

A FLYING OFFICER

of corrugated iron. Each flight has its own shed. There are three squadrons with three flights each.

The Training Camp, 8th July, 1917. I can now tell you something about my first flight which took place this morning, and ended only a few minutes ago. It was in a Maurice Farman dual control machine. The engine and propeller are behind both pupil and pilot, and so the machine is a pusher, and the pupil, who sits away out in front, has a splendid outlook, with nothing in his way. The first flight in R.F.C. parlance is a "Joy ride," and is a trip as passenger to see whether you are going to be sick or frightened. I was neither the one nor the other, and enjoyed every minute in the air. We were up fifteen minutes. I was told not to watch the ground as we were leaving it, and so I kept my eyes on the horizon for a minute or two. Then I took a look at the ground below, and as it seemed to be quite natural to be leaving it, I kept on watching it getting farther and farther away. You know how a bicycle in turning a corner has to lean slightly in, to keep from falling outwards. An aeroplane does the same thing in turning, and this "banking," as it is called, was hard to get used to. However when I remembered how needlessly people are scared by a sail boat leaning over in a stiff breeze, I liked banking, and hoped the pilot would do some more, and when he did it again I hardly felt it.

The first machines used for instruction were designed by Farman, as a suitable buss in which to fly with his wife. They are for comfort and not speed, have 70 to 80 H.P. air cooled 8 cylinder motors, and 60 miles per hour is about the best they will do. They are slow climbers, and we only went up 600 feet. The German attacks on London were carried out at an altitude of 18,000 (over 3 miles). The aerodrome and hangars looked very small, even from 600 feet, and sheep in a field like pieces of dirty rice. The first motion of the volplane back to earth rather took my breath away but I soon got accustomed to it. The machine had no windscreen and, as I was not wearing goggles the speed of 60 miles rather hurt my eyes.

Prior to leaving Oxford, all who had passed their examin-