

and thus roughly its pitch, and the power being used, respectively, others like the fuel and oil pressure gauges, the oil temperature and cylinder head temperature gauges merely indicating whether or not the engine ^{was} behaving properly.

The first thing to learn was to keep the needle and ball in the center during level flight, but to turn with the proper amount of bank by coordinating rudder and ailerons so that the ball still stayed in the center and didn't indicate a slip, or too much bank for the amount of turn, or a skid, just the opposite, the ball going to the inside in the first case, to the outside in the other case. Prior to this stage the turn and bank indicator served principally as a check to flying "by the seat of one's pants", pretty much the same thing as going along with visual reference to the horizon, though there is some "feel" to it too. Now we had to try and ignore all "feel", it being unreliable.

RADIO
BEAMS

under the hood, and do every thing on instruments, trusting them even when they seemed wrong, which they never were. Eventually in both links and SNT we learned how to fly beams; real ones to places such as Lake City and Dayton ^{like} being used in the case of the planes, I don't believe ~~I~~ I realized at the time that the beams were merely narrow portions of the radio range where the "dah" of the N signals and the "dit dah" of the A signals overlapped. Usually if not always there were two N quadrants opposite each other and two A quadrants similarly arranged; which meant that there were four beams. All quadrants and beams of course converged at the radio station, though directly over the latter was a cone of silence. Up to the cone all signals got gradually louder, and each station had a special signal which interrupted the others at regular intervals.

Following the beam in would have been very difficult if we hadn't had diagrams of all ^{nearby} stations' radio ranges, especially as at considerable distances even the beams are pretty wide. The big thing was "hitting" the cone of silence, and though we went part way through a let-down procedure, supposedly far enough to break through most overcasts, we never, of course, made instrument landings which have never been perfected. It wasn't until a late course that we ever made instrument take-offs. Squadron 13 was in the end not difficult to get through, though I remember my instructor saying I was lucky to hit the cone the way I had been going.

After the instrument squadron was passed through, some of the boys went to Miami for carrier plane training, the majority never to be seen again by any one of their old friends. The remainder either went to Squadron 14, the small

observation - scout seaplane squadron, or Squadron 15, the large ^{training} seaplane squadron, both ^{based} near by the St. John river on the main station at Tacsonville. I went to the former of these, my second choice in the way of final training, though I had wanted to fly the PBT of the other as first choice.

Our planes were OS2V seaplanes or Kingfishers, then the standard cruiser-based planes of the fleet, though before we could fly them, we had to go through a short period in N3N ~~planes~~ ^{planes}, identical with those at Squawtown except for the floats (one large and two small) instead of wheels. These little seaplanes were lots of fun to fly, but did give me my final bit of trouble as a cadet. Besides doing the same exercises as in land planes we practiced "buoy shots", or spot landings close to buoys, the approaches, however, made almost in level flight and with enough power to keep just above stalling speed. These were, in effect, simulated

N3N

SEAPLANES

"can't recover," or approaches to landing
 beside cruisers, ^{or battleships} but in the simplest form.
 My instructor, Lt. Scheeter, seemed
 especially nice, but I didn't do well
 by him at all. As usual we had to be
 checked, and though in my first I went
 through all the routine exercises all
 right, I had to spoil it all by starting
 to land cross-wind on my final
 landing, the check pilot then taking
 over with something like: "That won't
 do at all." The trouble was the wind
 had changed, and I didn't notice it
 at first, but it's quite likely I should
 have and gone around again for a
 better approach if he had let me go a
 little further. Good old squadron
 time followed when I messed a second
 check by losing too much airspeed in
 turn. That, however, was my last
 "down," two "ups," the second with the
 only lieutenant of the four check pilots
 (the rest being lieutenant commanders).
 The severe and very funny Lt. Jones
 graduating me to Kingfisher. That is

after a little soloing and then formation flying.

KINGFISHER

SEAPLANES

Except for the thrill of the rather long take-offs, which were like a glorified speed-boat ride, and the altogether different feel of the landings, there was nothing new about kingfisher in their true form as opposed to the landplane version except that they were a little heavier and trimmed up better. Two "check-outs", one with an instructor piloting and the second with positions reversed, was all that was necessary before one was allowed to solo. A far more complete syllabus than in any previous squadron followed, and an excellent course it was. Two cadets flew in each plane and took turns piloting, and two planes usually flew together, though such sections were often joined by one or two others to form a division. Bob Stix, of Scarsdale, N.Y., a Dartmouth "contemporary," was my "buddy." Everett Frothingham, from Newburyport, and