

used to swinging the gun. Fixed gunnery runs were much like those used by Navy fighter planes, though it's hard to imagine as slow a plane as the Kingfisher ever being used offensively. We made either low side runs, S turning in to come in from below on either quarter, or high side runs, the same from above, or overhead runs, involving a half roll and dive or almost a split S. H. It's were few and far between in all our gunnery exercises, but not too much was expected from the one fixed .30 and one free .30 of each plane.

DIVE  
BOMBING

Dive bombing was the most exciting exercise we practiced. We dropped miniature bombs of a few lbs. each on 200 ft. round targets, one of which was in an out-of-the-way cove a little way upstream and another in a similar place downstream. Starting from about 3500 ft. we pushed over into dives of around 70 degrees releasing the bomb and starting to pull out at 2000 ft. and seldom

getting lower than 1000 ft. If one got beyond the vertical, as happened when one dove down wind without realizing it, the necessarily long pull-out some-times made us black-out a little, but that was an exception. Hits were not infrequent, though we didn't have enough practice to get really sharp.

CATA PULT  
SHOTS

One of the last exercises in the syllabus was catapult shots off a wharf. An instructor with a cadet in the rear cockpit was the first to go, but after they had swapped places, the then "experienced" cadet checked on a fresh one, etc. On my first one as pilot I forgot to put my head back on the head rest and received a bump, not realizing it until after <sup>hours,</sup> when someone pointed it out, and so <sup>enough</sup> I felt a bruise on the back of my head. The excitement had been too much for me to notice it before. The catapult was the type with a charge resembling a large shell sending us off. I'll never forget seeing Stix's



plane (somehow I wasn't with him that time, thank God) <sup>hit</sup> head for the water and bounce back into the air again.

NIGHT  
FLYING

Night flying we had in both N3N<sub>2</sub> and OS2V<sub>2</sub>, both coming after the regular syllabus was well under way and that in the Kingfishers starting nearly to the end of the course. All we did after soloing was to fly formation up and down the river and practice landings and take-offs. The landings in OS2V<sub>2</sub> were no fun, the only lights to guide us being on a little boat which we were supposed to land somewhere to the right or left of. It was indeed a very uncomfortable feeling descending into inky blackness flying almost entirely on instruments and not knowing when we were going to hit. The calmer <sup>the faster</sup> the air <sup>the</sup> <sup>planning</sup> <sup>speed and</sup> the harder we hit, and sometimes it seemed that the bottom of the float had been broken in.

Though regular cadet ground school had long since been finished, we had a certain amount of ground

school in the squadron such as navigation problems, radio code and blunder, ship and plane recognition, etc. Drill in how to make contact reports was about the only new subject, but an important and rather difficult one, all messages not only having to be in Morse code but in encoded English.

In the meantime having had regular nights off ever since becoming <sup>a</sup> first class cadet, I had been enjoying <sup>more</sup> leisure hours and even on occasions been mildly sociable. A fellow cadet, and also a fellow alumnus of the Yale Forestry School, by the name of Bob Marshall, launched me socially, first by taking me out to dinner to the house of a very pleasant Dr. and Mrs. Omdorff, friends of his, and then getting me to go on a double date with him. On the latter occasion my girl was Margaret Bader, whom I eventually got to know pretty well. Harriet Gibbs, a Vassar grad, the only other Tail-

SOCIAL  
LIFE



son-in-law I then knew, I had also met on a double date, and though one eventually got to know quite a number of the nice people of the neighborhood, she remained the most congenial of the young ladies.

Just before entering Squadron 14 ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ I had finally got to the beach again, joining a crowd at the Innlet, consisting of Sam Reed and Charlie Brund, cadet friends who had been a couple of years behind me at college, and also more or less in the party, Dave Gardner<sup>opel of him</sup> and Joe Kennedy, classmates I had never particularly known, and a friend of the latter, the last two being emigrants. We all went to the weekly dance at the Inn and the next day lay around on the beach.

The next day off was the first of many spent at Mrs. Reid's, at Atlantic Beach. She took in paying guests and had a lovely-looking daughter, Caroline, who, however, was more often than not off on a date. I'm afraid I was more interested in the local avifauna than

HARVARD  
CLASSMATES  
(BOTH LOST  
LATER)

!