

LANDING  
SIGNAL  
OFFICER'S  
SIGNALS

buildings, telephone wires, etc., around them, and some had too many.

Barava River had nothing but buildings, and they interfered only when certain runways were being used.

The greatest trouble was getting used to the signal officer's signal, especially as they often come in quick succession - "come on", "fast", "high" or "low", "turn" and "cut" (throttle) ~~etc.~~ or "wave off", etc. It was discouraging to get more "wave off" than "cuts" for quite a while.

Actual qualifying landings "aboard" were the final steps in the operational training program for all potential carrier pilots. As soon as the Daytona part of the course was over, our eight friends left for Glenview, Illinois, outside of Chicago, to check out on the practice carrier. "Wolverine" while Garble and I being potential instructors as well had to wait around for our orders. In the meantime we helped train new stu-

PROMOTION  
TO LT. J.G.

dent. Though we got our orders before another month was over, arriving in Glenview in early May. There I found myself a lieutenant junior grade once the physical examination was over, but Gable, whose date of rank was a little later than mine, didn't make it and felt cheated. While waiting for our turn to fly out to the ship we practiced field carrier landings.

FIRST  
"CARRIER"  
LANDINGS

The signal officer seemed to think that we, Richards especially, needed a maximum. Finally late in the month on different days we each got out to the ship, <sup>the</sup> <sup>Wolverine</sup>. Every man had to make eight landings - to qualify. I was lucky enough to get a cut on my first pass and so made my first carrier landing on my first try - not that there was anything unusual about that, just that most of us took plenty of more-offs before getting all eight landings. Some pilots didn't get all theirs in on one trip out, but the

\* SIGNAL TO SHUT OFF ENGINE AND THEN LAND

CATCHING  
A WIRE, ETC.

only non-bomber pilot in our partic-  
ular group, a Corsair pilot, put  
the rest of us to shame by getting  
just one wave off. Just the same  
it was some time before F4U's were  
used <sup>regularly</sup> on carriers in combat. The  
sensation of catching a wire with  
the hook of one's plane and landing  
with a jerk didn't seem bad at all,  
but the rush to raise the hook after  
the deck crewmen had released it from  
the wire and take off as soon as  
possible was pretty confusing. It  
was, in fact, impossible to keep  
from getting a little excited. To  
arrive safely back at Glenview  
having been well out of sight of  
land all during the landing was  
a great relief. <sup>I was the 1001st pilot to qualify in the Wolverine.</sup> As before after  
finishing operational training we  
rated two weeks leave, a lucky  
break for Gable and myself.

FOOD

While at Glenview we had  
enjoyed the most delicious food  
I've ever tasted in an officers mess.

SPRING, 1943

There were always choices of courses, including a steak special, but everything was so good, it was hard to make up one's mind. We had ~~some~~ semi-organized exercise ~~outside of school~~ in a magnificent gymnasium, and I usually punched punching bags. Several times I went out for walks in the flat and mostly open countryside surrounding the field. On one occasion I encountered several Cape May warblers that had stopped in their migration in some trees near someone's house, and on another I passed a little road where I had an excellent view of a soa rail. Chicago offered other recreation, and especially while waiting to qualify we saw quite a lot of it. One weekend I went over to Ann Arbor and joined Prof. Baxter for tea at the Dean's and a walk in the arboretum.

BIRDS

RAIL

ANN  
ARBOR