

landing, of course, up wind if possible. As at Squantum we continued to solo right along between flights with our instructor, getting roughly the same amount of time in each. A man by the name of Banghe was my instructor at this time, and though he was a young chap, probably several years my junior, I don't remember whether he was an ensign or a Marine 2<sup>nd</sup> lieutenant. He managed to get me through the so-called "Twenty hour check", but only with the help of "Squadron time", two "ups" eventually offsetting the two "downs" I received before getting the extra time.

Then the "fun" began. It should have been fun, but somehow wasn't. I refer to the stunting stage. My new instructor, <sup>a Marine,</sup> Lt. Boland, who replaced Banghe only because the latter got "Order", tried to show me everything in the book on our first hop together, and the result was not only bewilderment on my part, but for the second and I hope the

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! last time as the result of flying, the loss of my lunch, which, however, was not in the plane, but again in the most convenient ~~appropriate~~ place. That unpleasant experience unfortunately made me more apprehensive than ever of stunting and consequently reluctant to practice enough by myself.

! Loops went too bad, but an Immelman turn or half roll on top of a loop, which brought me back to level flight 180 degrees from the direction we started, seemed very difficult. There was something about that upside down position that just didn't feel right. Snap rolls were even worse, a sudden yank on the stick, back and to one side in coordination with the rudder pedals, supposedly putting the plane on its back half way through the manoeuvre and rolling the rest of the way around to level flight again. This manoeuvre was thus both quick and jerky, involving a momentary stall. For some

MORE  
STUNTS

reason we were not then instructed in either of the two smooth rolls, the easy Barrel Roll, involving a horizontal corkscrew motion, or the more difficult Slow Roll, just a roll about the longitudinal axis of the plane. There were, however, plenty of other stunts such as the Split S, (half a snap roll and then a dive starting with the plane on its back) the Cartwheel (another jerky maneuver - from a steep turn one way to one the other way) and the Falling Leaf, (the only really easy one of the lot, the motion, much like what it is named after, being effected by shoving the stick from side to side just before the plane falls off into a spin the other way).

Not only were there some half dozen stunts to worry about, but several other maneuvers as well. Of these, wingovers were as enjoyable as anything, being a series of glides and climbs with a <sup>very</sup> steep bank

started at the top of each climb and continued as the plane falls off into a glide so as to bring the plane around to at least 90 and preferably 180 degree from the direction started. Another neat manoeuvre consisted of making figure eights around pylons, though the pylons were only small structures on the ground which we had to imagine extended up to our altitude. "Shooting circles" continued but with the introduction of slips, or glides, made steeper by putting one wing down and losing considerable lift, that also put the plane in a slightly sideways attitude. Small field procedure continued, and I guess we were allowed to slip then too if it seemed desirable. The most unpleasant of all manoeuvres was the inverted spin, a spin resulting from the plane being stalled on its back and differing from an ordinary spin in that the top of the plane,

and hence the cockpits and those in them, were on the outside of the spin, the centrifugal force giving an almost terrifying pull to one's blood and all one's insides.

Well, all these on top of each other were just too much for me, and though others had difficulty <sup>too</sup> a goodly percentage in fact washing out, many of the boys sailed through without a down. I had to hand it to them, but only to demoralize oneself some more. Friend Boland did his best, but every time he tried to help me through a stunt, he couldn't budge the stick from its <sup>because I had such a grip on it.</sup> wrong course. <sup>I was trying the handle.</sup> Down followed by Squadron time, which was almost automatic if needed, came as expected, and though an Eric Bayler, who took over the "problem boy" at this time, helped out considerably, it wasn't quite enough. Having failed to get through with extra time really put me on the spot. There was a slim chance of getting a second period of

NEARLY  
"WASHED OUT"