

Shortly after this jump my parachute was completed and was brought to the field. I was given complete instructions on how to pack it so that the shroud lines would not tangle with either the skirt of the chute or the other lines.

This instruction was going on all during the time that I was training to walk out on the wings of the airplane.

It was decided that I should tie a rope around my waist and walk out as far on the lower wing to the first strut. To do this meant learning just where to get hold of a strut or a wire as the wind pressure was very strong, especially near the fuselage of the ship. I was also warned to keep away from the exhaust stack to keep from getting burned.

The first day I ventured out on the wing was a beautiful day in March. There was little wind blowing on the ground and all air conditions were perfect. Lt. Omlie and I took off and climbed to an altitude of 1200 feet, he nodded his head and I began to climb out of the cock-pit and work my way out on the wing as far as the safety rope would let me. This meant wiggling through the landing and flying wires to get in front of them so as to walk on the entering edge of the wing, as it was covered with plywood and would ~~not~~ hold my weight. After standing there for a short time I was ordered back to the seat and on down to land ~~in~~.

This went on for several flights. Then one day in the hurry to get started I did not put on the safety rope. This was overlooked by everyone, except me, so when we got up to 1200 feet and I walked out as I had done in the past I walked on out to the end of the wing where I sat down and tried to figure out a way to get on top of the