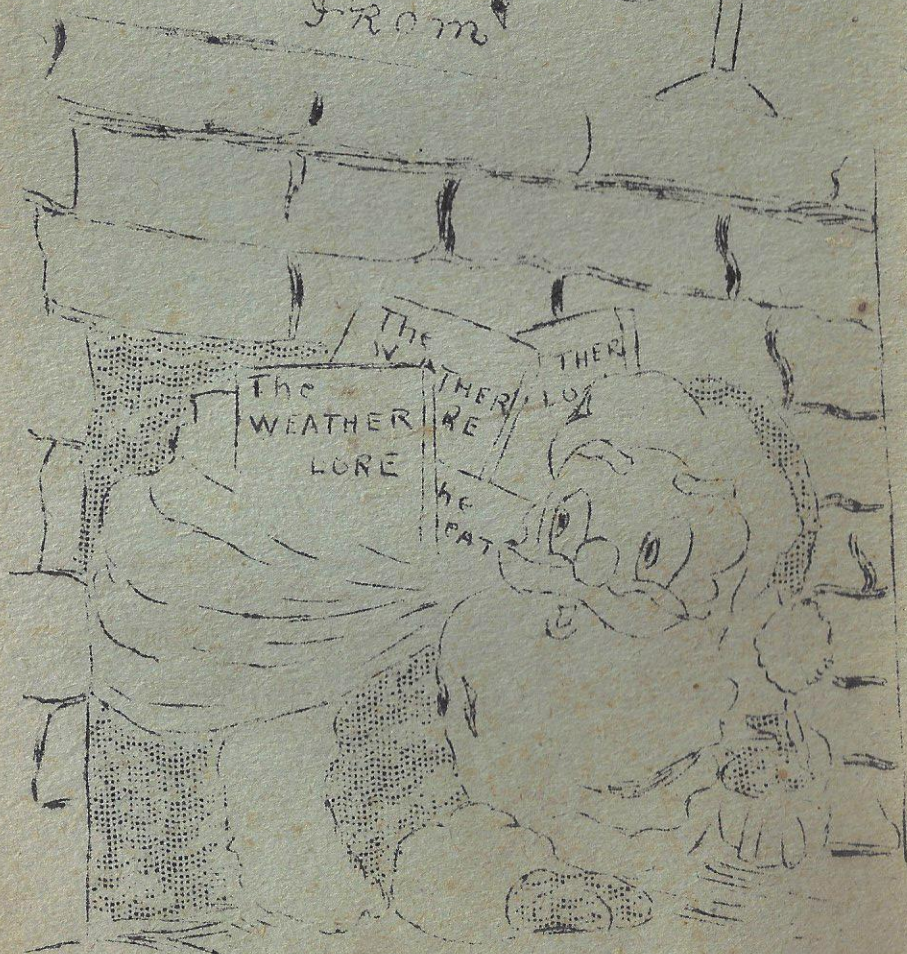
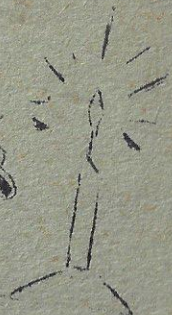


Merry

Christmas

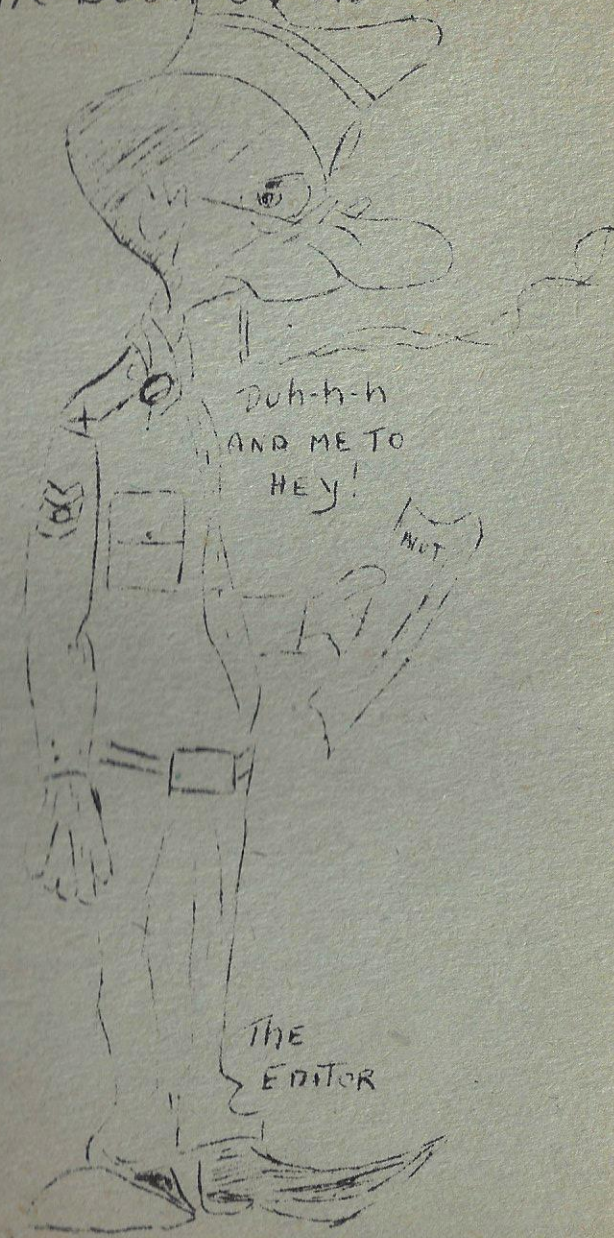
from



December

1950

Puzzled: Well  
Turn the Book Over Then!!



The  
EDITOR

THE WEATHER LORE

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

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THE EDITOR

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THE C.O.'S CORNER

Major Ralph G. Suggs

To most members of the 6th Weather Squadron, as a matter of fact, to personnel of Air Weather Service the world over, the holiday season of Christmas represents merely another routine working day. Ours is a continuous, never changing 365 day a year task. Nevertheless, the advent of the Christmas season and Christmas Day always brings a special kind of joy and peace of mind to all of us.

Christmas, to me has always been a forceful reminder that we are approaching the close of another year. This year, 1950, has not been the most joyous and opportune year of our time. It has had its misery, its bleakness, along with the good things that have happened. We now are facing a very serious crisis which we will meet, I am sure, as we always have with fortitude and strength of purpose. This year has also brought considerable changes in the scope and mission of this Squadron, changes which have been designed to effect unity, promote efficiency, and to achieve harmony of command. It is my sincere hope that these objectives have been accomplished.

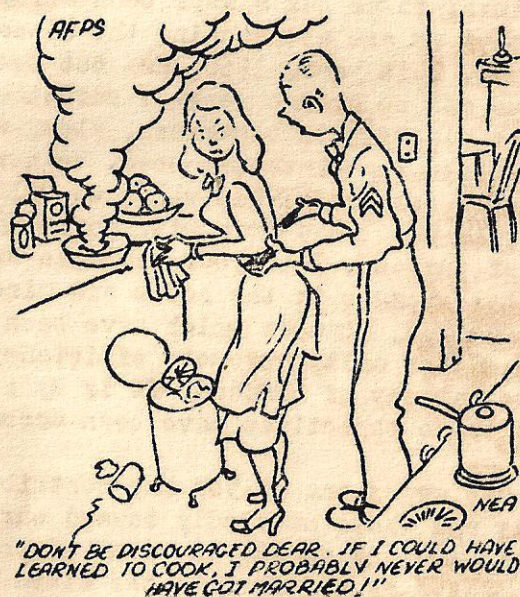
Each and every one of you has contributed generously and whole heartedly toward our collective mission and should be proud of the part you have played as a member of the Sixth Weather team. You have good reason to be proud for I feel that we have succeeded in accomplishing our objectives in an outstanding manner.

I take this opportunity to thank you all for your sincere and whole hearted cooperation in enabling this Squadron to achieve its goal. We

have done a fine job which is worthy of repeating.

To all of you in the field, I wish to take this opportunity to wish you all a sincere Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

\* \* \* \* \*



## OPERATIONS

Major Mark J. Brown Jr.

Such a relatively short time has elapsed since the last issue of The Weather Lore that this section is hard pressed for something to write about. I do want to correct a typographical error that appeared in the Operations article last month. When mentioning our contemplated program of tests, an error made it appear as though we planned separate tests for 8219s and 787s. Such is not the case. A forecaster is a forecaster (with apologies to Gertrude Stein) and one test only is planned for that duty.

The 373rd Weather Reconnaissance Squadron conference is now scheduled for 15 January '51 and if all goes well Capt Ellsaesser, Lt MacPherson and I will attend. I will certainly plan to spend some time at Detachment 6-31 while in Bermuda.

We had visitors from 2108th AWG last week and we bent their collective ear with various small problems. Col. Peterson, Lt. Col. Pryber, Capt. Brigham, and Lt Kennedy were the recipients of our tears.

I paid an extremely short visit to Robins and our Net Control Station of 11 December. Not much time was available and I spent it with Capt Key. A really extensive survey of sferics is planned by AWS and the ground work is being laid out.

The Holidays are again upon us. Things are not as pleasant to contemplate as last year and a tremendous amount of labor lies ahead for all of us. Nose to the grindstone and pray for the best. Meanwhile, Lt Mangans, M Sgt Neeley and I wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## ROCKETEER'S BLAST

LONG RANGE FORECASTING SECTION - This is the second of a series of articles in which the mission and associated accomplishments of a particular section at the 6th Weather Squadron Det 6-30 are described.

This section is operated by Capt Vernon C. Greene with the assistance of 1st Lt Arnold B. Herscher, 1st Lt Howard W Cole, and WO (jg) Ernest W Wilson, all graduates of the Special High Altitude Forecasting Course at Chanute AFB. The section was established upon the notification that the LRPG would require weekly general outlooks, three day detailed forecasts and 24 hour critical forecasts preceding a missile firing.

Facsimile charts are received twice weekly depicting five day prognostications. These charts at present form the basis of our weekly general outlooks. An attempt to add to the verification of these charts by experimenting with various techniques has been actively investigated the past three months. The study presented by Namias is presently being reviewed for such application as may be possible with our facilities; the practicability of employing this method at this station will be commented on at a later date.

The more detailed three day forecast requirement presents a problem and challenge that commands the greater part of our attention. As the 72 hour forecast progresses to the 48 and 24 hour period in advance of firing, the verification becomes increasingly more critical.

The one and two day prognostic surface charts received by facsimile form a basis for the one and two day surface forecasts; the continuity thus established assists in making the three day forecast. The techniques of interpreting and adjusting these charts is largely governed by the analysis and forecast of the upper air charts.

Differential analysis of the constant pressure surfaces is the main tool used in making prognostic upper air charts. The section has had encouraging success with this method for making 24 hour prognostic charts and is presently experimenting with the system to provide 48 and 72 hour prognostic upper air charts.

The exacting nature of the forecasts required 24 hours preceding firing of the guided missile necessitates the analysis of upper air charts (at 700, 500, & 300mbs) and the preparation of prognostic charts for both surface and upper air as a supplement to the charts received via facsimile. The section prepares 700mb height change charts, 1000-500mb thickness charts (indicating advection at 700mb), prognostic 700mb height change charts and continuity prognostic charts. 300 mb prognostic charts are prepared from 700-300mb thickness charts (indicating advection at 500mb), prognostic thickness charts and continuity charts.

The turbulence, moisture, temperature, winds and clouds cover up to 30,000-50,000 feet are all critical items for the 24 hour guided missile forecast. Future requirements

may be for forecasts of these elements to heights of 100,000 feet.

At the present time, a vertical cross-section extending from the Canal Zone to Buffalo along Longitude 80° is being analyzed. These cross-sections present an accurate picture of the Westerly or Easterly wind components at all levels to at least 100mbs, as well as temperature, humidity, and probable turbulence areas. The location of any frontal system at the surface or aloft may also be determined. Cross-sections extending in a SE-NW direction along the missile area will be constructed as soon as data is available. An aid to construction of such a cross-section would be the release of dropsondes in two or three strategic locations.

To keep our proficiency current, simulated missile firing forecasts are prepared every other day. A verification record of these forecasts is maintained, this reflects individual proficiency as well as indicating the over-all value of that particular analysis method.

Initially we were without procedure and confidence in approaching the foregoing forecast requirement of cloud cover, temperatures, humidity, turbulence, shear, and wind flow at all levels to 40,000 feet, however, we feel that progress has been made and we hope to eventually develop a service of considerable value.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sign on truck rolling down a Georgia highway: "This truck has been in 8 accidents and ain't lost any."

## THE ADJUTANT'S CORNER

Capt Frederick W. Marr

Once again that time of the year is here. That broke but happy time of Christmas and the holiday aftermath. I would like to take this opportunity to say Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and the best of everything to all of you.

By the time that you read this, the Personnel Section will have completed its goal of reaccomplishing all airmen's Form 20s before 15 December. This was no small task when you consider that there are well over 200 airmen assigned to this organization. We are currently involved in reaccomplishing almost all of the officers 66's and hope to have this project completed within the next few months.

Reoccurring reports continue to be a problem. Some are received late and a great many are in error. All of the reports we receive from you are used as a basis for reports to higher headquarters, so let's get those reports in on time and correct. If yours are wrong ours are wrong. If yours are late ours are late.

If the cold weather continues (apologies to the local Chamber of Commerce) some of us are going to ask for a transfer to Greenland (along with the ducks who are all going north just to get warm). One, and only one that I can think of at the present, favorable aspect of this cold weather is that the trout are really biting and fried trout is becoming a regular diet on lots of tables in this area.

We are expecting snow any day now. Anyway it will make a very Merry, if not unusual, Florida Christmas. \* \* \* \* \*

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

Sgt. Thomas C. Renner

Another half century of Christmas tydings and joy are slowly passing through our calendar. This Christmas, the final Christmas of the half century, is not all we could hope it to be. This year, as in other dark years of the not too distant past, we are facing another world conflict; another war to prevent fanatic greed from endangering the liberties and freedom of many of the world's peoples.

Today, as in 1941, we find our young men fighting for these principles of freedom on foreign soil. Today, as in 1941, we find ourselves undertaking an operation we are not yet prepared to handle. In 1941 we suffered a temporary defeat through a sneak bombing attack at Pearl Harbor. In 1950 we suffered a defeat in Korea because an aggressor nation stepped into a conflict being handled by United Nations forces, supplying these revolutionaries with numerically superior forces, thus necessitating our temporary retreat and defeat.

**It is not a pleasant thing to see our young men unable to enjoy the joyousness of Christmas and freedom because a few unscrupulous men in the world are not content in controlling half the world, but must try for the jackpot as did Hitler and the others of history.**

Christmas 1950 marks the first time in the history of the world that the forces of freedom have ever combined to combat an aggressor under the banner of an international organization for preventing war and restoring peace and freedom to the nations of the world.

Somehow, somehow we must and will succeed

in spite of our recent defeat in Korea. We will not give up, because we have been temporarily overpowered. It will mean many hardships for all of us. Millions will be drafted into the Armed Services in order to protect our country and smaller free countries of the world. We will not have everything we want and are used to in living our normal everyday life. Many sacrifices will be forced upon us. We will, in short, have to do without a lot of things as we did in World War II.

Maybe we will have no war in 1951. Maybe not in the next 10 years. But so long as the threat of aggression remains, so long as the communist nations of the world are unwilling to disarm under the supervision of the United Nations as we are willing to do, so long as the totalitarian quest for power continues, we must remain strong and willing no matter what the cost may be to us collectively or individually.

Since some of us may be able to spend our Christmas at home or within the United States let us be thankful for our good-fortune and hope that soon everyone may be able to spend their Christmas' at home and in peace, for Christmas was meant to be a time of peace and a time for thankfulness.

But most of all, while we enjoy the spirit of Christmas and of New Years by being with our loved ones, or giving, or just having a grand old time, let us not forget the spirit of those who are dying in Korea and the principles for which they have sacrificed their lives. This is a Christmas for free men, let us pray that we may preserve this way of life with our strength and our belief in what it stands for.\* \* \* \* \*

## RAMEY RECORD

Capt Daniel A Rodgers

The softball league ended with this detachment being in 6th place. However, with the opening of the basketball league, things look very promising for this detachment to take first place. Included in the basketball league representing the weather detachment are Sgt Caton, Cpl's Gayetsky, Harrison, Fitzgerald and Victus with Cpl Dail as Coach and Sgt Eugley as manager. The Hqs Sqdn of Wing is combined with the 6th Weather Detachment 6-25 in so far as the basketball league goes. Flash!! : We at this detachment have potential officer material, namely one Cpl Lowrey, who leaves for West Point Prep School in the very near future.

Upon Sgt Fout's return from his trip to Haiti, our meat and egg supply is back to normal, (ha, has). Judging from the applications for the forth coming holidays, it appears that the biggest percentage of this Detachment will have a White Christmas.

T Sgt and Mrs Partanens held open house to all members of the Detachment for Thanksgiving dinner, plus.

For all members of weather who wish to correspond with S Sgt Cierzan, they will now refer to him as Reverend Cierzan.

The squadron inspectors accompanied by Major Suggs, the Squadron Commander, were at Ramey during November for the quarterly inspection.

Promoted to Cpl last month were Thomas E. Fitzgerald, August J. Gayetsky, Lester D. George, John N. Harrison, James B. Irwin, Richard L. Lowrey, Jack A. Lodico, Govin Spletstoser, and Edward P. Victus. For the promotions to Sgt look for the promotion list in this month's Lore.

## BERMUDA MUSE

Juan Bermudez

With November came the return of promotions accompanied by the jingle of extra cash in the pocket - just in time for Christmas. Promoted to S Sgt were James P. Peterson and Roy E. Connally. New three stripers in the outfit are George W. Arthur, Leroy J. Diltz, Oscar H. Haertling Jr., Harry J. Kohler Jr., Carl A. Lane, Bernard G. Long, Fred H. Mayeda, Frank P. McDaniel Jr., William G. Thoms and Paul V. Zeyn Jr. The morale curve took a jump like the barograph trace following a frontal passage. New and welcome additions to our detachment were T Sgt Peter F. Nicholl - our long overdue 502, and Sgt Alphonse J. Slaby - an 867 to help ride herd on the APQ-13.

Congratulations are in order for Sgt Bernard J. Long. A few days after his departure to the states on leave came an invitation to his wedding to be held on November 30. Sorry none of the boys could attend the wedding, but the Bermuda welcome mat will be out for "Geleal" and his blushing bride on their return. Incidentally that third stripe made a pretty good wedding present.

Some may call it "empire building" but the expanders recently put on the DETICO'S office provide lots of room that has been sorely needed for quite a while. Maj Mc Anelly says he's coming out from behind that desk now that T Sgt Nicholl is here to push the paper around.

The boys in Rawinsonde are to be congratulated for coming so close to the 100% mark last month. They completed 120 out of 120 RADIOSONDES and 119 out of 120 RAWINS. Strong winds and that



15 degree termination angle knocked out that one RAWIN, so technically they get 100% anyway.

Looks like the entire detachment will go in to the moving business next month since our warehouse sits right in the middle of the building site for the 78 new living quarters to be constructed at Kindley. Here's hoping the new warehouse will be on level ground.

Sole departure last month was Sgt. Gerald R. Gilbert who left for Detachment 6-26 at Robins. We are sure that his wife and family will be glad to see him home again.

6th Weather Squadron Detachment 6-31 wishes a Merry Christmas and happy New Year to one and all.





I TRY TO HAVE A LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT, AND ONE OF YOU JOKERS HAS TO BUILD A FIRE!"



DID YOU KNOW?

Gasoline has been produced from coal "in practical quantities" for the first time, at the U. S. Bureau of Mines demonstration plant near St. Louis. The plant has produced more than 225,000 gallons of gasoline in a program designed to test the feasibility of establishing a synthetic oil industry in this country.

A new potential source of uranium, vital element in the manufacture of A-bombs, has been found. The only trouble is the site is located a mile beneath the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Scientists returning from a recent 29,000 mile expedition sponsored by the U.S. Navy and the University of California reported the discovery of a 1,000 mile long mountain range with peaks as high as 14,000 feet a mile under the sea between Hawaii and Wake Island. Electronic measurements revealed the possibility that the earth's core there is rich in uranium and radium. Of special significance to national defense was the discovery of 4-inch layers of almost pure manganese, a strategic metal used in steel. Now all they need do is figure some way to dig the uranium potential out.

 The Season's   
GREETINGS TO YOU ALL.

THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER  
Chap. R. L. Kasper

The soldier, sailor, and airman are on duty at all times. It is his job to stand by in any emergency, the greatest of which is war itself. In this sense our profession involves an act of faith. We do not know what emergency may develop. We have, therefore, a kind of blind date with destiny; and our chief virtue will be that we go through these difficulties on the general principle that, if there is anything to stand, we shall have the courage to do so.

From this point of view the profession of arms is very much like that of medicine or the ministry. Medical men and members of the clergy whether or not, always find themselves in the position of being on call for emergencies. Distress and disaster are not unusual experiences in the life of individuals and communities. In fact, they are quite common. In many such situations members of the medical and ministerial profession are called upon to help. In much the same way social upheaval in the form of disorder or disaster will find the soldier or airman on hand to rescue those in trouble and to assist those in need.

In 1926, for example, the island of Puerto Rico suffered severely from the results of an earthquake. Whole villages were destroyed. Thousands of people were rendered homeless in a matter of minutes. Within a few hours, however, nearly \$1,000,000 worth of aid, including two military hospitals, were on their way to the scene of the disaster. They were being transported and set up by the armed forces of the United States.

You may recall, too, that in 1945 transport planes dropped bales of hay to cattle in Colorado snowed in by severe blizzards. The Army and the Air Force were busy again in the winter of 1948 bringing relief and help not only to the cattle, but to the people of our Western states, cut off from the rest of the nation by storms which crippled communications and transportation.

In the summer of 1949 a typhoon, called "Gloria" by the weathermen of the Air Force, struck the island of Okinawa. It destroyed not only military installations, but the homes and villages of native inhabitants. Army and Air Force personnel went to work immediately distributing food and emergency shelters. In the makeshift hangars on Army and Air Force installations, soldiers and airmen worked tirelessly to meet this particular emergency.

Perhaps that is the finest thing about the profession of arms, this concept of being ready for whatever may happen next. It makes for an absence of pretense and a certain steadiness in the life of the normal soldier or airman. As a consequence, a man in our profession has an unusual opportunity to develop three important virtues: first, to be honest with himself and with others; secondly, to have a clean cut conception of what the word "duty" means; and lastly, to have a high degree of faith in their country and its destiny.

At times it may seem that there is a good bit of marking time in military life. There is! However, if we examine our profession fully, marking time appears to be less a time of just waiting around and more a matter of standing by. For this reason a soldier is never really off duty. It is of the essence that we stand by at all times for emergencies. 17

HEADQUARTERS SYNOPSIS

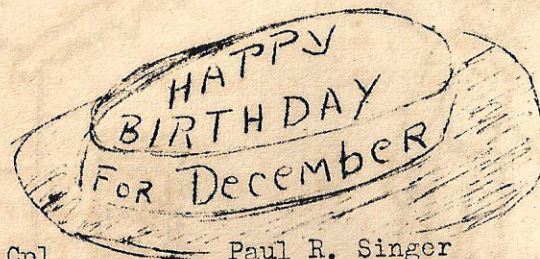
Sgt Thomas C. Renner

How tourists can dare call Florida the land of "sunshine and warmth" and continue to outdo the Chamber of Commerce in spreading their unfounded propaganda and then come here once each year to suffer, is beyond me. Florida may be full of sunshine, but there must be plate glass in the sky to block off the heat from the sun's rays. These sudden cold snaps have caused people to wear their field jackets "inside."

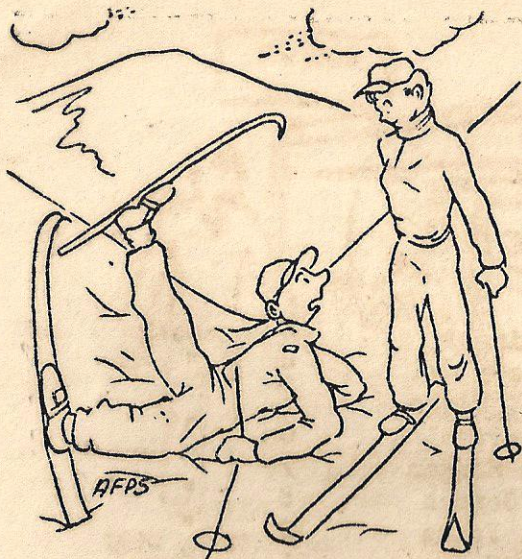
In the new arrival department, Headquarters was besieged with new personnel for about a week. Sgts Merle A German and George F Polk arrived from Chanute on the 19th of Nov. Sgt Robert W Rhoads came from Kelly on the 20th followed by Sgt Richard W Boardman of 16th Weather and Sgts Leland E Glenn and Charles A Senters of Chanute arriving on the 23rd and 27th of Nov., respectively. While we're on the subject, the old members of the 6th are hardly recognizable. We've had such an influx of new personnel arrive that one hardly realizes he is still in the same squadron.

Everyone is talking furlough chatter nowadays. S Sgt Bateman left rather early to begin his Christmas furlough on the 11th of December. Others to follow from Headquarters will be 1st Lt McMillan, Cpl Perkins, and yours truly. However, over in Detachment 6-30, it seems as if everyone is thinking of leaving for a furlough.

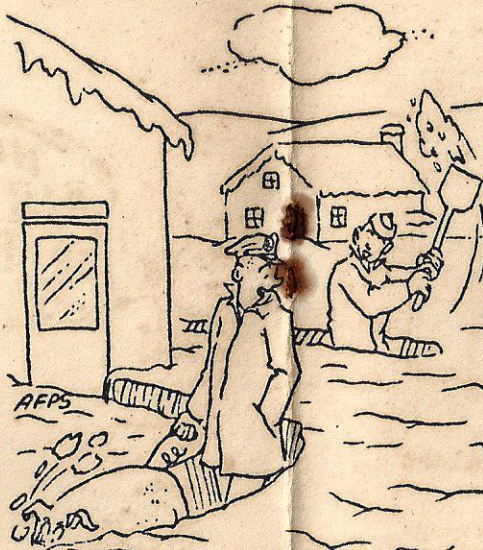
On December 4th this Hqs was graced by a visit from Col Norman L. Peterson, C.O. 2108th AWG, and his staff. Their stay lasted until the 7th during which time they conferred with Major Suggs and his staff, got thoroughly "warmed" by our Floridian sunshine, and indulged in a little



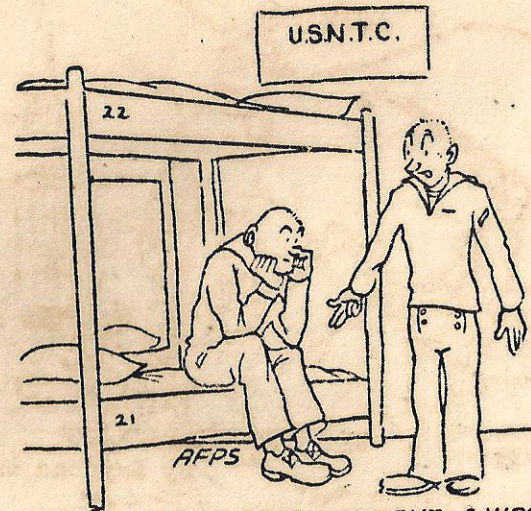
Cpl.	Paul R. Singer	5	December
Pvt.	Denis Twomey Jr.	5	"
1st Lt.	Stanley J. Kimball	6	"
Cpl.	Earl Vanderpool	6	"
Pfc.	Robert E. Mongan	7	"
Sgt.	Merle A. German	8	"
S Sgt.	Joseph C. Fouts	10	"
S Sgt.	Dean S. McCalla	10	"
S Sgt.	Dale Coventry	11	"
S Sgt.	Harold M. Ehrlich	11	"
Sgt.	John A. Cusic	12	"
S Sgt.	Richard W. Dortch	12	"
Sgt.	Samuel C. Frey	12	"
Sgt.	Louis J. Pete	12	"
1st Lt.	Earl W. Holtzscheiter	13	"
Pfc.	Donald F. Scraggs	17	"
S Sgt.	John L. Madden	19	"
T Sgt.	William M. Trigg	19	"
Cpl.	Harry L. Raynes	20	"
S Sgt.	Ernest W. Adkins	21	"
Pfc.	John Raupp	21	"
Sgt.	Robert C. Knupp	22	"
Cpl.	James L. Irwin	23	"
S Sgt.	Clifton F. Tisdale	23	"
Sgt.	Glen E. Sanders	24	"
Sgt.	Ray E. Sharrer	25	"
T Sgt.	Fred F. Roberts	27	"
S Sgt.	Dan Casey	28	"
S Sgt.	William T. Phelan	29	"



"THERE MUST BE SOME EASIER WAY TO BREAK MY NECK!"

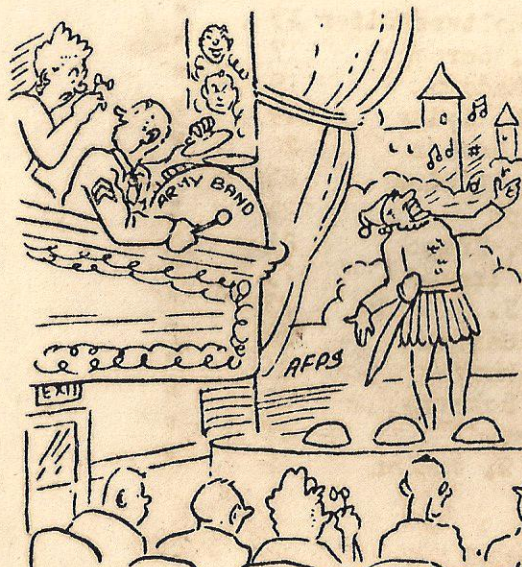


"I WON IT AT A BINGO PARTY!"

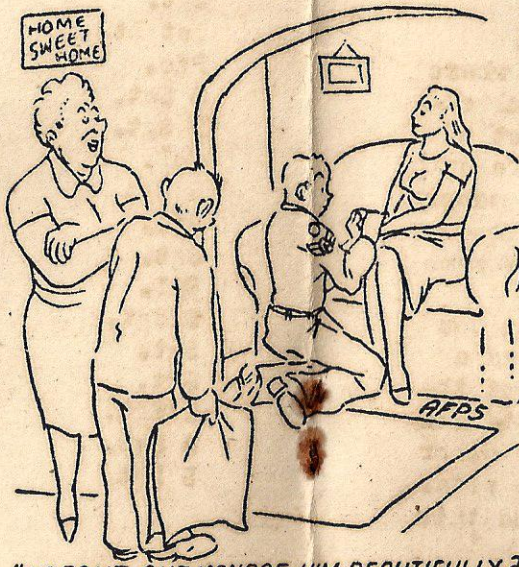


"A PROBLEM OF READJUSTMENT-I WAS USED TO WORKING NIGHTS & SLEEPING DAYS!"

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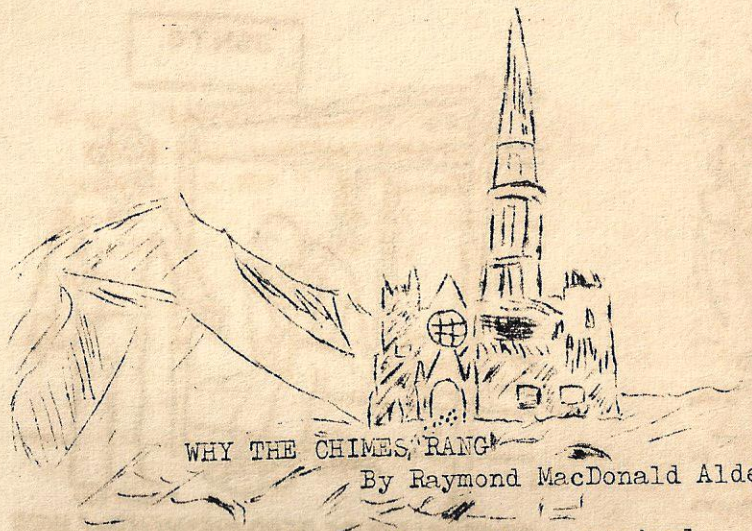
"THIS SHOULD LIVEN UP THE OPERA!"



"DOESNT SHE MANAGE HIM BEAUTIFULLY?"



"POP! HOW DO YOU USE A TIRE TO BLOW UP A BEACH BALL?"



### WHY THE CHIMES RANG

By Raymond MacDonald Alden

EDITOR'S NOTE: Among the ageless, magical Christmas stories that we have come to know and love, and that will be told to each succeeding generation in the future, perhaps this classic is among the most beautiful. It is not long as most Christmas stories go, but its heartrending meaning is undoubtedly the most poignant of its type.

There was once, in a faraway country where few people have ever traveled, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city; and every Sunday, as well as on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

When you came to the building itself, you found stone columns and dark passages, and a grand entrance leading to the main room of the church. This room was so long that one standing at the doorway could scarcely see to the other end, where the choir stood by the marble altar. In the farthest corner was the organ; and this

organ was so loud that sometimes when it played the people for miles around would close their shutters and prepare for a great thunderstorm. Altogether, no such church as this was ever seen before, especially when it was all lighted up for a special festival and crowded with people young and old.

But the strangest thing about the whole building was the wonderful chime of the bells. At one corner of the church was a great gray tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. I say as far as one could see, because the tower was quite great enough to fit the great church, and it rose so far into the sky that it was only in very fair weather that anyone claimed to be able to see the top.

Even then, one could not be sure it was in sight. Up and up climbed the stones and ivy; and, as the men who built the church had been dead hundreds of years, everyone had forgotten how high the tower was supposed to be.

Now all the people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church had been built, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place; others said it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was clearest and purest: however that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes could deny that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as sounding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds singing through the trees.

But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. There was an old man living

not far from the church who said that his mother had spoken of hearing them when she was a little girl, and he was the only one who was sure of as much as that. They were Christmas chimes, you see, and were not meant to be played by men or on common days.

It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring to the church their offerings to the Christ child; and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there used to come sounding through the music of the choir the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. Some said that the wind rang them, and others that they were so high that the angels could set them swinging. But for many long years they had never been heard.

It was said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ child, and that no offering brought was great enough to deserve the music of the chimes.

Every Christmas Eve, the rich people still crowd to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than any other, without giving anything that he wanted himself and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the service was splendid, and the offerings were indeed plentiful, only the roar of the winter wind could be heard, far up in the stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city in a little country village where nothing could be seen of the great church but glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the service in the church on Chris-

tmass Eve, and had a secret plan, which they had often talked over when by themselves, to go to see the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear; and I have even heard it said that the Christ child sometimes comes down to bless the service. What if we could see Him?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowflakes flying in the air and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stepped aside to look at it. It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep, in the wintry air, that no one could ever waken her again.

All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little, as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so he could rub snow on it, and when he looked at her silently a moment, he stood up again and said: "It's no use, Little Brother. You will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And you not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not keep back

a choking sound in his throat. "See this poor woman. Her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death. Everyone has gone to the church now, but when you come back you can bring someone to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss the service," said Pedro, "and it had better be I than you. You can easily find your way to the church; and you must see and hear everything twice, Little Brother--once for you and once for me. I am sure the Christ child must know how I should love to come with you and worship Him; and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in anyone's way, take this little silver piece of mine and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Do not forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going with you."

In this way he hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the music and splendor of the Christmas celebration that he had been planning for so long, and spend the time instead in this lonely place in the snow, caring for the poor, unconscious woman.

The great church was a wonderful place that night. Everyone said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang, the walls shook with the sound, and little Pedro outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him.

At the close of the service came the procession with the offering to be placed on the altar. Rich men and great men marched proudly up to lay down their gifts to the Christ child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years and years. And last of all walked the King of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells.

A great murmur went through the church as the people saw the King take from his head the royal crown, all set with precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar, as his offering to the Holy Child. "Surely," everyone said, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever happened before."

But still only the cold wind was heard in the tower, and the people shook their heads; and some of them said, as they had said many times before, that they never really believed the story of the chimes, and doubted if they ever had rung at all.

The procession was over, and the choir began the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing, and everyone looked at the old minister who was standing by the altar, holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church, but as all the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly but distinctly, swinging through the air, the sound of the chimes.

So far away, and yet so clear the music seemed--so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the ch-

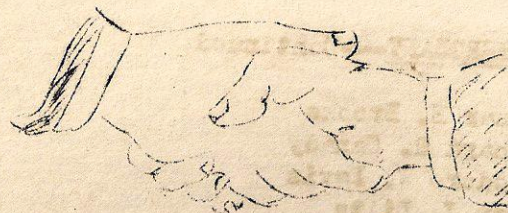
urch sat for a moment as still as though something held each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar, to see what great gift had awakened the long-silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

\* \* \* \* \*



"WHO PAINTED THAT SIGN ON MY DOOR?"



CONGRATULATIONS

PROMOTIONS

Effective 17 November 1950

TO MASTER SERGEANT

T Sgt Kedrith D. Neeley

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT

S Sgt Fred E. Roberts  
S Sgt Richard S. Steward

TO STAFF SERGEANT

Sgt. Richard W. Dortch  
Sgt. James V. Johnson  
Sgt. James M. Knight  
Sgt. Dean S. McCalla  
Sgt. James P. Peterson  
Sgt. William T. Phelan  
Sgt. Robert L. Shinabarger  
Sgt. George V. Snead

TO SERGEANT

Cpl. George W. Arthur  
Cpl. Arthur L. Bauer  
Cpl. Ernest E. Bays



TO SERGEANT---Continued

Cpl. Delmar E. Brooks  
Cpl. Richard R. Canady  
Cpl. Theodore W. Davis  
Cpl. Leroy J. Diltz  
Cpl. Robert C. Flinn  
Cpl. Floyd H. Gleason Jr.  
Cpl. Oscar H. Haertling Jr.  
Cpl. James D. Hicks  
Cpl. Paul L. Hill  
Cpl. John B. Hodges  
Cpl. Willis D. Hunkins  
Cpl. Robert T. Keller  
Cpl. Aurlis D. Kinnet  
Cpl. Carl A. Lane  
Cpl. Harry J. Kohler Jr.  
Cpl. Bernard J. Long  
Cpl. Fred H. Mayeda  
Cpl. Frank P. McDaniel Jr.  
Cpl. George Mellas  
Cpl. Maurice H. Milner  
Cpl. Francis H. Nichols  
Cpl. Philip M. Patten  
Cpl. Joseph A. Rick  
Cpl. Cyrice E. Theberge  
Cpl. William G. Thoms  
Cpl. Danny E. Senters  
Cpl. Robert E. Webb  
Cpl. Raymond P. Wilson  
Cpl. Paul V. Zeyn Jr.

A  
CIGAR  
IS  
IN ORDER !!  
30

MACDILL MEMIORS

Sgt Ronald C. Richards

GREETINGS FROM THE SHORES OF TAMPA BAY, THE LAND OF BUGS. It would take a Psychoanalyst to answer this and I'm not one, but lets get over the case history.

Our local and much sought after "LOVER BOY HILL" spent one fleeting evening on our Beautiful Bayshore Boulevard, at about 175 steps per minute. (The mosquitos here are carrying very large Fly Swatters). Our Informer gave us the good word that the above mentioned party did not wait for a very good inspection. Not even the Moonlight phased the fast moving scenes in progress. So in exchange for a good explanation we will not repeat, "We told you it would happen." Our secret sources of information will not permit us to over-rate our "Lover Boy", for its a gamble, with all the local Belles deciding the results.

Father-in-Law helps Son-in-Law smash Yacht. Our old salt S Sgt Weldon, wields a very mean rudder on in-board motor boats. Quite a spray (or should we say SPREE). Well anyway there was less damage than there is salt in the ocean.

We can't help but laugh over here, for we see visions of Babes in Cribs pulling on bottles, on their way to good Citizenship. Never-the-less it makes very good sense, huh, Barnes!

Other news from the Home Front. Our Office Staff has undergone a change (For Better or For Worse, "Yes Dear") and only time will tell the untried and unknown Culprits who are beginning to delve into the mysteries of Letters and Regulations. Do you have any problems which seem to have no answer or no solution. Our Office Staff has the same problem, so lets read and re-

lax boys.

Overheard: I don't know what I would do without you, but I would sure love too. Did it blend in with the Beautiful Scenery, Hill?

Our usual calm and collected Sgt Flinn (Not Ear of the Hall of Flame) ditched his old jalopy in a very bad off the road manner, all because it doesn't rain Headlights and Batteries over our way.

Our very own Jerry P. Cox, a new arrival to this Detachment has our very best wishes on his new assignment. Greetings were very much in order upon arrival to this Detachment. Have you anything to give us on the latest, Sgt? Well we will be standing by in case you give out with the good word.

Since ratings have been opened up our Detachment consists of (8) Sgts, (3) S Sgts and so the life of a Corporal at Detachment 6-32 is past History. Thanks for the cigars boys.

Our information file is just about all washed up for now, so we will say so long for awhile.

P.S. The Detachment now has Dictionaries placed on "Dollies", to save wear and tear on the handling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Radio announcers live in dread of "fluffs." One sportscaster still shudders over the time he announced excitedly: "Notre Dame 7, Northwestern 6, and once again the Fighting Irish have eked out a victory by a narrow virgin."

Spinning a new record, disc jockey Martin Block said, "We've just heard Doris Day's frontside, And now," he continued, "let's look at her backside."

## THE OLD SARGE SAYS

T Sgt Donald L. Lindemer

My, my, how the time seems to hurry by, for once again I find it time to expound with the "word to the wise" column after a very pleasant sojourn up north, namely, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Washington. The Old Sarge found that the absence of a year from these northern climes has wrought many changes. It certainly is a good feeling driving along these wonderful northern highways, a feeling that gives one chance for some good old fashioned retrospect and personal memories. Something happened to the Old Sarge that he believed couldn't happen to him and seconded by quite a few other people, and this was he became engaged to a Pennsylvania Dutch miss, and mind you, however new the fact may be, it is a most wonderful realization of fact and should have happened a long time ago. Don't you ever believe the old addage, you can't teach an old dog new tricks, because new tricks really can be mastered, believe me.

Now for the discussion for this time. Suppose you were to hear over your radio the following news item, "Santa Claus is coming to town." The first thing that would come to your mind is "why that's kid stuff" and your ire would no doubt be quite aroused. Let's suppose too the next item you heard would go something like this, "It is rumored that flying saucers are going to be used to take weather observations." To this line of thought you would say, "Fantastic!" Both statements we can classify as rumor. The first statement we know, of course, is pure fiction, but the second statement we stop to think about,

However, a little reflection on our part dismisses it too as fiction, rumor. No matter how or what we believe, both statements we can definitely set apart as rumor. No matter how old we are we still are childish enough to believe a lot of stories or rumors, as we will call them, that pass us by in the course of a day, and in month's time it is frightful the amount of rumors we swallow.

What is a rumor? A rumor, the dictionary tells us, is "a story or a report current without any known authority for its truth." Immediately following December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor, the number of American servicemen reliably reported to have been killed ranged from very few to several thousands -- according to the imagination of the teller.

Perhaps you have heard one of these stories within the past few months: The base you are now on is going to be closed down, expanded, or it is going to be increased in personnel. That your base is alerted for future overseas assignment.

A person could go on for hours citing various rumors he has heard during the course of a week. During our basic training days it was common practice by some senseless individuals to start a story during the early morning in the latrine just to see how extorted it would become by evening recall. On looking back we accept it now as a joke but it was dead serious at the time. We all know about the fellow who called wolf from time to time and when a wolf did come on the scene no one believed the fellow. Rumors can be jokes at the beginning but can have serious aftermaths as did the old anthology.

Why do rumors spread? First of all rumors are the main supply for answers to any question that may arise and can't be answered properly. Secondly, they furnish excuses for disconcerted actions and third by spreading rumors they relieve the tension that is caused by our disbelief of an item, so we enlarge on the subject when we pass it on, and my how good we feel at its new telling. So after a rumor has been repeated and finally comes back to us, we actually believe it ourself, but after serious thought do we see how naive we really are?

When do rumors usually occur? Times of peace do not produce nearly as many rumors as in time of war, because in time of peace most people believe they know all the facts effecting their lives. During a war, however, when full answers to many important questions are not readily available, more rumors are circulated. Rumors may be expected when two conditions exist at the same time, when the subject is important and when there is uncertainty about the facts.

Remember that some rumors are deliberately manufactured and planted. In a lot of cases we hear just snatches of a conversation, a radio broadcast or even read parts of newspaper articles and pass them on before judging the merit of such stories, thus spreading rumors. Suppose, for example, a radio newscaster is talking about a bill benefiting all service personnel, but hastens to add that favorable action can't be promised before Congress adjourns. A new rumor is born though no thought of maliciousness was intended.

Before you accept a story you just heard, check it for its rumor percentage. Be rumor wise -- get the facts, be skeptical about all stories, find

out who brought the news, then laugh it off. "Believe nothing you hear, and only half you see," is an old fashioned statement that is many times applicable. So remember before you pass a story on, "Get the facts!"

A lot of this material which makes good reading and a good lesson which is intended for all, may be had by reading the "Armed Forces Talk No. 350." The Old Sarge advises each and every one of you to read this article before you start any rumor in the future.

In closing I wish to each officer and airmen in the 6th Weather Squadron the merriest of Christmas' and a New Year of joy to behold, and a year that all your ambitions and happiness may be fulfilled.

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#### HEADQUARTERS SYNOPSIS-----Continued

of the excellent fishing afforded by this section of the country.

S Sgt Bateman, after running into difficulty with his four wheel transportation and the local gardarmes, swapped his car for some skates plus a little ready cash and let Sgt. "Gee I Want A Car" McFarlin take over said difficulties. "Mac" seems to be doing alright, but I'll bet "Batman" will find the skating cold in Illinois.

While I prepare for my forthcoming furlough, and make plans for attending school, I'll take time out to wish you all a very merry Christmas and the best of luck for the New Year.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christmas, most dads will agree, is the time of the year when father owes best.

#### PEOPLE ARE FUNNY

NEW YORK - The Yuletide spirit of giving affected a judge here. When a 60 year-old vagrant was picked up, he asked the judge to give him 115 days to carry him over the winter. The judge complied.

PROVIDENCE, R.I. - Three years ago, Mrs. Delia Burke was injured by a skidding bus and sued the company for damages. The court awarded her \$6,000. The company appealed. In the second trial, she was awarded \$10,000. The company again appealed. In the third trial, she was awarded \$18,000. The company has another appeal pending.

TRENTON, N.J. - A motorist who failed to heed a policeman's warning was sentenced to write 500 times: "I will always obey the order of a traffic policeman."

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF - The mighty Shasta Dam weights 12 million tons. Still firmly attached to the structure is a sign reading, "United States Government property. Do not remove."

WORCESTER, MASS - Leon Langlois bought a safe for \$5 at an auction. When he had a locksmith open it, Langlois found \$500 in coins.

ALPENA, MICH - Austin Grace told authorities that they couldn't accuse him of setting fire to his house. He said he was in another town that day stealing a car.

YORK, NEB - Enclosed in an anonymous letter, a local druggist found 25 cents. The writer said that 10 years ago he ordered two root beers and walked out without paying.

BALTIMORE, MD - A burglar who couldn't see what he was doing while chiseling open a safe, turned on the lights. Before police arrived, a crowd of 200 people had gathered around the plate glass window, apparently forgotten by the thief.



AIR NEWS

Vacancies for Air Force personnel are available in the Armed Forces Information School course scheduled to begin next January 10. A departure from previous procedure is the present authorization for entrance of Airmen below the grade of corporal.

A selection board headed by Gen. Carl Spaatz USAF (ret) is engaged in visiting sites proposed for erection of a new Air Force Academy for training officers. Proposed locations have been narrowed down from 354 to approximately 30, which the board expects to examine before the end of the year.

The Air Force has named Dr. Robert L. Stearns, President of the University of Colorado, to conduct an evaluation survey of Air Force combat performance in Korea. He will be assisted in the month-long inspection by Maj Gen. Thomas D. White of USAF Headquarters, Washington.

The Air Force is restricting the use of jeeps and other military type motor vehicles at U.S. bases, in order to conserve such vehicles for overseas service. Military type vehicles in the U.S. will be replaced by commercial type vehicles such as the half ton pickup truck and the carry-all.

The Air Force will reactivate the Presque Isle Maine, Air Force Base, January 1, 1951. This important World War II base has been inactive for three years. It is located 30 miles southwest of Limestone, on the Canadian border.

## MISSILE GUIDANCE

### PART II ROCKETRY

#### 19th Century

During the later part of the 18th century, India had developed military rockets to the extent that Prince Hyder Ali established a Rocket Corps with some 1200 men. His rocket, an iron tube about eight inches long and an inch and a half in diameter packed with powder and guided by a long bamboo pole, was used so successfully against the British in battle from 1780 to 1799, that General Desoguliers, the Master of the Royal Military Laboratory, began numerous attempts to develop a war rocket.

Success did not come to General Desoguliers, but from his experiments and the success of the India Rockets another Englishman, William Congreve, developed a successful rocket weapon in 1801. At the time, the British were at war with France and Napoleon was rapidly making preparations on the French coast for invasion of the islands. However, the English controlled the English Channel, and it was from there that they bombarded the French coast by rockets from naval launchers. As the tempo of the war increased the British succeeded in developing the rockets to a point where they were able to launch up to 25,000 of them against Copenhagen alone, virtually destroying the city by fire. This action turned the tide in favor of the British.

In the war of 1812, the British had another opportunity to try the rockets that had been used so successfully against the French. The British landed a force of approximately 4,500 men on the shores of Chesapeake Bay near Washington. The battle raged fiercely until the Bri-

tish brought up rockets against Standbury's defending brigade. As a result, the American flank was turned and the British marched on to Washington. Though their rockets were not effective enough to win the War of 1812 for them, they did make a spectacular display. Their brilliance so impressed Francis Scott Key, who had been detained on board a British vessel in the harbor, that the next day he wrote his great poem describing the battle--

"And the rockets' red glare,  
the bombs bursting in air  
Gave proof through the night  
that our flag was still there."

For some time, interest was aroused in a stickless rocket and in 1846 William Hale, an American, came close to solving this problem. Stabilization was accomplished by attaching curved flanges to the base. Hot escaping gases striking these flanges gave the rocket a spin similar to that of an artillery projectile and kept it closer to its path.

An American colonel hit upon the idea of a two-step rocket. He put it to practical use in projecting life lines in sea rescue work. The 1st rocket carried a second rocket as dead weight, until maximum velocity was reached; then a fuze ignited the second and the flight was continued. This concept is being explored today in long range rockets and probably will be the basis for interplanetary travel in the future.

Little significant progress is apparent in the field of rocket weapons during the period 1812-1900. The United States Army organized rocket batteries during the Mexican War, but their value in that campaign was questionable. However, rocket weapons reached a new peak of development just before and during World War II.

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THE WEATHER LORE

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